

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 103

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

- BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—FASTEST BOY IN NEW YORK.
THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 24 Broadway.—DRAMA, DUBUQUE AND OLIO.
NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway.—ALICE.
WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—THE GAMBLER'S CHANCE.
ATHENEUM, 585 Broadway.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts.—THE BELLES OF THE BOULEVARD.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Beekman streets.—LIGHTS BURST.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near Broadway.—FRODO FAUCI.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth street.—DAVID GARRICK.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth av.—UNDER THE GASLIGHT.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue.—DADDY O'DOWDY.
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montague st.—THE SONS OF THE PLAIN.
ST. JAMES' THEATRE, Broadway and 26th st.—MCGYON'S NEW HIBERNIAN.
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE, 34th st., near 3d av.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—DAVID GARRICK.
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner 6th av.—NEGRO MINSTRELTY, &c.
TONY EASTON'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW.—Now open, afternoon and night.
COOPER INSTITUTE, Third avenue and Fourth st.—LAUGHING GAS EXHIBITION.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 613 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, April 13, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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APRIL FLOWERS.—Should the weather be favorable they will blossom by thousands in our city churches and on Fifth avenue to-day.
THE WEEK IN WALL STREET was noted for the persistent and extraordinary stringency in money, the stock brokers paying on the last day all the way from 7 to 100 per cent premium for the use of balances during the interval to Monday morning.
WE HAVE RECEIVED twenty dollars from Mr. George G. Sickles, of this city, as that gentleman's donation toward a fund for a fitting testimonial to Rev. Mr. Ancient, the Episcopal minister who displayed so much gallantry and humanity in rescuing Mr. Firth, the first officer of the Atlantic, from the wreck.
THE GREAT STORM of yesterday, one of the heaviest of our last six months of heavy storms, swept over an immense extent of country, and we, we fear, be followed by destructive freshets in many of our inland rivers, already filled to the brim or overflowing.
OUR VITAL STATISTICS.—During the past week there were in this city 618 deaths, 405 births, 35 still births and 118 marriages. Five hundred and eighteen deaths per week are something above our average for April, but the opening of this Spring season so far has been anything but favorable to sick people or unfeeling constitutions.

The Modoc Massacre of the Peace Commissioners—General Canby and Peace Commissioner Thomas Killed.

The horrible crime, the details of which we publish in our special despatches in another part of the HERALD, is likely to be the death of peace commissioners to warlike Indians. On Friday morning that gallant and venerable soldier, General Edward R. S. Canby, and the pious and zealous Peace Commissioner, Rev. Dr. Thomas, were murdered by the Modoc Indians during a peace party. Another of the Commissioners, Mr. Meacham, was dangerously, if not fatally, wounded, and the remaining Commissioner of the party, Mr. Dyar, barely escaped with his life. This hellish piece of treachery will awaken the whole country to sorrow and indignation, and will result in a stentorian call for the extermination of every savage of the band.

The history of this Modoc trouble is still fresh in the public mind. After some difficulties with the whites on the lonely border country between California and Oregon the Modocs gained their first bloody distinction by the murder of a number of settlers upon Lost River. From thence the band under Captain Jack, now forever infamous in history, retired to a position rendered almost impregnable by nature among the lava beds near Tule Lake. Here they remained gathering live stock and provisions to their fortress and raiding on the white settlers in the vicinity for that object. At length the United States resolved to send the army into the field against the Indians. For this purpose a force of three hundred men, under Colonel Gillem, proceeded to attack the Indians. The nature of the country was evidently unknown to the commanding officers, for with this small number they undertook to storm the Indian stronghold. The sharp defeat met by the troops and the severe losses there sustained are so recent as merely to require notice here. Thereafter it was resolved to push forward the means for attaining peace upon a double basis. Three hundred additional troops, under General Canby, were hurried forward to punish the Indians, and a full Peace Commission was organized to pacify them. In the meantime the Indians made a sally, but were repulsed. Before the troops moved again the negotiations were opened. With the first party which entered the memorable lava beds on this peaceful mission was a HERALD commissioner. Arrangements were speedily made for a surrender, in which the Indians were to be protected from the enraged Oregonians and transported to some nice reservation, to be fed and clothed forever at government expense. A day was appointed and agreed to for the surrender to take place. Wagons were sent by the good-hearted Commissioners to convey Captain Jack's baggage over the rough ground; but no signs of the Indians were discoverable. Days passed, and at length an Indian appeared, who complained that Captain Jack and his fellows were fearful of the troops, and that they wanted to go to their old Lost River reservation. The troops under General Canby now moved forward again and commenced to encircle the savages in their fortress. The circle was drawn gradually closer, and the Indians again professed a desire for peace conferences. They saw the troops drawing closer and closer, and now set up a new demand. They objected altogether to leaving the lava beds, and wanted the troops sent away. Notwithstanding this preposterous demand the kind-hearted Peace Commissioners listened to the palaver of the braves. Several interviews took place. The story of the last one tells the remainder of the narrative of indecision through kind-heartedness met by duplicity and murder.

Warning of this danger does not appear to have been wanted. Riddle, the interpreter, expressly stated his grave fears, but consented to accompany the too-trusting Commissioners. In order that we might have nothing wanting to show how deliberately planned was this massacre, we learn from the surviving Commissioner, Mr. Dyar, that Captain Jack himself fired the signal shot, and with his own weapon took the life of the brave and good-hearted soldier whose name was terrible to the nation's enemies in our civil war. Falling there, by such base hands, we must honor his memory, as though he had died in the saddle leading a charge in some great battle whose thunders shook the world. He fell at his post of duty, the noblest place where man can fall. Mingled with the sorrow which will spread through all classes of the people at his loss will be a pang of indignation at the temporizing and mistaken policy to which he owed his death. We have from time to time upon this Indian question presented our views. We believe that what can be done toward civilizing good Indians should be done. But wherever a band or a tribe takes up the path of war or outrage we say. Exterminate it. There are white outrages on Indians as well as Indian outrages on whites; yet the balance will always be found in favor of the whites, who are peacefully endeavoring to settle. After the first fight with this band we believed that the treatment of extermination should be dealt out to them. Subsequently, upon our Commissioner's report we thought that it would be right to hear these Indians in their own defence. We were glad

when the news of, as was then believed, a peaceful settlement reached us. The double dealing of the Indians since convinced us that the Modocs were unworthy of this gentle treatment. The massacre of Friday places the seal, not only upon all half measures with the Modocs, but, we hope, with all other refractory Indians. Major General Philip Sheridan's plan will be finally adopted for them without reserve.

What we want with the Indians is a clear policy, and one not only simple to us, but perfectly comprehensible to them. That may be summed up in very few words:—Keep the peace or we shall kill you. Unfortunately what is called a peace policy conveys but one idea to the Indian, who does not, for all the trips to Washington and to New York, understand the motives of our forbearance—namely, that when we treat with him and pet him after he has committed murders and robberies we are afraid of him. There is but one way to meet this line of thought, which is universal among them, and that is to adopt it as our rule for treating them. They see cities occasionally; but they see few evidences of civilized power in their wild fastnesses, and hence they imagine that when the fearful white man pets them for murder the best thing they can do is palaver the "peace" shibboleth for blankets and rations. We expect to hear that the Modocs will be speedily taught in extermination the error of their way; and if the lesson of the massacre is properly taken to heart it will be the signal for a similar treatment of all the warring tribes that by turns cajole and murder only to be encouraged to murder and cajole.

Humored Death of Mr. O'Kelly—The American Government Moving to His Rescue.

An alarming report comes to us from Key West, which we can only hope, from its unlikely source, to be unfounded, that Mr. O'Kelly died of exhaustion from the close confinement he had endured at Manzanillo on his way to Santiago de Cuba. We scarcely dare credit this startling and afflictive news, which, if true, would stamp upon the brow of Spain a crime that torments of Spanish blood would not efface. We trust, for Spain's sake as well as for the unfortunate gentleman on whom the Captain General had already loaded such indignity, that the report is unfounded. If Mr. O'Kelly has thus died we shall invoke a vengeance on the heads of his murderers which will be a monument in the path of time. Sinister rumors that poison and prisons and chains could do what dare not be done openly have not been wanting in our ears from those who know the Spaniards well. If our commissioner has been assassinated in this way we shall know what course to take. It will be the death knell of Spain in America, and of many a Spaniard, too. As we have at first said, we dare not credit this news, but shall wait with intense anxiety for its confirmation or contradiction. It will be gratifying in the meantime to learn that our government have decided to take action in the case of Mr. O'Kelly.

In another part of the HERALD will be found a despatch from Secretary Fish to a brother of Mr. O'Kelly, resident in this country, and forwarded by the latter to us, in which the Secretary informs him that he has instructed the American Consul General in Havana to use his good offices with the Spanish authorities to have Mr. O'Kelly's trial take place in that city. Consul General A. T. D. Torbert is instructed to take this action either in conjunction with the British Consul or separately. He is further instructed in his dealing with the Spanish authorities (that is, the Captain General), to express the hope that Mr. O'Kelly will be mercifully dealt with. As the simple correspondent of an American journal Mr. O'Kelly has earned this mark of interest, and we hope that the Captain General will act upon such sound advice from so high a quarter. To "deal mercifully" with Mr. O'Kelly, the Captain General has only to remember his word of honor and to keep it. He distinctly promised that Mr. O'Kelly would not be shot upon his return to the Spanish lines, but would simply be expelled from the island of Cuba. We are glad to see the representatives of the national will thus undertaking to champion a man whose pure and straightforward action has been so keenly in sympathy with the wishes of the nation. We are certain that, with the meaning of the United States thus authoritatively expressed, the Spanish authorities will find their minds cleared of a great many obscurities that seem to have hindered them from understanding how America can feel when her warmest instincts are outraged. Whatever small pique may be exhibited in the threats and the harsh conduct of the Spaniards towards Mr. O'Kelly, it will, we believe, need little reconsideration on their part to find out how unworthy as well as dangerous their action appears to the outside world. The determined attitude of the American government, indexing very plainly the desire of the entire press and people, will serve in no small manner to bring the Spaniards in Cuba to a sense of their position.

The British government has gained a just reputation for jealousy regarding the interests of those who owe her allegiance when their lives or properties are in danger on a foreign soil. The nation that undertook the Abyssinian war for the rescue of Mr. Cameron and his fellow captives will surely not desert Mr. O'Kelly in Cuba. In his mission they are almost as deeply interested as America. The bloody war which has devastated the beautiful island is a matter of sorrow to all civilized peoples and certainly to all commercial peoples. There is at present in Havana an able correspondent of the London Times, whose letters have been read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic. He has, so far, confined his labors of light to the cities of the island; but should he be directed by his superiors in London to plunge into the rebel fastnesses would England sit by with folded arms if he were arrested and threat-

ened with death on his return? We are certain she would not. The subject which gives the London Times' correspondent matter to interest his English readers is the same as that for which Mr. O'Kelly is in jeopardy. Neither, therefore, on the ground of her honor or the civilization which our commissioner's inquiry represents can England decline to take her bounden part in the rescue of Mr. O'Kelly, if the Spaniards have not already murdered him.

The views of Vice President Wilson on the subject of Mr. O'Kelly's fate, published elsewhere, will be found tinged with a true Americanism and an admiration of the courage which, under all circumstances, Mr. O'Kelly has displayed. The press in its clearest toned mouthpieces has not been wanting in offering its need of emphatic protest against the attack upon its vested rights in the person of our commissioner. Rising in such a case above all rivalries, they remember the isolated American journalist in his Spanish prison at Manzanillo, surrounded by every element of danger, and bravely trusting in his honesty of purpose to deliver him. It is a subject worthy of their most serious consideration.

The documents alleged to have been found upon Mr. O'Kelly are doubtless nothing more than were absolutely necessary to him in his position as correspondent. The letters brought by Mr. Stanley from Livingstone would be as good subject for court martial as those said to be brought by Mr. O'Kelly from Cospedes. We can but say in conclusion that we hope strongly the deplorable news will prove untrue, and that he may yet return to tell us the painful story himself.

The Easter Festival—When Will Christians Unite Under One Fold?

This is Easter Sunday, and Easter Sunday is not a recent commemoration in the annals of the human race. To-day is its eighteenth hundred and fortieth anniversary, and, as it has happily reached this magnificent age without anything being sufficient to expunge it from the calendar of the years, it is evident that it will be a queen of festivals as long as the sun shall be above to make time a fact, and as long as men are on earth to pay the homage of intellect and heart to Him who created them. Mary Magdalen was the first to greet it—to adore it with the sanctification of her glorious faith and of her unequalled love. But, after more than eighteen centuries, hundreds of millions hail it as did that illustrious penitent, and it is progressing with the rapidity of the tides to enroll all mankind under its benign jurisdiction. God conceived the day. He instituted it by a personal act for imperishable human benefit, and, like Himself, it will stand forever. There will never be a morning without the sun, and there will never be a year without the Feast of the Resurrection.

Easter Sunday is indeed a great day. St. Paul asserted of it that if the event it declares did not take place all Christianity is a sham, a fraud, an untruth, and that his own apostleship was a deceit, an imposition and a roguery. And he spoke the truth; for, as the Redeemer foretold that, in verification of His doctrine, He would rise on the third day from the dead, it behooved the Redeemer to do so; otherwise He had been what Renan has called Him—a phantasm, a deluder, a cheat. Then His crucifixion had effected no redemption; then His law could lead no one to heaven; then His image and His name could be blasphemed and dishonored with all the impunity license could ask and with all the rage indignation could inspire.

Easter Sunday, then, is a great day. It is the keystone of the temple of the Christian faith. Without it that temple could never have been built; without it that arch could not stand a second. And how much does the world owe to that temple? It is that it has conferred on individuals, on families and on nations all the virtue that is in their hearts, all the peace and content that are in their circles, and all the honor and enlightenment to which they lay claim. Before that temple was constructed all was dark, paganistic, savage and idolatrous. With its formation came in light, modesty, rectitude, culture, the domestic virtues in all their long lost sweetness, and public justice in all its original loftiness. Had Christ not come, there had been no civilization but that cruel one which the Nero and Trajans fought so terribly to maintain unbroken; had He not come, the human happiness and glory and splendor which are so universal to-day could not be seen; had He not come, Europe and America had been in equal degradation with the Mozambique and the coast of Labrador; for, behold, where His name is not heard, there is savagism. The Hottentots are the degraded creatures they are because the light of His truth has never glanced upon their understandings, because the history of His passion has never entered their ears, because the infinite glory of His name has never been laid before them. The British were cannibals until the Spirit of the Cross made them recoil from that horrible condition and reassume their proper human dignity. It was as had a state with the red-haired Picts of Scotland, with the first inhabitants of Pomerania, with all the warlike tribes that are in the Germania of Tacitus. The Goth, the Vandal, the Hun, suppressed the emotion of no crime, quaffed human blood when in the furious thirst of war, could not conceive what a thing justice was. But the Spirit of the Cross converted them into populations as chivalrous and as noble as any that have cast their foundations on the plains of Europe. And it will be in the future as in the past. There is but one true means for civilizing the various barbarous nations that now exist. It is the name and the law of Christ. Without Him the Caffrarian can make no advance, the Malay must remain as he is, the Chinese will continue in besotted lust and idolatry to the end, and the eastern human flesh will go on devouring it whenever they can, and always finding it a luxury. These barbarians are no exception to the general rule. The people who are the most brilliant and polished now, were once almost as degraded as they.

Nor in this is there any shade of mystery. Christ is God and Man, and, therefore, it is a natural thing that His law should be the only civilizing, elevating law the human race can follow. Were He only a man like a man His name had long since perished. St. Paul said that His name is the greatest power in the world. It was an assertion which Christendom for nineteen hundred years confirms to be true. Not more evident is it that the sun is the source of all heat and light than it is that the name of Christ is the greatest power in the world. Let it be measured by all it has done, let it be measured by what it is achieving now, let it be measured by the universal, never-ending future which is before it, and this must be admitted to be a visible fact. "Si monumentum quaris circumspice." If you need evidence look around you; if you demand a witness, every civilized man you meet constitutes one. It is not, therefore, a mystery that Christianity should have produced the results that are assigned to it. The thing is a plain one of cause and effect. The effect demands an infinite cause. It is irrational and irreligious not to bend the understanding before it in the attitude of conviction.

MURDER OR SUICIDE.

A Man Walking Into a Grocery Store with His Throat Cut from Ear to Ear after Evident. Charles Scheid, forty-five years of age, of No. 421 West Forty-first street, went into the grocery store of Charles Abrams, on the corner of Sixty-second street and Tenth avenue, last night, and fell dead upon the floor a few minutes after. Upon entering the place he was attacked by a brother of Abrams and an ex-police officer, named Stanford, who was in the house at the time, that he had been attacked by three men on the Tenth avenue, one of whom had evidently pulled out a razor and cut his throat. He had barely time to say these words when he expired. Roundsmen Morris, of the Twenty-second precinct, happening to be in the vicinity, the proprietor of the store called to him, and, after a cursory examination of the body, started to the station house in a forty-seventh street to give the alarm and procure assistance. Captain Killelea, after hearing the roundsmen's report, despatched two officers with a stretcher to convey the body to the station house, and when it was brought there it was discovered that the head was almost severed from the trunk, and the wrist of the left hand was also badly cut, evidently by the same instrument that had caused the gash under the chin. In the pocket of the dead man was found a crumpled slip of paper, upon which was written his name and address in pencil. He was evidently from his dress a working man, and was, in all probability, going to his home when he was attacked, if that is the proper version of the affair. The police are inclined to think the man committed suicide, as it would almost seem impossible for any one to murder him in a scene as he has been cut. Captain Killelea, with a number of officers, went out last night to investigate the matter and find out whether it was really a murder or a suicide.

And, as intimated, to Easter Sunday all this is traceable. The event of that day is the sun of the Christian firmament. That was the chosen day of triumph. It was needed, for the triumph was essential. The Church began on it, the Church rests on it; it and the Church keep together like God and His attributes; they are inseparable for eternity. And yet this benign day, to which the world owes its enlightenment, on which, in the divine truths connected with it, all have anchored their hopes of salvation, witnesses, in each of its returns, many wretched, useless and odious religious differences between men. There are too many conflicting churches; the antagonistic theologies are far too numerous; the independent, self-instituted ministers are much more common than either reason or revelation can vindicate to be lawful. The consequence of this is exceedingly bad. The religious scepticism and indifference that so much disgust mankind are all traceable to it with mathematical accuracy. When the "doctors differ" the people hold aloof in distraction, and it is difficult to blame them for doing so. The common sense of the multitude is a very penetrating faculty. It detects at a glance that when the teachers conflict all of them cannot have the truth to propound or the due authority to declare it. Hence the way congregations break up; hence the indifferent respect in which clergymen are held; hence the vast proportions of atheism and infidelity. There was but one Divine Resurrection; and so there should be but one united faith. The quarrelsome, mutually destructive divisions that prevail cannot have been inspired by the one Redeemer.

In the meantime let the great festival of Easter Sunday be duly observed. Happily, all the churches, so miserably divided in other eminent points, are in universal accord upon the Resurrection. The Resurrection occurred, for it is verified by nineteen centuries of proof, and in all lands this is the generous and pious and holy belief. The masses accept the Resurrection; their hopes of a celestial immortality for their souls, that can never die, are founded on it. Therefore, let the Easter be gloriously honored. Let every church be wide open; let the atmosphere of the entire day be vibrating with psalms from all the bells; let every altar be decorated with taste and munificence, inspired by worship and thank; let every choir give its most noble music; let every pulpit echo with strains of eloquence worthy of so sacred a morning, and let all the people be present with hearts emancipated from the material ties of earth and concentrated with joyous adoration on Him who, as their God and as their Redeemer, made the Easter Sunday.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

- Secretary Robeson is still at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.
State Senator Townsend D. Cook is at the Sturtevant House.
Judge Charles P. Hale, of New Hampshire, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Governor L. R. Bradley, of Nevada, is on a visit to his relatives in San Jose, Cal.
Governor Thad. C. Pound, of Wisconsin, is staying at the Metropolitan Hotel.
Ex-Congressman John Lynch, of Maine, is registered at the St. Nicholas Hotel.
Professor T. G. Cary, of Harvard University, is stopping at the Hoffman House.
Colonel William E. Cameron has become an associate editor of the Richmond Enquirer.
Fourteen children in one county in Wisconsin have been named after Charles Dickens.
William D. Wilson died on his farm of 14,000 acres in Madison county, Ohio, on the 25th ult.
Senator (Parson) Brownlow has arrived at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., in feeble health.
Speaker Blaine will not leave Washington for his home in Augusta, Maine, for some days yet.
Ex-Lieutenant Governor George W. Hendee, of Vermont, is in town at the St. Nicholas Hotel.
M. Ortolan, the celebrated French law professor, was writing in bed at the time of his recent death.
Castelar says there is more good sense at the base of the Spanish character than is generally believed. We hope this is true.
Lord Romilly, the late English Master of the Rolls, was very ready with his judgments, but they were very often reversed on appeal.
United States Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, who believes in being elected by the use of what he calls "the inevitable," is at the Hoffman House.
Olivier de Kermel lately died of remorse for the murder of his brother while in the prison at Toulon, France, to which he was sentenced for life.
Colonel W. A. Roebling, the chief engineer of the East River bridge, yesterday sailed for Europe, with his family, on the steamship City of Brooklyn.
Two prominent citizens of New Orleans fought a duel on Monday last with rifles. One of them was wounded in the hip. They had sense enough not to reveal their names.

MASSACRE

Bloody Treachery of the Lava Beds Indians.

General Canby and Rev. Dr. Thomas Butchered.

THE ATTACK.

Captain Jack Decoys the General and the Peace Commissioners to Talk.

Six Indians Meet the Same Number of the Peace Party.

SCHONCHIN'S SIGNAL.

The Vile Chief, Jack, First Shoots Down the Old Commander.

Bogus Charley and Boston Charley Murder Thomas.

MEACHAM MORTALLY WOUNDED

Commissioner Dyar Saves Himself by Firing on Hawker Jim.

Interpreter Riddle and His Squaw Take Flight.

COLONEL MASON'S CAMP FIRED ON.

Lieutenant Sherwood Wounded—Lieutenant Boyle Reaches the Picket Lines in Safety.

CALL TO ARMS.

The Signal Officer's Report—"They Are Firing on the Peace Commissioners."

Rush of the Cavalry and Infantry to the Scene of Death.

The Dead Stripped of Their Clothing by the Savages.

THE FARCE ENDED.

General Gillem Orders a Halt Only to Prepare to Annihilate the Modocs.

Sad Results of the Persistent Peace Policy.

HERALD SPECIAL REPORT.

LAVA BEDS CAMP, April 11—3 P. M. Via YREKA, April 12, 1873.

Peace policy and the Indian Bureau have accomplished the bitter end, and offered as martyrs to the cause the lives of General E. R. S. Canby, commanding the District of the Columbia, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Petaluma, Cal., Presiding Elder of the Presbyterian Church. As my courier leaves instantly, having eighty miles to ride, I can only give brief details of one of the most treacherous massacres ever perpetrated by the Indians.

THE CALM PRECEDING THE MASSACRE. For several days past there have been endeavors made by the Peace Commissioners and General Canby to obtain an interview with Captain Jack and the leading chiefs of the Modoc band. The prospects of peace seemed to be better, as orders had been sent from Washington to the Peace Commissioners to give the Indians, if necessary, a reservation in this neighborhood.

TRACHEROUS EMBASSIES—JACK'S INVITATION. Yesterday evening Bogus Charley came in, and said that Captain Jack, Schonchin and three or four others would meet the Peace Commissioners on a spot near the lake, about three-quarters of a mile from camp. Bogus Charley stopped in our camp all night, and in the morning Boston Charley also came, and said that everything was all right, as Captain Jack was coming out to meet the Commissioners.

DEPARTURE OF THE PEACE PARTY.

Between ten and eleven o'clock this morning the Peace Commission party—comprising General Canby, Mr. A. B. Meacham, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Dyar, Riddle, the interpreter, and squaw, and Bogus Charley and Boston Charley—went out to the designated spot.

MEETING WITH JACK'S MURDERERS.

There they met Captain Jack, John Schonchin, Black Jim, Shack Nasty Jim, Ellen's Man and Hawker Jim. They had no guns with them, but each carried a pistol at his belt. This, however, was not much noticed, as in previous interviews they had had their guns with them.

POSITION OF THE GATHERING.

They sat down in a kind of broken circle.