THE STAGE.

The Metropolis the Focus of Lyric and Dramatic Art.

Opening of the Italian Opera Season.

Grand Success of the Swedish Nightingale.

Popularity of German and French Opera.

Miss Cushman as Meg Merrilies; Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary; Mr. Mathews as the Nervous Man.

MLLE. NILSSON IN LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR AT THE ACADEMY.

The Academy was all ablaze last night with the *crême de la crême* of fashion and elegance. The boxes and circles were graced by the belles of the metropolis, and the *chef d'œuvres* of the modiste's art and full dress seemed to be to a great extent *de rigueur*. Regarding the subject of full dress, we are of opinion that it should be made at the opera a rule, and every lady and gentleman should observe it. When a lady takes off her bonnet she is considered to be in full dress, and the same is the case with a gentleman wearing a dress coat. This is the general acceptation of the term, and it is by no means difficult to dress a house in this fashion. The effect would be immeasurably better than is produced at present by an audience in this city. In European opera houses full dress is rigidly enforced, and we see no reason why the same should not be done here. The appearance of the house last evening was magnificent. The artist came to hear the new prima donna, the *litterateur* to gain materials for his next effusion, the Knickerbocker magnate because it was fashionable, the Wall street broker because every one else was there, and the *ci pollot* sat in the gallery dividing their attention between the stage and the brilliant scene beneath them. It was not an enthusiastic house, or at least their component parts had made up their minds to listen, chat and applaud decorously. Nothing short of genius could have roused such an audience to the extent of glove-splitting and hearty "bravos!" It cannot be said now that Italian opera receives scanty encouragement in New York. A glance at that house was a sufficient answer to such an assertion.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" was the opening opera of the season. Since its first performance at Naples, thirty-seven years ago, its intense dramatic character and delicious melodies have made it a standard favorite on the operatic stage. The original cast consisted of Madame Persiani and Signori Duprez, Porto and De Angeli, and the names of the most celebrated artists in Italian opera are associated with this lyric story of "The Bride of Lammermoor." For the heroine we have had Frezzolini, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Catharine Hayes, Gazzaniga, Dolores Nau and Adelina Patti, and the master of Ravenswood has been represented by Rubini, Mario, Salvi, Fraschini, Laborde and Sims Reeves. Although there is much that is nonsensical in the libretto and an excess of florid ornamentation weakens some of the music, yet there are a few scenes that for fervor and passion have never been excelled in opera. The cast last evening was the following:—Mlle. Christina Nilsson as Lucia, Signor Brignoli as Edgardo, Signor Barre as Ashton, Signor Reichart as Arturo, Signor Lyall as Norman, Signor Coletti as Raymond, Mme. Cooney as Alice.

To Mlle. Nilsson is due the success of the entire opera. No better *rôle* could have been selected for her debut. From the moment that she came upon the stage, in the second scene of the first act, after the beautiful harp solo that precedes her first recitative and cavatina (this harp solo was played by a lady in the orchestra in a truly artistic manner, marred only by one of the strings being a half note out of tune), until the close of the mad scene, she held the audience spellbound. No one who has heard Nilsson in concert only can form an idea of her singing in opera. There is a rich glow of expression which lights up even the most commonplace numbers, and an earnestness that gives to every scene the appearance of reality. The duet, "Sulla Tomba," for soprano and tenor, which brings the first act to a brilliant close, drew from a naturally cold audience enthusiasm of the most unqualified kind. In this duet Brignoli astonished all by his unwonted fire and spirit, roused, undoubtedly, by the genius of the prima donna. In the second act the scene between Lucia and her brother, in which he shows her the forged letter that contains proofs of her lover's perfidy, was rendered in a highly dramatic manner. In the broken recitative that expresses her despair Nilsson displayed her great power even more than in an aria, and the magnificent sestettino, the best concerted vocal piece that ever the composer wrote, was given with an effect rarely heard within the walls of the Academy. But in the mad scene she rose to a height of dramatic passion rarely attainable by prima donnas nowadays. Even the exuberance of florid vocalization that detracts from the spirit of the music became in her hands the means of adding to the effect of the scene. It was indeed a grand triumph for an artist, and we shall look for her appearance as Gretchen or Marguerite with much interest.

Brignolio never sang better in his life, and he rendered the closing aria, "Lu che a Dio spiegasti" with his old fire and expression. "Fra poco," the aria of the opera, was not so successful, owing to the *diapason normal* or French pitch which is used by this company, and which lowered this aria to an unwarrantable extent. Barré, the new French baritone, has a pleasing voice, and it is under complete control. He is hardly the kind of artist, however, one would look for as the leading baritone of such a troupe, as there is an absence of fire and dramatic fervor in his singing. The secondary characters in the opera were represented by people who should not be permitted to sing in any opera company, as their voices and management of the same are conspicuously deficient in any quality that calls for commendation. The chorus, fully sixty strong, was the best that ever trod the stage of the opera house; and, although we recognized many of the old familiar faces among them, yet it is evident that particular pains have been taken to give them thorough rehearsals. The orchestra is also very large and complete, and it is a positive relief from the horrible infliction in this line of past seasons. Still, we would suggest to the conductor that noisy and ineffective as the instrumentation of this opera is in every scene except two, it is not advisable to give his orchestra loose rein and drown the voices of the singers, especially when the voice is the principal exponent of the situation.

It may be seen from this review that the management of the Nilsson Italian Opera Company has received the most flattering encouragement at the start, and we trust that he will not relax for a moment his exertions to make every detail in the production of each opera as perfect as possible. The company has a priceless gem in the prima donna and the tenors are entirely satisfactory. But the secondary people must be replaced by artists who can sing and act. On Wednesday "Faust" will be given with a strong cast.

WACHTEL AS ARNOLD AT THE STADT THEATRE.

Never has the German mind in New York city given a greater proof of its adherence to opera above all other classification of amusements than at this house last evening. And never, it may be truthfully alleged, has opera been so well mounted as to suit the popular taste, and to draw, as if by an almost irresistible force, the entire Teutonic population to its performance. Rossini's "Gillaume Tell" has always been a favorite with theatrical managers and music masters, both drawing from its boundless resources matter for application to their professions, and which, even in a comparatively rude setting, seldom failed to find admirers. The character of the chief actor, and the nobility of the race from which sprang the present inhabitants of the little independent slip of territory, have given it a peculiar attraction; but with such a mode of appplication as the present and the presence on the boards of Wachtel, than whom there is to-day no better man in the profession, success has been complete. Fully half an hour before the curtain rose every seat in the capacious building was filled. Such appeared to be the hold that Wachtel had on the audience that repeated efforts were made to have the performances commenced before the prescribed time, by the stamping of feet, the clapping of hands, calls and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies. The following was the cast:—Arnold Melchthal, Theodore Wachtel; Gessler (Governor) Herr Steinecke; Rudolph, Herr Lauterbach; Mathilde (Princess of the House of Hapsburg), Mlle. P. Canissa; William Tell, Herr Vierling; Baumgarten, Herr Lehmann; Werner Melchthal, Herr Weinlich; Walter Fuerst, Herr Franosch; Ruodi (the Fisherman), Herr Alves; Hedwig (Tell's wife), Frau Perl; Gemmy (Tell's son), Fraulein Krause. The opening scene presents a mountain village in the canton of Unterwalden, surrounded by scenery the most picturesque and bewitching. In the background is a waterfall and in the foreground the cottage of William Tell. Away in the distance, as far as the eye can reach, are the summits of the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland, with here and there a little village, with their tiny houses scattered widely on the wild, steep-looking declivities. Werner Melchthal is the pastor of the village alluded to, and appears to have a strong hold upon the affections of the credulous little community over which he exercises an influence. But he has a romantic son named Arnold, who does not feel inclined to bestow his time and affections upon a place so insignificant; but, like a love-stricken Alexander, seeks other worlds to conquer, and while he witnesses the old man joining in holy wedlock several rustic couples he deplores that a royal diadem is the barrier that prevents him from enjoying the same felicity outside of his hitherto joyous home. The Princess Matilda, a beautiful creature, had been carried away forcibly by ruffians, and Arnold, in rescuing her, discovered she had entwined herself about his heart, and from the day he delivered her up to her friends her image had haunted him like a ghost. He refused to be comforted. Intervening, one of the soldiers of Gessler had stolen Lentoldo's daughter, and the father, in the heat of passion, split the miscreant up with his axe, but the daughter was carried to the castle, where Gessler, a base despot, was residing. William Tell, accompanied by the outraged father, starts in a boat and rescues her. It is nightfall; the summit of the mountains of Rutli are perceptible, beneath a deep, melancholy valley. Here the lovely Matilda is found dressed in a gorgeous hunting dress, trimmed with white ermine. Her attitude is one of half hope, half despair. She soliloquizes:—"Thou art my every thought, my every joy. For thee only do I fear. But oh, in my wild love, what bright castles do I build for thee, my Arnold!"

Arnold enters, and they pledge themselves to each other. In this act the true merits of the hero and heroine are brought forward. The song of "Matilda," by Mlle. P. Canissa, was one of those genuine, whole-souled expositions that is very seldom understood. Nothing could be more affecting than her rendering of the words "Nur dir vertraut mein brust," and her manner and voice seemed to harmonize so splendidly with the part. Arnold's reply was also delightful. Although gradually led higher and higher in the scale until the higher C's were reached, and with which one might associate the bursting of a bloodvessel, or be willing to make every allowance for any slight defects, the notes came out clear, fresh and distinct, and apparently without an effort. When he was returning her plighted love, and had come to the part which commences, "Dein Herz erwiedert meine Liebe," the house was in an uproar of enthusiasm, and when he was in the act of embracing Matilda the whole audience seemed moved. Herr Vierling as Tell did well in carrying out the difficult part allotted to him. Neither Herr Steinecke, as Gessler the Governor, or Herr Lauterbach in the *rôle* of Rudolph, seemed unequal to their task. But Wachtel is certainly a wonder. The softest and most mellow notes, as well as the highest and most difficult, are alike brought forth without any of that unhappy contortion of the features or perceptible heaving of the chest peculiar to many operatic performers, but gracefully, and with the sweetness of the nightingale, they seem to warble and ascend from the stage. The remainder of the story, as to the shooting the apple from the head of his son and Tell's other exploits, are too well known to require repetition. The entire opera may be called an immense success in every respect, and bids fair to have an immense run.

LORD DUNDREARY AT NIBLO'S.

Mr. Sothern's appearance at Niblo's last evening was one of the most complete and enthusiastic dramatic triumphs of the season. The house was crammed as it used to be in the palmy days of yore when the leg drama was an exciting novelty. But with what a different audience! Instead of moral countrymen, bent on a city jamboree, and smart young dry goods clerks who thought the demon dance the fastest and most disreputable thing they could find in the road to ruin, the seats were filled with the *élite* of the play-going public. It was strange, too, to find so experienced an audience break out so constantly and uncontrollably into genuine and hearty applause. It is not too much to say that there have been but few precedents for such thorough and hearty success in the annals of the New York stage.

As to the play itself, "Our American Cousin" is too well known to be analyzed at length. Veteran lovers of the stage regard it with the contempt which all pieces of its class—pieces written for a single star and depending wholly upon a single part—naturally and unavoidably awaken in every intelligent mind. The peculiarity about it, however, is that "the part" was originally intended to be Asa Trenchard. Joe Jefferson made that *rôle* its leading feature, and it has only been by free changes in the text that Lord Dundreary has been made to assume the point of central interest. There are still a few scenes—the interview between Florence and the drunken ex-tutor and the burning of the will episode in the last act, for instance—which for a moment or two withdraw attention from the bewhiskered creature of confused intellect who fills the place of honor. But these are in themselves absolutely free from the responsibility of the ten years' success of the piece. The "gag" sentiment by which they are inspired are coeval with the rise of the modern drama; they are stale and trite to the point of a nauseous wearisomeness. The critic, therefore, may profitably devote all his energies to the consideration of Lord Dundreary; and how difficult it is to frankly tell exactly what we think of that wonderful character. No man can see Mr. Sothern play it without falling into convulsions of laughter. Even Sydney Smith's Scotchman, into whose head the ordinary run of jokes could enter only by a surgical operation, would split his sides with abnormal merriment over such scenes as that in the bedroom in the first act, or again at that exquisitely amusing *tête-à-tête* between Lord Dundreary and his future bride in the farmyard. The fun of the piece is irresistible. Nor can any man of culture fail to admire the wonderful finish and ease and polished care of Mr. Sothern's acting. Ill-natured people may say, perhaps with truth, that this is his only part. But it is a great deal to be able to play even one part with such exquisitely perfect skill. Sometimes, indeed, there is a faint sense of study and effort, but the feeling is fleeting as a fair weather cloud in a summer sky. Voice and features are under absolute control; there is not an inflection, not a movement of muscle or eyebrow—and more especially of eyeglass—but adds another touch to the portrait and strengthens its effect. Every little detail of dress—even the glaring bad taste which so naturally clings to an imbecile like Dundreary—has been worked up with conscientious care. But when the curtain has at length fallen and we subside into our normal state of thoughtful dulness, the admiration by which we have been carried away is tempered by several rather serious reflections. Looking back at the stuttering creature, at whose likeness we have been laughing, we feel that we ought to be ashamed of our merriment. For what has been the awakening cause of our merriment? The most "funny" feature of Dundreary is that he is the victim of the malice of nature—that he is a stammering lunatic of a harmless, but melancholy type. It would be neither kind nor well bred to break out into exuberant laughter at a friend or acquaintance who stuttered. And a man would hardly gain the reputation of being a kind-hearted gentleman by openly exploding into convulsive merriment at the pitiable spectacle of a lunatic at large. Is it any the less shameful to amuse oneself at the expense of a stage stammerer or a stage idiot? The better sense of every humane mind revolts at the presentation behind the footlights of human infirmity for the mere purpose of exciting laughter. Without making any pretence of purism, we protest against such an outrage upon the civilized stage. It is as bad as that practice of the ancient Spartans, who intoxicated their helots and then amused themselves by ridiculing the degradation they had themselves brought about. And this is, we are sure, by no means too severe a sentence. There are no redeeming features thrown into this portrait of an imbecile lord. He is never once represented as possessing any tinge of nobleness or elevation of feeling, although there are many passages in which these softening touches could be easily introduced. He is a selfish, heartless, weak-headed, short-sighted, stammering fool—a "damned fool," if we may be allowed to use in print the phrase with which Mr. Sothern so frequently brings down the house, and which he evidently thinks the correct thing in a drawing room full of ladies—only that and nothing more.

Just a word or so about the minor parts and we have done. Would it not have been in good taste to have furbished up into probability that impossible Yankee, Asa Trenchard? As he stands he is an offence and an outrage to American eyes and ears, though he is no doubt a good enough Yankee for the English stage. Could not he be "born again" for the exigencies of an American season? At any rate his dialect should be so modified as to sound something like what we hear in Vermont, and not be a hodgepodge of the worst morsels of vulgar slang used by every section of our people. Mr. Raymond, however, makes the part go as well as is possible under existing circumstances, though he is a good deal too demonstrative for a true Yankee. Miss Nellie Kemp is a pretty good Florence Trenchard, and Miss Jennie Lee as Mary Meredith is charming. The other parts are fairly presented.

The mounting of the piece is very good, and the largeness of the stage and its consequent unfitness for drawing room comedy has been ingeniously overcome. We would recommend Mr. Sothern and most of his company, however, to raise their voices to a somewhat higher pitch. Last night they were inaudible to a large proportion of the back rows.

After the curtain had fallen Mr. Sothern was called out, and made a neat little speech. He said that to the American press and public all his success was principally due, and he trusted that he would renew all old friendships and make many new ones.

MISS CUSHMAN AS MEG MERRILIES AT BOOTH'S.

When Miss Cushman reappeared on the American stage as Queen Katharine, after a lengthened absence, the public and the critics were pleasantly surprised to notice with what gentleness time had dealt with powers which had been the wonder of a past generation. The character of Queen Katharine was supposed to have been chosen for the actress' *rentrée* because it called for far less physical exertion than other and more popular *rôles* in which Miss Cushman's reputation had been made. Whether she felt misgivings of her own power—or, rather, force—or that she deliberately chose the most trying part to challenge adverse criticism, it is certain that Queen Katharine, bold and original as was the conception of the character, showed traces of the advance of age which are entirely absent from the representations of Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrilies. The abruptness which sometimes characterizes Miss Cushman's acting was less in keeping with the popular idea of Queen Katharine, a gentle, sensible woman, than with our notions about the bold and unscrupulous Lady Macbeth, or the wild gypsy Meg Merrilies. In fact, the quality which peeps out from time to time in Miss Cushman's acting is a tendency to pronounced action which sometimes is open to a suspicion of vulgarism. This defect was most noticeable in her Queen Katharine, softened in Lady Macbeth, and finally disappears in Meg Merrilies; for here the masculine vigor which vulgarized in Katharine became an absolute quality melted naturally into the character. Whatever fears were begotten by the first appearance of Miss Cushman had faded before the freshness and force of her Lady Macbeth, and were finally put to flight last night by her appearance as Meg Merrilies, displaying all the weird power which twenty years ago was wont to charm and appall. Age, which in other characters was a clog and an encumbrance, in Meg Merrilies proved rather an advantage. The actress represented so vividly the weird hag that one almost forgot it was a play, and saw the old gypsy queen as a physical apparition.

The story of "Guy Mannering" is undoubtedly exceedingly interesting, but in preparing it for the stage the mistake has been committed of making the first act a sort of dull prelude, while the whole interest of the play centres in the latter acts. Opening with a chorus which has nothing particular to do with the play, and is not even Scotch in its characteristics, "Guy Mannering" drags its dull way to the point near the close of the second act, where Bertram appears in the gypsy camp. Indeed, if it were not for the knowledge that good things are in store for us, we could scarcely support the dulness of the opening scenes. It would be a great improvement if the first act were compressed into one good scene and the superfluous chorusing entirely left out, neither the character of the music nor the manner of its rendering making its retention desirable. But from the moment Meg Merrilies bursts on the stage in all the weird force of her genius the attention is rivetted, and until the scene drops we cannot take our thoughts from the drama passing before us. Some of this interest is due to the story; but it is essentially to the intense dramatic power of the actress that we owe its so vivid realization. The recognition of young Bertram as he sits in the gypsy camp displayed all Miss Cushman's power, and so intense a representation of the mingled feelings of joy, hope and surprise, struggling with the memories of wrongs done and suffered, we have never seen. Her acting in this scene was truly tragic, and without any forced effects revealed a depth of passion which froze the very soul. Both elocution and action were perfect, and gave evidence of mature study. If some of the abrupt force which belonged to the earlier representations of the character was absent, finished action, strong and appropriate, advantageously replaced it. Her interview with Dominie Sampson and her promise to revisit the Glen of Spirits, were allowed to return good scope for emotional acting, which was seized upon and turned to splendid account. But it was in the closing scene where she meets her death that she reassembled all her powers, and acted with a force that could not be expected from her years; but Miss Cushman seems to defy the envious approach of time, and by force of her genius to pass over obstacles that to lesser spirits would be insurmountable.

Of the other personages we have not much to say. The piece affords scarcely any scope to the secondary characters. Mr. D. C. Anderson made a very good Dominie Sampson, entering completely into the spirit of the character. Mr. Arthur Matinison had an ungrateful part, but succeeded in making the most of it. His acting was natural, and his rendering of the character dignified. We regret we cannot say much for the ladies. We should like very much to be complimentary, but truth won't permit us. This same excuse may be made for the ladies which we have already offered for the secondary male personages—want of scope in their *roles*. Miss Bella Pateman was somewhat lively, and that is about all we can say. Mr. Wheatleigh appeared as Dirk Hatterick, and we are delighted to see he has taken our advice and eschewed rant. We scarcely recognized Lem when he presented himself, and must compliment him on the change for the better which was visible in his deportment. He had not much to do, but he acted that little rationally, and if he will only maintain the improvement in more important parts he may hope to have his good points recognized and appreciated. The scenery, as usual at this house, was excellent, but the appointments were very poor and badly studied. We regret to notice that the attendance was rather thin.

CHARLES MATHEWS AT WALLACK'S.

The veteran comedian Mr. Mathews appeared last evening in a new bill. A brilliant and overflowing house greeted him with deserved enthusiasm. In "Aggravating Sam" he sustained the part of Sam Niggins, and was supported by Mr. Stoddard and Miss Effie Germon. The piece in itself, like most of Mr. Mathews' own productions, is the slightest of farces. It can boast very little in the way of dialogue. It depends for success entirely upon Mr. Mathews' finished acting and unceasing flow of animal spirits. Thanks to his constitutional gaiety, the audience were maintained at a high degree of amused enthusiasm. In the "Nervous Man" Mr. John Gilbert assumed the *rôle* of the irritable and sensitive Mr. Aspen, while Mr. Brougham took the part of McShane, the man of nerve. Mr. Brougham played with characteristic ease and freedom, and frequently brought down the house. As to Mr. Gilbert, it is needless to say that he acted with the grace and polish that have so long won the admiration of New York play-goers. Want of space deprives us of the opportunity to discuss at length this pleasant and sparkling programme.

THE SHRINE OF OPERA BOUFFE AND THE PRIESTESS THEREOF.

When *opéra bouffe* first forcibly footed itself into favor in this country some few years ago, and for a long period subsequently, it was regarded with a certain species of horror; the theatrical Mrs. Grundy gazed at the ceiling in mute despair, and all sorts of evils were predicted as the certain accompaniments of its possible success. It felt competent, however, to bravely laugh New York out of its scruples, and it has literally "faced the music" with a perseverance worthy of any cause. Success has crowned its daring so far that it has now come to be a regular theatrical institution among us, and promises to remain with us permanently in that capacity. Its headquarters at present are established at Lina Edwin's Theatre, and its supreme divinity there is Mlle. Aimée, the leading character in "La Périchole," which now draws a full house every evening.

Aimée undoubtedly displays a keen sense of the absurd and is very creditably supported on the whole by the company with which she is now acting. There has been no change in the cast except that Mons. A. Julien has taken the place of M. Noe as tenor. Noe was undoubtedly a fair Piquillo, but the character has still further been improved by the vivacity which Julien contrives to infuse into it, and which enhances his support of Mlle. Aimée, who has proved herself a complete mistress of the *rôle* of the coquette. Her street singing is a wonder in itself; the fascination of her face and person is fully brought to bear on her acting, and the spectator leaves the performance with no grosser impression on his mind than the remembrance of the exquisite humor he has enjoyed. Julien's singing is far above "the barren of mediocrity," and in the acting of Piquillo he compares favorably with Gausins.

This piece will be continued only two evenings more, and on Thursday evening will be produced the charming opera of "La Fleur de The," with new costumes and scenery, and Mlle. Aimée as the leading character. The performance last evening was for the benefit of the sufferers by the Pointe-a-Petre, Guadaloupe, fires. Lina Edwin's Theatre is just the place for *opéra bouffe*, which has been hitherto swamped in those vast arrangements called opera houses.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"PRIMA DONNA OF A NIGHT."

The musical mania seems to have touched almost every class and division of the metropolitan population. Nothing but melody is in the air. The springing notes of Wachtel are resounding in every part of the city, and the delightful cadences of Parepa are yet tingling in the ears of the amusement-loving public. To add to the harmony vibrating in the atmosphere another songstress of considerable repute made her début last night at this pretty little theatre. Her singing was so entirely unlike anything at present before the public that she crept at once into the good graces of the audience, and is certain to keep her position there. The part Miss Galton selected for her *entrée* is one well calculated to show her most prominent and winning features. It is replete with exquisite music and affords fine opportunities for acting. She was admirably supported by Miss Vernon, Mr. Arnold and the other members of the company, who certainly seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to make the entertainment a success. The vaudeville throughout is full of amusing situations, and although it is a style of performance almost entirely new to New York, we have no hesitation in saying it is one that is certain to become popular. The house under its new name wears an entirely new appearance. The seating accommodation has been enlarged and improved, and the ceiling and walls newly frescoed. There is a rich, warm glow of color now in the place that is a most significant contrast to its former aspect under the rule of negro minstrelsy. The second part of the performance last night was devoted to the ventriloquist eccentricities of Mr. Davies, and a more amusing or varied entertainment we have rarely witnessed. The rapidity of his vocal transitions are wonderful, and to be duly appreciated must be seen. He made the house ring with the peals of laughter he evoked, and we have no hesitation in prophesying for him a brilliant career in America. The house was well filled with a fashionable audience, and Mr. McDonough is likely to meet with that encouragement in New York which his enterprise demands.

MRS. CONWAY IN "DIVORCE" AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

The gentle and well-taxed citizens of the quiet City of Churches were presented with an excellent moral last night in the performance of "Divorce," and there can be no doubt that its highly creditable production at the new theatre will be attended with the most gratifying results, both to the accomplished lessee—who, by the way, quite distinguished herself—and to the fashionable assemblages which will doubtless crowd the establishment for some time to come. Some of the mysteries incident to a genuine separation of man and wife were revealed last night in first class theatrical style, and if a few faults could be here and there detected they were very trivial indeed compared with the handsome manner in which the piece was produced. The audience seemed quite delighted with the sensation, and failed not to give emphatic tokens of their approval throughout various stages of the performance. In point of scenery, dressing and general completeness "Divorce" was done every justice to. Mrs. Conway entered spiritedly into her part, by no means an easy one, and was very ably sustained by Miss Minnie Conway, Frank Roche, M. A. Kennedy, Chippendale and Lamb. Without going into details it is sufficient to state that Mrs. Conway's new establishment will unquestionably be a source of great consolation to all the marrying folks of the pious city, as they will there see most forcibly illustrated the foolishness of becoming divorced.

FLEETWOOD PARK.

Match of $2,000 Between American Girl and Sea Foam—Slow Time and a Disappointed Assemblage—Two Other Trots—Pool Selling on To-Day's Sport.

The bright day and genial, summer-like atmosphere, together with the races on the card, brought together at Fleetwood Park yesterday afternoon fully 1,800 persons, a pleasant representation of the number being ladies. The appearance of the grand stand, the club house and the carriages in the field forcibly reminded one of a day during a successful meeting. Many of the spectators and the majority of the betting men on hand were led there by the announcement that the well-known trotting mares American Girl and Sea Foam were matched for $2,000, the former to go to wagon and the latter in harness, and they expected the merits of each in this respect would thus be settled. The records of both the trotters are well known, and a grand, well contested race was looked for; but, unhappily, the result was a great disappointment, and though the track was in fine shape for the season of the year, the time made was miserable in the extreme. The cause of the inferior nature of the race may be attributed to many things; but the horses were in apparent good fix, and it was the general expression of the interested that they should have done better. A glance at the time will be sufficient for those who are posted. There were three other races on the programme, and only one of these finished—that between John Murphy's gray gelding Yankee Dan and T. Lee's gray mare Lady Donovan. No one seemed to have heard of them before, and perhaps but few care if they never do again. The third event, a sweepstakes of $500 was commenced; but after two heats were trotted it went over until to-day, darkness having set in.

AMERICAN GIRL-SEA FOAM MATCH.

First Heat.—Before the ringing of the bell to summon the contestants to the track American Girl was a slight favorite, but the betting soon became unequal, and Sea Foam sold first choice at long odds. The Girl had the pole, and they were sent away to a good start. On the turn American Girl was leading two lengths, but at the quarter, done in thirty-six and three quarter seconds, the gap was reduced to half that distance. Down the backstretch Sea Foam overtook the Girl, and at the half mile, in 1:13, was almost an open length in advance. She gradually crept away from her antagonist, and, maintaining a steady gait, passed under the string winner of the heat by three lengths. Time, 2:30½.

Second Heat.—American Girl trotted quite well around the turn; but it took her thirty-seven seconds to reach the quarter, and then one length in advance. At the half, in 1:13½, the same positions were noted, but passing that point Sea Foam began to show some little life, and they had it nip and tuck, neck and neck around to the head of the stretch, when American Girl left her feet and Sea Foam scored the heat by half a length. Time, 2:29¼.

Third Heat.—Many of the spectators now began to grumble at the rather unexpected character of the exhibition, and one or two prominent turfmen exclaimed, "Sick trotting." Sea Foam was first away, and on the turn she lost one length, but here indulged in one of her freaks and, going into the air, fell hopelessly in the rear, as American Girl was five lengths to the front in thirty-seven seconds at the quarter. There was the same distance between them at the half in 1:13, and though from that point Sea Foam was sent along at a rapid gait, American Girl was quite steady and passed under the wire winner of the heat by two lengths, amid the cheers of those who had accepted her at very long odds. Time 2:30.

Fourth Heat.—The Girl stock advanced just a trifle. She took the lead, and at the quarter pole, in thirty-eight and a half seconds, was one length in front. Down the backstretch she went into the air, but was soon caught, and at the half-mile pole maintained her lead, in 1:13. Sea Foam made a skip before entering the stretch, and when they got into level work American Girl followed her example, and Sea Foam beat her out a neck, winning the heat and race. Time, 2:32¼.

SUMMARY.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Oct. 23.—Match, $2,000, mile heats, best three in five:—

J. J. Bowen names g. m. Sea Foam, in harness	1	1	2	1
Benjamin Daniels names b. m. American girl, to wagon	2	2	1	2

TIME.

	Quarter Mile.	*Half Mile.*	*Mile.*
First heat	36¼	1:13	2:30½
Second heat	37	1:13¼	2:29¼
Third heat	37	1:13	2:30
Fourth heat	38½	1:14½	2:32¼

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY—Match $1,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

F. Lee entered g. m. Lady Donavan	2	1	1
John Murphy entered g. g. Yankee Dan	1	2	2

Time, 2:52½—2:50—2:51½—2:53½.

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes $500; mile heats, best three in five.

B. Incell entered b. m. Kitty Crumb, to harness	1	1
H. Casey entered blk. m. Jenny, in harness	2	3
W. E. Weeks entered blk. g. Eight Bells, to wagon	3	2

Time, 2:39—2:39¾.

The latter will be finished to-day, which is the first of the extra autumn meeting.

THE BALTIMORE RACES.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 23, 1871.

The pool room of the Maryland Jockey Club is crowded, but the bidding so far to-night has not been heavy on the races. Five events are announced for to-morrow, the first of the annual meeting, but one of them will most likely be a walk over for Harry Bassett. A two-mile handicap has been made up in anticipation of the walk over, and seven horses have been entered for the race—these being Alroy, Madame Dudley, Nellie Ransom, Tennessee, sister to Kingfisher, Catina and Quintard. Alroy is the favorite, and Nellie Ransom second choice. In the hurdle race which will have four starters, comprising Dick Jackson, Astronomer, the Black Bird colt and Vesuvius, the latter is the favorite over the field. Much interest is manifested in the two-year-old race, the Annies-Wood stakes, in which there will be five starters. Crouse's colt Gray Planet sold for $235; Harness' colt Meteor, $75; Stringfield's, $40; Cameron's, $40, and Bacon's, $36. There were no pools sold on the other races. The weather is lovely. The track is in fine condition, and great preparations are being made for a brilliant race meeting.

POOL SELLING IN THE CITY.

Among the large gathering of sporting gentlemen at the pool rooms of Messrs. Marshall & Johnson, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, last night, were many who desired to invest on the races at Baltimore. The annexed figures will give a good idea what the stay-at-homes think of two of to-day's contests over the Pamlico course:—

ANNIES-WOOD STAKES.

Gray Planet	$55	55	60	55
Meteor	21	22	23	23
Cameron's entry	18	15	17	16
Master John	13	8	10	9

PAMLICO STAKES.

Freakness	$50	50	50	25	50	
Ecliptic	26	25	13	7	21	40
Conductor	12	23	6	2		
The Field	13	12	5	1		

WASHINGTON.

Another Phase of the Gloucester Fisherman Imbroglio.

American and Spanish War Steamers Watching Each Other.

FURTHER COMPLICATIONS IN UTAH.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1871.

A New Feature in the Horton Difficulty.

The case of the Gloucester fishing schooner Horton took another phase to-day, and even a worse lot than for the vessel to be allowed to rot in port seems in store for her owner. It was at first Secretary Boutwell's intention to suspend all proceedings for fines and forfeitures under the registration regulations, but the fact that the schooner's papers had been lost under extraordinary circumstances, which might involve the nation in unpleasant complications, induced a different policy, and to-day the case was referred to Solicitor Banfield. The question upon which the opinion of the Solicitor of the Treasury is desired is in regard to the duty of the Collector of the Port at Gloucester to take immediate steps for the enforcement of the penalty which attaches to the schooner for coming into port without her papers. Captain Knowlton's action, not only in running his vessel out of the custody of the Canadian Courts, but in breaking into an English Custom House to repossess himself of his sails and spars, thus, perhaps, making himself liable to extradition for burglary, are regarded in the Treasury Department as the worst features of the case, and there is no doubt that legal steps will at once be taken to enforce the penalty for not surrendering her papers when the Horton came into port. Every day has revealed new difficulties for the doughty Yankee captain. At first it seemed likely that the vessel would be returned to the Dominion authorities on a demand from the British government, unless that result was prevented by a convenient hole in her bottom. A little later it became known through the HERALD that the Canadians had an opportunity to let her rot in the harbor at Gloucester, if they chose to say nothing about the matter, and now it appears that the Treasury Department is about to issue instructions for the collection of the penalty incurred in coming into port without sailing papers. The government can pursue no other course, and Solicitor Banfield will so decide, the full application of section 81 of the regulations under the registration laws, upon which the application for new papers was made, requiring this action under the circumstances. A number of conflicting questions present themselves for the consideration of the Solicitor of the Treasury. It is not a safe proceeding to forfeit and sell the vessel, because she is a prize violently taken out of the jurisdiction of a Canadian Court. Other knotty points are invoked, and the most that can be done for the present will be to collect the penalty of $500 on the bond of the master.

More Troubles with the Spaniards.

Advices were received at the Navy Department to day from Lieutenant Commander Allen, of the Swatara, dated Port au Prince, September 27, in relation to the steamer Hornet. Lieutenant Allen reports that in the month of June the harbor was policed by boats from the Spanish steamer Churuca, which was watching the Hornet, but after a complaint from Minister Bassett to the Haytian Minister of Foreign Affairs these unusual attentions ceased. From that time up to the date of the report matters remained as they had been before, but Lieutenant Allen believed if the Hornet attempted to leave the harbor the Churuca would endeavor to capture her, even in neutral waters. It is believed at the Navy Department that the Hornet ought to have been strong enough to grapple with the Spanish steamer, as the latter carries only two smooth bore twelve-pounders and six one-pounder guns, and the Churuca certainly would oe no match for the Swatara. It was the intention of the commander of the Swatara to leave Port au Prince on his cruise if all danger of violence to the Hornet seemed past, and he only waited to learn the mission of the Spanish steamer Pizarro, which had just arrived. It is not known whether the Swatara is still at Port-au-Prince, but Secretary Robeson intends having a vessel there in case of need. Time so the recent demand for the delivery of the Hornet, which the Spanish Consul made upon the Haytian government. Our government is determined that a ship bearing the American flag shall not be seized, if precautionary measures can prevent it, and as the Kansas is soon to depart for the West Indies the whole fleet at Samana can be put in motion in a short time.

The Change of Commanders in Utah.

By the prompt removal of General De Trobriand, the commander of the United States forces in Utah, and the assignment to the command of an officer known to be acceptable to the civil authorities of the Territory, the administration has newly pledged itself to the support of such measures as the lately dormant laws concerning polygamy afford for the violent suppression of the twin relic, already in the unmistakable throes of a hasty, though gentler, dissolution. General De Trobriand is accused by the judicial officers of the Territory of too great a leaning toward toleration of the great immorality, to say the least, and of being governed by his personal views to the extent of withholding and even refusing the support to those officials that it was his duty to render. On the other side, however, it is alleged that less worthy motives than a simple desire to assert the long-despised sovereignty of the laws of the United States and to give expression to the moral sentiment of the country have led to the recent proceedings in the courts at Salt Lake City; that the discovery of the rich silver mines, the opening of the country by the Pacific Railroad and other such causes have operated powerfully upon the subordinate authorities, from whom alone the government can be expected to receive the information that determines and shapes the policy pursued at Washington. It is evident that, despite the best intentions here to do what is best to preserve the national dignity without undue harshness towards the misled masses of the Mormon dispensation, there is actual danger of precipitating an apparent crusade against religious conviction and striking down a helpless and comparatively innocent community in the effort to reach the few responsible and culpable leaders.

Trouble in Store for West Point Cadets.

The action of Secretary Robeson in promptly dismissing a number of cadet midshipmen for hazing the new comers is likely to be followed by the summary dismissal of several West Point cadets by the War Department for certain recent offences in this direction of more than the usual viciousness and brutality. The present heads of the War and Navy Departments are determined to stamp out a practice that has only the weak support of age, and which by unanimous public sentiment is now to be forced into the oblivion that has overtaken other barbarous customs of past generations. This time there is to be no supplementary letting up on the threadbare plea of the first offence and wordy promises of future good behavior. The clemency heretofore extended in such cases has only tended to bring authority into contempt and lead youthful ruffianism to bolder defiance of its injunctions.

Hayti Invited to Settle Up.

An application was made at the Attorney General's office to-day for the intervention of the United States for the recovery of $100,595 42, the balance due from the Haytien government for the lost iron-clad Atalanta. If this application does not prove effective