

THE DEMOCRAT.

F. B. HAWLEY & CO., Editors.

Montrose, Wednesday, June 15th, 1878.

In a case where a railway ticket was refused because offered after the day it was issued, a law court in Maine has decided that such ticket is good for six years.

Stokes is to have another chance for his life. The Court of Appeals having reversed the Supreme Court. It seems to be a hard matter to hang a man in New York, if he has money and influential counsel.

The cold blooded murder of the unarmed Modoc by the Oregon volunteers was no less atrocious than the assassination of Gen. Canby; and this is the view taken of the butchery by the leading journals of the country.

The Oregonians made short work of a portion of the Modoc prisoners by killing seven or eight warriors, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley and Little John. This is of course Lynch law, and the act of a mob, and cannot be justified.

The law of Illinois relative to the election or appointment of women as school officers takes effect July 1, and at that time all distinctions of sex on account of sex, so far as eligibility to any school office in that state is concerned, will cease to exist.

The farmers of Carroll County, Iowa, passed the following pithy resolution: "Resolved, that the increase of Congressional salaries in these hard times is an infernal outrage upon the working people of the country."

The court journals announce the safe arrival of Grant at Long Branch, with his full household, one cow and three dogs, and express quite unnecessarily the hope he may enjoy his vacation. He has already spent more time in recreation than all the Presidents from Washington to Lincoln put together, and draws double salary.

THE LAND OF STEADY HABITS adheres to its Spring fashions. New London and Norwich have recently held municipal elections which resulted in complete victories for the democrats. Last year the cities gave large majorities for the republican ticket. The people of Connecticut are evidently well pleased with their democratic governor and legislature.

THE colored population of New Orleans is about one-third of the total population. This is much larger proportion than existed before emancipation and the war. It has been an unfortunate result of that measure that the negroes from the country districts have flocked to the cities, thereby reducing the productive agricultural force and increasing largely the number of that loose and vagabond class which hang about large towns and pursue modes of life that develop vice, disease, and a large mortality.

THE New York Sun of Saturday says there was no perceptible decrease in the number of visitors to the Tombs the day before. Edward S. Stokes was still the centre of attraction. He wore a new suit of summer clothes. His father and his brother Horace were with him all day, and assisted him in replying to the numerous congratulatory epistles and telegrams sent by distant relatives and friends. The cell in which he is confined was fragrant with the perfume of exquisite flowers from bouquets sent by admiring lady friends as a reminder that they had called. How pleasant a thing it is to be an inmate of a New York city prison, especially to a distinguished murderer. Flowers exhaling delightful odors, the sweet smile of admiring ladies illuminating the cell; and the hero of the murder the cynosure of every eye. Young Walworth, however, it is said complains of loneliness and ennui. He has not had over a dozen visitors per day, and finds the Tombs rather dull. Doubtless he is longing for another father to kill just by way of keeping up his spirits.

THE New York Times, which has become the organ par excellence of the so-called republican party, asks the liquor prohibitionists to refrain from organizing a political party of their own and to unite fortunes with the republicans, on the ground that the continuance of the latter in power will enable the temperance men to incorporate their doctrines in the legislation of the country. It was evidently the purpose of those who lead in manufacturing the sentiment of the republican party to agitate the liquor question with a view of attracting the votes and influence of those advocates of total abstinence who are sufficiently fanatical to subordinate every other public question to that of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks. We mention this merely as a straw which serves to show how the wind is blowing in a certain quarter. Thousands of persons have allied themselves with the temperance movement who support it because they regard it as an effort to secure a moral reform. They have no idea of sitting down to a fast prepared by designing politicians, and when the veil which conceals the purpose and machinations of the latter is lifted, they will no doubt be astonished to find that their favorite invention for securing sobriety has been converted into a political hobby.

The young New Yorker, Frank Harlin Walworth, who recently undertook to settle a family quarrel by killing his father, certainly has the gift of coolness developed in his character to an extraordinary degree. When before the coroner's jury, in answer to the usual question "what he had to say," he promptly answered "that he was guilty of no crime," and he then proceeded to a statement of his many grievances against his paternal ancestor. The dead father was no doubt guilty of all the charges made by the living son, but that fact does not relieve the latter of his responsibility for the crime of murder. After Stokes killed Fisk he also came to the conclusion that he had committed no crime, and it is quite likely that Captain Jack is precisely of the same opinion. Both these parties, like young Walworth undertook to redress alleged wrongs by staining their hands with blood, and now they think it queer that the law they violated should assume to punish them. In the case of Walworth an effort has been made to elevate him to the position of a positive hero; but as, according to his own showing, a more deliberate murder was never committed, it is probable that the attempt will only result in increased indignation against the youthful criminal among all the friends of law and order in the country.

From burglary down to petty larceny, in all the varieties of crime arising from a superabundance of acquisitiveness, the office-holders under the present administration bear the palm. The Treasury Department in Washington has two wagons, one for one horse, the other for a pair; one is used to carry packages to and from the Postoffice, the other is an "office wagon," whatever that may be. In one year the government paid for "the care of horses for mail and office wagons and harness" the enormous amount of \$11,687 46; the repairs to the wagons costing \$2,699 93. This for a pair of wagons, only used for a couple of hours daily, is pretty steep. The N. Y. Sun, in speaking upon this subject, says: "Along with these pleasant expenditures under this model and high-toned Administration, a large stable is maintained at the Treasury Department, a little south of the main edifice, and in this stable some twenty or thirty horses belonging to the department, but not employed for mail or office work, are kept at the public expense, under the oversight of a Superintendent of Stables and an assistant whose salaries are reported as amounting to \$2,297 84 a year. In these Stables, with such competent and high priced care, there are also from fifteen to twenty handsome carriages, trotting wagons, and the like; and every fine afternoon the heads of bureaus and favorite clerks in the secretary's office appear upon the Avenue with superb trotting steeds provided. Of these carriages five are said to be set apart for the special use of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, his assistant, and his female private secretary. The hostlers, drivers and footmen who perform their part in this elegant display are daily borne on the rolls of the Treasury Department, and are paid as messengers and laborers; all of them of course being appointed by competitive examination, under the latest and best rules of civil service reform. Thus it is that wherever this Administration is touched with the scapula of honest analysis, flagrant corruption, unblushing public robbery and reckless immorality are demonstrated. Such is Grantism, such is the present choice of the once pure and noble Republican party. We are progressing finely in this plain Republican government of ours; thires in office and knaves pulling the wires to keep them there; and the people bearing it all without a growl, but working hard every day to earn money wherewith to pay taxes to find bread and butter for their rulers."

PROBATIONARY down to petty larceny, in all the varieties of crime arising from a superabundance of acquisitiveness, the office-holders under the present administration bear the palm. The Treasury Department in Washington has two wagons, one for one horse, the other for a pair; one is used to carry packages to and from the Postoffice, the other is an "office wagon," whatever that may be. In one year the government paid for "the care of horses for mail and office wagons and harness" the enormous amount of \$11,687 46; the repairs to the wagons costing \$2,699 93. This for a pair of wagons, only used for a couple of hours daily, is pretty steep. The N. Y. Sun, in speaking upon this subject, says: "Along with these pleasant expenditures under this model and high-toned Administration, a large stable is maintained at the Treasury Department, a little south of the main edifice, and in this stable some twenty or thirty horses belonging to the department, but not employed for mail or office work, are kept at the public expense, under the oversight of a Superintendent of Stables and an assistant whose salaries are reported as amounting to \$2,297 84 a year. In these Stables, with such competent and high priced care, there are also from fifteen to twenty handsome carriages, trotting wagons, and the like; and every fine afternoon the heads of bureaus and favorite clerks in the secretary's office appear upon the Avenue with superb trotting steeds provided. Of these carriages five are said to be set apart for the special use of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, his assistant, and his female private secretary. The hostlers, drivers and footmen who perform their part in this elegant display are daily borne on the rolls of the Treasury Department, and are paid as messengers and laborers; all of them of course being appointed by competitive examination, under the latest and best rules of civil service reform. Thus it is that wherever this Administration is touched with the scapula of honest analysis, flagrant corruption, unblushing public robbery and reckless immorality are demonstrated. Such is Grantism, such is the present choice of the once pure and noble Republican party. We are progressing finely in this plain Republican government of ours; thires in office and knaves pulling the wires to keep them there; and the people bearing it all without a growl, but working hard every day to earn money wherewith to pay taxes to find bread and butter for their rulers."

THE BIRONE OF THE DEAD. On Friday last, we learn from the Mobile Register, the graves of the federal soldiers in the National Cemetery near Mobile, Ala., were decorated with becoming ceremonies. During the services a beautiful bouquet of flowers, arranged in most exquisite taste, the blue and the gray being blended, was sent up to the mound with a card which read as follows: "The Confederate Army Honor the Memory of those who, though their enemies in war, were men and brave enough to do their duty."

THE BIRONE OF THE DEAD. On Friday last, we learn from the Mobile Register, the graves of the federal soldiers in the National Cemetery near Mobile, Ala., were decorated with becoming ceremonies. During the services a beautiful bouquet of flowers, arranged in most exquisite taste, the blue and the gray being blended, was sent up to the mound with a card which read as follows: "The Confederate Army Honor the Memory of those who, though their enemies in war, were men and brave enough to do their duty."

THE BIRONE OF THE DEAD. On Friday last, we learn from the Mobile Register, the graves of the federal soldiers in the National Cemetery near Mobile, Ala., were decorated with becoming ceremonies. During the services a beautiful bouquet of flowers, arranged in most exquisite taste, the blue and the gray being blended, was sent up to the mound with a card which read as follows: "The Confederate Army Honor the Memory of those who, though their enemies in war, were men and brave enough to do their duty."

THE BIRONE OF THE DEAD. On Friday last, we learn from the Mobile Register, the graves of the federal soldiers in the National Cemetery near Mobile, Ala., were decorated with becoming ceremonies. During the services a beautiful bouquet of flowers, arranged in most exquisite taste, the blue and the gray being blended, was sent up to the mound with a card which read as follows: "The Confederate Army Honor the Memory of those who, though their enemies in war, were men and brave enough to do their duty."

THE BIRONE OF THE DEAD. On Friday last, we learn from the Mobile Register, the graves of the federal soldiers in the National Cemetery near Mobile, Ala., were decorated with becoming ceremonies. During the services a beautiful bouquet of flowers, arranged in most exquisite taste, the blue and the gray being blended, was sent up to the mound with a card which read as follows: "The Confederate Army Honor the Memory of those who, though their enemies in war, were men and brave enough to do their duty."

THE BIRONE OF THE DEAD. On Friday last, we learn from the Mobile Register, the graves of the federal soldiers in the National Cemetery near Mobile, Ala., were decorated with becoming ceremonies. During the services a beautiful bouquet of flowers, arranged in most exquisite taste, the blue and the gray being blended, was sent up to the mound with a card which read as follows: "The Confederate Army Honor the Memory of those who, though their enemies in war, were men and brave enough to do their duty."

should be assigned to the chambers of forgetfulness." Let the Grand Army take a lesson from this episode.

Can Such Things Be. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Sun makes the following startling charges against the Treasury and Post Office Department: "But an element has been brought in among these worthy women which is an outrage upon their dignity and the public service, and a glaring scandal seen of all men. It is notorious that Senators, Representatives, and officials have imposed upon the departments loose characters, who are utterly unfit for such employment, and unworthy to mingle with the ladies who are contaminated and insulted by their presence. There is no case of mixing phrases about a palpable fact, or attempting to extenuate it under the cover of mistakes accidentally made. Members of Congress have pensioned their mistresses by scores on the treasury, and the same thing is true of many of the more important officers in the departments through whose agency appointments are made. While widows and orphans who had just claims upon the gratitude of the country are rudely turned away without a word of sympathy, profitable places are given to prostitutes, who revel in luxury through the avenues, and taunt their fiery at the public expense. No attempt has been made to eradicate this evil. It is, on the contrary, protected and palliated. Remonstrance has been followed by removal. So that the outrage on morals must not only be endured, but the terrorism of power superadds silence as a necessity. If this be not infamy in its worst sense, it is a disgrace to our country. And yet it is strictly enforced, and known to be true by the President, his Cabinet, his bureau chiefs, and Congress, to say nothing of the community which is a disgusted witness of these indecencies."

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Oregon's Revenge. SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners. On Saturday morning, John James Fairchild and about twelve other men, left Fairchild's ranch on Cottonwood Creek. Seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Little John and Little John. In the morning, the party crossed Lost River, the party encountered a number of Oregon volunteers under Captain Hazer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told him the Modocs were all at that creek, except Little John; that there were no charges against them; Fairchild understood the Modocs were at camp, near Cayley's. On the road he noticed several men ahead riding to Rocks Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached, one man presented a needle gun at Fairchild, saying, "Get down, you old white headed—!" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "I am going to kill the Indians and you too!" was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched and cut the harness. Fairchild clinging to the lines leaped to the ground. The poor wretches EMPLOYED FOR MERRY. and begged Fairchild to save them.—None of the warriors were armed; they knew that. RESISTANCE WAS USELESS. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked and GROANED AND WEEP PITIFULLY. Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was a muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes and he might have sworn with those of the Modocs in the hope that the massacre might be avoided. Oh, it, was A TERRIBLE SCENE, and never shall I forget it. I shudder when I think what I saw and read; the fearful wailing of those women and children still ring in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon a bullet having entered his brain. The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots in rapid succession were fired and I believe had killed the dead. Little John had a frightful wound in the shoulder. Away ahead in the road in the direction of Boyle's camp, was A CLOUD OF DUST, indicating the approach of a team. The murderers reined the dust and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery F, 4th artillery with ten men and teamsters came by.—The team of the Sergeant took charge of affairs and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, and his teamster, the wounded square and his two children came at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters and related his story.—The team with an escort was at once sent after the prisoners. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the fellows who performed the bloody work. It is generally supposed that the Oregon volunteers are guilty.—Fairchild is of that opinion himself.—The warriors killed were not charged with murder.—Those who know them best say they had only participated in open fight.—Every one here CONDEMNES THE AFFAIR, as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but that the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him. When the shots were fired, had John Fairchild instead of James been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as Oregonians are bitter in hatred towards John, the old man and other Californians. Warm Springs have only a few weeks longer to serve. Sergeant Cilento is fast falling.

Diocese of Central Pennsylvania. The Convention of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal Church in session at Reading adopted the following constitution: ARTICLE I. The Church in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, being part of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, accedes to, recognizes and accepts the constitution and canons of the Church and acknowledges its authority accordingly. ARTICLE II. There shall be a stated convention of the church in the diocese in each year at such time and places as the preceding convention may appoint, and if no such appointment be made, then the bishop and standing committees shall fix the time and place. ARTICLE III. The bishop shall call special conventions, when he shall judge it conducive to the good of the church; and he shall do so when requested by a vote of three-fourths of the standing committees. ARTICLE IV. Every convention shall be opened with prayer directed by the bishop. On the first morning of the convention there shall be a celebration of the holy communion. ARTICLE V.—SECTION I. The convention shall be composed of clergymen and laymen. SECTION 2. Every clergyman canonically and parochially resident in the diocese six months preceding the meeting of the convention, and actually engaged for the same time in church work, with the previous written sanction of the ecclesiastical authority, shall be entitled to a seat and a vote in the convention. Provided that no clergyman once entitled to a seat shall be deprived of it through disability by reason of age or sickness. SECTION 3. The lay members shall consist of deputies from every parish in the diocese in union with the convention, not exceeding three delegates from each parish. Provided, that no person shall be competent to serve as deputy unless he has been a worshiper in the parish he represents six calendar months next before his election. ARTICLE VI. The bishop shall preside in convention, but in case of absence or a vacancy in the Episcopate, the convention shall elect a president from among the clergy. ARTICLE VII. A secretary shall be chosen upon the assembling of the annual convention, from among the members thereof, who shall remain in office until his successor shall be elected. His duties shall be to take minutes of the proceedings, to preserve the journals and records, to attest the public acts of the body, and faithfully to deliver into the hands of his successor all books and papers relative to the concerns of the convention which may be in his possession. ARTICLE VIII. A treasurer and a registrar shall be elected at each annual convention to hold office until their successors shall be appointed. ARTICLE IX. The convention shall elect annually a standing committee, to consist of five presbyters, and five laymen communicants of the church, who, when there is no bishop, or he is incapable of acting, shall perform such duties, not peculiar to the Episcopate as are in the constitution and canons assigned to the bishop. The standing committees shall have authority to fill all vacancies that may occur during the recess of the convention, in their own body, or in any committee or sub-committee, and in the office of the convention, and also in such other offices as are held by annual election. ARTICLE X. The clergy lay deputies in convention shall deliberate in one body and shall vote as such, except when it is required otherwise by five members. In such a case the convention shall vote as two distinct orders, and the concurrence of a majority of each order shall be necessary to a measure. Twenty clergymen and lay deputies from twenty parishes, duly assembled in convention, shall be a quorum; and on every question the votes of a majority of those present, or (when a vote by order is required) the votes of a majority of those present of the two orders respectively, shall decide. ARTICLE XI. The word "parish" is substituted for the word "church" whenever the latter occurs.

Diocese of Central Pennsylvania. The Convention of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal Church in session at Reading adopted the following constitution: ARTICLE I. The Church in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, being part of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, accedes to, recognizes and accepts the constitution and canons of the Church and acknowledges its authority accordingly. ARTICLE II. There shall be a stated convention of the church in the diocese in each year at such time and places as the preceding convention may appoint, and if no such appointment be made, then the bishop and standing committees shall fix the time and place. ARTICLE III. The bishop shall call special conventions, when he shall judge it conducive to the good of the church; and he shall do so when requested by a vote of three-fourths of the standing committees. ARTICLE IV. Every convention shall be opened with prayer directed by the bishop. On the first morning of the convention there shall be a celebration of the holy communion. ARTICLE V.—SECTION I. The convention shall be composed of clergymen and laymen. SECTION 2. Every clergyman canonically and parochially resident in the diocese six months preceding the meeting of the convention, and actually engaged for the same time in church work, with the previous written sanction of the ecclesiastical authority, shall be entitled to a seat and a vote in the convention. Provided that no clergyman once entitled to a seat shall be deprived of it through disability by reason of age or sickness. SECTION 3. The lay members shall consist of deputies from every parish in the diocese in union with the convention, not exceeding three delegates from each parish. Provided, that no person shall be competent to serve as deputy unless he has been a worshiper in the parish he represents six calendar months next before his election. ARTICLE VI. The bishop shall preside in convention, but in case of absence or a vacancy in the Episcopate, the convention shall elect a president from among the clergy. ARTICLE VII. A secretary shall be chosen upon the assembling of the annual convention, from among the members thereof, who shall remain in office until his successor shall be elected. His duties shall be to take minutes of the proceedings, to preserve the journals and records, to attest the public acts of the body, and faithfully to deliver into the hands of his successor all books and papers relative to the concerns of the convention which may be in his possession. ARTICLE VIII. A treasurer and a registrar shall be elected at each annual convention to hold office until their successors shall be appointed. ARTICLE IX. The convention shall elect annually a standing committee, to consist of five presbyters, and five laymen communicants of the church, who, when there is no bishop, or he is incapable of acting, shall perform such duties, not peculiar to the Episcopate as are in the constitution and canons assigned to the bishop. The standing committees shall have authority to fill all vacancies that may occur during the recess of the convention, in their own body, or in any committee or sub-committee, and in the office of the convention, and also in such other offices as are held by annual election. ARTICLE X. The clergy lay deputies in convention shall deliberate in one body and shall vote as such, except when it is required otherwise by five members. In such a case the convention shall vote as two distinct orders, and the concurrence of a majority of each order shall be necessary to a measure. Twenty clergymen and lay deputies from twenty parishes, duly assembled in convention, shall be a quorum; and on every question the votes of a majority of those present, or (when a vote by order is required) the votes of a majority of those present of the two orders respectively, shall decide. ARTICLE XI. The word "parish" is substituted for the word "church" whenever the latter occurs.

Diocese of Central Pennsylvania. The Convention of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal Church in session at Reading adopted the following constitution: ARTICLE I. The Church in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, being part of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, accedes to, recognizes and accepts the constitution and canons of the Church and acknowledges its authority accordingly. ARTICLE II. There shall be a stated convention of the church in the diocese in each year at such time and places as the preceding convention may appoint, and if no such appointment be made, then the bishop and standing committees shall fix the time and place. ARTICLE III. The bishop shall call special conventions, when he shall judge it conducive to the good of the church; and he shall do so when requested by a vote of three-fourths of the standing committees. ARTICLE IV. Every convention shall be opened with prayer directed by the bishop. On the first morning of the convention there shall be a celebration of the holy communion. ARTICLE V.—SECTION I. The convention shall be composed of clergymen and laymen. SECTION 2. Every clergyman canonically and parochially resident in the diocese six months preceding the meeting of the convention, and actually engaged for the same time in church work, with the previous written sanction of the ecclesiastical authority, shall be entitled to a seat and a vote in the convention. Provided that no clergyman once entitled to a seat shall be deprived of it through disability by reason of age or sickness. SECTION 3. The lay members shall consist of deputies from every parish in the diocese in union with the convention, not exceeding three delegates from each parish. Provided, that no person shall be competent to serve as deputy unless he has been a worshiper in the parish he represents six calendar months next before his election. ARTICLE VI. The bishop shall preside in convention, but in case of absence or a vacancy in the Episcopate, the convention shall elect a president from among the clergy. ARTICLE VII. A secretary shall be chosen upon the assembling of the annual convention, from among the members thereof, who shall remain in office until his successor shall be elected. His duties shall be to take minutes of the proceedings, to preserve the journals and records, to attest the public acts of the body, and faithfully to deliver into the hands of his successor all books and papers relative to the concerns of the convention which may be in his possession. ARTICLE VIII. A treasurer and a registrar shall be elected at each annual convention to hold office until their successors shall be appointed. ARTICLE IX. The convention shall elect annually a standing committee, to consist of five presbyters, and five laymen communicants of the church, who, when there is no bishop, or he is incapable of acting, shall perform such duties, not peculiar to the Episcopate as are in the constitution and canons assigned to the bishop. The standing committees shall have authority to fill all vacancies that may occur during the recess of the convention, in their own body, or in any committee or sub-committee, and in the office of the convention, and also in such other offices as are held by annual election. ARTICLE X. The clergy lay deputies in convention shall deliberate in one body and shall vote as such, except when it is required otherwise by five members. In such a case the convention shall vote as two distinct orders, and the concurrence of a majority of each order shall be necessary to a measure. Twenty clergymen and lay deputies from twenty parishes, duly assembled in convention, shall be a quorum; and on every question the votes