

ed with the belief that the advancing settlements of whites will disperse the herds of buffalo and antelope, and appropriate their hunting grounds? With such a prospect it is folly to expect that collisions will not occur, and without great prudence and precaution, the inevitable antagonism may lead to the indescribable horrors of Indian massacre.

"We may be reminded, that under the régime of the Fur Trade amicable relations have generally existed in Central British America, but not more so than between the Missouri Fur Company and the Sioux Indians; but with the intrusion of agricultural settlement in Minnesota the scene changed. Let us hope that we may learn wisdom in regard to the administration of Indian affairs from the errors and misfortunes of our neighbors. But it will be far from wise—it will be the height of imprudence—not to place the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan districts in an armor and attitude which will remove all danger, and even apprehension, of Indian hostilities."

The next problem before us is that of immigration. The energy with which our neighbors labor to attract settlers to, in many cases, a very inferior country, is worthy of imitation by us, who have in reality the *Garden of the Continent* to people. While our neighbors use all lawful or unlawful means to attain their objects, a few and candid statements of facts should be sufficient, if pushed with pertinacity, to secure for Manitoba and the North West Territories such a share of the surplus population of Great Britain, as would speedily develop the wealth of the richest agricultural country in the world.

We do not wish or want the refuse population of continental Europe, the Dominion of Canada is to be the *Greater Britain*, and we prefer its slow and steady growth by healthy accretions from the parent stocks of English and French to a mongrel population of every nation and tongue on the continent of Europe. It will be the duty of our Government to impart such energy into our Emigration Agencies and to the whole machinery by which they are worked, as will leave no man in Great Britain ignorant of the land of promise awaiting development in Canada.

RIFLE MATCHES.

RIFLE MATCH.—On the afternoon of the 12th a most interesting match was fired at the Rideau Range, being the result of a challenge offered by No. 1 Company, Governor General's Foot Guards, to the whole regiment, 3 men aside, three ranges seven shots at each. The scores are given below as follows:—

	No. 1.			
	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Corp. Sutherland.....	20	14	16	50
Lance Corp. Boswell..	20	18	15	53
Pte Throop.....	20	16	15	51
" Gray.....	18	20	15	53
" Des Lauriers ...	18	23	12	53
	96	91	73	260

REGIMENT.					
Col. Sgt. Cairno	No. 6	20	15	17	56
Ens. Bato.....	No. 3	17	9	7	31
Sgt. Cotton.....	No. 5	19	11	8	38
Sgt. Watters.....	No. 3	19	20	6	45
Capt. McPherson.	No. 2	19	26	4	49
		92	85	42	219

Majority for No. 1 Company, 41 points.

From San Francisco we learn of a most abominable massacre of defenceless prisoners, perpetrated by ruffians who had not the manliness to protect their own homes.

Despatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of an atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners supposed to have been perpetrated by Oregon volunteers. On Saturday morning James Fairchild, and about a dozen other men left Fairchild's Rancho, Cottonwood Creek—with 17 Madoc captives, including men, women and children, and Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Tehee, Jack, Pony, and Little John. The Indians were in a wagon drawn by four mules. At the crossing of the last river the party encountered a body of Oregon volunteers, under command of Captain Hizer. The soldiers gathered about the wagon and questioned Fairchild. The latter told them that the Indians were all Hot Creek Indians except Little John, and that there were no charges against them. Fairchild undertook to push on to Boyles Camp, and the volunteers retired to their camp near Crawley's. On the road Fairchild noticed two men ahead riding to Rocky Point as if to intercept him. When the team approached the two men one of them presented a needle gun at Fairchild saying, "Get down, you old white headed—," "By what authority?" asked Fairchild. "By mine. I am going to kill the Indians and you to," was their reply.

The leader caught hold of the mules and unbithed them, cutting the harness, Fairchild, clinging to the lines, leaped to the ground.

The poor wretches implored for mercy and begged Fairchild to save them. The warriors were unarmed and knew that resistance was useless. They were the coolest in the party, although facing inevitable death, but the women and children shrieked, groaned, and wept piteously.

Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol and six inches from his ear was the muzzle of the needle gun. He says that tears came into his eyes, and he mingled his entreaties with those of the Modocs in hopes that the massacre might be averted. He adds; It was a terrible scene—one I never shall forget. I shudder when I think what I saw and heard. The tearful voices of those women and children still ring in by ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be balked. A shot was fired and Little John lay dead in the waggon with a bullet in his brain.

The mules dashed away with Fairchild who became entangled in the lines, five more shots by which Tehee, Jack, Pony and Mooch were killed and Little John's squaw fightfully wounded in the shoulder. Away ahead on the road in the direction of Boyle's camp a cloud of dust was perceived indicating the approach of a team,

The murders espied the dust, and shortly afterwards were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery G, 4th Ar.

tillery, with ten men and a teamster came upon the scene of the massacre. Teams, with an escort, were at once sent to bring prisoners, dead or alive. No steps were taken for the apprehension of the felons who performed the bloody work. It is supposed that the guilty parties were Oregon volunteers; Fairchild is of that opinion himself. The warriors killed were not charged with murder. Everyone here condemns the affair as atrocious and without excuse.

A second despatch from Boyle's camp June 8, 3 a.m.—An interview between Gen. Davis, Capt. Jack and Schonchin has just terminated. The Modoc chief says that he was incited to his cruel warfare by Allon David, chief of the Klamaths. He also denied having killed Gen. Canby and laid the blame on his boys. Schonchin told the same story.

The Quebec correspondent of the *Montreal Herald* is pleased to dub our brave volunteers "spurious imitations" and writes that on the day when the funeral obsequies of the late Sir George E. Cartier took place, the half trained artillerists contrived to blow off a poor fellow's limbs. It may perhaps, be interesting to our readers to know that the "limbs" referred to were a couple of fingers of a "poor fellow's" hand. It is very evident that the *Herald's* correspondent in Quebec has never served in either the British army or navy, otherwise he would know that such occurrences, and far more serious ones happen every day, and not to "spurious imitations."—*Ottawa Times*.

The twenty-third regiment of artillery in the French army has a white Cochon China rooster, upon which a great value is placed on account of his meritorious services in the field of battle. This cock passed through the whole campaign of the Rhine, and was carried to Augsburg as a prisoner of war. At Metz, during the siege, the soldiers although obliged to eat their horses, held the life of this truly Gallic cock as sacred. At the battle of Gravelotte he was perched on the shoulders of his master, who was in the Fourth Battery, and was so used to the cannon's roar that he did not pay the slightest attention to it. After his master was killed another artillerist adopted him, and he still remains in the military service.

LONG RANGE OF ARTILLERY.—While practising lately under Admiral Cumming, the men of the Magdala, one of the Bombay Harbor Monitors, at the second shot knocked over a floating target stationed at 1,500 yards. Chilled Palisser shot of 400 pounds, travelled upwards of four miles.

Our African enemies the Ashantes are reported to have sustained a defeat. By the arrival of the steamer *Nigritia*, at Liverpool yesterday, we learn that the Houssa troops, under the command of Lieutenant Hopkins, had beaten them with heavy loss, and they had retreated into the interior. The Fantees remained around Cape Coast Castle, and active preparations were going on to prevent any sudden attack upon that place.

We understand that a British firm is building a turret ships for the Brazilian Government, to mount sixty-ton guns, which guns are also being made in this country. It does not seem very important, therefore, that the British public should concern themselves very much about our little family of Woolwich Infants, which have been outstripped in their growth before cutting their teeth. At the same time we are curious to know what the Brazilian Government can want with an armament of sixty-ton guns, or why Don Pedro, above all other potentates, should venture on so costly an experiment.