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THE MODOCS.

A Nebraska paper gives an account of the arrival of the remnant of the Modocs at their then supposed new home, an island in the South Platte, two miles from Fort McPherson. However, it has since been announced that they are to be located in the Indian Territory. Following is the account:

ARRIVAL AT THEIR NEW HOME.

On Wednesday morning last, Oct. 23th, a special train containing the remaining members of the once celebrated and lately notorious Modoc tribe, and their military escort arrived at the depot, where a large crowd, drawn hither to get a glimpse at the distinguished prisoners, assembled. In this, they were disappointed, as extra precaution had been taken by the military escort to keep them from sight as much as possible. The shutters of the car windows were closed, and the only means of getting a sight at the savages was through windows of the door around which soon gathered a number of our citizens. They remained at North Platte about one hour when they were started for

THEIR DESTINATION.

which is an island situated in the South Platte river, about two miles from Fort McPherson. At McPherson station the party was met by Gen. J. J. Reynolds, the post commander, to whom Capt. Hasbrouck turned over his prisoners.

The escort consisted of Company G, 12 infantry, which company it will be remembered, suffered so severely in an engagement with the Modocs, and a detachment of Battery B, 4th artillery, the whole under command of Capt. Hasbrouck, assisted by Capt. Hoge, 12th Infantry, and Lieuts. Greenough and Smith. Dr. Tallow and H. H. Fox, of the N. Y. Herald also accompanied the party through.

During the trip down to McPherson station, and through the kindness of Capt. Hasbrouck, our reporter was favored with a sight of, and an interview with the prisoners.

SCARFACED CHARLEY.

"That is the celebrated individual there," remarked the Captain, pointing to a quiet looking, pleasant faced Indian, who was lying at full length upon a seat. Upon approaching him he appeared very reticent, but after a little he seemed inclined to talk. He is a small man, and his color for an Indian is very bright. He speaks English very plainly and appears to be quite intelligent.

Reporter—"Charley how do you like the prospect of living in this country?" Charley—"Me like very well if there is plenty of game. My men want to hunt and get ponies. The officers say we be treated well if we are good. All my men be good. No fight with Sioux."

In reply to an inquiry concerning the war, he said he advised against it, and he had nothing to do with killing of Canby. He deprecated this act in very strong terms, and laid the entire blame upon Capt. Jack. Opposite him sat

PRINCESS MARY AND MRS. JACK.

Capt. Jack's daughter and wife. Mrs. Jack kept her head covered constantly, but enough of her face was exposed to exhibit a mass of tar. Quite a number had their faces daubed with this article, which is an indication of sorrow for the loss of the four that were hung. Princess Mary is a voluptuous looking woman of perhaps eighteen years, with long black wavy hair, and a pair of coal black snapping eyes, which were lighted up frequently while she was talking with our reporter, concerning her father. She is decidedly handsome, and is held in great respect by the remaining members of the tribe. She bitterly denounces the government for hanging her father and allowing the balance to go free. Her conversation was conducted intelligently, and her manner was refined.

SHACKNASTY JIM

is a hard looking case, and though speaking English with fluency has doggedly refused to hold any conversation since they left Oregon. He sat to a corner of the car, and when approached by Capt. Hasbrouck and our reporter, drew himself up and persistently refused to speak to either party. His countenance exhibited a large amount of rascality, and doubtless had been a good opportunity he would take a peculiar pleasure in wreaking vengeance upon his conquerors. Another important character pointed out was

LONG JIM.

who now holds the next position to Scarfaced Charley. He is a good humored young fellow and expresses himself fully satisfied with the dispo-

sition of the tribe made by the government. In reply to an inquiry he said he was glad they were ordered to this country.

The whole party numbered 155. Of that number only forty-two are men and 115 women and children. Many of the men are very old and unfit for active service.

Clothing seems to be very scarce, and many of them are almost entirely naked. Some of the men are fine specimens of physical manhood, and the children present a better appearance, where the tar and grease has been removed than the average Pawnee or Sioux. They will be supplied with rations and clothing by the military and allowed all the liberty consistent with their safe keeping. It is very probable that they will not be troubled by the Sioux, who have been ordered to keep north of the Platte.

It is said that they will not be kept at their present home, but will be distributed at the various military posts in this department.

In returning home in the afternoon our reporter stopped for a few minutes at their camp, which is in the brush, on the island indicated above, and found them busy preparing their supper and getting out tents in which to live. The soldiers that accompanied them through from Oregon were relieved by a detachment from the 3d. The former will return to San Francisco.

WHAT AN OLD MAN HAS NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men are honest when they are watched.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths, and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the fool of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—Governor Letcher, the other day, related an incident of the war. He said that in one of the battles before Richmond, four flag-bearers had been shot down, and a call was made for a volunteer to carry the colors. A stripling took the torn standard. In a few minutes the staff was snapped by a shot. The boy sat down, unloosened a shoe-string and tied it. He started in front again. Another bullet splintered the staff. It was then fastened by the other shoe-string. He had hardly shook the folds out a second time, when down fell the flag, struck by a ball. The shoe-string had given out. He unbuttoned his jacket, ripped his shirt to ribbons and wrapped the broken rod and carried the tattered ensign through the fight. Governor Letcher said: "When they brought me the boy with the shattered staff patched up with shoe-strings and shirt-tail, I made him an officer and gave him the best sword Virginia had."

A TALLOW TREE.—"Is it a make-believe tree, made out of tallow, like candles?" you ask. Oh, no; the tallow tree is a real tree that grows from twenty to forty feet high. Its native place is China, but it has been transplanted into some of our hot-houses. The tallow comes from the seeds. They are pounded and boiled in water, when something like fat rises on the top. This fat is skimmed off and when cold it is as white as snow and almost as soft. The Chinese mix this vegetable tallow with wax to harden it, and out of the mixture make candles, which give a clear, bright light. Now, then, if you want a candle, and you know any one who has a hot-house with a tallow tree in it, it would be better for you to buy a candle in a grocery store; for we do not believe you could make one without wasting a great many tallow-plant seeds.—From St. Nicholas for November.

Chicago wants to have the next world's fair held there. "In the first place," says the Boston Post, "it isn't certain that the next world will have a fair, and in the second place those who'd be likely to attend it will prefer a more pious town in which to celebrate."

An Old-Fashioned Hat

A long time ago, when we old folks were young, when girls wore big bonnets—and never dreamed of wearing a hat like a boy's,—there was in fashion a small fairy-like hat of silver or gold, to wear on the finger. Every girl had one, and was taught to use it almost as soon as she was out of her cradle; young ladies wore it nearly all the time, and as for mothers—why, they scarcely took it off to go to bed.

They were very pretty little things made of gold or silver, as I said, and though they are somewhat out of style just now, I think you will like to know a little about them. The Germans call them finger-hats, and our English forefathers, who had time to give long names to everything, called them thumb-bells; but of late the world has got into such a hurry that we've shortened that pretty name into thimble, and now, of course, you know all about them.

You may know how one looks, and what it is for, though, thanks to sewing-machines, you don't have to wear it much, and the time is long gone by when it was necessary to every girl's good name that she should embroider a "sampler" full of letters and figures, and have it framed and hung up before she was a dozen years old. But I don't believe you know how it comes to be a dainty little finger-hat instead of a silver spoon, or a gold ring.

Why, how many persons do you suppose it has taken to bring it from the state of tiny specks to the pretty little thing it is? Not to count miners, or crushers, or refiners, or any of those people, but to begin when it enters the thimble factory, it takes about twenty workmen, besides lots of machinery, to make it.

Pope immortalized a thimble by describing one adorned with the face of a queen; and sewing machines are getting so perfect that perhaps before Pope is forgotten, there will have to be a note at the bottom of the page, explaining the use of that antique tool—the thimble.

Whom we are to thank for the gift of thimbles we do not know, except that the inventor was a woman. Some writers say they came from the industrious dames of Holland with their quaint name of finger-hat, while others claim the invention for some small-footed lady of the Flowery Kingdom.

I think the probabilities are in favor of the Hollanders.

It is not quite two hundred years since they were introduced into England. How do you suppose ladies did the wonderful embroidery that has come down to us from those old times, book-covers, robes, and almost everything else, when they had no stout little thumb-bell to protect their fingers?—Olive Thorne, in St. Nicholas for November.

The happy time for the serenaders is rapidly passing away; but they improve the little time left them with an assiduity that is very commendable. One party last week serenaded a young lady in East-Thirteenth street. They howled and growled away for fifteen minutes. Suddenly a window on the second story was raised, and a head with a red bandana tied round was stuck out of it, and a voice, which was a little too deep for that of a fair young vision of beauty, said: "Mine fynds, oof you hef got feesh or vegetables, or dem tings, coom speak mit me in dot mornings. I ton't like to buy at dot dime nights." And then the serenaders walked away dissatisfied. It was taken for licensed vendors is, indeed, disheartening to the most enthusiastic modern troubador.

CHURCH MUSIC.—A Marysville, Ky., choir tried to harmonize a snare drum with church music lately, but some of the more ancient nasal twangers made so much fuss that the plan was abandoned. One ancient maiden lady, who had sang treble for over twenty years, nearly jumped over the railing, when the first drum tap sounded, and the deacon, who sang bass, threw down his hymn book, saying he could not sing praises with that goggle-eyed chap belting—out of a sheep skin right under his ears.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out West. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General, they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum, Sine qua non. Ne plus ultra, Maltum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

CRULLERS.—Two coffee-cups of sugar, one coffee-cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of quick yeast, mixed with flour enough to roll, one-half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Cut in rings and cook like doughnuts.

BREAD OMELET.—Put about a cupful of bread-crumbs into a saucepan, with nearly as much cream, salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg. Let it stand until the bread has imbibed all the cream; if any is left, either pour it off or add more bread. Then break six eggs into it, and beat together. Turn into a pan, with a little melted butter, and fry like omelet.

CREAM CANDY.—Sifted sugar four pounds; butter the size of an egg; five tablespoonfuls of cream; vinegar six tablespoonfuls; enough water to keep from burning. Cook it three-quarters of an hour; stir it constantly over a moderate fire. Test it by dropping a little in cold water; take it out, and if you can pull it, it is done. It is very nice when properly made.

HOW TO COOK CRANBERRIES.—Add one teacup of cold water to a quart of cranberries and put them on in a porcelain or other preserving kettle. After cooking ten minutes, add two heaping cups of sugar and cook about ten minutes longer, stirring constantly from the time they are put on. Pour out into a bowl, and, when cold, it can be removed as jelly from a mold. The berries will seem very dry before the sugar is added, but if more water is put in they will not form jelly.

LIGHTING A FIRE.—Many persons have often noticed the extreme difficulty encountered in lighting the fire in a stove, especially in a still, damp morning. The stove at first won't draw; even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then, when it does start, it is with a sort of explosion, or outward rush of air, which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes in the face of the operator. The trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of dry paper on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that; it immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air has perfectly free access to it from all sides, the heated air forces its way into the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel, which will readily light, and if dry, burst into a brisk flame.—Am. Rural Home.

MOSS-COVERED APPLE TREES.—Mossy trees in an orchard generally indicate too much moisture in the soil—that is, that the soil needs drainage and the trees require stimulating. Give the ground under the trees a good top dressing of manure and ashes, drain the ground thoroughly, scrape off the moss from the trees with a hoe and wash trunks and large branches with strong soap-suds. But we should, perhaps, observe that while mossy trees generally indicate too much moisture, it is not always the case; for trees on sandy soils are often mossy; and soils are covered with the same species of moss. Moss, therefore, indicates poverty of soil, or uncongenial conditions in some way; it may be a want of moisture as well as too much. Stimulate the growth at any rate, as we have above suggested, whether the soil is dry or wet.

Broiled tomatoes make a delicious dish; select those that are not over-ripe, and cut them in halves crosswise; dip the cut side into beaten egg and then into wheat flour, and place them upon a gridiron, whose bars have been greased previously. When they have become well browned, turn them over and cook the skin side until thoroughly done. Then put butter, salt, and pepper upon the egg side and serve upon a platter.

Camphor is recommended as valuable for the expulsion of mosquitos from a house. It is used as follows: Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite; the smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitos, and not one will be found in the room the next morning, even though the windows are left open all night.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors—red, green or yellow.

Sal-soda will bleach; one spoonful is sufficient for a kettle of clothes.

A Detective Monk.

A detective monk would be a good title for a sensation novel, and here is a part of the story ready-made. The scene is Smyrna, in far-off Syria, which was recently excited by a mysterious tragedy. On the evening of Sunday, the 27th of July, a small native craft came dashing up against the Cerigo Quay in a manner which led to the belief that she had been abandoned. On boarding her the dead body of an elderly man, supposed to be the Captain, was found lying on the deck, and near the body was a blood-stained hammer. A boy ten years old, wrapped in a sail close by, was uninjured, but apparently stupefied, and nothing intelligible could be extracted from him. The same evening another body was picked up at sea fearfully mutilated.

Smyrnes society was lost in conjectures respecting these strange events, when on Wednesday morning, the 30th of July, a Russian monk appeared at the Russian Consulate and told the following story: He had embarked at Scio for Smyrna in company with a Persian, on board a coasting vessel manned by two men and a little boy. The monk, who is master of six languages, overheard the Persian proposing to the Captain that he (the monk) should be murdered and robbed of a large sum in gold and some bank notes he had about him. The Captain agreed. The monk did not lose his presence of mind; but divesting himself of his clothes near the bows of the ship, he told the Captain that it was so hot he would sleep on deck. "Sleep in peace," replied the skipper; "I will take care and wake you at Smyrna." Some minutes later the Captain himself nodded off into a half-sleep, and the vessel not being far from the coast, the monk slipped over the side and swam ashore, landing at Ayou-Georgia Tiflik, whence he made his way to Smyrna.

Upon inquiry it was found that the Persian had arrived at Agan-Khan on the Sunday, was immediately arrested, and not only has he been identified by the monk, but the stolen money of the latter was found in his possession. He has since confessed that when, after indulging in "forty winks" below, he went up on deck, fully anticipating that he was to have the pleasure of murdering the monk, he was annoyed beyond measure at finding his intended victim had escaped, and unjustly accused the Captain of having assisted the monk over the side of the vessel. High words ensued, until the Persian, snarling under his disappointment, brought the altercation to a close by smashing the Captain's head with a hammer, mauling the sailor (who) body he threw into the sea, and rolling the boy round and round in a sail thinking to suffocate him. He then ransacked the vessel, taking all the money he could find, including the monk's, and stepping into a small boat which the coasting craft dragged in its wake, departed in high dudgeon for the shore.

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F.—The following proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, at its late session in Baltimore, may prove of interest:

After discussion in the Grand Lodge, in session at Baltimore, it was finally determined, by a vote of 82 to 44, to maintain the rule adopted in 1870, that no business be transacted in any Lodge on Sunday, except in connection with funerals.

A charter was granted for Star Encampment, Georgetown, California.

It was resolved that Grand Secretary Ridgeley procure visiting cards for the Sisters of Rebekah, the same to be printed, in a neat manner, on paper similar to the cards of brothers of the Order, and to be furnished at the same prices as other visiting cards. The Grand Lodge of British Columbia was authorized to establish itself at Victoria. It was decided not to change the terms of subordinates from six to twelve months.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—The Union Democrat of the 27th contains the marriage of Henry Pooley, of Tuolumne county, and Miss Catherine Oates, of Cornwall, England. The ceremony was performed at the Sonora Hotel on the 23d ult. The bride had traveled seven thousand miles to meet her lover, whom she had not seen for eight years. When but a few miles remained to be gone over, the stage upset, and a delay of several hours followed. The brave girl reached her destination at midnight, and there in the strange place she found her lover and the minister waiting. To unpack her trunk, don her bridal robes, and listen to the ceremony which made her a wife, were the incidents of but a few moments.