AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—East Lynne; or, The Elopement. Matinée Saturday.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, 23d st., between 5th and 6th avs. Enoch Arden. Matinée Saturday.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 5th av. and 28th st.—Dora and Black-Eyed Susan. Matinée Saturday.
BOWERY THEATRE—Field of the Cloth of Gold.
WAVERLEY THEATRE, 720 Broadway—Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop. Matinée Saturday.
CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, 7th av., between 58th and 59th sts.—Garden Concerts.
WALLACK'S—Ballet, Burlesque and Pantomime. Matinée on Saturday.
OLYMPIC THEATRE—Biddy Diddy Dock. Matinées at Half-o'clock, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
NIBLO'S GARDEN—Sinbad the Sailor. Matinée on Saturday.
CAPITOLINE GROUNDS, June 25—Champion Velocipede Race.
STEINWAY HALL, June 24—Napoleon III., Lecture by Mrs. Arundel.

The Sun.

It Shines for All.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1869.

What do Gen. Grant and Mr. Fish Mean?

There is no longer a Spanish government in Cuba. All pretence of such a government ended when DULCE, the last Captain-General, was compelled to abandon the island. Since then there has been nothing but an insurrectionary mob in the cities, contending against the revolutionary Republican government of CESPEDES and QUESADA in the rural districts. The one is friendly to the United States, the other hates us. The one has proclaimed the abolition of slavery and the establishment of equal rights; the other fights, whenever its members fight at all, for the perpetuation of slavery and the slave trade. To one of these factions Gen. GRANT's Administration allows arms, munitions, and men to be shipped without hindrance. Its agents here go about freely and publicly, buying and sending forward whatever is required for their purposes. But to the agents of the other faction no such privilege is granted. They are dogged by spies, and their enemies and persecutors—enemies too of the United States—make free use of the machinery of our courts to arrest them and subject them to every form of legal annoyance for attempting to buy a few guns and a little powder and despatch them to their country.

Now, we ask Gen. GRANT and Mr. FISH what they mean by these proceedings. It was bad enough as long as there was a form of Spanish authority at Havana, and the plea that we were bound by treaties with Spain could be set up. But that is now over. Spain has virtually been driven out of Cuba, and why our Executive should take such pains to aid the brutal, ferocious, cowardly faction of the volunteers passes all understanding. Can it be that Gen. GRANT and Mr. FISH sympathize more with the enemies of their country than with its friends? Are they desirous that the slave-trading conspiracy of the volunteers should obtain active control of Cuba, that they thus favor their operations? Do they wish to see a new kingdom set up on our borders, with ISABELLA II. or some other of the Bourbons at its head? We cannot suppose it; and yet they are acting precisely as if such was their desire.

We are indeed fallen upon evil times when an American President and Secretary of State display such timidity and incapacity to deal with questions so simple as this of Cuba has now become. We have ever believed that Gen. GRANT would evince courage, strong common sense, and a true American feeling in every important emergency that might arise during his term of office; but his policy with regard to Cuba is calculated to shake the most ample and the most substantial confidence.

The Peace Festival and its Results.

The results of so great an undertaking as that just concluded at Boston deserve to be carefully weighed. No experiment in which ten thousand intelligent people are the actors, and two hundred thousand the spectators, can be passed by with a sneer, or even merely with a good-natured laugh. The immense numbers engaged in it, and their culture and intellectual standing, are alone sufficient to give the affair dignity. Aside from this, it is freighted with great consequences to American art, and its lessons should be thoughtfully studied. If we have failed in the accomplishment of our purposes, it is well that that should be known and the blunder avoided in future. If we have done a creditable thing, then we are entitled to the encouragement that flows naturally from work well performed.

One good result that is likely to be gained by it is a recognition of American art. Heretofore America has had no standing in the musical art-world. England has looked down on us. Germany has supposed that no festival could be given here except by her Sangerbunds. Italy and France have recognized for us no higher possibilities than the production of their operas. At one step, without any preliminaries, without more special preparation than could be crowded into a few weeks, we have lifted ourselves, so far as great musical art gatherings are concerned, to an artistic level with these nations. Hereafter, when the noted musical festivals of the world are enumerated, not only will it not be possible to ignore America, but she must head the list. The journals of Europe, heretofore silent on all questions concerning our musical art, are now called upon to tell their surprised readers that the largest gathering of singers and players ever brought together has just been held in the United States.

The enterprise has been conceived and carried out in a style in keeping with the vastness of the country, with the breadth and largeness of the American methods, and with the expedition and promptness that characterize all our attempts in untried fields of effort. It challenged the attention of the world by the magnitude and daring of the scheme proposed, and must now command its respect by the manner in which it has been accomplished. If it has done for us no more than this, it has done enough.

But it has done more. It has shown that our people can think of something beyond mechanical inventions and the almighty dollar, and it has given earnest of a noble musical future for America. The great chorus which did the work of the first four days demonstrated this; but confirming it was the astonishing fact that when they withdrew there were still ten thousand children ready to step directly into their places, and possessing the ability to sing almost as well as their elders.

And here let us give New England the credit that is her due. Thanks to the excellent training in the rudiments of music which is part of her common school education, and the very general cultivation there given to chorus singing, by far the greater part of the immense army of vocalists who took part in the Jubilee were from the Eastern States. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston alone furnished six hundred and fifty voices. Let the whole country emulate the example of New England, and there will soon be heard over the length and breadth of our vast territory, not only the whistle of the locomotive, the hum of the spindle, and the din of the forge, but everywhere, in peaceful contrast with these sounds of daily labor, the pleasant harmonies of evening choral songs.

But while awarding this merited praise, it seems useless to ignore the fact that great defects marred the performance of many of the pieces. They have been freely pointed out and commented upon in the reports that appeared from day to day in this journal. The great chorus and orchestra could not be held together long enough to give them the necessary rehearsals; and even if they could have been, the forces were too large and the building too spacious for the most accurate results. And yet while the blemishes were many, the merits were also great. There was such a majesty of tone as never before was heard—a solemnity, richness, depth, and grandeur of effect that were intensely moving. This grand fusion of tone, where all effect of individual singing was lost and the voices were melted into one, like the massive song of the ocean surf, was one of the most impressive features of the great festival, and could not proceed from any smaller chorus.

It is not, however, to any special excellence in the performance of a given piece that we look when we speak of the results attending this festival, but to the recognition that it secures to us from foreign nations, to its influence in giving a fresh impulse to art at home, and to the enthusiasm necessarily kindled from the magnetism of so many joined together in a great enterprise. It will be talked of for months in every hamlet in Massachusetts, and its influence felt in every church choir and musical circle. In this direction it is difficult to overestimate its power for good, and looked at from this point of view it must fill us with hope for the musical future of our land.

Mr. Seward as a Prophet—The Herald Supports Him.

We mentioned a few days ago that Mr. SEWARD assigned as one reason for making his long journey to China that he expected a break-up in the Administration of President GRANT within a year, and he was anxious to be as far away as possible when that should occur.

Mr. SEWARD has tried his skill as a prophet before, but the event proved him a false prophet rather than a true one. He predicted that the rebellion would blow over in ninety days, and significantly boasted that nobody was hurt, thereby implying that nobody would be hurt. He proved to be as far from the truth that time as he now desires to get from Gen. GRANT's Administration.

In his present prognostication there is at least a possibility that Mr. SEWARD may turn out to be in the right. We see that the *Herald*—which has long been noted for its political sagacity—takes the same view as Mr. SEWARD of the prospect before us. The *Herald* says:

"An incipient war has commenced, indicating the breaking up of the Republican party and of Gen. Grant's Administration."

Thus we see that the *Herald* sustains Mr. SEWARD in his opinion of the fate which awaits the Administration. The next question is, will the *Herald* support Mr. SEWARD as a candidate for President? The *Commercial Advertiser* would be pretty sure to support him; and if the *Herald* should do so, he would then have two papers in his favor.

A Spanish Outrage on an American Vessel.

The Cuban cable informs us that the Spanish authorities (whatever that may mean) in Havana have refused to take any action in the matter of the American schooner Lahave, captured by the Spanish man-of-war steamer Fernando Catolico on the high seas; and that the captain had in consequence left Havana with his prize in tow, for the purpose of bringing her before the English Court in Kingston, Jamaica. The charge against her is the having carried articles contraband of war.

If proof had previously been wanted of the utter absence of all international responsibility on the part of any Spanish authority in Havana, surely the above statement furnishes it. If the acting Captain-General refuses to take cognizance of the capture, it can only be because he believes it illegal; and then the question naturally arises why the prize was not at once surrendered, and allowed to continue her voyage?

The Lahave cleared some time since from Boston for a port in Hayti, and was in no way connected with the Cuban insurrection. But even had the latter been the case, we should like somebody to inform us by what law American vessels are liable to be seized on the high seas by Spanish men-of-war, on the pretence of carrying articles contraband of war, officially declared such by a process unknown to the Cuban insurgents.

[illegible] Mary Lowell, illegally captured by the Spaniards in British waters, it was of course proper that we should seek redress from the English Government, which was alone responsible to us for having allowed the capture. The case of the Lahave is entirely different. She was captured on the high seas and taken to Havana for adjudication. If that port was a proper one into which to take a prize, the capture clearly ceased on arrival there. The vessel was not condemned, consequently she was *de jure* released; and the absurdity of conveying her from a port in possession of the captors to one of a neutral power, who could and would manifestly exercise no jurisdiction in the matter, almost passes the limits of belief.

Is not the United States flag ship Contoocook at Havana? If she is, and the telegram in question is correct, would it not be advisable for our Secretary of the Navy to direct her removal to some other station in order to prevent the unpleasant ideas that must necessarily arise from the fact of her allowing so gross an outrage on our flag to occur under her very guns? And in any case, should not our navy, in such times as these, be adequate to prevent any recurrence of a like nature in Cuban waters or elsewhere?

The *World* urges Mr. BOUTWELL to leave off buying six per cent. bonds, and to use his money instead in retiring the three per cent. certificates. The better plan would seem to be to buy first that part of the public debt which draws the largest interest. A million bearing six per cent. interest costs the taxpayers sixty thousand dollars a year—just twice as much as a million bearing only three per cent. interest; and the public saving which results from the withdrawal of the one is twice as great as that resulting from the withdrawal of the other. Besides, to withdraw the three per cents would be equivalent to withdrawing just so many millions in greenbacks, and the consequence would inevitably be an intense stringency in the money market, a panic, and very probably the stoppage of the banks. We earnestly hope Mr. BOUTWELL will not do any such thing. Let him keep on buying six per cent. bonds, and he will be all right.

Among the passengers for Europe to-day by the Cuba is Major PERRY McD. COLLINS, the projector of the Russo-American Telegraph line. In 1855 Major COLLINS conceived the idea of uniting Europe and America with a telegraph by way of Asia, and in the following year went to St. Petersburg and thence to the mouth of the Amoor river for the furtherance of his scheme. Several years later he concluded contracts with the Russian Government and with the Western Union Telegraph Company for the construction of the line, which was begun, but abandoned on the successful laying of the Atlantic cable. Since then he has been patiently working for a renewal of the enterprise on a plan somewhat different from the old one, and is now in a fair way for success. He proposes to cross the Pacific by a series of submarine cables from our western coast to eastern Asia, following the line of the Aleutian and Kurile islands, and from Japan to China and Siberia. The Western Union extension is completed to within 260 miles of Sitka, and can be carried to that point in a few weeks. On the Asiatic side the Russian line is finished to Posyet, Eastern Siberia, within 500 miles of Hakodadi, Japan, and 2,700 miles from Sitka. Thus, a telegraph line of less than 3,000 miles is needed to complete the electric circuit of the world. The longest cable on the route proposed is 600 miles, between Sitka and Kodiak; and the other cables will be from 50 to 400 miles long. From Hakodadi land lines will be extended through Japan, and cables to Posyet and Shaghai—the former connecting with the Russian system, and the latter with the Chinese telegraphic system, which the East India Telegraph Company is preparing to lay down.

A large amount of capital is promised, and Major COLLINS is now on his way to London and St. Petersburg to negotiate for cables and arrange for the preliminary work. Government ships have been promised to make soundings along the ocean route, and assist in laying the cables. When the new line is completed, Puck will be nowhere in putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes.

We notice in some of the journals very unjustifiable attacks on SIDNEY WEBSTER, Esq., because he has accepted a professional retainer from the Spanish Consul to assist in the prosecution of the Cuban patriots. The only reason why it is insinuated that Mr. WEBSTER should have refused the fee of ten thousand dollars which the Consul is said to have paid him is, that he is the son-in-law of the Secretary of State. This is no reason at all. Mr. WEBSTER is a lawyer, and as such is bound to serve any respectable party who may desire his assistance. If any number of persons suppose that he will endeavor to employ any improper influence with the Secretary of State, or that Mr. FISH can be accessible to such influences, they do not know the two gentlemen.

Somebody in the employ of Secretary BOUTWELL must be unworthy of his confidence. Yesterday, for the first time, was official notice given in Wall street that the sales of gold by the Treasury Department, which have been going on twice a week, would hereafter take place only fortnightly. The day before, however, at 11 o'clock, a prominent gold operator received a despatch from Washington, informing him in advance of the determination of the Secretary; and acting upon it, he bid a quarter per cent. more than the other bidders for the $1,000,000 gold sold that day at the Treasury, and of course secured it. As soon as it was known that he had made this bid, the other dealers at once surmised the state of the case, and the consequence was, that the price of gold rose one per cent. before the close of business, and another one per cent. yesterday, when the news was officially promulgated, making the profit of the lucky recipient of Cabinet secrets at least $20,000 on his $1,000,000. For Mr. BOUTWELL's own credit he should forthwith have the matter investigated, and the offender punished.

On the 27th of next month Prince LOUIS, the heir to the throne of Denmark, is to marry the Princess Louise, who, on her part, is the next in succession to the crown of Sweden. Diplomatists naturally speculate on this marriage as possibly leading to a union of the two countries under one head, but there are many chances against this result, and many difficulties to be overcome before it can be accomplished. In old times, when Sweden and Denmark were ruled by the same sovereign, their respective peoples were none too good friends; and since they came under separate governments, they have hated one another like France and England. Still, Denmark is not as strong and as proud as she once was, and the union may not be so distasteful to her now as it would have been five years ago.

One SMITHSON, formerly a banker at Washington, has sued the Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON for proceedings against him during the war as a friend of the rebellion. Aside from the fact that he was of that character at that time there is no question, but he doubtless felt Mr. STANTON treated him unjustly and even illegally. If he would change the ground of his complaint, and bring an action against the former Secretary of War for not having hanged him, he would show a better understanding of the case.

A representative of the Cuban republicans, Señor RUIZ, has been lately at Washington with his daughter, who has been a guest at the house of Secretary FISH. The attentions shown by the Secretary of State may have been inspired only by the attractions and accomplishments of the young lady, but they are liable to receive a political construction. VATTEL, PUFENDORF, and the other writers on international law, are silent on the political inferences to be drawn from the existence of friendly relations between a Prime Minister and the daughter of a gentleman representing a revolutionary government. Their silence is probably due to their inexperience in woman's rights as applied to international questions, but the very reticence of science on the subject to which we refer justifies the Cubans in drawing their own conclusions from Mr. FISH's recognition of one of their official representatives through the graceful medium of the latter's daughter. At any rate, there is a charming novelty in this delicate international point, and both Mr. FISH and Señorita RUIZ deserve credit for having brought it into the notice of jurisconsults.

THE PRESIDENTIAL FIELD.

MR. SEWARD AMONG HIS BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS.

Over the Tomb of his Household Treasures—How he Enlarged the "Loveliest Village of the Plain"—Parting with the Servants—The Journey to the Occident.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Now that Mr. Seward has for a time sought the repose of private life, and the relaxations of travel as a relief from the cares of State which have so long and so heavily weighed upon him, a few incidents of his last hours among his fellow-townsmen, prior to his Pacific trip, may be of interest to your readers.

Mr. Seward occupies a large square brick mansion, built by his father-in-law, Judge Miller, to which successive additions and improvements have been made by the Governor—who, by the way, is a master builder, Anti-Mason though he be—some of these improvements having been effected by him on a considerable scale during the present year. The house is set in handsome grounds, with a profusion of trees about it, wherein abide the birds in great numbers, and the squirrels, which were the especial pets of Mrs. Seward and her daughter. Since the decease of the venerable mother and her amiable and accomplished daughter, these little *proteges* of the departed have been tenderly cared for by the family, so that within the Governor's grounds the birds and wild animals live and thrive right royally. They are literally monarchs of the domain. For them the trees bear nuts and the shrubs and vines fruits, to which they have the first right. As might be supposed, these pretty creatures have, under the gentle influences which surround them, become as tame as we are told the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were in a certain Garden, before the serpent set them warring upon each other.

Entering the house to pay our respects and take leave of the Governor before he set out on his travels, we found him in company with several of the clergymen of the town, and some others who had come for a similar purpose. He received us with his accustomed good humor, warmly, and made us welcome to his hospitable abode.

In answer to an inquiry as to the multitudes of birds and squirrels about his place, the Governor said his wife and daughter cultivated this harmless company, and since their death his family had kept up the old custom of caring for their little pets.

Some one asked what became of the squirrels in the winter; if they went away with the birds?

"Oh no!" said he; "my wife planted nut trees for their sustenance, and the attic of the house is set apart for their winter lodging. There they store their supplies of food, and with an occasional basket of nuts they manage to keep along with us very nicely all the year round."

Presently getting into his baronche, the Governor took several friends for a drive around the town, to show them the new houses he is building. Of these there are twenty now in progress. These neat cottages are designed to make freeholders of people of small means. Each dwelling is set in a quarter acre plotland surrounded with appropriate shrubbery.

"Why, Governor," said one of the party, "you are quite an extensive builder."

"Well," he gaily replied, "how many houses do you suppose I have built in Auburn?"

Nobody could guess, so he told them he had erected no less than 160. He began about twenty-five years ago. He had a good deal of land, some of it acquired through his wife, but most of it by purchase. He had two Irishmen in his employ, Michael, a mason, and Patrick, a carpenter. These were good faithful men, who did their work honestly and well. One day he drew a plan for a cottage, and told them to build it, keeping accurate account of the cost of labor and material. When done, he was pleased with the job, paid the bills, with a fair allowance of profit to them, and directed them to build ten more cottages just like it. In this way he became a builder.

He had three motives in so doing: He wanted to sell his land, to give these honest fellows profitable employment, and to make freeholders of his humbler neighbors. His lots he valued at $300 to $500, and any thrifty man who came along with $50 or $100, and wanted to buy, was installed as owner in the home of his selection at the price of the land and actual cost of the improvements, as shown by his books, the Governor taking a bond and mortgage for the balance. He has never distressed a man or woman, and has always got his interest, and in time, from most of them, his principal, for he gave the purchaser his own time to pay it in.

Mr. Seward pointed with pardonable pride to a street of substantial houses leading to the outlet of the lake, all of which are inhabited by persons of color. Those houses and lots he had sold on the same terms, and the black people who have thus become freeholders have for the most part paid up their pecuniary obligations; but their political allegiance they still deem Mr. Seward's due, and they invariably vote with him or for him whenever the occasion arises.

These interesting facts elicited the suggestive remark that the Governor had evidently gone into "the house and lot business" himself quite as extensively, if not as profitably, as some other people, whereat he laughed quietly, but said nothing.

Returning to the house, dinner was served, and again the horses were brought up, when the Governor drove with an intimate friend or two to the cemetery, where repose the remains of his devoted wife and daughter, whose death was undoubtedly hastened, if not actually occasioned, by the trying events through which Mr. Seward passed subsequent to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the murderous attack of Paine upon himself and family.

Pulling up at two beautiful tombs of pure white Italian marble, Mr. Seward alighted. At the head of Mrs. Seward's grave was a massive urn, at that of their daughter a cross wreathed with carvings of flowers. Taking out his pocket handkerchief, the old statesman reverently removed the faded flowers with which the tombs were yet strewn, and wiped off the dust and stains of the weather; then from a basket of choice flowers which he had brought in his carriage, he scattered love tokens over the graves of his dead, while his friends stood around with heads uncovered, and hearts overflowing with sympathy.

His task accomplished, the Governor said: "Now I am ready to go to the Pacific," and the party redistered the carriage with feelings too great for utterance, and returned to the house.

It was now almost time for the train. When he reached his residence, his servants came out upon the east veranda, and there, under the clustering roses and honeysuckles, he bade them a blithe goodbye as jauntily as though he were about to leave for one of his periodical sojourns in the capital, instead of setting out for the golden-gated Pacific, whose fair domains he has done so much to save from the blighting curse of human slavery. His visit to California and the Pacific States is made in pursuance of a promise long since made to her people, but which the pressing cares of public life have hitherto prevented him from keeping. If on his extended tour he should receive ovations from the people whom he has done so much to serve, who shall begrudge him his well-won honors? If before his return the people shall yet see in him the coming man, let us remember that they might go further and fare much worse.

With each and all of his people, men servants and women servants, he shook hands as parting, and all evinced sincere feeling at his departure; but when he came to Mary, the kind old negress, who had lived for nearly half a century in his family, had served his wife and children with a devotion rarely realized in domestics now-a-days; served them through long years of health and sickness, joy and sorrow, and had finally smoothed the death pillow of his departed ones, the old statesman fairly melted. Clasping in the hand the faithful creature—who had literally grown gray and great in his service, for she is about 250 pounds avoirdupois, and has lived with him ever since he married her in 1824—he gently drew her to him, tenderly kissed her black cheek and bade her farewell. As he turned away the tears coursed down his furrowed face, and he hastened to enter his carriage.

Among those who accompanied Mr. Seward to the depot were his two sons, Wm. H. and Fred., with their wives and children, and some few intimate personal friends. On the way thither it was pleasant to note that the citizens whom he met respectfully raised their hats or bowed, and every one displayed unmistakable signs of affectionate esteem. At the depot many of the leading people of Auburn were in waiting to bid him Godspeed. He shook hands with most of them, and entered the cars attended by a considerable delegation of his neighbors, who accompanied him to Rochester, where he arrived over night.

AUBURN.

Mr. Seward in California.

From the New York Times.

The California papers promise a hearty welcome to ex-Secretary Seward. The Sacramento *Union* says: "He is welcome everywhere in this land which he did not believe it possible to divide, and whose people he deemed incapable of criminal folly. Not least in California will he be welcomed and thanked for services to the State which, though great, will be dwarfed in our thoughts by his love and labor for the whole republic."

Movements of Presidential Candidates—Vice-President Colfax in New England.

From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Colfax, with his wife, is spending a week in visiting some personal friends in various parts of New England. They came up over the Hausatonic road to Pittsfield on Friday, from New York. Though his presence was not generally known upon the train even, the people of Great Barrington and Lee had somehow learned of his intended passage, and gathered in numbers at their respective depots to greet him. He addressed a few words to the crowd at each place. At Pittsfield he and his wife were the guests of Mr. Dawes, and in the evening received most of the ladies and gentlemen of the town; while the Good Templars, who had been having a strawberry festival that night, called upon him at the close of the evening in a body, and, through a little girl of three years old, presented him with a bouquet, to which he responded with a brief speech. Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Colfax drove over to Lenox to see some friends; and in the afternoon they were entertained at dinner by Mr. Thomas Colt in a very elegant manner. Spending Sunday quietly in Springfield with their friends, they go to-day to Strafford, Vt., to spend a day with Senator Morrill, and return on Wednesday and go on to Hartford. There, in the evening, there will be a public reception at the house of the father of Gov. Jewell; and on Tuesday the Vice-President will be received by the Connecticut Legislature, which is still in session. In the afternoon of that day he goes to Providence as the guest of Gov. Anthony, and will afterward visit and spend the Sunday in Newport, whence he will return, making a call at Stamford, Conn., on his way to New York, and thence, in a few days more, go to his home in Indiana.

A New Start for Judge Chase.

From the World.

A Chicago Radical paper contains the following special despatch from New York: "A movement has been commenced among some dissatisfied Republicans for pressing Salmon P. Chase for President in 1872, and with the supposed intention of coalescing with the Democrats. Hugh Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, David Dudley Field, Thomas C. Murphy, and George Ondyke are mentioned as among the parties interested, and two or three meetings have been held to arrange plans. A meeting was arranged for last night at the St. James Hotel, but there were not enough present to organize. Some who went into the movement at first have dropped out on account of its strong bearing toward Tammany Democracy, and a conviction that it was intended to carry Conservative Republicans into the Democratic ranks."

The Other Candidates.

President Grant and Senator Fenton had an interview yesterday morning. The President was busy yesterday disposing of business which had accumulated in his absence.

Chief Justice Chase was in Richmond yesterday.

Gov. Hoffman is in Albany.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

Three Plays without Nude Blondes—"Under the Palms"—Effective Tableaux and Good Music.

A play, new to us of New York, though produced some years since in neighboring cities, has just been brought out at Booth's Theatre. It is a very charming drama, full of most sweet simplicity, natural feeling, and moving incident. The credit of this is in the main due, of course, to Alfred Tennyson, who originated the story of Enoch Arden and gave the lovely version of it with which all our readers are so familiar; but a part also of the credit is due to the art with which the adapter has broken the original text into dialogue, and wrought into it with happy tact so much of the Tennysonian phrase.

"Enoch Arden" was well cast. Mr. Adams took the title *rôle*. We find him always somewhat overstrained in those parts of the plays that require naturalness; but when there is occasion for a real burst of passion, his intensity becomes a most valuable element of expression. Such an occasion is that on which, after twelve years on his desert island, he discovers the ship and greets the sailors who rescue him. This scene was grandly done; like most of the other scenes of the play, it was little more than a tableau of action, but full of strong and well marked emotion. Mr. Lawler, who was *Philip Ray*, is a considerate, careful actor, somewhat lacking impulse, but of much discretion.

The children of *Enoch Arden*, a young lady and a boy, brought an element of much simplicity and *naiveté* into the play. It is happily impossible to make children awkward, or constrained, or unnatural, and their artlessness was in happy contrast with the over-art of some of the elder actors.

All of the scene painting in this play was good. Some of the scenes were of great merit—notably, the tableau "Under the palm tree" and the house and garden of *Philip Ray*.

The incidental music was likewise a very effective feature, and was excellently given. We must except, however, an arrangement of one of Marschner's part songs which occurred in the fifth act. It was written for male voices, and loses its best characteristics in being rearranged for mixed voices; and besides, it was badly sung. The performance, however, was an exceedingly pleasant one, and we can with entire assurance commend it to all our readers.

Lucille Western at the Grand Opera House.

At this elegant place of amusement a large audience has now repeatedly greeted the reproduction of "East Lynne." The play is one which, while broadly delineating the breach of marital faith, extols the injured, pardons the penitent, and punishes the guilty. As a sensational play it has merit, and holds the stage by reason of its moral, and the vitality which the characters possess, and the relations they hold to one another.

Miss Lucille Western, as the heroine, has from frequent repetition possessed herself so thoroughly of the points of interest and the dramatic situations which touch her particular character as to now present a very nearly perfect picture of what the reader of the novel might expect. In the matter of voice, she is endowed with an organ of power and flexibility,—its compass being more than is needed, if an occasional drop into the sub-bass of the contralto be cited in evidence. During the first two acts the scenes of *Lady Isabel* are acceptable, the monologues excellent, but the dialogues are not specially natural, and even at times a little stagey. This defect wears off in the next act, and we love in the dialogue with *Levison* a fine portraiture of the character, which is continued with increasing interest quite to the end of the play.

In the expression of passion, remorse, and in depicting the forlorn condition of her heroine, Miss Western makes the affair very touching indeed, and calls down the heartiest applause.

The other characters of the piece are fairly good, and support the leading figure of the plot with discretion. The scenery and dresses call for no special mention, unless we except the train of Miss Western in her assumed disguise of a poor governess. The music of the orchestra is particularly good, and the occasional strains which accompany the action on the stage are effective.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Very good audiences have twice assembled at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to witness the performance of Mr. Selwyn's company from Boston. "Dora" and "Black-Eyed Susan" are not new to this metropolis, the former having been played at the Broadway Theatre and the latter at Wallack's; but though not new, they are very attractive, and promise to have a good run. "Dora" is a dramatization of one of Tennyson's best poems, and the story is admirably told and represented on the stage. Mr. Robinson is excellent as *Farmer Allan*, Miss Price is capital as *Dora*, and so is Miss Blanchard as *Mary Morrison*. Mr. Daly and Mr. Vandenhoff are good as *William Allan* and *Luke Bloomfield*, particularly in the first act, which on each evening has been loudly cheered as the curtain fell upon it.

"Black-Eyed Susan" is one of the finest burlesques of the day, the very essence of all that is ridiculous. It is interesting to see steady old theatre-goers, who are callous to ordinary jokes, laughing heartily over the antics of *Captain Crosstree*, *Dame Hatley*, the Admirals, and the rest of the characters of the play. Miss Blanchard is charming as *William*, the little Bill that was taken up; and as for *Captain Crosstree*, he must be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. HUGH HASTINGS, the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, positively denies the truth of the report which we transfer to our columns from the *World* that he is concerned in a movement to run Judge CHASE for the Presidency in 1872. He puts in the same denial for the Hon. THOMAS MURPHY.

Col. Emmons Clark has ordered the Seventy-first Regiment to parade in full uniform, with white pantaloons, on July 5.

The Harlem Navigation Company's new boat, Sylvan Valley, made her trial trip to Harlem and back yesterday.

DEATH IN A BROOKLYN CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. Patrick Henry Greenleaf Found Dead at Midnight in his Study—A Corpse Sitting over a Writing Desk—Another Case of Apoplexy.

The Rev. Dr. Patrick Henry Greenleaf, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Emanuel, corner President and Smith streets, was found dead in the vestry of his church, whither he had repaired to study, on Monday night. The reverend gentleman was, it seems, subject to attacks of paralysis, the last one of which he suffered within a year. His attending physician was Dr. H. S. Smith, of Harrison, who called upon him the last time on the 7th inst., when he complained of dizziness and other affections.

On Monday evening, shortly before 7 o'clock, he left his home, at 391 Clinton street, to go to the church, and as he had not returned at midnight his wife and family became alarmed, and requested two gentlemen who dwelt in the house to go to the church and see whether he had been detained there. Having arrived there, they entered the vestry and found the lifeless body of Dr. Greenleaf in a chair in front of his desk.

It was evident that when stricken by death he was in the act of making some memoranda, as some note paper, a diary, a quill pen, and inkstand were on the desk beside him, and an examination of these revealed the fact that he had been transferring from the diary to the paper—the letter "u" in the word house being the last one written by his hand. The body was in a sitting posture, the head thrown back, and the eyes wide open. It was apparent that the Doctor had been dead only a short time, as the body was not cold.

The news of the sudden death created a gloom among the members of the congregation yesterday. Dr. Greenleaf was a native of Maine, aged 62 years.

Coroner Jones held an inquest, and the jury rendered a verdict of death by serous apoplexy.

CAPTURING A FERRY-BOAT.

The Commodore Barney Seized in the East River—The Objurgations of her Passengers while the Police were Searching Them—What the Officers Found on the Person of a Sun Compositor.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock, yesterday morning—we need never be precise in noting time on the Williamsburgh ferry-boats—the Com. Barney took out a load of morning newspaper people, late theatre-goers, and others, and when off the Sectional Docks one of the passengers awoke to miss a costly watch and chain. He quietly made known his loss to the pilot of the boat, and that gentleman resorted to a little piece of strategy when he arrived on the Williamsburgh side of the river. On nearing the bridge in the slip he stopped the boat, and kept her within about fifteen feet of the bridge until two policemen could be secured. Numerous and woefully profane were the ejaculations during the long time while the ferry people were searching the town for the policemen. They were unable to understand why the boat was not driven close up to the bridge. Some thought that perhaps it was low tide, and that they must wait until the tide rose before they could get ashore, and others suggested that if the bridge tender would sling them a rope they would pull her up to the bridge. At length the officers arrived, and the engineer received the signal to go ahead. When the boat reached the bridge an order was given to allow no passengers leave her deck, nor any one on the bridge to get on board. The gentleman, having been informed of the gentleman's loss, began a thorough search of all the passengers. The first one searched was a rough young man, and evidently a hard-working mechanic, who produced a watch of his own; but that was not the watch. Then another young man pulled from his pocket a splendid double-cased gold watch, and all eyes were directed toward him; the loser said that *that* watch was not his. And so on through all the passengers. Among the passengers was one of the accomplished compositors of THE SUN. His *watch* happened to be an oval tobacco box, in the shape of a watch, which he carried in his pantaloons pocket. When the officers searched the representative of Phœbus they thought that they had made a discovery—a watch in a pantaloons pocket—but when the watch was brought to light and opened to the gaze of the tobacco-chewing multitude, there was merriment indescribable. After all had been searched the passengers were allowed to go ashore; each roundly cursed the loser of the watch for detaining them so long, some thinking that he was never the possessor of a watch, while others thought that if a pickpocket was on board and had the watch, that he was well made aware of what was going on by the delay of the boat in the slip, and that he had thrown it overboard.

A Word for Gen. Grant and Mr. Fish.

From the Troy Whig.

If Gen. Grant and Mr. Fish do not soon take a manly and decisive stand, and interfere to put a stop to the civil war in Cuba, they will lose the confidence and respect of the friends of liberty, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

Movements of the New Minister to Spain.

Maj.-Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, our newly appointed Minister to Spain, has gone to Washington to receive his instructions from the State Department, preparatory to sailing for the field of his mission. On his return to this city he will be tendered a public reception by his many friends. This affair is expected to take place at the Everett House on the 30th inst. The General expects to leave this country in about ten days.

A Wife of Vim—New Code for Mothers-in-Law.

Last week a Mrs. Annie Osborn appeared in Albany in search of a runaway husband, who, according to her story, had eloped with or been stolen by his own mother. It seems that Mrs. Osborn, Sr., and Mrs. Osborn, Jr., could not dwell together in unity and love under the same vine and fig tree; and the former having more influence over the son and husband than the latter had, took him under her protecting wing one of these days, and left the deserted wife and affectionate daughter-in-law, thereupon publishes in the Albany *Knickerbocker* the following card to the public, in which she shows that she is a woman of vim and no mistake:

"Information wanted of Charles William Osborn, who eloped with his mother about a month ago. He retains the faculty of disturbing the peace of all with whom she comes in contact. The lady and gentleman who are the cause of my penning these lines lived at 207 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, and on the 11th day of May, 1869, the loving couple eloped to Albany, including a buggy, named Dobbin, a black and tan dog named Fanny, a cart load of furniture, and all the hat-boxes his mother could collect for years. The gentleman who has so deeply fallen in love with the live stock and dead stock above mentioned, I deeply regret to say, happens to be the husband of the much-persecuted woman who writes these lines. I am anxious to find him—not that I purpose ever stooping so low as to live with him; but as he is 26 years old I have serious thoughts of assisting his mother to wean him. His stature is five feet eight inches; he has brown eyes, brown hair, handsome, and jealous, and is rather good looking—that I once considered quite the pink of beaux. The angel's name is Hannah Osborn, widow of David Osborn, who lived near Rensselaerville. Her maiden name was Lagrange. I wish those gentlemen who have the ruling of things in general would have the kindness to enact a law allowing people to hang, choke, or smother all mothers-in-law who intentionally and maliciously make disturbance between husband and wife. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his wife, Annie Osborn, at Police Headquarters, State street, Albany."

Turning the Tables.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

A law case which has been the theme of much conversation among the members of the Produce Exchange was yesterday brought to a termination in the City Court of Brooklyn. Last October Messrs. Baker & Montague prosecuted Charles W. Remington, a prominent produce dealer, to recover $10,000 damages alleged to have been sustained by the plaintiffs in the sale of certain flour to one Mr. Fritz, on the faith of certain alleged false representations of the defendant as to the means and property of Fritz. Mr. Montague testified that in an interview held with Mr. Remington he made these alleged misrepresentations, which charge the latter denied. Judgment was given to the plaintiffs. Judge John K. Porter and Daniel J. Noyes, Mr. Remington's counsel, applied a few days since to have this judgment set aside, on the ground that Mr. Montague had since admitted himself that he testified wrongfully in October. To back up their plea, they produced alleged depositions made by Mr. Montague since the October trial. Judge Thompson granted the motion, and set aside the judgment.

Court Calendars this Day.

SUPREME COURT, CIRCUIT.—Part I.—Nos. 1126, 93, 701, 1005, 1073, 1091, 1165, 560, 1159, 1221, 1406, 1116, 90, 486, 642, 910, 759, 649, 1016, 802.

SUPREME COURT, CHAMBERS.—Nos. 19, 20, 23, 26, 66, 83, 75, 77, 78, 82. Call, No. 113.

SUPERIOR COURT, TRIAL TERM.—Part I.—Nos. 1055, 1019, 965, 966, 1061, 131, 1038, 467, 1026, 1015, 1025, 1035, 948, 290, 1053, 595. Part II.—Nos. 739, 1028, 194, 955, 79, 872, 854, 839, 840, 1036, 1048, 812, 1031, 806, 1026.

SUPREME COURT, CIRCUIT, BROOKLYN.—Nos. 102, 104, 6, 8, 24, 79, 82, 46, 63, 85, 88, 55, 30½, 37½, 59, 71, 86, 105, 111, 112.

BROOKLYN CITY COURT.—Nos. 65, 21, 22, 24, 34, 35, 40, 55, 79, 88, 93, 6, 30, 59, 61, 83, 90,