

Butte Record

1-13-1872

A GOLDEN BAR.—On the 10th instant the Superintendent of the Spring Valley Mining and Canal Company, of Cherokee, H. B. Lathrop, Sr., brought down a bar of bullion weighing \$8,600. It was the first receipts of the season; but such shipments may hereafter be looked for with regularity from this company. The gold dust of Cherokee Flat is the purest and best on the coast, and is worth \$20 per ounce.

THE MINERS are all busy at Cherokee, the storms having supplied every ravine with a sluice head of water. Sufficient rain has fallen to afford the miners of Cherokee a good winter's work, without the introduction of a supply from other sources than that furnished by the watershed of the district. Of course all are in high spirits and hard at work, and when a clean up comes all will be flush, for Cherokee never fails to respond to a wet season with a plentiful supply of dust. Probably another season will see the two principal companies of Cherokee furnished with a constant supply of water.

Too MUCH WATER.—The dam eighty feet high, erected last summer at Concow Valley by the Spring Valley Mining Company of Cherokee, stood the pressure of the immense volume of water brought against it. It has been computed by an eminent mathematician of Cherokee, that this huge reservoir contained water sufficient to make a river thirty miles in length, thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep. It is, probably, the largest artificial lake on the coast, if not on the continent. The waste gate was not of sufficient capacity to draw off the water, and it rose to within a few inches of the top of the dam. Seeing an overflow inevitable, a spot was chosen for cutting the dam. Of course the escaping torrent of water carried away more of the dam than was acceptable, but the damage was not what it would have been had the pent up volume of increasing water been left to find a place of escape. Some thirty or forty feet of the dam was washed away. The company have an abundant supply of water on their rich gravel claims at Cherokee, and are running two flumes using about two thousand inches of water.

Butte Record 2-17-1872

SUPPOSED MURDER, ROBBERY AND ARSON.—The cabin of a Portuguese, situated in Nelson Bar ravine, a short distance from the "Reservoir House," and to the right of the Dogtown road, above Pence's, was found burned to the ground on Wednesday morning of last week, and amid the smouldering ruins was found the body of Antoine Williams, the occupant of the cabin, burned so as to be unrecognizable. His arms and legs were burned off, and his body considerably burned at the back. An examination of the charred remains showed that he had been stabbed in the right side, and it is supposed that he was murdered and robbed, and his cabin set on fire. We have not learned that suspicion attaches to anyone. It was not generally supposed that he had money, and it is thought by some that he was killed in a quarrel, and his cabin burned with a view of destroying the evidence of the manner of his death. There is said to be no doubt but that he was killed by the knife wound in his right side.

Weekly Butte Record

2-17-1872

SCHOOL BENEFIT.—We have been requested to announce that a Concert will be given at Oregon City on the evening of the 24th instant, in behalf of the Oregon District School. This District has recently erected a new School House, and the object of the Concert is to continue the school. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

BUTTE RECORD.

Local News.

SATURDAY.....MARCH..... 2, 1872.

INJURED BY A CAVE.—A miner at work for the Cherokee Company was badly injured by a cave in the Company's claim on Tuesday last. He was caught by the mass of earth and held as in a vice, though we understand not wholly buried for about forty minutes, before he could be released. His leg from and including the ankle nearly to the knee was mashed and ground to pieces, so that the physicians called in decided that it could not be set, and that there was no remedy but amputation. This he declined to submit to, saying that if his leg must go he would go with it, in preference to staying behind a cripple for life. His shoulder was somewhat injured, and it is supposed that he sustained some internal injuries. We understand his name to be Patrick McGuire and that he has been in the employ of the Cherokee Company for some time. Receiving proffers of all needed assistance from the Cherokee Company, he determined to go to San Francisco, where he has relatives, and exhaust every possible effort to save his badly shattered limb. Accordingly he was brought to town early on Wednesday morning, and placed on cars for San Francisco, every provision possible being made for his comfort. Although it is thought to be impossible to save his leg yet his friends hope that his determination to save it may be realized.

MEETING OF MINERS.—A Miners' Meeting is called in Morris Ravine, on the opposite side of the river from Oroville, for March 30th. All those interested in the mines of that locality are notified to be present. The call will be found in another column.

Miners' Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a meeting will be held on the 30th day of March, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the house of William Muck in Morris Ravine, Butte county, at which meeting all persons interested in a mining claim or claims, in said Ravine, are solicited to be present, as business of importance to all so interested will be transacted.

MANY MINERS.
Dated Morris Ravine, March 9th, 1872. 37

BUTTE RECORD.

Local News.

SATURDAY.....MARCH..... 9, 1872.

CHEROKEE. — Leaving our several "devils" in charge of the office, we were curious enough to take a trip to Cherokee, and brave enough in the absence of "Jonathan" to mount the box of Lewis' accommodation coach and suffer a prolonged exercise, like that of a fishing smack in a "chopping" sea. Yet, everyone knows the exhilarating effect of California staging, where beside the audacious — nay, heroic — and skillful "whip," the traveler partakes of the enthusiasm, solicitude and horror, fancying himself almost a proprietor, and more than half responsible for the behavior of the nettled steeds — we were about to add, the *spirited* driver, but remember that it would be an unjust innuendo against our most reliable friend, the Captain. Having said so much about staging, and probably having made our readers sea-sick, we have described in full the journey. It was a happy fact that the herbage appeared to be so universally forward, suggesting a comfortable thought of material prosperity and affording a mantle of beauty for outlines singularly picturesque and engaging. Cherokee is exultant, and amid extraordinary prosperity has a right to be so. It was with real pleasure that we followed the footsteps of Mr. Eppinger, the Superintendent of the Spring Valley Mine, and heard his ample explanation of the engineering system so admirably perfected under his guidance. We were not necessitated to ask him to "explain his explanation," and were captivated with the manifest improvement ever still going forward, in the system of deep mining. Their

copious streams were playing against the mountain; and we have a right to conjecture that operations so extensive, projections so vast, hopes so exuberant, daring so seldom paralleled, are justified and compensated by a perpetual and enormous yield. It is impossible to assign a limit to the opulence of the Cherokee mines, at least within the experience of the present generation. We did not visit the Cherokee Company's works, but suppose them to be in successful operation. The Hendricks ditch winds around the lower limit of the town, but at present, owing to frequent slides, conveys no water. It is a fine piece of work and of course must be effectual. It is perhaps a question whether Cherokee will ever become a large and in every respect admirable town. There is no reason why it should not, if a liberal course is pursued by the mining proprietors, who have it within their power to promote most extensively, religious, educational and social institutions. It is to be hoped that those who are thus affluent and intelligent will *make* a public spirit, and prove as enthusiastic and energetic in diffusing refinement as they have in overcoming the vast obstructions of nature and opening up its almost fabulous resources. However, it must be fairly admitted that the village is not behind many of far greater population. It contains a Congregational Church of thirty members, a flourishing school, many admirable families, and genial, courteous, intelligent gentlemen. Our short stay was very agreeable to ourselves, and we have for Cherokee only warmer words and most enthusiastic, fraternal regard.

Butte Record 3-9-1872

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Mrs. Felton, a successful temperance lecturer, has been making the tour of the lower counties. Last Saturday evening she lectured at Gridleys, and on Sunday evening at Elggs. From thence she visited Chico and Tehama, and will lecture at the Court House in Oroville, on this Saturday evening, after which she proposes to visit Cherokee. These lectures are free, contributions being taken up at their close for the purpose of defraying her expenses. We trust that Oroville will give her a full house, and perhaps a revival of the temperance cause may be felt here that will result in giving us the institution known as the Champions of the Red Cross, which is said to combine temperance and life insurance in a manner that holds the most stubborn devotee of Bacchus.

THE CASE OF A. J. CRUM VS. THE SPRING VALLEY MINING.—This suit has just been brought in the District Court for this county and involves a question of great and paramount importance to the miners of Cherokee and the farmers along the line of Dry Creek in the valley below. The outlet to the mines of Cherokee, is Dry Creek, which passes through Mesilla Valley, and thence through the Sacramento valley to the Butte Mountains. The extensive mining operations at Cherokee the present winter has deposited vast layers of sand over the farms and ranches along this outlet, covering good hay and grain ground with a sterile deposit of sand and sediment. A ride along the line of the railroad from Biggs' station to Chico, shows thousands of acres of fine agricultural lands that are thus covered over and rendered unproductive and worthless. It constitutes a scene of sand and desolation, where heretofore everything was pleasing. It is true the ground was subject to overflow during freshets, but the receding waters, heretofore free from sand and washed gravel, have left the land the richer and better for their visit. We do not remember of but a single instance of a similar case, where valuable agricultural lands were thus destroyed by mining operations, and that was the valuable agricultural lands along the Yuba, which were covered over and destroyed by deposits from the mines during the high waters of 1861-2. That occurred at a period when mining was considered the paramount interest of the State, and this destruction of valuable agricultural lands, worth thousands of dollars then, and had they been preserved would now be worth ten-fold what they were then, and no contest arose therefrom. The bottom lands of the Yuba were abandoned by the tillers of the soil, and the flourishing fields of the husbandman

were transformed into a barren dump as a place of deposit for the tailings of the honest miner. A much greater extent of land is being destroyed along Dry Creek than there was along the Yuba, and the ranchmen are not willing to see their farms and homes thus buried from their sight, without an effort to prevent it and have united in a test case, to determine the rights of those engaged in the two important interests of the State, mining and agriculture. The placer mines of Cherokee are among the most rich and extensive in the State, and it is to be greatly regretted if the successful working of them involves the destruction of the more permanent interest of agriculture, for the latter must exist of a necessity when the latter shall have ceased to be source of profit to the State. As a public question then, there can be no doubt that ten thousand acres of agricultural land, to be forever productive, is more permanent value than an equal amount of mineral land, to be worked out and left a barren waste of rocks and sand. In the present case, some plan should be hit upon by which the deposits washed from Cherokee may be turned into Feather river, where they would be carried away by the high waters, doing little or no damage. Heretofore the mining operations at Cherokee have not been run on a scale sufficiently extensive to cause material damage to the valley lands below; but the present winter, with the Spring Valley Company in full blast, has given the dwellers in the valley an idea what they might expect another year, when Cherokee shall be supplied with water, and washing

down acres of gravel daily. It is a serious question, and its decision will be looked for with interest by those engaged in these important and conflicting interests, as well as by the public generally. The water employed by the Spring Valley Company is turned from its natural channel of tributaries to the Feather river into dry creek that sinks in the plains near the Buttes, and would seem to embrace the question of diverting water from its natural course, and turning it into new channels, to the damage of the agricultural interest. The same question will arise with the Cherokee Company, when the completion of their ditch shall divert the waters of Butte Creek in a similar direction. It is supposed this latter canal will drain Butte Creek of its flow of water during the dry season. If so, this will be another cause of serious complaint on the part of residents in the valley. It is to be regretted that these two important interests of the county should conflict, and the thought is almost forced upon us that it were better that the mines of Cherokee should continue to be worked as heretofore, by the natural fall of the rains, rather than that an abundant supply of water should work them out more rapidly to the destruction of large tracts of valuable agricultural land. However, a successful mining season at Cherokee usually gives rise to several lawsuits.

THE ball in aid of the new school house at Oregon City, given on Friday last, was a decided success, some \$300 or \$400 having been realized.

CHEROKEE people will notice the announcement of Grover's El Dorado Saloon.

CALICO BALL.—Mr. H. P. Morrison announces a calico ball for May Day, at Cherokee. Cherokee is becoming famous for social parties, and for the beauty and brilliancy of their make-up. There can be no better place for a floral festival than the foothills that encircle the richest gravel deposit and the most beautiful two or three hundred young ladies in the State.

Spring Valley Mining Co. vs. Gregory et als.—Tried and taken under advisement.

FROM OREGON CITY.

OREGON CITY, April 13, 1872.

MR. EDITOR:—There are two reasons why I take up my pen to-day to try to write an article for your paper. One is, that I see you have no correspondent in this place; "Mudsil" has long since solved the mystery by passing through death's portals, and "M" appears to maintain a dead silence. The second is, the spirit moveth me, urged on by duty and pleasure. Are these good and sufficient reasons, Mr. Editor, for an effort at composition? If not, please say so, and exclude me from your notice and paper.

Everything in our miniature city is quiet at present, but we anticipate a busy, lively summer. We have one quartz mill, the Buffalo, in operation, which enlivens us a little with its whistle. There are several ledges being prospected, good average ones, and could we only induce capital here, success would surely follow.

On the 12th instant we had a ball in our new school house, which proved a success. The ladies in attendance I cannot particularize; they were all neatly dressed in becoming colors, white, blue, plaid, etc.; they made a beautiful appearance did

"Those lovely girls with hair in curl
And trimmings on their boots."

I should consider myself out of order to say anything more about the ladies, for this you know, Mr. Editor, is leap year, and all our attention is due the "lords of creation." It is a difficult as well as embarrassing task to describe a gentleman's dress, so I can only say of them that for taste, elegance and refinement they could not be surpassed, ease and grace intimately attached, each and every dance seemed familiar to them.

The supper was gotten up by the ladies of the district, and a beautiful, sumptuous affair it was; meats and fowl of all kinds, ham, tongue, sheep, kid, pig, turkey, chicken and guinea; snow-white bread and yellow butter; frosted cakes of all kinds and little ones of all shapes and varieties; pies, like frail promises, short and easily broken; quivering blanc mange, and egg-islands floating in seas of rich sweetness; coffee and tea served as they should be, hot; flowers in rich profusion decked the tables.

The ball was given for the benefit of our school house, to try to liquidate the debt, and, as I have said was a decided success, we still claim to be the "Pioneer School." This day finds our school house free from debt with a small amount in the treasury, the net proceeds of our ball being about \$230. Oroville and Cherokee Flat gave us a full benefit.

We make our most graceful bow and vote of thanks for a beautiful, large, richly ornamented cake, made and dressed by Mr. Leopold Reynaud, of the firm of Wilson & Reynaud, Oroville. The cake was the finest thing of the kind

ever seen in this place. It was raffled off for \$20, and became the property of Mr. Charlie Fosten, who raffled it again on Saturday night for the benefit of the school and realized on it \$16. I would not be surprised to hear of its moving on, like the Gridley sack of flour, until our school house is furnished with desks, globes, etc.

Move on! thou bright and lovely cake, move on!

Mr. George Peters, our right hand man, by his indefatigable energy and skill, succeeded in selling a book (Moore's Poems, illustrated,) for \$22. Little Johnny White is the fortunate owner.

To our friends and patrons we tender our grateful thanks, hoping soon to offer them a substantial acknowledgement.

Mr. Editor, we are not a vain, but a very proud people; proud of our public spirit, of our integrity, of our willing hands and generous hearts, of our united interest in all things appertaining to education, of the moral character of our little ones, and of our love, respect and high appreciation of our teachers generally. We desire good, moral, competent teachers, who can command the love and respect of their pupils and guide them steadily, step by step, up the ladder of learning until firmly placed upon the topmost round, with "Excelsior" for their watchword, and their last utterance "Eureka." In fine, we desire a thorough training for our children.

"little learning is a dangerous thing,
ink deep, or taste not of the intoxicating bowl."

SOLO.

NEW TO-DAY.

AUCTION SALE!

OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

Will be sold at Public Auction

ON SATURDAY, MAY 4th, 1874.

The Furniture is the residence of Mrs. Phipps, on Robinson Street, Oroville, consisting of

Parlor and

Bedroom Sets,

Kitchen Furniture,

Etc., Etc.

Sale positive and Terms Cash on delivery of articles.



53RD ANNIVERSARY!

GRAND BALL

AT THE

UNITED STATES HOTEL!

IN OROVILLE.

Friday Evening, April 26, 1872.

Tickets, including Carriage,.....\$3 00

A General Invitation is extended to all.

MANAGERS—L.A. Simon, P. Freer, D.E. Perkins, D. Eisenhart, Oroville; H.P. Allen, Ira Wetherbee, J.H. Turner, Chico; L. Goodday, John L. Lewis, Cherokee; P.C. Foster, C.G. Spencer, Oregon City; M. Gildemacher, H.S. Meador, Fort Stevens; D.C. Norton, W.W. Henshaw, Biggs Station; Marion Biggs, Jr., Phillip Grein, Grindley's Station; George Rutherford, Wyandotte; J.H. Richardson, Dry Creek; J.G. Westhaugher, Butte Valley; Claus Escherman, Hamilton; John S. Hutchins, Central House; W. Green, Magalia; M. Pence, Pence's Ranch.

FLORAL MANAGERS—Wm. Schneider, H.B. Lathrop, Fred R. Danforth, M.B. Morrison, H.P. Downer.

EL DORADO SALOON!

Lower Town, Cherokee Flat.

George Grover, Proprietor.



CHOICEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS and Segars, always on hand. An excellent Billiard Table for the use and accommodation of customers. ap20tf

KENTUCKY RANCH FOR SALE!

THIS VALUABLE RANCH, SITU-
ated 4 miles south of Wyandotte, on the road to Marysville, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. The ranch has about 70 acres enclosed, some 1,500 bearing Grape Vines, 150 choice Fruit Trees, together with a good house, well furnished, large and convenient Barn, with outhouses, etc.
Enquire on the premises, or at the Grocery Store of Geo. C. Perkins, Oroville.

RICHARD FLOOD,
Kentucky Ranch, April 20, 1872. ap20-1m

MISCELLANEOUS.

RALZEMOND PARKER,

Wholesale and Retail

DEALER IN

DRUGS MEDICINES.

Corner Montgomery and Myers Streets.

Union Hotel Building.

OROVILLE, CAL.

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE and well selected stock of

American, French, and English

Chemicals Drugs, Medicines,

and Patent Medicines, Per-

fumery, Toilet Soap, etc.

SELECTED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS MARKET.

Paints, Oils, Varnish, Turpentine, Alcohol, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Paint Brushes, Coal Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Castor Oil, Choice assortment of: Es-sential Oils, Quartz Mill and Assayers Materials, Nitric Acid, Sulphuric Acid, Muriatic Acid, Cy-anide Potassium, Bichloride Mer-cury, etc., etc.

Country Merchants and Mill men, will do well to call and satisfy themselves as to prices, before going to Marysville or Sacramento, as I am determined to sell at

San Francisco Prices,

freight alone added.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COM-

pounded, day or night, at San Francisco prices, 2044-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

RIDEOUT, SMITH & CO. BANKERS,

Corner Montgomery and Myers Streets, OROVILLE.

Highest Price Paid for Gold Dust.

MAKE ADVANCES ON

Gold Dust Consigned for Assay!

Or Coinage, at the United States Mint.

County Securities Bought!

CHECKS DRAWN ON

RIDEOUT & SMITH,.....Marysville,
AND ON

FARROTT & CO.,.....San Francisco.

EXCHANGE ON THE PRINCIPAL ATLANTIC Cities for sale. Deposits received, collections made, and a general Banking Business transacted. Also, Quicksilver Agency.

DR. JAMES M. VANCE, DRUGGIST.

Montgomery Street, between Huntoon and Lincoln

Oroville, California.

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Surgical Instruments,

Chemicals,

Patent Medicines,

Drugs,

Paints, Oils,

Varnishes, Brushes, &c.

BEGS TO INFORM HIS FRIENDS, AND THE public generally of Oroville, and surrounding country, that he has commenced business in the above capacity, in the store lately occupied by A. Simpson, where he will be happy to supply them with every kind of

Medicines,

Drugs,

Chemicals,

Patent Medicines,

Perfumery,

Fancy Articles,

Stationary,

In fact with any and everything that comprises the legitimate Druggists Business at the most

Reasonable Terms.

Sole Agents for the Great Remedy BURNHAM'S ABIERTINE.

Prescriptions carefully compounded, at all hours of the day or night. Nothing but the purest of drugs.

Butte Record 4-27-1872

CHEROKEE GRAVEL DEPOSITS.—The energy displayed by the Spring Valley Canal and Mining Company has so far demonstrated that the great lead under Table Mountain increases steadily, as advances are made from the rimrock towards the deeper portions of the basin or channel. This Company has now entered the channel far enough to develop the "Blue Lead," in a body of from five to fifteen feet and of unsurpassed richness, and we can predict that under the excellent management of the Superintendent, Mr. Effinger, the yield of the Spring Valley Company's mine will not only equal but surpass that of any other hydraulic mine in the State. Independent of the direct benefit to the Spring Valley Company itself, the new developments demonstrate the enormous mining resources of our Table Mountain and we are in particular congratulating the Cherokee Flat Blue Gravel Company on account of its close proximity to the richest deposits of the Spring Valley Company, and the fact that the Blue Lead, in its whole width, dips into the boundary line of the Blue Gravel Company, and we hope that the latter Company will soon resume its operations on a scale which is worthy of its extent and undoubted richness.

CAPTURED.—Recently a safe robbery was perpetrated in Shasta, and the Sheriff of that county followed the two men perpetrating it to Tehama, where he found them. As they were not together it was arranged that the constable of Tehama should arrest one of them and the Sheriff the other. The constable visited the house where his man was, but the game took the alarm, escaped through a back door and took to the brush. The Sheriff secured his man in a saloon, who became very indignant at being arrested, and, watching his opportunity, struck the sheriff in the face with his handcuffs, with the intention of knocking him down and escaping. The blow, however, was not well calculated, or the sheriff parried it, as it only inflicted a slight scratch on his cheek. Supposing the other to have fled in this direction, Sheriff Daniels was informed of the circumstances, and hearing of a man answering the description who had registered his name at a Cherokee hotel as Boyd, Deputy Parks went up on Tuesday night, and brought him down. He too, assumed the indignant on being arrested, but he was lodged in jail, nevertheless to await a requisition from the Sheriff of Shasta. It is not known what his true name is, but this transaction has developed three aliases under which he was endeavoring to avoid detection, viz: As Mortimer, at Shasta, Burch at Tehama, and Boyd at Cherokee.

P. S.—Sheriff Daniels on Thursday, took Burch to Chico and delivered him into the custody of a deputy sheriff who had been sent for him. Burch complained that his handcuffs hurt him, and the officer was kind enough to remove them. When the cars arrived at Nord, 6 miles above Chico, he made an excuse to go into the closet, and the deputy sheriff is still waiting for him to come out. A "Smart Aleck."

Butte Record 5-4-1872

CAUGHT.—The man Boyd, alias Burch mentioned last week as having been arrested at Cherokee, but who escaped by jumping from the cars while being conveyed to Shasta, was subsequently arrested by Sheriff Daniels, who found him some distance above Chico. He jumped from the cars while in motion, and says he was rendered senseless by the fall, and thinks he must have lain where he fell for two hours or more. He concluded to go quietly on his way to Shasta after his second arrest. He thinks he will give Sheriff Daniels bailiwick a wide berth hereafter.

Sacramento Daily Union May 6, 1872

FOUND DEAD.—A note received in Oroville from Judge M. H. Weils of Yankee Hill, states that on Tuesday, April 30th, D. W. Hall, of Big Bend, North Fork Feather river, while out hunting found the dead body of William E. Clark, who was last seen alive on the previous Sunday. It is not stated how his death occurred. Clark was a native of Vermont and aged about fifty-one years.

Butte Record 5-18-1872

DAILY MAIL TO CHEROKEE.—The increasing importance of the mining town of Cherokee demands the establishment of a daily mail between that place and Oroville. It has been petitioned for by nearly every resident of the two places, as a matter of consequence to all, and of simple justice to Capt. Lewis, who has performed the service daily for years, although paid only for a semi-weekly service. We trust the Department will give the matter its attention, and furnish the increased mail facilities, now required.

5-18-1872

THE HENDRICKS' DITCH.—Mr. Hendricks has experienced considerable difficulty and delay in bringing the water round Table Mountain to his claims at the head of Morris Ravine, owing to the porous nature of the soil. The water was finally brought through last week, and we understand his claims are now being successfully worked. It will be necessary in order to obtain a permanent supply of water during the dry season to extend the ditch to the West Branch, which will be done the present summer. This enables a fine mining section to be worked, with a dump in Morris Ravine and Feather River. Mr. Hendricks has accomplished a grand work, and is entitled to credit for praiseworthy enterprise and perseverance. When the Cherokee Company shall have their ditch completed, carrying water from Butte Creek to their claims at Cherokee, Oregon township will be the richest township in the State, and cannot fail to be the most productive. These ditches pouring their welcome floods on to its rich gravel deposits, cannot fail to produce bullion that will give Butte a premium in the financial world unparalleled by any on the Pacific Coast.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HI GOOD.

BY DAN DELANEY.

All of the early settlers of Butte and Tehama counties will remember the name of Harmon Good, or, as he was familiarly known, "Hi Good," the Indian Hunter.

But little is known of his early history by the people of this State, but many here were familiar with his manhood, and have a lively recollection of his daring deeds. His noble and self-sacrificing defense of the lives of the people in Butte and Tehama counties, and the protection he afforded their property against the ravages and depredations of savage Indians, will form a bright page in the history of these counties, and will be read with interest by all who are capable of admiring good and noble traits of character in man, or who can appreciate gallant bearing and unshrinking courage.

Harmon Good was born in the State of Ohio, and was a descendant of an ancient and honorable family. In appearance he was a most remarkable man. He was tall and muscular, with black piercing eyes, long shining black hair, regular and exceedingly handsome features, and a carriage so erect and commanding as to impress the belief that he was born to lead. When the author of this sketch first knew him he was about nineteen years old, full of vigor and energy, and in all matters touching the interests of the section in which he lived taking a decided and distinguished leadership. No one approached him without discovering his peculiar fitness to guide and direct, and all acquiesced in his leadership. The companions of his Indian fights and hunting excursions attest the fact that a more daring or trusty captain could not be found.

In the year 1857 there existed a band of savage Indians in the neighborhood of Good's ranch in Tehama county, who were making frequent raids upon the section. Finding a number of them one day engaged in stealing his corn, and having no weapons, he charged upon them with stones and put them to flight.

A few days after, he in company with myself and two others, went to the adjacent mountains in pursuit of a large bear that was disturbing the herds and flocks of the neighborhood. We found the den from distinct signs. It covered about three acres of ground, and was situated at the base of a tall and overhanging bluff, and surrounded with a dense thicket. Good asked of his companions who would venture to enter the den with him. But one could be found whose courage was equal to the task. Robert Anderson, now living in the county, bade him lead and he would follow. After two hours of absence, and of anxiety to those who were waiting without, employed in scouting the thicket and searching the den, Good and Anderson returned to us, not having found the bear. The evidence of bravery was as great as if they had captured the bear.

In the Spring of 1858 a family living on Antelope creek, Tehama county, was murdered and considerable stock driven away by the Indians. Good, with five others started in pursuit. After thirty-six hours' tramp the company came upon the trail, and for some considerable length of time followed the same. They discovered at dark, by the gleam of the camp firelight, their resting place. At dawn of day the small force surrounded the encampment. Good fired the first shot, and with savage yell rushed within the camp, his trusty rifle dealing death at every volley. The rash daring of the man struck terror to the savages and so confused them that they could not fight with any judgment or success. Not one of the Indian hunters was

6-7-1872
page 1 of 4

touched, whilst every dusky devil that had occupied the camp was a ghastly corpse.

In 1861, the Indians attacked one Thomas Allen near Keifer's Mill, Butte county, and killed him, and within one mile of the same place and on the same day they murdered two of Mr. Heacock's daughters, fourteen and sixteen years old, and captured and carried off their son, nine years old. Captain Good, on receiving news of the massacre, immediately raised a company of six men, and started in pursuit. Following some forty or fifty miles, they found the boy most brutally murdered and his body covered with stones. Captain Good returned in person to the valley, secured a coffin and went back and brought the corpse to Chico. Ten men, with Good as their leader, again started in pursuit. After fifteen days' travel, by day and night, an Indian camp was discovered. Waiting for the nightfall, the company quietly surrounded the camp, and when the morning broke the fight began. The savage yell of Capt. Good at each crack of his rifle, drowned the shrieks of the dying. Twenty Indians were killed and seventeen captured. Capt. Good brought his prisoners to his home, and there kept guard of them, feeding them at his own expense, until he was able to send them off to the Reservation.

In the Summer of 1863 the Indians killed near to Dogtown, two of Mr. Louis's sons, aged respectively seven and eleven years, and took away with them a little girl of about nine years of age. Making quick flight, they pressed the tender child to travel forty miles in one day, but notwithstanding the fatigue of such a march, she effected her escape through the night and made good her entrance to the town of Chico. That girl was a heroine. Good was again the avenger. He never ceased until he slew the last Indian connected with the horrible tragedy.

In the Fall of 1861, Mrs. Moore, an elderly lady about seventy years old, and mother of Mr. Thomas Moore, at present living near Chico, was killed by the Indians on Singer creek, near to Oak Grove, Butte county. Good with his trusty Indian-hunters, pursued for a number of days, and killed eight of them, and found in their camp many things stolen from the residence of Mrs. Moore.

In 1863, a party of Indians stole from the ranch of A. J. Carter on Deer creek, four horses, and set fire to the barn. Robert Anderson, one of Good's companions, discovered the fire, and at once divining the cause, went to Good's ranch to inform him. The two followed the Indians to a deep cut and there surprising them they killed three of them.

In the year 1865 the Indians stole and drove off from Good's ranch a number of cattle. Missing the cattle, Good took two men and went after them. They found them drying the beef they had killed. Not many lived to enjoy the fruits of their labor. It was a desperate fight. Twenty-seven Red skins—all well armed with guns, some of them Spencer's rifles—against one man and two boys. In this encounter Capt. Good was wounded in the thigh. Disregarding his wound, he still plied his rifle, and every bullet discharged from its muzzle dealt death to some dusky victim. His companions were Charles Boreman, twenty years old, and a boy named George W. Carter. Boreman, discovering the growing weakness of Good, proposed a retreat. His reply was, "Give it to them, give it to them, boys," and continued himself to fire more rapidly than ever, resting his gun upon his knee, upon which he had sunk of sheer weakness from loss of blood. The fight was not given up until the foe had fled in disorder, leaving upon the field many a dead one. Capt. Good was conveyed home, and for weeks was disabled by his wound.

Northern Enterprise

6-7-1872

page 3 of 4

In 1866, as Good was returning home from a visit to Deer Creek Meadows, he was surprised, without weapons, by a band of Indians in Steep Hollow and forced to retreat, abandoning a lame horse he was leading. Hastening to the valley, he summoned three of his followers, and chase was given. Ten victims bit the dust, and Good returned with his own horse and another one, and with several guns and considerable ammunition as trophies.

Capt. Good had studied the arts of Indian warfare, and was skilled in all its intricacies. He was as fierce and unrelenting in fight as his savage foe, neither asking nor giving quarter. Once upon the trail and there was no rest. All the day was spent in pursuit, and when the night came, by the light of the moon, or in the darkness of the night, he would follow on his keen judgment and quick sight discovering any sign of the enemy's presence. He has gone into caverns under cover of night, and discovered the number of his foes, and when the morning light disturbed an Indian's slumber, he but awoke to enjoy a deeper sleep.

His yell was as familiar to the Indians as their own war whoop, and whenever heard struck terror to the heart. They believed he bore a charmed life—that no bullet sped from rifle could strike him. When danger was near, he needed no warning, he was always the first to see it, and ever and always he sought the hottest of the fray. He was always ready to respond to the call for help, and was in "harness" when others were preparing.

The Mill creek Indians were a wild predatory and bad tribe. They had raised the tomahawk and "War to the death" against the settlers was their watchword. There was nothing noble in their nature, and only under great advantages did they dare attack. Helpless women and children were their prey, and no appeal for mercy met a response in their hearts. They spared none, but murdered all. Capt. Good and his brave followers waged a war of extermination against them, and he

lived to see a large band of them melt into almost nonentity. Of all the numerous tribe of Mill Creek Indians but six are left—four males and two females, and they, like the wandering Jew, have no fixed abiding place. Never secure in any locality, they continually roam from place to place, over a distance of hundreds of miles.

Notwithstanding the bold and warlike nature of Capt. Good few men possessed more of the milk of human kindness than he. Among those of his own race he was mild, pleasant and courteous. Prompt in the discharge of all duties as a man and citizen he possessed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was odd and eccentric. Odd in his dress, which, though scrupulously neat, was composed of many colors, differing from the prevailing fashions, and well adapted to the showing of his well developed and symmetrical proportion; odd in his associations preferring as companions those whose boldness of character were like to his own fond of adventure, and possessed of the bravery to stand "toe to toe" with the enemy; odd in his selection of a home, locating it where nature assumed her simplest character, amid hill and plain, free from culture, unvarnished and unimproved, existing in native simplicity and grandeur.

Northern Enterprise

6-7-1872

page 4 of 4

In the year 1865, the stage coach running upon the Dogtown road was robbed of a large sum of money. The robbers sought shelter near to Captain Good's camp. Having heard of the exploit, Good in company with Sandy Young and Sam Carey commenced the search for the missing treasure and the escaped villains. Following their trail for more than one day they found the three desperadoes, resting from their travel upon the summit of a mountain, "well heeled," and provided with an abundance of scrip. They had in their possession two heavy shot guns one rifle and four Colt's revolvers. Good's company came upon them unawares. Without hesitation, Capt. Good advanced and asked if they were hunters, and received the answer that they were hunting. Declaring his object to be the same, he entered into familiar conversation, confident from appearances, that he had found his game. A proper opportunity occurring, he commanded his force "to bear down upon the foe," and when Sandy and Sam presented full in the face of the robbers, those rifle muzzles, they looked to them like twelve-pounders well directed. Surrendering without a murmur Good searched their pouches where he found greenbacks and gold dust in abundance. The leader of the band sought safety in flight, but the unerring shot from Good's rifle soon brought him to halt, and wounded and dying he lay upon the sod. The other robbers were placed in charge of the authority, and the money returned to Wells, Fargo & Co., from whom it was stolen. Capt. Good accepted no reward, but defraying expenses from his own means, he acted only from a sense of justice to offended law, and from a love of adventure, whose charms divested the rash attempt of all fear or care for consequences.

In the spring of 1869 the Indians robbed some sheep herders, and killed some cattle, on or near to Deer Creek. Capt. Good, with two followers, were soon in hot pursuit. On the evening of the sixth day they overtook the thieves, and as usual, surrounded the camp. They killed several and took two prisoners, two mahalas. These females were held as hostages at Good's camp for weeks, guarded by the Captain's Indian boy, whom he had raised, and who, for years, acted as his herder, and boy of all business. No evidence of treachery had ever shown itself, but such was the seeming devotion of the boy to Good, in his person, and faithful discharge of all duties that Capt. Good reposed in him implicit confidence. Yet this villainous, treacherous Indian was true to his savage instincts, and murdered his kind and indulgent master. Capt. Good had required the Indians who claimed the squaws in custody, to bring in all the guns and ammunition of the tribe, and when such service was performed he promised to deliver up the wives to their legitimate husbands. This brought the Indians

frequently to the house, and frequent communication with the Indian boy, corrupted him. Promises after promises were made by the treacherous devils to bring in arms and capitulate for peace, but never complied with. Still Capt. Good held the hostages. The Indians sought, as a last resort of treachery, his protection against hostile foes, and begged the privilege to camp near the house, where no wild Indian dare venture without permission. Intending to kill him, upon one occasion they early in the morning commenced a noise of battle as if attacked by a numerous foe.

Capt. Good was too wary to be taken by surprise and would not venture out. Finding they had failed in their designs, and being confident that the renowned hunter had conceived their intentions, and fearing consequences which would surely come, the tribe decamped. Capt. Good finding the coast clear, made a trip to the mountains, reconnoitering and returning home in the evening, when, within three hundred yards of the house, he was shot and killed. Investigation made by Sandy Young, and other friends, established the fact, beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the Indian boy had proved a traitor, and committed the horrid murder. That Indian boy is missing, no trace of him may be found, but we opine there are those living who know where his putrid corpse lies mouldering, to the day of judgment.

Thus died one of God's noble men. Years of bitter warfare, in which was involved the evil temper and designs of the Indian nature, at length accomplished, the revenge so much desired, and so long sought. It was obtained at a terrible sacrifice, the death of more than a hundred warriors, the total annihilation of a whole tribe, or if but six have escaped, they wander in utter insecurity, outcasts, and refugees, fleeing the face of the white man, and certain when seen, to meet the fate of those who have gone before them, for in all the country the oath of extinction has been recorded, and will surely sooner or later, be accomplished.

To the memory of Capt. Good all pay respect. He was a tower of strength to the whole country. Feared by the savage, he used his power and prowess to ward the danger of massacre, and destruction of property from the community in which he lived. When near by, helpless women and children lay down in security, and prayed for the safety of the daring chieftain, who risked his life continually in their behalf. Let his memory be graven upon the hearts of his countrymen, and suffer his noble, daring deeds to be written upon the page of history as monuments of glory, and when, in after ages, the reader shall learn of his exploits, his noble attributes of character, and the great good he accomplished in his day, may he be actuated by the same noble impulses, and strive to emulate his glorious example.

The New Mining Law.

The new mining law passed by Congress provides that on all claims located before the 11th of May, \$10 worth of work shall be performed for each 100 feet of the claim until the patent is issued, but when claims are held in common, the whole amount may be expended on any part of the claim. On all locations made after that time, not less than \$100 per year must be expended. A failure to comply with these requirements by paying his share, his interest may be advertised, and in default of payment, his interest will become the property of his partners. The law seems to cover every necessary condition in settling conflicting titles to mines that can be provided for in a general law. Among other good features that which limits the length of a claim on a ledge whether taken by an individual or a company, to 1,500 feet, is to be commended. It also simplifies and greatly lessens the expense of obtaining a patent, the only permanent title, to a mine.

Butte Record 6-22-1872

Letter from Oregon City.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1872.

ED. RECORD:—Encouraged and flattered by your kind acceptance of my last article for your paper, and inspired by love for the beautiful and sublime, I again write. Comment on the weather would be commonplace, the knowledge of which comes within the conception of every one. We pause in our business career to gaze upon and admire our beautiful, clear, Italian sky; we recline in the shade to enjoy our cool, balmy breezes, and with our joy blends a pride inexpressible in the conviction that our lovely California is the brightest, fairest, richest State in the Union.

Our little burg has been a lively place of late. On Wednesday, the 12th inst., Mr. Charles P. Foster—Mayor of our city—was married to Mrs. E. Simpson, by 'Squire Jones, of Cherokee Flat, at the white house on the hill. Truly, Mr. editor, the "Old Folks" were at home; could we judge friends by numbers, we might well congratulate the happy couple, for a goodly number was there. The ceremony was very short, but I supposed embraced everything necessary. The refreshment table was set in the arbor; cake was plentifully distributed; wine circulated freely, and everything went "Merry etc., etc."

The bride wore a dress of sea-green lustre, dark overskirt, trimmed with rich white lace, and made a fine appearance as she stood beside the bridegroom, who wore a suit of black, rich black satin vest and fancy neck-tie. Mrs. H—d was attired in blue plaid silk, Dol-

ly Varden overskirt trimmed with blue. Mrs. N—t wore a rich black silk, white Swiss overskirt, and looked as pretty as a pink. Mrs. S—th was richly and tastily dressed in striped linen, fitting her faultless form to a fraction. Mrs. M—r, the life of every circle she enters, wore black, very neat and becoming. Mrs. C—n wore a dress of silver-gray lustre, trimmed with brown ribbon, and "carried off" her dress well. Mrs. C—ll was, as usual, richly and becomingly dressed. Mrs. W—te wore a dress of Pique of a lovely pattern, overskirt of same. Many other ladies were present whose dresses were equally rich and becoming. The gents wore summer suits, and appeared pictures of health and happiness. In the evening the wedded pair were serenaded by the Cherokee Flat amateur musicians, after which all the lovers of the dance assembled in our school house and danced until the small hours, when all retired to sleep and be refreshed. In the ball room, during the evening, I saw one gent who had the courage to don a Dolly Varden neck-tie. On the day of the 12th everything went off pleasantly, it was the gayest day ever seen in Oregon City. Charlie, the happiest of the happy, was gentlemanly and liberal as a prince. We wish the wedded pair a long life of enjoyment, may their shadows never grow less, nor their happiness wane.

"And may their lives glide sweetly on,
In happiness and peace."

SOLO.

BUTTE RECORD.

Local News.

SATURDAY.....JUNE 29, 1872

THE CHEROKEE MINES.—The mines at Cherokee are worked by hydraulics and are in the main owned by three large companies, viz: The Cherokee Mining Company, employing a large number of men and realizing about \$100,000 each season. This company is building a large ditch from Butte creek, about sixty miles in length. About ten miles are now completed. The entire work will not be accomplished before next year, as there is much piping to be done.

The Cherokee Flat Blue Gravel Company have an almost inexhaustible mine of about 1,000 acres. Already \$160,000 have been expended in permanent improvements. The company is now ready to begin operations on a much larger scale than heretofore.

The Spring Valley Canal and Mining Company Extension; works are owned by a party of San Francisco capitalists, who have expended half a million of dollars in making improvements, and are now running a tunnel of 1,500 feet, which will bring their claim to the depth of 500 feet. They employ eighty men, and have about three miles of rippled flume paved with stone, and numerous under-currents to catch fine gold. In these under-currents diamonds of the first water have been found, which have sold as high as \$125 each. One was recently found that was sold for \$60 uncut.

This company have pipes and ditches which enable them to run about 3,000 inches of water. They use a seven and a half inch nozzle, and have a fall of 250 feet. The company have accomplished a remarkable result in forcing water up the Cherokee Hill, a perpendicular height of 830 feet, through a thirty-inch pipe, retaining such force as to carry away immense rocks. Their reservoir, covering about 350 acres of ground, having broken out, they will be obliged to stop work by the first of August. This season they have washed out nearly \$200,000.

The Hendricks ditch and mine are progressing favorably. They have been running for some time, but are preparing to mine on a large scale. They expect to have water from the West Branch through their ditch and pipe by the 4th. They are putting in a mining flume from their claim to the river, employing all available help thereon. This flume will be six feet in width, and about one and a half miles in length. When completed this Company will have one of the best appointed mining claims in the State, and as they have plenty of rich ground it cannot fail to be profitable.

Butte Record 7-6-1872

Mining Operations at Thompson's Flat only require a good supply of water to be as productive as any bank or hydraulic diggings on the coast. It contains thousands of acres of pay dirt, with a fine dump into Feather river, that will admit of the washing away of the table mountains, known to be rich and inexhaustible deposits, from Cherokee to the Kennedy Flume outlet. One of these days, when capital ceases to be humbugged with wild cat mining claims, these mines will be extensively worked, and their product will be enormous.

BUTTE RECORD.

Local News.

SATURDAY.....JULY 13, 1872


CENSUS STATISTICS.—In the published census of populations of divisions less than counties, we notice that the population of Chico township in 1860 was 1,482; in 1870 it was returned as 3714, showing that the population in that agricultural section had nearly trebled in a single decade. In Ophir township, essentially a mining district, the population in 1860 was 3,064; in 1870 it was returned as 2,430; showing a falling off of 634, a decrease of one-fifth. Considering the general decay in mining districts, during the period embraced, this is not a bad showing for Ophir township, and speaks well for the mines of this vicinity. Ophir is not wholly a mining township, however. Bidwell is a mining township and the decrease is more marked; from a population of 1097 in 1860, it had fallen in 1870 to a total of 337. During the same period Oregon township fell from 1383 to 1169; Oro, from 641 to 271; Mountain Spring, from 453 to 264; Kimsbrow, from 1586 to 857. Hamilton township, the greater portion of which is agricultural changes these figures and increases its population from 699 to 1130; as this latter township has doubled its vote and the number of its school houses, it is fair to presume that its present population is nearly double what it was two years since. By some unaccountable mishap the population of the town of Chico was not given separate from that of the township. In 1860 Oroville contained an aggregate population of 2429, of which 942 were Chinese; its population in 1870 was 1425. Estimated by the comparative number of school children in the Oroville and Chico districts, the population of the town of Chico must be about one-third greater than that of Oroville. It is safe to predict a healthy increase in population during the present decade, as the mining population is becoming settled, and homes, consisting of farms, orchards and vineyards are being located in the foothills of the various mineral townships of the county.

Butte Record 7-13-1872

MESSILLA VALLEY SCHOOL—MRS. CURTIS, TEACHER.
The Roll of Honor of this School for the month of June is as follows: Misses Mary Stewart and Ida Horn; Masters Eugene Van Ness, William Applegate, Watt M. Pence, Willie Stewart, Charles Hiatt.

THE EAGLE HOTEL!!

At Cherokee.

 **HAVING TAKEN THE ABOVE** centrally located and conveniently arranged and furnished Hotel, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the traveling public, that he is ready to accommodate them with all that can be required of a first class House, and will be happy to welcome all who think of paying Cherokee a visit.

His table will at all times be supplied with the available products of the market, and the bar with choice Wines, Liquors and cigars.

Come and see us.

H. M. CLEMONS, Proprietor.
Cherokee City, December 4 1871.

Notice.

C**HEROKEE FLAT BLUE GRAVEL COMPANY.**—Cherokee Flat, near Oroville, Butte County, California.—Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 8th day of June, 1872, an assessment of One Dollar (\$1 00) per share was levied upon the whole capital stock of said company, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, at the company's office, southeast corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets, up stairs, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of July, 1872, shall be deemed delinquent, and will be duly advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of June, 1872, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

H. PICHOIR, Secretary.

Office—Southeast corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets, up stairs, San Francisco, California.

no35-4w.

LOCAL MINES.

It is well known that extensive bank diggings surround Oroville. In the early days of the Feather River and Ophir Water Company, miners paid as high as 50 cents per inch for water, and an immense amount of tunneling was done, the dirt being carried out and washed. The excitement springing up in the Territories caused these mines to be abandoned, and they have since lain idle, with few exceptions. Hewitt & Co., in 1856, put in a flume along Downer street, from the bluff to the river, and have since worked it successfully, and are still doing so. Some time since they purchased the flume and grounds above them, of the Dutch Boys, and have since been running both flumes. It is now their intention to build a new flume, of some four feet in width, the right of way for which has been secured above Downer street. This will enable the same amount of water now used by the two flumes to accomplish much more work, and in a more thorough manner. This company have washed out an immense amount of dirt in the bluff above town, and, from the proceeds of the ground already washed, it is calculated that they have ground enough to produce \$5,000,000 worth of dust, and that it will take some 15 years to work it out. All this ground was originally worked by tunneling, and abandoned for other scenes, as new mining excitements arose. There are extensive banks of gold bearing gravel lying on both sides of Feather river, commencing at the mouth of Morris Ravine, the location of the famous Cape claim of '57, and extending for three or four miles to the Rancheria. Those on the east side of the river have been very generally worked by tunneling, but the success of Hewitt & Co. demonstrates that they may be successfully worked by hydraulic and sluice mining. Former operations have done little more than to prospect the ground, although, in doing so, for-

tunes were realized, and for years after the completion of the ditch of the Feather River and Ophir Water Company, these mines maintained a population of thousands. But a small amount of mining, comparatively, has been accomplished on the west side of the river, although the deposits are known to be equally as rich and extensive, and to have the advantage of not having been as thoroughly tunneled as those upon the Oroville side of the river. This is probably owing to the limited supply of water furnished that district. The tunnel and flume of Halstead & Co. was a paying piece of property until the section of ground that it drained was worked out, although they were compelled to go to Inakip for water. These diggings are sufficiently extensive to employ thousands of men for the next generation, and may be abundantly supplied with water, at a trifling outlay, compared with what it cost to bring water on to the grounds on the east side of Feather river, at Oroville. We know of no wider or more promising theatre for placer mining in the State, and believe it will yet realize all the extravagant anticipations that led to the great rush hitherward, of mining adventurers doomed to disappointment in early days. We hope soon to be able to chronicle the fact that it has been taken hold of by men of capital and energy, who will be certain to realize immense profits for their investment and for the labor employed. The whole section may be worked at much less expense, and consequently at a greater profit than the famous Cherokee mines, where fabulous sums were necessarily expended to introduce water into the paying locality. The Cherokee mines were no experiment, and are yielding a good return to those who invested their capital in bringing in water. Neither are the mines surrounding Oroville, and they will be as certain as were those of Cherokee, to repay the investment of those who shall make the necessary investment for working them. They are con-

tiguous to the finest agricultural region in the State, and approachable by rail. In view of the fact that foreign and other capitalists are being swindled with wild cat claims and mining stocks, they are cordially invited to visit this section, and examine its facilities for successful sluice mining. There is no use of being humbugged with salted claims while thousands of acres of mineral deposits are lying idle for want of a little capital and energy to unearth the precious metal, and turn it into the channels of commerce.

HOTEL BURNED.—On Tuesday evening of last week, the hotel at Greenville, Plumas county, was consumed by fire. Most of the furniture was saved. It belonged to Mr. Lawrence, but was kept by Mr. Hathaway. The fire originated from a defective stovepipe.

NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.—The qualified Electors of the Washita Valley School District, will hold an election on the 17th of August next, for the purpose of voting upon the proposition to levy a tax of \$500 for the purpose of building a new schoolhouse.

ROLL OF HONOR.—The Roll of Honor for Cottonwood District School, for the month ending July 19, 1872, is as follows: Frank Munsil, Cora Munsil, Sarah Jane Bunnell, Kate Sorenson, Eunice M. Wick, Harold Lowe, Charlie Wick.

During a recent excursion into the mountains, the Rev. J. W. Brier, Sr., of Cherokee, in company with his son Kirk, a resident of Oakland, who was on a visit to his parents at Cherokee, succeeded in bagging two young bear on the West Branch above Concow Valley. There were three bears when first sighted by the hunters, a dam and two cubs, who made themselves conspicuous by walking along a big fir log. The two cubs were secured but the dam took to the chaparral and escaped. One of the cubs lodged in a tree top, but nothing daunted, the plucky reverend repaired to the spot the following morning with an axe, felled the monarch of the mountains and secured his game.

Elton has shown us some very rich specimens of ore from his gold and silver ledges in Gravel Range District, Kimshe Township. The gold bearing ledge is one of the richest we have ever seen, and is widening as the shaft progresses downward. He is now at work taking out rock and developing the ledge. Of the silver we cannot judge so well, although it appears well, and has, we understand, assayed as high as \$80 to the ton. These are the most promising ledges in California. The Gravel Range District is known to be rich in gravel deposits, and it is believed that it will prove equally rich in gold and silver bearing quartz. These ledges were discovered last Fall, but owing to their altitude, no work was done upon them during the Winter months, and it is probable that the operations of the present Summer, in work upon its bank diggings and ledges, will result in the erection of permanent works

Butte Record 10-12-1872

MESILLA VALLEY SCHOOL.—The following is the roll of honor of this school for the month of September, in the order of excellence: Mary Stewart, Eugene Van Ness, Willie Stewart, Lissie Davis, Ida Horn, Fay Van Ness, Watt M. Pence, Clarence White, Frank Knox, Nora Knox and Euphemia Jones.

MRS. CURTIS, Teacher.

Butte Record Oct 19, 1872

Voting Townships and Precincts Description

OREGON TOWNSHIP.

Oregon City Precinct—That part of Oregon Township East of the Western edge, on the top of Table Mountain and South of the Township line, between Townships 20 and 21.

Inspector—Fred Kirby. Judges—J. B. Crawford, John Nisbet.

Election at School House.

Cherokee Precinct—That part of Oregon Township North of Oregon City Precinct, and east of a line running East of and adjoining Smith's Ranch, Parrish's Ranch, the Lime Kilns and Curtis' place, to the West Branch of Feather River.

Inspector—D. A. Jones. Judges—H. P. Morrison, B. P. Hutchinson.

Election at Chambers' Hall.

Pence's Ranch Precinct—That part of Oregon Township North and West of Cherokee Precinct, South of Township line, East of the Clark road and North of a line leaving the Clark road and running North of Howland's and Benner's Ranches to the West line of Oregon City Precinct.

Inspector—M. Pence. Judges—Jas. Van Ness, W. S. Davis.

Election at Pence's House.

Crum's Ranch Precinct—All of Oregon Township not included in Oregon City, Cherokee and Pence's Ranch Precincts.

Inspector—A. J. Crum. Judges—G. B. McGranahan, N. Lytold.

Election at Crum's House.

CONCOW TOWNSHIP.

Little Kimshe Precinct—That portion of Concow Township North of a line commencing at a point on West Branch of Feather River, West of Rock Spring House (Old Cooper place) thence running East through Rock Spring to North Fork of Feather River.

Inspector—O. F. Rudd. Judges—E. G. Wheeler, John Friesman.

Election at Snow's Store.

Yankee Hill Precinct—That part of Concow Township South of Little Kimshe Precinct.

Inspector, M. H. Wells. Judges, Ernest Ries, W. H. Farley.

Election at Wells' Store.

MT. SPRING TOWNSHIP.

Enterprise Precinct—That portion of Mt. Spring Township South of a line commencing at the mouth of Carlton Ravine, on the Oro Township line, running thence in a northwesterly direction to the West side of Kanaka Peak, thence in a direct line to the mouth of Kanaka Creek and the line of Bidwell Township.

Inspector, Chas. Burroughs. Judges, Geo. A. Drown, J. W. Woodman.

Election at Burroughs' Store.

Mooretown Precinct—That portion of Mt. Spring Township North of Enterprise Precinct.

Inspector, Frank Brooks. Judges, J. T. Shipley, J. C. Bierce.

Election at Moore & Rogers' Store.

A RUNAWAY.—A team belonging to Tom Vintin, of Cherokee, made a short but terrific and disastrous runaway in town on Monday. The wagon had been loaded with groceries for Cherokee, and the team took a run from the depot down Myers street to Bird, and straight down Bird to the catastrophe, which occurred near the Ophir Mill. A Chinaman's mule was walking down the street, with all the nonchalance peculiar to that animal, when it was overtaken by the flying team. The end of the wagon pole struck the rear of the mule and penetrated the animal as far as the neck-yoke would allow, when the animals fell in a confused heap, and the wagon turned over, causing a great fall in groceries. Of course, that ended the runaway, and undoubtedly proved a bad ending for the mule, which was led away in a disabled condition, and undoubtedly gave up the ghost, in a short time. The team was rather a fractious one, and came nigh getting away with their driver earlier in the morning.

Butte Record 11-16-1872

| PRECINCTS. | J. C. Shorb.... | F. M. Pixley .. | Jo Hamilton... | F. H. Rosenbaum | Peter Donahue.. | John Yule.... | John B. Felton.. | Claus Spreckles. | Jesse O. Goodwin | J. F. Miller.... | J. E. Hale..... | T. H. Rose..... | J. Mora Moss... | John Nugent... | Z. Montgomery | W. J. Graves... | M. R. C. Pulliam | A. J. King..... | J. K. Luttrell.. | J. M. Coghlan.. | J. N. Bailhache. | William Coon | J. J. Waste... | Total Vote..... | |
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|---------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|--------------|----------------|-----------------|------|
| Oroville..... | 110 | 110 | 110 | 110 | 110 | 110 | 181 | 181 | 181 | 181 | 181 | 180 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 135 | 158 | 1 | ... | ... | 297 | |
| Central House.. | 17 | 17 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | 37 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 27 | 26 | ... | ... | ... | 55 | |
| Thompson's Flat | 40 | 40 | 37 | 40 | 40 | 40 | 44 | 44 | 44 | 44 | 44 | 44 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 40 | 44 | ... | ... | ... | 84 | |
| Oregon City.... | 25 | 26 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 16 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 35 | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 46 | |
| Cherokee..... | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 31 | 60 | 60 | 59 | 59 | 60 | 60 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 77 | 28 | ... | ... | ... | 142 | |
| Pence's Ranch | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | 24 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 24 | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 36 | |
| Crum's Ranch.. | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 21 | 26 | ... | ... | ... | 47 | |
| Dayton..... | 42 | 42 | 42 | 42 | 42 | 42 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | 36 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 53 | 26 | ... | ... | ... | 80 | |
| Chico..... | 85 | 85 | 85 | 85 | 85 | 85 | 214 | 213 | 214 | 214 | 214 | 214 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 115 | 182 | ... | ... | ... | 305 | |
| Enterprise..... | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | 18 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7 | 14 | ... | ... | ... | 21 | |
| Mooretown.... | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 20 | 8 | ... | ... | ... | 28 | |
| Bangor..... | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 26 | 26 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 26 | 25 | ... | ... | ... | 51 | |
| Wyandotte.... | 27 | 27 | 27 | 27 | 27 | 27 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 45 | 8 | ... | ... | ... | 53 | |
| Bidwell Bar... | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | 17 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 13 | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 29 | |
| Evansville..... | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 12 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7 | 13 | ... | ... | ... | 20 | |
| Nimshew..... | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 26 | 5 | ... | ... | ... | 33 | |
| Yankee Hill.. | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 65 | 65 | 65 | 65 | 65 | 65 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 102 | 16 | ... | ... | ... | 44 | |
| Mill Precinct.. | 75 | 75 | 74 | 75 | 74 | 75 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | 15 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 30 | 38 | ... | ... | ... | 144 | |
| Centreville... | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 73 | 73 | 73 | 73 | 73 | 73 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 74 | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 42 | |
| Rock Creek... | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 62 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 60 | 29 | ... | ... | ... | 136 | |
| Biggs Station.. | 46 | 46 | 46 | 46 | 46 | 46 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 50 | 6 | ... | ... | ... | 86 | |
| Dogtown..... | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 40 | 29 | ... | ... | ... | 47 | |
| Inskip..... | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | 22 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 13 | 5 | ... | ... | ... | 18 | |
| Clipper Mills... | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 56 | 56 | 56 | 56 | 56 | 56 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 74 | 19 | ... | ... | ... | 33 | |
| Gridleys Station | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | 19 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 30 | 42 | ... | ... | ... | 89 | |
| Lomo..... | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 45 | 14 | ... | ... | ... | 26 | |
| Forbestown.... | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 12 | 19 | ... | ... | ... | 52 | |
| Mountain House | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 25 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 38 | 18 | ... | ... | ... | 56 | |
| Little Kimshew. | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 10 | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 12 | |
| Loveclock's... | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | 23 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 31 | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 40 | |
| Powell's Ranch. | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 11 | 3 | ... | ... | ... | 16 | |
| Total.. | 816 | 817 | 817 | 816 | 816 | 817 | 1203 | 1204 | 1203 | 1203 | 1201 | 1202 | 90 | 91 | 91 | 91 | 89 | 94 | 80 | 1203 | 877 | 53 | 385 | 549 | 2174 |

SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1872.

Fight with Indians—Fifteen Indians and Three Whites Killed and a Number Wounded.

ASHLAND, Oregon, December 1st.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, having directed Superintendent Odeneal to put the Modoc Indians upon the Klamath Reservation, peaceably if possible, but forcibly if he must, he proceeded in person to execute the order. All efforts to persuade them to return to the agency proving fruitless, and they having peremptorily refused to go, the matter was referred to the military. On the 28th of November, at noon, Major Jackson of Company B, First Cavalry, with thirty-five men, left Fort Klamath and arrived at the camp of the Modocs, near the mouth of Lost river, the following morning. He at once surrounded the camp and requested an interview with the head men, only one of whom, "Scar-faced Charley," appeared. A half hour's conversation ensued, in which the Indians were informed that the soldiers did not come to fight them but to demand that they go upon the reservation, and they were assured that ample provision had been made for their subsistence and that they should be fully protected in all their rights. They refused to accede to the demand. They were then demanded to lay down their arms. While they were parleying on the subject "Scar-faced Charley" raised a gun and fired at Lieutenant Bontelle, who was in front of his men, but missed his aim. Instantly the Lieutenant returned the fire and killed Charley. This caused a general simultaneous firing on both sides. The battle was a desperate one, lasting two hours. One soldier was killed and four wounded. Two citizens and fifteen Indians were killed, nearly all the women and children and some of the warriors and a number of horses were captured. The Indians retreated to the hills, but in the afternoon returned to camp and commenced firing again. Three more Indians were killed and many were wounded, and some captured. At latest accounts firing at intervals was still going on. The number of Indians engaged is estimated at sixty. There were some thirty more at a camp some fifteen miles distant. It was supposed that these would arrive the following night and that another fight would take place. Citizens were arming and getting ready to go to the assistance of Major Jackson, should the emergency require their services. The women captured say that among the number killed were the four desperado chiefs Captain Jack, Black Jim, The Doctor and Scar-faced Charley, who had been the cause of all the insubordination of their followers; but about this, excepting the one last named, there is some doubt.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

Three Men Murdered by Indians—The Women Escape—More Murders Anticipated—State Aid Demanded by the Troops.

ASHLAND, Or., December 1st—7 P. M.

George Conn has just arrived from Linkville. He left there at 5 o'clock P. M. yesterday and rode all night. He reports three men killed named Boddy on Tule Lake by the Modocs. The women escaped, walking nine miles to another house. Fears are entertained that many more are murdered. Conn brings letters from prominent citizens asking for help, and A. J. Burnett sends a message to Governor Grover asking for assistance from the State. J. D. Applegate writes that the soldiers can't hold out long and must have help. He would start for Clear Lake last night with a small party to give the settlers notice and protection. They are short of arms and ammunition. A meeting of the citizens of this place will be held to-night to make arrangements to send assistance.

Butte Record 12-14-1872

TELEGRAPH TO CHEROKEE.—The work of extending the telegraph line from Cherokee to its connection with the Western Union line, at Wick's ranch, was completed the present week. The branch line extends along along the Spring Valley Company's canal from Cherokee to Concow Valley. Oroville and San Francisco are now in communication with a veritable diamond region. The charge for ten words from Oroville to Cherokee is 25 cents. The line to Cherokee was clicking away on Wednesday evening.

MASONIC ELECTION.—Table Mountain Lodge, No. 124, F. & A. M. Cherokee Flat, held its annual election on the evening of the 10th, at which the following officers were elected and appointed to serve for the ensuing Masonic year: M. H. Wells, W. M.; E. J. Davis, S. W.; D. Tryer, J. W. A. Burt, Treas.; H. M. Clemons, Sec.; A. Thompson, S. D.; T. Belew, J. D.; M. Pence, Marshal; O. P. Powers, O. Cushman, Stewards; W. Resse, Tyler. The above officers will be installed on the 15th.

SAN FRANCISCO: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1872.

THE MODOCS.

The Visit of Captain Fairchild to Captain Jack's Camp.

A Hazardous Enterprise.

THE INDIANS RESENTFUL AND DESPERATE.

Captain Jack Says He Can Whip a Thou- sand Soldiers in His Pres- ent Position.

The Indians Will Make Peace Only on Condi- tion that They be Left Undis- turbed on Lost River.

Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.

CAMP FAIRCHILD, Hot Creek, December 13th, 1872.—The die of preparation is still going on, and Captain Fairchild is resolved upon leaving nothing undone toward putting the camp in a defensible condition. The day before the *Chronicle* expedition reached here, Fairchild's wife and children were sent in to Yreka for safety, and soon after the work of fortifying began. We are now all ready for the savages; and should they come they will meet with a warm reception. Fairchild's account of his visit to Captain Jack's camp is quite thrilling. He and P. A. Dorris, proprietor of a cattle ranch three miles below here, "Nate" Beswick and James Murray set out last Sunday morning to visit the old Chief and see what could be done to prevent further hostilities. They were accompanied by "Frank" and "Tom," two Modoc Indians, of the Hot Creek branch of the tribe, and two others, who rejoice not in Anglo-Saxon names. The party thus numbered eight. They were all well mounted and armed with rifles and revolvers. They had but twenty miles to go.

The Indian Camp.

Before noon they were in sight of the lava-beds, in which Captain Jack has his camp. The Indian camp is located on the edge of Tule Lake, on the side of a rocky slope, running down from what is known as Van Bremer's Hill. The country is the ruggedist perhaps in California. It is of peculiar formation, being evidently the result of some great volcanic convulsion. As Fairchild expresses it, it looks for miles around as though the whole earth's surface had been blown in the air a thousand feet and then came down, resting as it fell. It contains an area of about ten miles square, and abounds in deep fissures, gulches and caves, all in the solid rock. There is no earth at all, but the whole is a mass of flinty lava, like clinker, that is formed from the remains of hard coal. The gulches range from a few feet to a hundred feet in width, and many are one hundred feet in depth. The Indians can stand on the bluffs and see men approach from a distance of five miles without being seen themselves. The only means of travel through this mass of lava is by the narrow cattle trail, is intricate in its windings and subject at all points to attack from behind the huge boulders and piles of granite. The Indians can travel all through this lava country by trails known only to themselves, and stand on bluffs over persons one hundred feet beneath, where it would require a long journey to go to them.

The Modocs' Outpost.

When Fairchild's party reached the top of Van Bremer's Hill they were seen by the Indians, who not then knowing the character of the party, made preparations to receive them with a warmth of feeling characteristic of the Modocs. Arriving at the edge of the lava bed Fairchild sent Indian "Frank," who is a desperate warrior, ahead in the trail to see Captain Jack. Frank was then friendly, though he with others at Hot Creek has since left and joined the hostile band. Frank went ahead with Tom, the other Indian, and kept ahead of the party three or four hundred yards. Fairchild and his men rode in single file with cocked rifles and with nerves set on edge. They knew they were within a quarter of a mile of the Modoc camp, and knew that their only safety lay in the faithfulness of their Indian allies. They wound their way through the lava piled up on either side for more than an hour, when all at once Indian Frank came riding rapidly back and told them to halt. He had come upon the Indians, and would try and arrange an interview with Captain Jack. If he was unsuccessful he would discharge his rifle, as if done by accident, and they must ride back over the trail for their lives.

Indian Treachery Feared.

Frank then went ahead again and Fairchild and party secreted themselves behind some rocks to await the result of their Indian's diplomacy. They had not long to wait. Frank came back in twenty minutes and said that he had seen Captain Jack and Scar-Faced Charley, who were willing to have a "big talk" with the white man. Fairchild, now that the thing was upon him, was seised with a sudden distrust of Frank. He thought the interview was too easily arranged—that Jack was too willing to talk. He was fearful that treachery was at work and for a moment all four men hesitated about putting themselves in the Modocs' power. However, it was almost too late to back out and they concluded to go ahead. Before going, however, Fairchild sent Frank ahead again with a message to Captain Jack, saying that he (Fairchild) had but four men and that he did not care to meet more than that number of Indians, and that he would meet them either armed or unarmed, as Captain Jack pleased.

In Presence of the Modocs.

Frank departed on this errand, and was met on the way by one of Captain Jack's warriors—Indian George—who bore the message back to the old chief. In a few moments word came back that it should be as Fairchild requested, the messenger at the same time urging the party to come ahead. Thus reassured Fairchild decided to go on. It was now nearly noon. The party rode ahead, Indian fashion, and in a few minutes came to the brow of a hill from whence they could look down into a narrow ravine, at the mouth of which they saw a large group of Indians sitting on the ground. Fairchild was now almost sure that he had been made the victim of treachery. He had agreed to meet Captain Jack and three others, and here was the whole Modoc tribe waiting to receive him. However he rode on, determined to brave it now on. The Indians, about fifty in number, sat at the mouth of the ravine on piles of rocks, calmly awaiting his arrival. They were all armed to the teeth, and looked as desperate as hungry wolves. They were all painted in the most hideous fashion, and were dressed in rags and patches of blankets.

SAN FRANCISCO: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1872.

The Brave Frontiersman Wavers.

Fairchild's party rode up to within fifty paces, and then the brave frontiersman wavered. He thought the look of the savages boded no good. They were too quiet, too sullen-looking, to be friendly or want to talk. The Indian, George, who stood beside Jack, noticed the white's hesitation, and called out in English, "Come on; it's all right!" Fairchild's men rode up and then dismounted. The Indians sat on a small ledge of rocks, a few yards from the trail. They had formed a circle, with Jack and Bogus Charley, and several other chiefs in the back-ground. To get at Jack, Fairchild and Dorris had to go within the circle. This was the most trying moment, for once within the circle, away from their horses, there was no escape. What seemed particularly ominous, Fairchild says, was the silence of the savages. Not a word was spoken; they did not salute him, nor give the slightest indication even, that they were aware of his presence. But all had their guns cocked, and their faces were clouded and sullen.

Shaking Hands with the Chiefs.

Fairchild knew Captain Jack well, and at once approached. "How do you do, Jack?" he said, extending his hand. The old Chief wore his best silk hat, and had on a greyish coat. He never raised his eyes or changed countenance, but simply allowed his hand to be shaken. Fairchild then spoke to Bogus Charley, who was quite polite. He bowed and smiled, and shook hands, but did not speak. Scar-faced Charley, the most desperate old warrior of the band, sat on a rock, a little higher up than the others, and Fairchild had to climb up to get at him. The old brave was very sullen and would not speak a word, though he took Fairchild's hand and shook it. The latter then approached Black Jim, but this Indian would not notice him at all. He would not look up, shake hands, or pay the slightest heed to Fairchild.

First Word Spoken.

This nettled the latter a little, and he spoke out quick and sharp: "What's the matter with you, eh?" "Wounded," said Bogus Charley. Fairchild looked and then saw that Black Jim had his hand in a sling. "Wounded" was the first word spoken by any of the Indians. Fairchild did not know what to make of this ominous silence, and for a time it made him quite nervous. Every once in a while he would hear the click of a gun-lock, and there seemed to be a desire on the part of the Indians to get behind him. They kept moving about and shifting position constantly, and upon the whole the white men were completely befogged as to the real disposition of the band toward them. Having finished hand-shaking all round, Fairchild said to Frank, who was going to act as interpreter: "Tell Captain Jack that we have come here to have a big talk with him, and learn upon what terms he will make them."

Frank exchanged a few words in Modoc with Jack, and then said to Fairchild: "No ready to talk yet. Keep still a while." Fairchild then sat down a little chagrined and a good deal uneasy. He sat there fully half an hour before another word was spoken; then Scar-Faced Charley, Bogus Charley and the Doctor came down from the rocks and took seats near him.

The Big Talk.

In a few moments Captain Jack motioned to Frank to come to him, and then the conversation began. Captain Jack asked Fairchild what he wanted to say. Fairchild replied that he had come to ask if the Indians would not go on the Reservation without further trouble. Captain Jack promptly replied that he would not; that war had been commenced against them without provocation, and they were now going to fight it out. He was only going to fight soldiers, however, and Fairchild need feel no uneasiness. Fairchild then asked what he meant by murdering the citizens on Tule Lake. Jack replied that he had nothing to do with that; that when he found out that Black Jim's band had been committing murders he stopped it at once. "You haven't heard of any murders lately, have you?" asked Captain Jack. "No," said Fairchild. "Well, you won't hear of any more; I'm only fighting soldiers now."

Captain Jack's Terms.

In reply to a question as to what terms he wanted, Jack replied, "Well, I want the soldiers to go back to their camp at Fort Klamath and let me go back to the north of Lost River and stay there. If they will do that I will stop fighting and make peace."

Bogus Charley here spoke up and said that Frank was not interpreting right, and that he would do it. Jack consented, and as Bogus speaks perfect English, there was no further trouble. Fairchild then asked Jack to tell him just how the trouble began and all about it. Jack therefore went into a history of the affair, and made statements which put a new light on the cause of the troubles. He said that for more than a year past certain persons about Lost River, mentioning Ivan Applegate, Bob Small, and others interested in land there, have been making efforts to force the Modocs upon the Reservation against their will. The Indians did not want to go. They occupied a splendid tract of country, abounding in fish and game and entirely free from snow and ice the year round, and did not want to leave it.

Applegate's Government Contract.

But Applegate, who is Commissary for the Reservation, was determined to take them there, as Captain Jack says, so that he might have more mouths to feed, and thus increase the amount of the Government contract. Jack is a shrewd old Indian, and when he says this probably hits the nail square on the head. Applegate, Dyer and others connected with the Reservation, kept up their efforts for a long time, and finally, through Odeneal, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, secured the order which has culminated in the disturbance. Jack told Fairchild that he and his braves would die before they would go to the Reservation and be starved to death. They went on the Reservation once three years ago, and this is the way Jack says they were treated: First, they were not taken until Fall, and before going their Winter stock of provisions was destroyed.

The Reservation.

The Reservation is in Oregon, where the snow lies all Winter long and the weather is intensely cold. When they got there, all they were given to keep them warm was half of an army blanket, the whole blanket being cut in two and made to serve two Indians. They were promised plenty of bread and meat, but instead, were fed all Winter on musty barley and semi-putrid beef. Jack says he and his band stood this treatment until the snows melted, and then, one morning, they and their squaws and children left the Reservation and went back to their fishing ground on Lost River, where they have remained ever since. Jack says, rather than endure this treatment again, he and all his warriors have made up their minds to die.

Fairchild then asked Jack how the fight begun on Thanksgiving Day. He said he and the other Indians were asleep in their huts when the soldiers came upon them. He hardly remembered what he said or done, for all were greatly excited. He remembers, however, four soldiers trying to take the gun away from Scar-Faced Charley.

The First Shot.

Jack does not know who fired first, but thinks it was one of the soldiers. Jack laughs at the fight made by the soldiers, and says that in his lava bed he can whip a thousand such troops. He says they were clean whipped out, and left the field in a great hurry long before the Indians did. Jack says he lost one Indian killed and had five wounded. He brought all his squaws and children from the camp except two, one of them refusing to go, having had both her children killed by the white man Small. Jack is very bitter against Small, and fully confirms the statement concerning his killing of the children. It seems to have been a cruel, wanton piece of brutality, unworthy the age of civilization, and one of which Small should be tried for his life. The feeling of indignation against him is bitter here, and I have heard a dozen men say that if the Indians should kill Small now they would not feel a single pang of regret.

SAN FRANCISCO: THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1872.

A Night in the Indian Camp.

Fairchild continued the conversation with Captain Jack for upward of an hour and then made a movement to go. This the old Chief would not listen to. He said he wanted another "big talk" the next day, and therefore he hoped Fairchild's party would camp for the night and go home the next day. Fairchild consented to do so and Bonus Charley showed him a place in a little ravine where there was water. Here Fairchild made his camp and the Indians retired to their camp behind some rocks four or five hundred yards distant. Fairchild was not permitted to see their camp, but he thinks it was in an absolutely impregnable position. Next morning at 9 o'clock the Indians came out and met the Fairchild party at the same place as the day before. This time Captain

Jack said he wanted "a great big talk," meaning thereby a tremendous pow-wow. But there was but little more to be said, and since Jack would not go to the Reservation, or make peace upon any terms that the whites could consent to, Fairchild did not care to prolong the conversation.

The Massacre of the Settlers.

He asked Jack though for more information concerning the massacre of settlers, but the Indian did not want to talk on that subject. He asked him about Henry Miller, about whose fate there has been some doubt. Jack simply replied that Miller was dead, and then changed the subject. What the old Indian wanted was for Fairchild to go to the troops and get them to consent to his terms of peace. Fairchild promised to go and see Major Greene, though he plainly told Captain Jack that it would do no good. Jack then wanted him to write a certificate of good character for him, stating among other things that he, Fairchild, had visited the Modoc camp and came away unmolested; but this was refused, to Captain Jack's disgust. Fairchild says though, he would have given the paper if Jack had insisted—indeed, he would not have dared do anything else.

Three Targets for Indian Rifles.

The morning talk amounted to no more than the day before, and after awhile the Fairchild party got up their horses and prepared to leave. Jack said he was sorry he was at war, but he again announced that he made no war on the citizens. There were only three men whom he did not want to meet. They were Dennis Crowley, a man who it appears troubled the Indians a good deal at Lost River, and who has been loudest in complaints of them at the Indian Agency. Bob Small, who murdered the two little papooses and boasts of the deed; and a man named Monroe, against whom they have some other grievance. Jack says if he meets any of these men he will shoot them down without hesitation. He told Fairchild though, that he should not be injured in any way.

The Departure.

Fairchild and his party then shook hands all around, and, bidding the Indians farewell, all parted. Sending two of his party, with four Indian guides, back to his camp, he rode on with Mr. Dorris to the military headquarters, to announce the result of his interview. He told Major Greene what Jack had said, but of course Jack's terms could not be considered. The only terms upon which the military will receive Jack's surrender are: First, a full surrender of the entire band at the Reservation and the pointing out of the Indians who did the butchering after the battle. Fairchild says the military are determined to root out the Modocs, if it takes all Winter, but he anticipates that they will meet with much difficulty. Jack now has forty-five warriors, any one of whom are equal to a dozen soldiers, and in their naturally impregnable position they are equal to as many more. But Major Greene is very blood-thirsty, and feels quite competent to deal with the Indians as soon as he gets good and ready.

Shack Nasty Jim's Flight.

Fairchild and Dorris returned to the camp on Tuesday night, and next morning when they awoke they found that Shack Nasty Jim, with his whole band, including "Frank" and two other Indians who had gone to Jack's camp with them, had all flown from their rancheria and gone to join the enemy. Their flight was doubtless hastened by the arrival of an army wagon, come to take them to the Reservation at Yainox. These Indians all seem to detest that place, and I am inclined to believe that there is some truth in Jack's story about their ill treatment three years ago. Fairchild says he has the most implicit faith in what Jack says about it. The *Chronicle's* expedition will go to-morrow to Captain Kelly's camp on Bremer's Hill, which is in sight of Captain Jack's lair in the lava bed. Our discomforts are many, but there is no way of getting news except by pushing as near the enemy as possible. Travelling is difficult, there being nothing but trails, and the extent of country is so great that it is hard for a correspondent to cover all the points.

SAN FRANCISCO: FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

THE MODOCS.

No Attack Yet Upon the Indians.

CONCENTRATION OF TROOPS AT LINKVILLE.

A Reconnaissance Within a Mile of Captain Jack's Position.

Contempt of the Volunteers for the Apathy of the Regular Troops.

Proposition to Surround Captain Jack, and Starve Him Out.

A SNOW STORM COUNTED ON AS AN ALLY.

By Telegraph.

YREKA, December 19th.—George Flock has just arrived from Linkville, having left there yesterday morning. He reports no further depredations by the Indians, and not any attack upon them as yet.

The two companies of the Twenty-first Infantry from Vancouver arrived at Linkville on the 17th. One company of cavalry from Camp Bidwell arrived there on the 18th. They were waiting for transportation to move toward Captain Jack's camp. Captain Perry's company of cavalry, 40 men, are stationed at Van Bremer's. Colonel Ross' command of Oregon Volunteers is at Small's ranch.

A detachment from both companies made a reconnaissance of Captain Jack's position on the 18th, approaching within a mile. They think now they can surround him in such force, when the other troops arrive, as to either force him to surrender or clean him out.

Colonel Stone, Quartermaster, purchased twenty-five pack mules here yesterday, which will leave in the morning for the headquarters at Linkville.

The weather is very cold, but clear and favorable for military operations.

From the Chronicle's Special Correspondent.

VAN BREMER'S HILL,

Headquarters Oregon Militia, December 14th, 1872. }
The Chronicle News Expedition, consisting of E. H. Autenreith, of Yreka, and the special correspondent, rode over to the camp of General Ross, of the Oregon Militia, this morning. This battalion numbers sixty men, all recruited in Jacksonville, and is composed of the best specimens of frontiersmen in the State. The command is in charge of Brigadier-General Ross, of the Oregon State Militia, whose immediate subordinate is Captain Hugh Kelly, editor of the Oregon Sentinel, and a man who has pluck and daring stamped on every feature. These troops pretend to be co-operating with the army people, though their disgust at the apathy of the latter is entirely un concealed. Major Green is still encamped with 176 regulars at the mouth of Lost River. It is said that he is making the most "active preparations for an immediate march upon the enemy." Exactly so. Eben Ball, an old ranchman in this vicinity, gave me an instance today of what these preparations are like.

Honor Among the Modocs.

For two years or more he has had a cattle ranch within a stone's throw of Captain Jack's old camp at the mouth of Lost river. All this time he has been on friendly terms with the Modocs, and has had no difficulty whatever with them. Business frequently called him to other parts of the county, at which times he invariably left his log cabin with all his supplies, unprotected, even by lock and key. He has never yet missed a thing, on the contrary, Jack and Scar-Faced Charley made it a point to look out for his property and protect it from molestation by other Indians. Mr. Ball left his ranch a few days after the massacre, and now he has received word that the soldiers have literally gone through it. They took his entire stock of provisions, all his blankets and bedding, and in short made a clean sweep. Mr. Ball is, of course, anxious to have the hostile Indians exterminated, but he likewise remarks, *en passant*, that he wishes some one would come along and exterminate the soldiers as well.

Major Green's Plan of Campaign.

We have received word that Major Green contemplates to move in this direction at 9 o'clock to-night. Strange to say, the Vancouver troops, which left ten days ago for the scene of war, have not yet arrived. They were at Jacksonville five days ago, and as it is only one hundred miles over here by that route, they should have been at Lost river two days ago. Military bodies, however, move very slowly. The road from Major Green's camp to this place is open, and the distance is less than twenty miles. He can come twelve miles of the way by wagon, thus securing regular transportation for his supplies. The rest of the distance over Van Bremer's Hill he will have to send supplies by pack animals. I understand the plan is to surround Captain Jack and starve him out. Both of these propositions will be difficult to put in force. In the first place, Major Green has not force enough to surround one-half of the lava bed, and, if he could even, Jack is too well supplied with provisions to be starved out in anything like the time counted upon as necessary to do it.

The Indians Well Supplied.

It must be remembered that when on their raid the Indians plundered all the Winter supplies of the settlers they murdered, amounting to several thousand pounds of provisions, and in addition to this they have access to hundreds of cattle which are running wild on the outskirts of the lava-bed. Then, too, the lake, which is alive with fish, is right in their front, and they cannot be cut off from it. A snow-storm, for which Major Green is praying, may aid him; but even this must not be depended upon. The lava country is known to be directly over or adjacent to an extinct volcano, and the earth thereabouts is many degrees warmer than the land around it. Snows have never been known to lie in there longer than twenty-four hours, and oftentimes they melt as they fall, while on the hill-sides near by, and on the land not of lava formation, they lie for weeks. So it will be seen that snow is not likely to interfere with Jack much, and it may incommode Major Green a good deal.

Marksmanship Extraordinary.

The only way to dislodge these Indians is to fight them ten to one, and go into the battle with the expectation of losing a number of men. That cannot well be avoided. Jack has some warriors who are desperate fighters, and are the best shots in this section of the country. Old Scar-Faced Charley is said to be equal to fifty men himself. His wonderful exploit at the fight on Lost River fully proves this. More than fifty shots were fired at him as he retreated, but he did not even get a scratch. When the firing first began, the four soldiers who were trying to disarm him fired at him at twenty paces, but not one of them hit him. The old warrior fired, and at the first shot killed private Thomas Harris; then beginning the most astonishing series of Indian somersaults and acrobatic feats, he retreated toward the water, at the same time loading his gun. Volley after volley were fired after him, but so quick and lightning-like were his gyrations that not a soldier could get accurate aim. Every once in a while, when he got his gun loaded, he would turn a back somersault and shoot from under his leg as he turned, and, strange to say, he never missed. Although he had nearly fifty yards to retreat before he reached the water, he fired four times, killing one man and wounding three. Reaching the river bank he plunged in and swam to the other side; and though the bullets flew after him thick and fast, he never received a scratch.

SAN FRANCISCO: FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

The Other Braves.

Scar-Face is a different-looking Indian from any of the others, and this has given rise to the belief that he is not a Modoc but a Rogue River Indian. He is tall, thin and wiry, and is as quick as lightning in all his movements. He is looked upon by all the settlers here as the bravest and most dangerous Indian in the tribe. He and Captain Jack are about the same age, both being in the neighborhood of forty. Jack is a low-sized man, but is very dignified in his manners. When drunk, as he is very often, he is morose and quarrelsome, but at other times he is harmless. He is said to be very honorable in all his dealings with the whites, and has long been noted for truthfulness. Bogus Charley is the most civilized of any of the tribe. He has been associated with the whites all his life, speaks English thoroughly and gets drunk as naturally as a politician. He is a good-natured Indian, and is believed to be the least dangerous of Captain Jack's men, because of his favorable regard for white men. It is believed that he did not want to go to war at all. Black Jim, Dave and Shack Nasty Jim, the other principal braves, are desperate warriors and are all ready to fight heavy odds. They have all had more or less to do with white people and are fully acquainted with the mode of warfare common among us.

A Revolution in Indian Warfare.

Mr. Fairchild informed me that about a year ago, as is their custom, the Modocs had a grand feast and a series of dances. They improved this opportunity to get all the small bands together, with their Chiefs, and hold a kind of convention, to revise many of their laws and usages of warfare. Among others, after several days debate and "big talk," they resolved to abolish scalping and all manner of mutilation of the bodies of their victims. They also resolved to abstain from making war on women and children, and to this circumstance may be attributed the fact that in no instance, in their recent raid, did they molest the families of ranchmen whom they murdered. They also resolved to wear American clothes, and to open a system of barter and exchange for whatever commodity they might need. Many of their barbarous customs too, were abolished altogether. One of their curious usages was, that whenever a child was born, the happy father had to go out and pile stones in different places, for three days and nights. He was to work continuously, without sleep or food. The object of this was to attract the attention of the Evil Spirit away from the mother and child during the critical period after birth.

The Pii-Pii Dance.

Another custom was called the Pii-pii dance, and this was simply horrible. At the time when the young Indian maidens were ushered into womanhood, they were obliged to dance for three successive days and nights, without food, sleep or rest, or until they fell down from sheer exhaustion, which they nearly always did, of course. All the old squaws and mothers in the camp would form themselves into a ring. The men would be sent away out of sight, and then the young girl, stripped to the waist, would be led in for the dance. The horrible music would strike up and the orgies begin. Many of the girls, I am told, would dance the allotted time without once stopping to rest, but oftener they gave out after the first twenty-four hours. Both these customs were abolished by the Convention, and are now seen no more.

The Garrison at Fort Klamath.

Fort Klamath is almost deserted, the troops all being with Major Greene. The Post is in charge of Lieutenant Robert Pollock, Quartermaster U. S. A., who is well known in San Francisco. He has fifteen men with him, but these comprise the entire garrison. The friendly Klamath Indians, who were at first made use of in the pursuit of the Modocs, have all been sent back to the Reservation, and twenty of their number regularly enrolled as scouts, to act under charge of Mr. Dyer, Indian Agent. Just what they expect to accomplish does not now appear, for it is well known where Jack is, and there are parties here who can lead Major Greene direct to his camp whenever he chooses to go.

Major Jackson's Report.

I have obtained a copy of Major Jackson's report of the battle at Lost River. It will be seen that the Major's estimate of Indians killed and wounded is hardly borne out by the facts. The Major says:

CROWLEY'S RANCH,
LOST RIVER, November 29th.

I jumped the camp of Captain Jack's Modoc Indians yesterday morning, soon after daylight, completely surprising them. I demanded the surrender of Captain Jack, Scar-Faced Charley, Black Jim and others, and directed them to lay down their arms. They refused, and fired upon us. We took their camp and drove them to the brush, killing eight or nine of them. The fight lasted about half an hour. One citizen was killed in the fight, and two others were murdered along the road while coming along unconscious of any trouble.

Citizens Killed—John Thurber and Wedelin Nuss.
Wounded—Joe Penning.

Soldiers Killed—Private James Harris. Wounded—Corporal Thomas Fitzgerald, severely; Corporal A. W. Challinder, Privates J. D. Totten, Frank Kasschafer, severely; Edward Kerabaw, David Callagher, severely; John P. Doyle—all of Troop B, First United States Cavalry.


Indignation among the Ranchmen.

There is great indignation here among the ranchmen, that earlier notice was not sent the settlers on Tule Lake of the contemplated raid upon the Indians. It is claimed that had this been done the lives of all those murdered might have been saved. The whole thing seems to have been mismanaged throughout. The Indian Agency men, Appleton and Dyer, kept all their plans secret. They tried first to get the Indians on the Reservation in a most bungling manner; then, failing in that, they invoked, through Odeneal, the aid of the military to enforce the order. All this was kept secret, and the result of all was that the poor settlers on Tule Lake were in blissful ignorance that war was going to be made on the Modocs. They knew the latter would fight, and they knew also that in case they did they would be completely at Captain Jack's mercy. Yet, notwithstanding this the attack was made, and in twenty-four hours the settlers were corpses by the road-side. It is claimed now that a man named Crowley—Dennis Crowley—was sent to notify the families before the troops came down from Fort Klamath, but this is untrue. Crowley did not start on his errand until two days after the fight, or until every settler on that side of the lake had been murdered. The bodies of all the murdered (thirteen in number) have now been found, Captain Kelly's company having found that of Hy. Miller, the last one killed. They have all been interred at Link River.

NEW TO-DAY.

SPRING VALLEY HOTEL.

LOWER TOWN, CHEROKEE.

 HAVING TAKEN THE ABOVE HOTEL, THE Proprietor takes pleasure in informing his friends and the traveling public that he is ready to accommodate them with all the necessities of a first class house.

This Hotel is entirely new, also the bedding and furniture. The rooms are large, well ventilated and conveniently furnished.

A spacious barn is attached to this house, making it a most convenient resort for travelers and teamsters.

There is one of the best of billiard saloons in the house, and the Bar is always supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and cigars.

The tables are always supplied with the best the market affords.

A liberal share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

dec21-4f

H. M. CLEMONS, Proprietor.

GRAND CONCERT.

A GRAND CONCERT, SCHOOL EXHIBITION and Ball, for the benefit of the Cherokee Public Schools, will take place at Chambers' Hall, Cherokee, on Wednesday, December 25th, (Christmas). Admission, to Concert and Exhibition, 50 cents. Doors open at 6:30 P. M., to commence at 7. dec11-2w

The Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the lost Appetite, is

FRESE'S HAMBURG TEA.

It is the best preservative against almost any sickness if used timely. Composed of herbs only, it can be given safely to infants. Full directions in English, French, Spanish and German, with every package. TRY IT!

For sale at the Wholesale and Retail Drug Stores, and Groceries.

EMIL FRESE, Wholesale Druggist,
Sole Agent, 324 Clay street,
San Francisco.

oct26-1y

U. S. LIVERY STABLE.



CORNER MONTGOMERY
and Downer sts.,
OROVILLE.

LOUIS HOOPS.

WOULD INFORM HIS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC, that he has purchased these Stables, and is prepared with

New Spring Buggies & Carriages,

And Fast and Gentle Horses.

To carry on the Livery business in all its branches.

Saddle Horses always on hand. Good stabling and attentive hostlers, can always be found here. A good corral for teamsters, is attached to these stables.

Aug. 5th, 1871.

LOUIS HOOPS.

NEW LUMBER YARD!

HUNTOON STREET OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS OPENED A LUMBER YARD, and will keep constantly on hand, a general assortment. Also,

Posts, Pickets,

Grape Sticks,

Shakes, Etc.

Windows,

Doors,

Blinds, Etc., Etc.

Also, dealer in

Hides, Wool,

Sheepskins,

Tallow, Furs,

For which the highest market price will be paid in cash.

GEORGE MILLER,

Huntoon street, Oroville.

NEW ARRANGEMENT



HAVING ERECTED a new building corner Lincoln and Montgomery streets, is now prepared to carry on the business of UNDERTAKING, in all its branches.

All orders for Funerals promptly attended to.

My long experience in this business enables me to do work cheaper than any other establishment in the county.

HENRY BIRD.

WE GIVE AWAY \$10.00 WORTH

to every subscriber to our FIRESIDE FRIEND, the leading family weekly of America. Large size—eight pages, Original. Beautifully illustrated. Full of reliable, instructive and interesting reading matter, news and miscellany, short continued stories, sketches and practical matter, just suited to the wants and wishes of every man, woman and child, whether living in city or country; and we give to each yearly subscriber a copy of our magnificent oil Chromo

"CUTE."

Printed in oil colors, 16 times from sixteen stones—size, 16x20 inches. The subject is life size. It cannot be told from the original painting, and is really worth \$10. It exceeds in beauty, size and value any picture ever given with any publication. No \$100 picture can give more pleasure or be a greater ornament in any household. It can be had free, and we don't ask subscribers to wait months for it, but will send it at once, or it can be had of any of our agents. Subscribers pay on delivery of pictures, no waiting. Pictures now ready, and delivered by us at once. If we have

No Agent

In your neighborhood, WE WANT ONE. We want only good, active agents—either local or canvassing—as we almost give away a valuable outfit, and furnish the best paying agency in America. Give exclusive territory and the best tools to work with. Our agents having immense success, and making from \$5 to \$15 per day—one agent took 40 subscriptions in one day—others report from 10 to 25 per day. Specimen copies of paper, full particulars, terms, etc. sent free to any address.

Write at once to OUR FIRESIDE FRIEND, Chicago, Ill.

dec14-2w

12-21-1872

BUTTE RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY GEO. H. CROSETTE.

At \$5 per year; \$2.50 for 6 months; \$1.50 for 3 months

OUR AGENTS,

Thomas Boyce, Exchange Building, San Francisco.
Bean & Co., 410 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.
L. P. Fisher, Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco.

HOTELS.

UNION HOTEL,

AND

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

Corner Montgomery and Myers Streets,
OROVILLE.

STAGE OFFICE AT UNION HOTEL.

HAVING JUST FINISHED RE-FURNISHING the above Hotels, the proprietor has the pleasure of informing the traveling public that the rooms are airy, comfortable, and supplied with the best of Spring Mattresses.

The table will at all times be supplied with the best in the market.

MEALS.—Single Meals..... \$.50
Per Day..... 1.00
Per Week..... 6.00
Per Month..... 25.00

LODGING.—Per Night, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00
BOARD AND LODGING.—Per Day, \$1.25 to \$2.00
Per Week, 7.50 to 12.00

A liberal discount will be made to regular lodgers.
THE BAR will at all times be supplied with the best of liquors and cigars in the State.

No pains will be spared in all their branches to make them the best Hotels in the Upper country.

The Hotel Bus will be at the Depot to carry passengers free to the Hotels.

The HIGHEST market price paid for Eggs, Butter, Chickens and Turkeys.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

Corner Lincoln and Montgomery Streets.

CHARLES ST. SURE, Prop'r.

THE ATTENTION OF TEAMSTERS, AND THE public generally, is directed to my superior accommodations for keeping Hotel.

This House is entirely New. All the beds and Furniture are New, and contains ten Large Family Rooms, besides over fifty single sleeping rooms.

One of the Largest Corrals in the State is attached to this house, making it the favorite hotel with all farmers and teamsters.

Board by the Week at Reasonable Rates.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

CHEROKEE HOTEL!

Cherokee Flat, - California.

JOHN CHAMBERS, Proprietor.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO THE citizens of Cherokee Flat and the public generally, that his accommodations for guests are unsurpassed. No house in Northern California is better furnished. Furniture all new, and of the best kind.

The bar at this house is always supplied with the

CHOICEST WINES AND LIQUORS.

A liberal share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

UNION HOTEL.

Corner Main and Third Streets, Chico.

THIS HOUSE HAVING CHANGED HANDS, will continue to be kept as a first-class house. The rooms are large, well-ventilated and neatly furnished. In connection with this house is a

Stable and Corral,

Which will be well supplied.

B. F. ALLEN, Proprietor.

THE EAGLE HOTEL!!

At Cherokee.

HAVING TAKEN THE ABOVE CENTRALLY located and conveniently arranged and furnished Hotel, the undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the traveling public, that he is ready to accommodate them with all that can be required of a first-class house, and will be happy to welcome all who think of paying Cherokee a visit.

His table will at all times be supplied with the available products of the market, and the bar with choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Come and see us.

H. M. CLEMONS, Proprietor.

Cherokee City, December 4, 1871.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

Montgomery Street, between Myers and Downer Sts.,
Oroville.

LOUIS W. HOOPS, - - Proprietor.

Board Per Week..... \$ 5.00

Board Per Month..... 20.00

Single Meals..... 25

A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

PLANTER'S HOTEL,

BIGGS STATION, CALIFORNIA.

PHILIP GREIN, - - Proprietor.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE citizens of Biggs Station and the public generally, that he is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with a call.

Board and Lodging per week..... \$6.00

Board per week..... 5.00

Board per day..... 1.00

Single meals..... 50

A liberal discount will be made to regular boarders.

Hay and Grain Always on Hand,

with stable accommodation.

A share of the public patronage is solicited. - mar28tf

Butte Record 12-21-1872

SPRING VALLEY HOTEL.—We call the attention of the traveling public to the advertisement of the above hotel, which is now under the management of H. M. Clemons, of Lower town Cherokee, who has thoroughly renovated and refurnished the house, and is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in a style not to be surpassed in the State.

Sugar Loaf Hydraulic Company.

Location of works, Cherokee, Butte Co., Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Company, held on the 3d day of December, 1872, an assessment of five dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately, in United States Gold Coin. to the Secretary, at his office in Cherokee, Butte Co., Cal. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1873, shall be deemed delinquent, and will be duly advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 28th day of January, 1873, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Trustees, office Cherokee, Butte Co., Cal.

CHARLES WALDEYER, Secretary

San Francisco::: Wednesday Dec. 25.

THE MODOC WAR AND THIEVING INDIAN AGENTS.

A large part of the trouble with the Indians results from the incompetency and dishonesty of Indian agents, and we have reason to suspect that the present Modoc war would not have occurred if the agents of the Government in Southern Oregon and Northern California had attended to their business properly. Some years ago these same red-men gave serious trouble, and Gen. Crook, then in command there, went after them in earnest. In a short time they begged for peace, and he granted it, on condition that they should be allowed to roam over the country and support themselves, and the chiefs should be held responsible for the surrender of any of their subjects who should murder white men, or steal the property of the whites. They kept the peace loyally, because they had learned that they could not make anything by fighting against Crook. After a time, an Indian agent attempted to drive them into a Reservation, where they could go to Sunday School, and could be used to justify the payment of various salaries and the handling of goods, on which profit could be made in various ways. A war was threatened, but Crook interfered, and protected the red-men against the agent. Now Crook has been absent for some time, and, according to report, these same Indians had been driven upon a Reservation, where they were starved and robbed.

We do not admit that because the Indians have been robbed by the Agents, the white settlers in the vicinity should be left unprotected and the crimes committed by the red men should be left unpunished. That is the policy of the Indian Commissioners, and they are welcome to all the infamy which it will fasten upon their memories. The Commissioners, in their annual report for 1872, have no regret to express for the outrages committed by the Apaches, no recommendation of any effective measures to prevent the commission of others in the future, and no suggestion to offer that the Indian Agents, appointed by the Commissioners and placed under their control, are in many cases thieves of the darkest dye, and worse than the savages whom they would starve or drive to crime.

The Springfield *Republican* says the original of the following letter, addressed by United States Senator S. O. Pomerooy to the agent in charge of the Pottawatomie Indians, is now in his possession, has been seen by many persons, and is of undoubted genuineness:

Daily Alta California.

SAN FRANCISCO: FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1872.

THE MODOC WAR.

A Supply Train Attacked—Two Soldiers Killed and Scalped.

By Telegraph.

YREKA, December 26th.—From John Harrison, just arrived from Hot Creek, we learn the following: Last Saturday, the 21st, a wagon with supplies, en route from Camp Bidwell to Capt. Bernard's Camp on Lost River, was attacked by fifty-six Indians. Two soldiers were killed and scalped and four wounded—five mules were killed. No Indians are known to have been killed.

P. A. Dorris is expected here at 3 o'clock, and his object is to telegraph to Gov. Booth for authority to raise a Company of 100 volunteers, with the sanction of the military and Oregon volunteers.

Further Particulars of the Attack.

YREKA, December 26th.—From Alexander McKay and P. A. Dorris, who have just arrived from Hot Creek, we get the following: The wagon and guard that were attacked Saturday were in sight of Captain Bernard's camp. The Indians were lying in ambush. The Captain hurried to their assistance, but before he reached them the Indians escaped to the rocks and got away without robbing the wagon.

The Modocs Being Reinforced.

The Modocs are gradually being reinforced by stragglers from the Reservations, and it is believed that some of the Pitt River Indians have joined them.

Small Force in the Field to Meet Them.

The time of the Oregon volunteers has almost expired, and they will soon be mustered out of service. There are 280 soldiers in the field. Taking those required for guard and escort duty, it leaves only 75 for fighting, which is less than the Indians now number, and there are only 14 soldiers at Fort Klamath to guard 2,500 Indians on the Reservation there. Should the fight last long, there is danger of their breaking out and joining the Modocs.

It seems to be a difficult undertaking to get at the Modocs in their rocky retreat in the lava bed.

We learn that 300 bombs and ordnance have been sent for, which will be something new for the red rascals.

Citizens' Meeting at Yreka—A Volunteer Company Asked for the Protection of the Settlements.

A meeting of citizens of this place was held to-night to consider the propriety of asking from the State authorities a company of volunteers to protect the frontier settlements. Letters were read from General Ross and others in the Indian country urging this action. P. A. Dorris was deputized on behalf of the citizens of this county to proceed to Sacramento and confer with Governor Booth, and will start to-morrow.

A special to the *Chronicle* says:

YREKA, December 25th.—The citizens of Yreka had a large mass meeting this evening to consider the matter of obtaining assistance from the Governor for the suppression of Indian hostilities in this county. The meeting was organized by the election of William Stine Chairman, and Robert Nixon Secretary.

P. A. Dorris stated that owing to the necessity of guarding and escort duty, a very small force was left to do the fighting, and that if the Indians were attacked in large force they would make a raid on the settlers, either toward Hot Spring Valley or in the Tule Lake Valley, in Dorris', Fairchild's and Van Bremer's vicinity, within twenty miles of the Modoc camp.

A letter from General Ross of the Oregon volunteers was read, in which he says he has duly considered the propriety of calling for volunteers in California. From his knowledge of the exposed settlements within reach of the Modocs, they can, in one night, make a raid and murder all the families from the north side of Klamath Lake to Willow Creek and vicinity, south of Tule Lake, and be in but little danger of harm themselves. His command of Oregon militia was called out for thirty days, and he does not know whether he can hold his men when their time is out. They have a high snow mountain between them and their supplies. Lieutenant-Colonel Wheaton, commander of the Lake section, has been urging him to assist him. Ross is acting under the orders of Major Green in crossing the line into this State.

General Ross says the Regulars are insufficient in force to move upon the Indians and at the same time protect the settlements.

Remarks were made by Judge Shearer, Wm. Irwin, Dr. Ream, R. O. Dewitt, Alex. McKay, John Harris and others, when, on motion, P. A. Dorris was deputized to proceed to Sacramento and lay the whole subject before Governor Booth, with an urgent request, on behalf of the citizens of Yreka, to provide protection for the exposed settlers of this county in the Modoc neighborhood.

Some of the soldiers, immediately after the attack on the wagon and escort, went to Miller's Island and took a view of the Indian camp, where they saw more Indians than usual, which convinced them that the Modocs have been receiving reinforcements from some quarter.

WILL OPEN IN CHEROKEE.—Nicholas Willoughby, for a long time the popular manager of Chambers' hotel in Cherokee, will open a boarding house in that place of auriferous and diamond deposits on New Years' day. As a caterer for the public appetite, Mr. Willoughby is unsurpassed, having served an apprenticeship with Oroville's former popular baker, Stephen Toland. He is the right man in the right place, and there is no longer any necessity for Cherokee's appetite to remain unappeased.

BURT, of the Eagle hotel, Cherokee, will give a grand New Years' ball at Vintin's Hall, on Wednesday evening next. All Cherokee can afford to dance since the rains have commence.

JOHN CHAMBERS of the Cherokee Hotel drives a fast horse to an express wagon, and sends him over the Table mountain at the rate of 2:40.

OUR HEAVY TAX-PAYERS.—General Bidwell pays a State and County tax amounting to \$10,010 68. Judge Pratt's tax amounts to \$6,074 35. Geo. W. Gridley pays \$3,227 20, D. M. Reavis \$3,016 53. The California and Oregon Railroad is taxed in the sum of \$17,150 67. The Hendricks Mining Company have paid their tax amounting to \$ 1,580 67. The Spring Valley Canal and Mining Company are taxed \$2,289 10, and the Cherokee Company \$2,293 60.