THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

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Crime.

The weekly register of crime is a fearful one, and it seems to us to be on the increase. There is scarce day a passes over but what it has its murders, while crime of every other species is without end. Truly, the land seems to be filled with violence; and are we not bidding fair to rival the periods of violence recorded in the Old Testament, when the Almighty swept the earth with a deluge and destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah with fire and brimstone, on account of the iniquities of men? The land is as full of violence and wickedness as it is of churches and religious societies. What does this all mean, and whither are we drifting? It is a subject that is alarming to comtemplate. While the Gospel is preached and sought to be spread by good men and societies with untiring zeal, it would almost seem as though Satan and his work were gaining ground, and that his cunning and arts were more alluring to men, to lead them to their own destruction, than are the wholesome and life-giving truths and warnings from the walls of Zion.

Money—or rather the love of it—is the great root of all this evil. Most of the horrible murders committed, are for money. Intemperance is another prolific source of this species of crime, and its victims may be full up in numbers to those who are sent to eternity for money. One reason why there is no abatement in these high crimes, may be, because courts and juries are too lenient with the guilty ones, and because the appeals for mercy made by wealthy and influential relatives of these modern Cains are given too much ear by our executives clothed with the pardoning power, while too, in some instances, money may be used to influence juries and judges and governors. Then can it be a marvel that so much wickedness abounds where immunity can be purchased?

But, as differing from the crimes committed from motives as given above, our attention is arrested by a late instance in which a horrible murder was committed, not for money, not in a fit of intoxication, or to gratify any sinful spirit of revenge, but simply from a desire to do "something bad." Horrible as such a nature may seem, yet it is true, and we do not now recollect of any similar case. We give the case here as we find it in one of our New York exchanges:

Joseph Waltz, the young man who was arrested on suspicion of murdering Harmon Hulcher, the Albany scissors-grinder, at Athens on May 1, made a full confession of the crime a few days ago to Constable Ernst of Catskill, and directed where the body and money could be found. The body was found buried in the orchard near the house, and the money, amounting to $82, in the barn. In his confession he states that the deed was done about 10 p. m. on May 1, or a little later. He went to the room occupied by Hulcher, whom he found asleep, and struck him three times with the hatchet; the first time with the blunt part, and twice with the sharp side. He only groaned and all was over. Waltz then took the body to the stone wall, where the traces of blood were found, and covered it up. There he left it until the next night, when he took it down into the orchard and buried it. The officers having learned all they could, took Waltz out at his own suggestion to the place where the body was buried in the orchard. A few inches below the surface it was found, wrapped in a blanket. The head was horribly mangled. Waltz also confesses to having burned three school-houses in the town, and to having buried the books, which have been found at the place he designated. When asked why he committed the murder, he replied, "I done it for mischief and not for gain; the bad spirit was in me, and I wanted to do something bad."

That any one should have committed so horrible a murder, from no other motive but to gratify the thirstings of a fiendish spirit like the one here shown is what was scarce to be looked for from Satan himself, saying nothing of a human being.

JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

The St. Louis Republican is not at all pleased with the actions of our disreputable Senator, Simon Cameron, who has disregarded the old command, "Thou shalt not set up any brazen image," in having his likeness painted on one of the panels in the room of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, "where it must be a by-word and a reproach so long as it is allowed to remain in the veiw of the illustrious living, and in company with the illustrious dead." It concludes with the following paragraph:

Cameron's picture, which is not a portrait, but an ideal picture of eminence, is placed in the panel over the head of the table. Sumner's face is assigned at the foot, Clay's to the right, and Allen's to the left. So Cameron looks from his post of honor among the eminent men who had honorably occupied his place before him and is satisfied that he is the greatest of them all—for, behold the proof in the handwriting on the walls! If there ever was such a brazen image of impudence in the world before, we fail to recall its features or its name.

We wonder whether Gen. Grant did not take the "blessing" recently given him—by a Philadelphia temperance club,

With a wink of the eye,
And a little old rye?

Gov. Dix has vetoed the local option act recently passed by the New York Legislature.

Gen. Grant now gets $50,000 per year, and half his time he is pleasure seeking around the country. This reminds us of a Dutchman who was shown a picture of the Washington monument, and asked to subscribe towards its completion. "No" said the Dutchman, "I gifs no one cent, I sees no use for to build a house mit such big schimbly." We don't see see any use having a President like Grant with such a big salary.

Bamberg in South Carolina, has a colored post-master who cannot read. When the Bambergers come to the post-office for their news, the sable appointee under Grant's civil service rules, directs them to the pile to select for themselves what belongs to them Let his salary be doubled by all means.

The democratic press all over the state, and even outside, have articles commendatory of the course, last winter of our representative, John H. Orvis, and we notice that the honester portion of the republican press, speak admiringly of the great services he rendered the people; for instance, the editor of the Williamsport *Register*, who was in our county a few days ago, says the following in his paper:

John H. Orvis, Esq., who represented this county in the legislature with marked ability, and great credit to his constituents is at home, and overwhelmed with legal business, which he postponed during the sessions of the Legislature, in order that he might serve the true interests of the people more successfully in the capacity of a law-maker. Whilst, politically, the Register may have nothing to say, for or against Mr. Orvis, it is extremely doubtful whether a better, more competent and honorable representative man can be found anywhere within the confines of Centre county, or perhaps this Commonwealth.

The following item from the Pittsburg Dispatch, suits Centre county as well as Allegheny or Philadelphia—we think there is plenty of room in our county for well qualified and successful teachers. To such liberal salaries should be paid, but there are some teachers who are dear at any price. Says the above paper:

A movement is on foot in Philadelphia for securing an increase of teachers' salaries, but very naturally before endorsing it, the people are inquiring into the qualifications possessed by those who are now engaged propagating the young idea. The objection urged in this quarter from time to time that teachers are not properly trained is repeated in Philadelphia. Gradually the public will be awakened to an intelligent understand of his matter, and to the propriety of taking measures for reform.

The latest from the Modoc country confirms the surprise of the Kickapoo camp, and the surrender of 60 warriors but Capt. Jack and 20 of his warriors are still on the warpath.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The following sections were considered;

SEC. 11. In all elections for the managing officers of a corporation, each member or shareholder shall have as many votes as he has shares, multiplied by the number of officers to be elected; and he may cast the whole number of his votes for one candidate, or distribute them upon two or more candidates, as he may prefer, was adopted after some debate.

SEC. 13. No foreign corporation shall do any business in any city or county of the state without having a known place of business in such a city or county, and an authorized agent upon whom process may be served. Adopted.

SEC. 14. That no corporation shall engage in any other business than that expressly authorized in its charter; nor shall it take or hold any real estate except what may be necessary and proper for its legitimate business; and the legislature is hereby prohibited from depriving any person of an appeal from any preliminary assessment of damages made by viewers, or otherwise. The final determination of the amount of such damages shall in all cases of appeal be determined by a Jury. Adopted.

SEC. 16. Any general banking law which shall be passed shall provide for the registry and countersigning by an officer of the state of all notes or bills designed for circulation, and that ample security to the full amount therein shall be deposited with the state treasurer for the redemption of such notes or bills, was agreed to.

SEC. 17. No suspension of specie payment shall be permitted or sanctioned by law and no banking or other corporation shall receive or pay, directly or indirectly a greater rate of interest than is allowed by law to individuals, was amended by striking out all to the words "no banking," and was then agreed to.

SEC. 19. All insurance companies incorporated by other states and doing business in this state shall be subject to the same rate and measure of taxation as similar companies incorporated by this state, was adopted.

SEC. 20. No building or loan association or similar organization, shall be permitted or established which does not provide in its charter for publication, at stated periods of the names of all shareholders the number of shares held by each and the amount of money paid in, and the number of shares borrowed upon and by whom received.

The 26th sec. of Judiciary report was adopted as amended, on motion of Mr. Purviance, of Allegheny. It provides that each county containing thirty thousand inhabitants shall constitute separate Judicial districts to elect one Judge, the Legislature to provide for additional judges as the business of said district may require. Counties containing a population less than is sufficient to constitute separate districts are to be formed into convenient single districts, or if necessary, may be attached to contiguous districts, as the Legislature may provide.

The section abolishes the office of Associate Judge not learned in the law, except in counties not forming separate districts, but the several Associate Judges in office upon the adoption of the New Constitution are to serve out their unexpired terms.

The section was agreed to as stated; also the succeeding section, requiring all laws relating to courts to be general, and of uniform application, and to secure uniformity in powers, etc, of courts of the same class.

The Constitutional Convention, in Committee of the Whole, on Tuesday last, by a vote of 42 ayes to 37 noes, adopted the following provision authorizing cumulative voting in the election of judges:

"SEC. 16. In all elections of judges whenever two or more are to be elected for the same term of service, each voter shall have as many votes as there are judges to be elected and may give all his votes to a smaller number of persons than the whole number to be chosen, and the candidates highest in vote shall be declared elected."

May 24th, was the 54 birth-day of Queen Victoria.

Under Lincoln the good people would sing,

"We're coming father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong."

Under the late salary-grab bill, signed by Grant, we turn the hymn to this:

The Great Chief, who,
In the white-house takes his horn,
Has the people of another 100,000 shorn.

Which are the worst, the congressional salary grabbers or the Pennsylvania legislature, $500 extra pay salary grabbers, of 1871? Say?

The following is the decision of Chief Justice Thompson, of this State, in a recent case respecting gambling: "Anything which induces men to risk their money and property without any hope of return but to get for nothing any given amount from another, is gambling, and demoralizing to the community, no matter by what name it may be called. It is the same whether the promise be to pay on the color of a card or the fleetness of a horse, and the same numerals indicate how much is lost or won in either case and the losing party has received just as much money in one case as the other parted with, viz:—nothing at all. The lucky winner is of course the gainer, and he will continue so until fickle fortune, in due time, makes him feel the woes he has inflicted on others. All gambling is immoral. I apprehend that the losses incident to the practice disclosed within the past five years have contributed more to the failures and embezzlements by public officers, clerks, agents and others, acting in fiduciary relation, public and private, than any other known, or perhaps all other known, or perhaps all other causes; and the worst of it is a vast amount of misery and suffering by persons entirely guiltless of any participation in the cause of it."

The Hon. F. B. Gowen, delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention, retires from it on account of engrossing occupations and delicate health, which would interfere with his continued attendance. The withdrawal of a man of his signal ability would be a great loss to any deliberate body. The vacancy is to be filled by the Democratic delegates at large.

HIS SUCCESSOR.—Hon Samuel Calvin, of Holidaysburg, has been chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. McAllister. We have known Mr. Calvin for over fifteen years, and he is the most decided old fogy in the State. And, so far as filling the place of Mr. McAllister is concerned, his selection is a burlesque upon the Convention and the dead patriot.

An Important Struggle.

A great struggle is said to be prevailing in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, for the possession of over 10,000 acres of land in the anthracite coal regions, valued at $20,000,000. One party has burned 3 houses which the other side erected, and retaliation is now threatened. O. H. Wheeler, of New York, represents one side, and the Reading Railroad the other.

The negro vote of the South was the bolt and bar of the Republican party to keep the white Democratic majority of the nation from controlling its government. How is the black ally of the Northern Republican citizen prospering and how is he fitting himself for his civic duties. Not one nigger out of a thousand in all Alabama has yet paid a cent of tax. The most easy form of homestead was offered them in the Government public lands. The nigger squats here or there and don't comply with the reqirements of the law, and don't get his land or found his home. But the Southern nigger is a competent judge of Republican statesmanship. Trust him to vote the Protectionist ticket. His mind dilates naturally and easily to the grasping of that beneficent polity.

ACCIDENT AT SHAMOKIN.

Shamokin, Pa., May 22.—During the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the new Catholic church this afternoon a portion of the temporary flooring which had been erected for the accommodation of the vast multitude assembled gave way and precipitated into the basement beneath a large number of persons. It is impossible at this time to give the names and number of the injured, but it is supposed that six are seriously hurt.

Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, and Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, who were conducting the ceremonies at the time of the accident, assisted by about twenty clergymen, were among those who went down with the falling floor, but luckily escaped any serious injury.

Some of the injured are pretty badly hurt. Anthony Kelley, of Mahanoy Plane, formerly freight conductor on the Reading railroad, is so badly hurt that his life is despaired of. One man had both legs broken. A little boy and girl also had their legs broken.

Rev. Father Kock, pastor in charge here immediately threw his house open and is doing all in his power for the sufferers.

Shamokin, May 22.—It is impossible to obtain the names of the injured. Six are seriously hurt and ten more have limbs broken. None killed.

The Modocs.

The Hot Creek Band Captured.

Yreka, Cal., *May* 23.—From J. H. Coy, who just came in from Fairchilds (in eight hours and fifty minutes) we learn that the Hot Creek band was brought in by Fairchild's party, and surrendered to General Davis, apparently unconditionally. They gave up their arms and were put under guard. The band numbered fifty-five men, women and children, including fifteen warriors; among the number is

BOGUS CHARLEY,

Shack Nasty, Jim Curley, head doctor; Frank and others. The best men that Captain Jack had. Boston is believed to be killed, and Hooka Jim is hunting him. It is supposed that there are twenty warriors with Captain Jack, whose whereabouts is unknown, though it is supposed that he is in Hot River Mountains.

La Mode Elegante, Mondes de Paris, for June, has been received. Each number gives four very fine highly colored steel engravings, double the usual size and a large uncolored plate from one of the leading houses in Paris. Two patterns, one sent with the number, and the other to be selected, paid for by a ticket to be found on the third page of cover. One year, monthly, $6, single copies 50. S. T. Taylor, New York.

The war in Panama resulted in a loss of 23 to the national troops and 46 to their foes. Peace followed.

A TORNADO.

Terrible Loss of Life

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

Horses and Cattle Killed.

Washington, Iowa, May 23.—A terrible tornado or whirlwind, accompanied with hail and rain, passed over this county, about six miles north of Washington, yesterday noon. It came up from the southwest and passed out of the county a little south of Yatton. The tornado was about one-half a mile in width, and tore into fragments everything that came in its course. Houses, barns, fences, trees, cattle and human beings were caught up and whirled through the air like mere toys, and then dashed to the ground with such violence as to produce instant death with animate beings, the houses and barns being torn to fragments and scattered for miles around, the fields being dotted with large timbers driven into the ground at an angle of ninety degrees, and the cattle were actually driven head foremost into the ground. One can scarcely conceive the devastation or realize the force of the tornado. Already we have heard of thirteen farm houses and many barns that were literally torn to pieces, and many badly damaged. The school was in session at the school-house, six miles north, and the tornado tore the building to pieces, and carried a fourteen year old daughter of Henry Rathmel about a quarter of a mile from the school house, and when found was mashed to a jelly. Miss Smith, the teachrss, and six or eight scholars were hurt, some badly. The wife of H. Walters was killed. A Miss Gardner and a son of Abe Gibson lie at the point of death. Jacob Seek was seriously hurt. Mr. Baker was badly hurt in the back. Several of the family of F. Campbell, near Keota, were wounded, and Mrs. McCoy was seriously hurt.

A gentleman near the tornado, six miles north of where it passed, reports that it was baloon shaped, with the small end to the ground, and moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It commenced its fearful work near Keota, where it demolished several residences. We next hear of it about six miles northeast, where it destroyed two or three houses, and as it passed on to the northeast it scattered to the four winds the fine residences and barns of Alex. Gibson, J. Babcock and J. Cullingham, and also leveled to the ground the dwellings of D. Canece, F and H. Walters, Mr. Corringer and Mr. Kerr. The lives of many persons were saved by their hastily getting into their cellars. Sad havoc was made with all kinds of stock.

From the description of an eyewitness, it is almost a miracle that anything in its track escaped alive. He says that he could see large pieces of timber hurled from the cloud as though shot from a cannon. Hail fell that measured nine inches in diameter. Some were brought to this city, and four hours after they were picked up they were still as large as hens' eggs. The roaring of the tornado was fearful, and could have been heard easily ten miles off. At this place, six miles away, it was perfectly appalling, surpassing anything we ever heard, except the roar of a terrific battle.

A telegram from Kellogg that evening says that five persons were killed about three miles fram that place, and one child was torn to pieces. Our reports are from only a few points on the line of the terrible destroyer, and we cannot estimate the amount of damage done, but it must be many thousand dollars.

Many more lives were lost, probably, than those reported, and no estimate can be made of the stock killed. Nothing heretofore so terrible and violent has ever befallen the country, and we can only contemplate its devastation with awe and wonder that so many escaped alive.

A man named Baker, who was driving a team of mules, saw the storm approaching and took refuge under a hedge, whence man, wagon, and team were taken up and carried a quarter of a mile into the fields. Baker escaped uninjured.

A flock of 150 sheep huddled together were taken up by the storm, carried half a mile, and when they struck the earth all but forty were torn to fragments and scattered along the route of the cyclone. Very little definite information has been received from Keokuk county, but it is known that Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Erdelberger and three children were killed. The loss of property is estimated at $100,000.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

He is to be Sent to the State Lunatic Asylum.

New York May 20.—In the Train case this morning the court directed the jury to render a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity. Train's counsel said that two of the jurors say that that is not their verdict. The court replied that the verdict is entered and that part of the case is disposed of. Dr. Crois testifies that his insanity continues, and Train must be sent to the state lunatic asylum.

Mr. Train (excitedly)—I protest against the proceeding here. I have been five months in jail without being granted a trial. Then addressing Judge Davis he said. "Before leaving here I move your impeachment in the name of the people."

Judge Davis ordered him to sit down, and an order was made out to send him to the state lunatic asylum.

Judge Lancher has granted a writ of habeas corpus returable on Thursday next to show cause why Train should not be released.

ANOTHER INDIAN BATTLE—TWO HUNDRED HORSES AND NINETEEN WARRIORS CAPTURED.

St. Louis, May 23.—A dispatch from San Antonio, Texas, says that on the 17th inst, Gen McKenzie, with all the available cavalry at Fort Clark, attacked a camp of Kickapoos in the Santa Rosa mountains capturing nineteen warriors, two hundred horses and other property which had been stolen by the Indians. Three soldiers were killed.

INDIANS.

San Francisco, May 23.—A special despatch to the Bulletin gives the following particulars of the surrender of the Hot Spring band of Modocs:

Fairchild's Rancho, May 22—3 P. M.—At one o'clock this afternoon One-eyed Dixie returned to General Davis's headquarters at a slashing pace, his horse completely blown. He made obeisance and at once let his tongue loose, reporting that the Indians were close at hand and ready to enter the camp under escort. All they asked was Fairchild to come out and meet them. No soldiers need come. The presence of Fairchild would be considered a guarantee of good faith. "Where is Artena?" asked General Davis. "Tied up," said Dixie; "long ride and no water." The absence of Artena gave rise to suspicions of foul play which were only dispelled by her sudden advent. She, too, reined her foaming cayuse before General Davis and said that the Indians were hovering about the hills near here yearning to surrender to the typee. Fairchild, Blair, and two or three employee of the former, with whom the Indians were acquainted, mounted swift steeds at the request of General Davis and started with Dixie.

RECEPTION OF THE BAND.

Fairchild's Rancho May 22—3. P. M.—"Here they come," was the cry that started the camp a few moments since and brought every person citizen and soldier, old and young, to his feet hurrying forward to the crest of the hill west of the camp. I secured an excellent view of the scene beyond the procession that was slowly creeping along in this direction. First came Mr. Blair, the manager of Fairchild's rancho, mounted; fifty yards behind him was Mrs. Fairchild, and further still twelve Modoc bucks, with their squaws and papooses. Never did a procession move more slowly. The few ponies ridden by the Modocs were gaunt and weak and seemed scarcely able to bear the women and children who were literally piled upon them. Among the men were Bogus Charley, Steamboat Fraud, Curly-headed Doctor, and others of lesser note. They were dressed in motley garbs, nearly all of them wearing a portion of the regular uniform of the United States army and every buck carried a Springfield rifle. The women were dressed in clothes that had evidently been used by the fair sex within the confines of civilization. All of them entered camp at a funeral pace. The noise and bustle among the soldiers were hushed few words were spoken.

BOGUS CHARLEY SMILED.

The Modocs said nothing. No one approached them untill General Davis came forward. He met the procession fifty paces from the house, and was formally introduced to Bogus Charley. Charles is a slender athletic, intelligent warrior of about twenty years of age. The man thoroughly understands and speaks English. The scamp smiled sweetly on the General and shook his hand, and then all the leading warriors came forward and greeted him cordially. Then every Modoc laid his gun beside him and awaited orders.

General Davis said "Give up your pistols and all your other arms." Each Modoc said he had no arms.

TO RUN IS TO DIE.

"Then," said the General, "I shall give you camp where you can remain to-night and if you try to run or escape you will be shot dead."

The order was explained and all obedience promised. The procession then moved across Cotton-wood Creek to a clump of trees.

THE TAIL OF THE PARTY.

At this point the tailings of the crowd came in. There were half-naked children aged squaws who could scarcely hobble, blind, lame, halt, bony, and the scum of the tribe There were sixty-three persons men, women, and children—twelve bucks twenty squaws, and their children.

THE MISSING.

Mr. Fairchild says there are twenty bucks missing from the Cottenwood branch of the tribe Bogus Charley said Boston Charley had been killed. The disaffection heretofore reported is corroborated by the captain of the Modocs who parted company with Captain Jack eight days ago.

THE POLARIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN HALL'S DEATH. ALLEGATIONS OF FOUL PLAY. A STRANGE STORY.

The Herald has a letter from St. John's from a correspondent who has interviewed some of the men who were upon the Polaris. The following is the narrative of one of the Esquimaux:

Joe says (partly in answer to my inquiries and partly speaking on his own account, without being interrogated at all):

Very fond of Captain Hall. We was crushed in ice. Didn't like Buddington; always talking behind back; asking story all time. Ship's stern broken. Blow hard when drove from ship. Couldn't get aboard. Some men here in (St. John's) and some in ship used to quarrel. I went with Captain Hall propose to go sledge to north. After Hall died Buddington wouldnt go. I see with two eye and two ear. I tell Buddington I come to go North. He wouldn't let me go. Buddigton and I quarreled good deal about it. I went with Hall on last sled and Hans and Chester (the mate). We went fifty miles north of ship on ice and land. Found musk ox tracks on land. Sun nearly gone when came back to ship. Hall told me when sick

Sombody Gave Him Something Bad.

He was sick two weeks. Buddington did not take care of him. I think it not right made me feel bad. Sick man good man too. Throat swelled something; couldn't drink. Said he burn inside. I stopped up with him every night with another man he sleep I wake, I wake he sleep. Hall was in cabin. I talked to Hall much.

He no talk to others much as me. I didn't see Hall in first night after he came aboard from sled. Came aboard with him in afternoon. He looked well, happy and spoke nice. The four of us, Hall, Chester, Hans and Joe, had coffee when came aboard I had mine in my own room, underneath cabin. Hall in cabin, and two others in galley. At ten o'clock that night my wife told me Hall very sick vomiting; eat something. Next morning I go see him and say, "What matter?" He all alone in cabin. He say "You pretty well, Joe?" I say "Yes." He say, "You drink bad coffee last night" I say "no." I ask him, "Did he drink bad coffee" He say, "Something bad in coffee I drink last night making me sick and stomach bad." Same morning he get very sick, vomitting. After five days he feel better; wake up and say he want to see my little girl, and say to her think he would leave her, but didn't like. After he get better he get four doctor books to try and see what make him sick. He study hard, and say to me, "That name is makin' me sick." [Joe explained that he (Captain Hall) here pointed to a name in one of the books, which he read out.] It was something about poison, I think. After Hall die everybody watching one another; me no understand what they mean; all afraid somebody put down poison in water, bread or something; it looked like it he was poisoned to me all same. Buddington didn't like to go to cabin; he was quarreling all time

Hans Christian's Statement

upon this subject, though much briefer, is to the same effect. He is more significant in his action than Joe, although less intelligible in his speech. He represented, or rather imitated, the symptoms of paralysis upon Captain Hall, confining himself to the part he said he was affected, which I understood to be the right side. He made use, when speaking of Hall's illness, of the remarkable words, "Me plenty saviez, but not much speak English," and in connection with what he several times called "porrison" which I understood from him afterward to smean poison.

Mystery Somewhere.

The circumstances connected with the death of Captain Hall, thus collected, wear a palpable appearance of mystery, Setting aside the testimony of the Esquimaux, Hans and Joe, suspicion is inseparable from this version of the story. No doubt Captain Tyson and Mr. Myers are in possession of information which they are unwilling to communicate yet, but which will doubtless, become public at the proper time The facts stated, though their veracity be assumed—which induce the suspicion that there is something more and that there has been a suppression, if not a perversion of the truth—are that a man in perfects health good spirits and in the lively possession of all his faculties, should suddenly be prostrated by a dangerous and ultimately fatal illness, arising solely from the simple cause of drinking part of a cup of coffee or from the heat of his cabin.

CAPT. JACK'S FLIGHT—A FIGHT WITH THE RETREATING INDIANS.

San Francisco, May 21.—A despatch received at Yerka states the Modocs left the lava bed about two days after the attack on Capt. Jackson's force. The last stronghold is abandoned. Capt. Jack is making his way toward the Pitt River Indians. The Warm Spring Indians and the troops under Perry and Hesbrouck are pursuing them. It is reported that a quarrel has broken out among the savages, two-thirds declaring they will fight no longer. The employment of troops in the lava bed is quite useless at present. A courier was shot at close to Van Bremer's. Batteries A and K, Fourth Artillery remain in camp at the lava bed.

Another dispacth states the modocs are scattered in the country. A battle was fought at Antelope Creek on Monday. Hasbrock overhauled the Modocs, and a lively fight ensued in the hills close to Fairchilds'. The Modocs were dri ven southward on the Ticknor road toward the timbered buttes. Five Modocs are reported killed in the battle and ten squaws and papooses captured. The troops on Tuesday were hurrying toward Van Bremer's, still in pursuit of the Modocs. The report makes no mention of loss on the part of the soldiers

A later dispatch received at Yerka this afternoon states the Modocs are still going toward the Pitt River country. Trails have been discovered showing the Modocs and the Pitt River Indians have been in constant communication. It is believed that the latter are with Capt. Jack now.

The Piutes are out of their country also twenty-five were seen in Surprise valley, but suddenly disappeared. It is reported large quantities of ammunition have been sold to the Pitt River Indians. Several councils were held by them, at which their attitude was threatening. Old Shave Head tells them they must fight or go to the reservation.

Caravans in the Desert.

BY N. S. DODGE.

[*From the New York Observer.*]

The annual pilgrimage of Mohomedans to Mecca, about which we in our western world know so little, is one of the noticeable recurring events of the world. From five to seven great caravans arrive in the Holy City every year. The Syrian caravan, which crosses the desert from Damascus to Medina; the Egyptian, which starts from Cairo, plodding through sands for many weeks; the Persian, pursuing its weary way from Bagdad; the African, from Morocco; and the Indian, from Yemen—compose the bonds which unite the followers of the false prophet from India to Abyssinia. It is safe to say that the smallest of these caravans is always composed of at least 4,000 camels and 10,000 pilgrims; while the Syrian, which is the largest, numbered, two years ago, more than 15,000 camels and 60,000 pilgrims. Now, though this is a great falling off from the splendor of the pilgrimage made in A. D. 1254 by the mother of Moslem b' Illah, when 120,000 camels and dromedaries and nearly 250,000 persons made up the vast crusade, yet even this Syrian caravan, winding its way across the desert for many weary weeks, is something which the Western mind hardly comprehends.

Perhaps there is no more impressive sight than that of a religious caravan moving in mid-desert at early morning. That which came from the coasts of Algiers, Tunis and Morocco to Timbuctoo in 1868, had been in and out of the Great Sahara for eighteen weeks. From every part of Northern Africa, on the confines of the sands and in the most remote villages, pilgrims had been flowing in upon this Tripolitan caravan, until it numbered a mighty host, consisting on the one hand of a few rich dignitaries, ostentatious in their soiled magnificence, sleeping at ease in their litters, and surrounded with luxuries even in the desert; and on the other, of pedlars and soldiers, servants and camel-drivers, mendicants and jugglers, (not one-quarter of the vast number being religious pilgrims), amounting to many thousands; no more picturesque scene ever held onlookers entranced than did this long winding line of living masses. It moved by night and early morning. Bands of Arab singers and haut-boy players went in groups by the sides of the procession. Torches were lighted as the darkness came on, and kept burning all night. Provisions were conveyed by Bedouins, who travelled by day, preceding the host by twelve hours. While the darkness lasted, the movement of the long irregular platoons of torches was wonderfully fine; but when morning light began to streak the East, and the veil of night slowly lifted itself from off the moving masses of turbaned pilgrims and haltered camels, tents and canopies, soiled banners and dingy housings, the effect as they wound along in straggling sections cannot be described.

It hardly seems possible that, at this late day, the commerce of the East should be still carried on as it was thousands of years ago. When the brethern of Joseph had cast him into a pit, they beheld a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, "with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." To-day the caravans of Syria do the same thing, travel the same road, carry the same articles of trade, and their sharp-eyed leaders are as ready for a bargain, whether in a precious stone or a slave-boy. Odd enough it is, too, how cheaply across-desert freight is done. A camel load is about 700 lbs., avoirdupois, and it is taken from Bagdad to Aleppo, a distance of six hundred miles, for twenty dollars in gold.

There are two kinds of commercial caravans, heavy and light, composed both of camels, but as different from each other as the dray horse from the hunter. The former, the heavy camel, makes a mean daily rate of eighteen miles; the latter, if pushed, can surpass a hundred. Some of these last, when in good condition and light-weighted, will take up a nine-miles-an-hour tret, and keep it up without refreshment for twelve consecutive hours.

Desert travels have lost in our day some of their horrors. Whole caravans no longer die of thirst, ner are the bones of dead camels,—as Burckhart says they were in his day,—the only guide of the pilgrim through the wastes of sand. Reservoirs of water have been established wherever possible in the more travelled deserts, and the transits are made with less danger from Bedouins. Still, however, water has to be carried for the traveller, and skins containing about six gallons each,—which is a three days' allowance for a single man,—are put on the beast in addition to his ordinary load. He,—the traveller,—however, is expected to drink only when the whole caravan stops. No matter how thirsty he may be, "he must net," in Arab phrase, "have his mouth tied to the water-skin."

The halts in the desert are exceedingly curious. The sight of the oozing water, if the stop be at a spring; the verdure of the merass around; the flowers, and fragrance of aromatic herbs, and song of birds; the self-satisfaction of the patient dumb beasts who have drunk their fill; the low hum of the Arab telling his stories under the stars; and, bye-and-bye, as all fall off asleep, the impressive silence that reigns everywhere, are what one enjoys at the time and remembers pleasantly in after years.

Speaking of the cheapness of desert carriage, let the reader note this. Caravans from the tes provinces of China to Kiachta in Russia,—a journey of seventy days,—bring annually about twelve million pounds, avoirdupois, of tea, at two cents per pound. The ostrich feathers and gums which reach Cairo from Arabia; the gold dust and ivory that cross the Sahara from Timbuctoo; the fine fabrics displayed in the markets of Thibet, which come by caravans from the remotest recesses of Africa, are exchanged and sold at a cost of freight that seems ridiculously small.

The transition from sand to soil is perhaps one of the most pleasant recollections of desert journeying. For days you have been perplexed with the *mirage*. Rivers and lakes start up on every side; stunted shrubs appear as mighty trees, inviting you to their shade; and in a moment the whole expanse melts away, and there rises before the eyes a shipless sea, with irregular coast and bluff head-lands, green islands and precipitous promontories. Accustomed to these perplexed and shifting scenes you doubt everything, so that when the ground begins to undulate, and palm-trees to appear, they are counted as cheats of the *mirage*. It is only when ascending cending the brow of a gentle slope, beholding acacias and flowering lupins spreading over the landscape, and listening to the wavelets of some stream breaking upon the shingle, your camel quickens her pace unward through trees, shrubs and underwood, that you are assured of your senses and your joy is complete.

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