THE RED MEN.

Spotted Tail, Swift Bear, Yellow Hair and Fast Bear at the Astor House.

THEY VISIT CENTRAL PARK.

What They Think of Landscape Gardening.

THEIR FUTURE MOVEMENTS.

How They Like the Treaty and Its Terms.

Ugh! Awful hot day! Sun burns! Air stings! Indian like ice water! Fire water bad! Indian can't get it. Pale faces go to church; worship clouds. Indian want to go home. Thus thought, if not said, the four chiefs of Sioux tribes who were yesterday domiciled at the Astor House. They rose early, and Spotted Tail, Swift Bear, Yellow Hair and Fast Bear were provided with that wherewith to pay tribute to the stomach. They ate heartily and devoured the crumbs of civilization with a sort of magnetic zest that showed well how they appreciated the priceless gastronomical skill of their pale-faced landlord, who, in order to better entertain his guests, procured those delightful dishes that do not infringe too severely upon the savage taste. The morning meal over the pacers of the forest gathered about them their robes and blankets and all the gaudy paraphernalia of

THEIR WILD ATTIRE,

and, assuming expressions of a conscious superiority over the mean pale faces, retired for a little quiet to their quarters.

As the day wore on they began to long for woods and streams and deer and game. Their accomplished interpreter and Captain D. C. Pool, of the United States Army, who has faithfully represented their every interest, then conducted them to the

CENTRAL PARK

in carriages. They were amazed. Where the red men used to flourish among rocks and woods and hidden cascades, they saw a territory covered over with a luxuriant scene of cultivated beauty, where the work was performed by an artist who, with the elements of a toned and finished landscape in his mind, had painted on the earth's surface a modern Garden of Eden. They wondered, and well they might, for this was civilization. It showed them a type of progress; it spread before their eyes 500 years of enlightenment in America. But they despised this creation of beauty, this marvel of esthetic culture. It was only the puerile fancy and childish, effeminate toy of the pale face; it would never do for the red man He must live in the sound of waterfalls; his home must be endless solitude; his tenement rude, savage, untouched but glittering, resonant and bewildering nature—nature overhead—in the deep chasm, in the dark ravine, in the brooklet and dell and beneath the burning sun. What was that precise and mechanical Terrace to him? what that superb Mall trimmed with such exactness and resembling the downy velvet of the pale faced squaw's fashionable gown? What the green sward, the downy lawn and broad meadows, as free from wild exposure as the cradled baby's skin? What was the Pagoda, covered though it was with the gay colors that the red man loves? What the tame animals who could better read and write than the Indian; the pale-faced deer in the deer paddock; and the affected aroma and

PATENT FINERY OF THE FLOWERS?

No, the Indian did not like these—they were all of an artificial dispensation. They were to him what heresy is to Catholics, what infidelity is to the Christian—this building architectural fringed tenements out of the lands owned by the Great Spirit. It was the desecration of the pale face, and the red man mourned. Why should they do these things? Why treat the Indian to the same behavior that the poor suffers from the rich, that the lowly suffer from the great, that the worthy suffer from the evil? The Indian thought this pale faced park was dissipation; it was indulging a taste; it was pandering to an appetite. Indeed, was this civilization? Then the red man wanted no civilization. Indeed, was this progress?

THE RED MAN WANTED NO PROGRESS,

for it destroyed: it cut away the great rocks; it made roads for the pale faces, who were afraid to track the forests and pursue their own pathways in the wilderness; it tore down those great trees and drank up the streams and brooks. No. None of this for the red man, though he died before the setting sun had gone away to the Indian's western home.

Thus they marvelled at leaving, and thus they aroused the lofty contempt of their proud, savage natures and left a sigh on the green that we of New York are accustomed to believe the garden spot of the earth. Noble as their reverence is for the lost nationalities of America, the Indians, moved by their blind, yet plausible, superstitions, believe that the whites are an accursed race of infidels. They think them cowards. No men, they say, shrink from the bow and arrow and the tomahawk; no men are reluctant to raise

THE WAR WHOOP;

to sit around camp fires; chase the deer, the fox and the bear into their secret caves and hiding places. They laugh at the susceptibility of white men to avoid the recondite treasures of the woods, and at their taste for big buildings and cheating the red men.

What a commentary, a forcible exposition of a grand truth, is all this infatuation of the Indian for his nomadic and dangerous life! For eight centuries the great lakes have been his milestones; the long mountain ranges and dazzling peaks his gravestones and columns; the temperate zone his Broadway and the forest his Fifth avenue; the mighty vault of the heavens his God; the waters his flock of angels and the setting sun his grave. The attributes of his nature have been influenced by planetary systems, by stars and showers; ours by the

PERPLEXING MINUTIÆ

of paltry things and belittling asperities. Society with him is a united brotherhood and the vast earth; with us, a house divided against itself, and purchased corner lots and choice parcels of ground, price $10,000. It is in such a consideration of the Indian alone that we can understand him and his anomalous proclivities. His life teaches worlds of wisdom, and from it we, in our day and enlightenment, can deduce the strange equation representing that barbarism and civilization still dwell together on this Continent. But the parity of the equation is disturbed when we remember the Indian wars, the conflict of the musket and tomahawk,

THE RED MAN'S CORPSE AND THE WHITE MAN'S SCALP.

And will these things continue, we are forced to inquire? No; the records prove not. The red man is becoming extinct; his existence will soon be in the eventual past. Millions who peopled our soil when Columbus brought the canvas of Europe to our shores and colonized the same America that moves around the circuit of nations with a majestic dignity, friendly to all, afraid of none, have now evaporated. But 300,000 Indians remain on American soil—the remnant of ferocious tribes that once absorbed the Caucasian and filled the valley with white blood and whitened the praries with European bones. This is indeed sad but retributive civilization; and perhaps Buckle would not have exulted at the decay of barbarism, and other historians leave pages of bitter injustice toward the Indian if they knew the horrors, the agressions, and the arbitrary and strange despotism of the white man.

Men are the same the world over. Kindness and charity—above all, justice—make opposites cohere. This attribute would have united the fate of the red man to the destiny of the white man. But

EIGHT CENTURIES

have been thirty generations of cruelty toward the Indian, and the Indian never forgets. Around the camp fires the oldest warrior recites the traditions of mediæval times; he recounts the terrors of the bullet and the boarding pike; he tells how squaws have been murdered, how the young chief has been torn from his tribe and shot by the invader. This savage, yet faithful, history has multiplied revenge, and to-day the Indians' blood is sanguinary by the indiscriminating influences of those long, long years of unchristian revolting cruelty, and now the 300,000 that remain know their fate—it is bottomless extermination. Is it strange they want to better their condition? Is it not wrong for America to refuse them charity where charity means justice?

HUMANITY SAYS YES.

Certainly when we see an aged cripple tottering to the grave we arrest his footsteps and break his fall into eternity. Should we not with equal pity, having taken from the red man a whole continent, make his last days hours of comfort and alone for the wickedness of our progenitors, not less than that of ourselves? The Indian race is poor, crippled, starving, dying of hunger and want. The future will develop whether the Far West might not make a good almshouse, supported by the national Treasury.

So the Indians looked upon the Park with more of sorrow and contempt than of admiration and with pleasure.

They got into their carriage and then observed a rigid quiet. Perhaps they did not know as they glanced down the ugly architecture of Broadway and along the palatial mansions of the avenue, that this entire Manhattan Island was sold by the Indian tribe inhabiting it to Peter Minuet for

THE RIDICULOUS SUM OF TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS

less than 300 years ago! With no piratical longings possibly they did not desire its reprisal; but had they known this fact they might have figured a nice little sum in compound interest, not found among the integers of any Indian dialect. But it was true that the very ancestors of these great men—Spotted Tail and his suite—were formerly landlords of Manhattan soil. They, the posterity of these history-less aborigines, had come to visit the home of their fathers, the grave of their life as a nation, after the march of centuries had left the footprints of a maturer civilization.

It was sad, indeed—very sad—and Spotted Tail and his party showed it, not so much of envy or jealousy as of sorrow for the fate of ages. It has been the caprice of the poet to revile time as a fell destroyer; what could Spotted Tail have thought when he reflected that the sun no longer coursed over the habitations of his heroic ancestors, but that their bones were moist with the mists of the Great Spirit, and that the red was simply the victim of the white man. Thus the Indian life is

800 YEARS OF BLOOD.

Let repentance come when it may, civilization owes much to the savage.

The red men rode to the Astor House, not disturbing their profound silence, and soon again they scalped an ample meal. Spotted Tail liked the fare. He thought it would do. He ran his tongue over his chops and his eye denoted more. Suction seemed to be the office of his double row of ivory devourers, and he hesitated not to keep up a continuous hostility upon the dormant food before him. His stomach came near betraying him into becoming a pale face, but he had eaten enough; he relented and ceased from troubling his molars.

Soon after dinner the party ascended to

THE ROOF OF THE ASTOR HOUSE

to look down upon civilization and take a bird's-eye view of progress. How the Indians despise the hot bricks; how they wondered that men could live in baker's ovens, and how they looked toward the West, for a far reach toward their native horizon.

They had not been long in this celestial spot ere they descended to the rooms they occupy on the third floor, corner of Barclay street and Broadway.

The reporter, who now arrived at the hotel, was despatched to the top floor by the elevating elevator, and soon made his bow to the hall floor. Just then a large party of gentlemen, preceded by the Indians, entered the quarters of the latter. As the civilized men walked toward their objective they dropped several observations in the Gaelic accent. The gentlemen who led was elderly, refined in bearing and had the tread of a whole regiment. As he gave a three-quarters view of his physique the button-hole of his matchless broadcloth disclosed a scarlet button of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He was

THE FRENCH ADMIRAL,

and his subordinates from on board the French frigate now lying in the harbor. The party entered and the great sea captain was introduced to the Spotted Tail of the Sioux Indians—then to his three companions. Invitations were extended by the Admiral, who with a *naïve* accent and a natural courtesy, not understood by the Indians, asked them to board the frigate—but not perhaps as they used to board the early French colonists of America, with the tomahawk right on the most inconvenient top of the head. A few moments of conversation followed, but Spotted Tail would not talk. The French gentlemen then retired.

The reporter was duly announced as from the great Father who owned the big white stone building across the street, and their converse was through the interpreters.

REPORTER—Yes, I come from the Great Father who prints a big newspaper over the street, and tells the people when the sun rises every morning what good they have done, what bad they have done, and what they should do for each other before the sun goes down. I came to see you for him, that he can tell the whites the wrongs you have suffered and how you feel. Are you satisfied with the treaty?

SPOTTED TAIL—We are. We want our Great Father further to carry it out. We want the whites to leave us alone. Yes, we are satisfied. We are pleased. We want peace. We want our rights, too. We must have them.

REPORTER—You are a chief of the Sioux?

SPOTTED TAIL—I am.

REPORTER—How many red men are in your nation?

SPOTTED TAIL—We have over twenty-eight thousand Indians and squaws.

REPORTER—Where do you live?

SPOTTED TAIL—Away to the West, in the lands called Dacotah and Wyoming. We have a reservation. It extends from the north of Nebraska to the forty-sixth parallel of latitude by your books. Our hunting ground is 450 miles wide and 140 miles long. It belongs to us. We want to live there. Our forefathers shot deer there before us. We want money and presents. The Great Father must give us something useful.

REPORTER—How much money do you want? How much do you ask of Congress?

SPOTTED TAIL—It is one million six hundred thousand dollars. It will be enough for a while. It is a present for twenty-eight thousand Sioux. The white men have cheated us.

REPORTER—You intend to be peaceful?

SPOTTED TAIL—Yes; the Great Father has done well by us and we will do well by him. He must give us the money and the presents; we need them.

REPORTER—Do you not know that the Indians and civilization are against each other?

SPOTTED TAIL—Yes; but we do not want the pale-faces. We want our lands. Leave us alone. The Indian does not read and write. He wants his hunting ground. He must be an Indian.

REPORTER—Then you are satisfied?

SPOTTED TAIL—We are satisfied.

The reporter then retired. The substance of the conversation is given and the politeness of the interpreter, Captain Pool, United States Army, is acknowledged.

The red men were very tired in the afternoon, and while the reporter was present all but one retired to rest. They are impatient to get home. They wish to be blanketed in the great West upon their reservation, lying to the westward of the Missouri river and stretching away to the lofty mountains' base. Still further to westward.

SPOTTED TAIL

is forty years of age, is dark, swarty, muscular, and could eat Mace or Allen without dressing. He is well developed, and his physique is a work for admiration. The others were dressed gaily in the Indian costume, and had large high cheek bones, straight black hair, and their countenances bore vengeance.

To-day the Indians will visit the HERALD office and look at the "big white house." They will depart on Tuesday morning

FOR CHICAGO,

and this is a sample of the native who has the most interest for every foreigner visiting America. No European tourist has seen this country without he has seen its savages; and the story abroad in London that ladies cannot do their shopping on Broadway without meeting hostile Indians has, singularly enough, proved true.

THE INDIANS IN WASHINGTON.

Visit of Senator Morrill and Delegate Hooper to Red Cloud—Mr. Morrill's Words of Sympathy—The Red Chief's Opinion of the Mormons—Future Movements of the Party.

WASHINGTON, June 12, 1870.

Senator Morrill, of Maine, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and who had charge of the Indian Appropriation bill, and Delegate Hooper, of Utah, called yesterday evening on Red Cloud to pay their respects. The Senator assured Red Cloud of his profound sympathy with him and his race, and that Congress, "the Great Council," the President and the people would deal justly with the Indians. For his part he was convinced they had been too much neglected and abused, which operated to the injury of the white as well as the red men of the West. If Red Cloud were to go North he would find multitudes of friends who would be glad to take him by the hand and stand by him and his people long after he had left them. The country needs peace alike for the good of the Sioux nation and our own, and he hoped Red Cloud would be convinced of this when he saw with what warm-hearted interest he would be received by the people of the land.

Red Cloud thanked him, and said he had received much kindness while here from the big chiefs, but he could not forget his people at home. He was sent here to care for their interests, and he thought of them sleeping and waking, for they were on his heart. He had asked for the removal of Fort Fetterman because it was a curse to his people, and instead of protecting them, as the Great Father had told him, it had only brought mischief into his country by whiskey drinking, abusing squaws and other bad work. He hoped there would be no war, and there would not if the whites waited for the Sioux to commence it. His people having no food have to hunt, and when they do that they are told they were off their reservation and were shot at. This made trouble, and the Indians get the blame, as they have no writers or papers.

Delegate Hooper was introduced and said his people—the Mormons—had crossed and recrossed the Plains for the last twenty-two years, through the Sioux country, with their women and children, cattle and goods. In all that time, though more than eighty thousand persons, they had never lost a life, an animal or a bale of goods until the railroad was built; since which they had lost some property on the train. He felt it his duty to bear this testimony to the good conduct of Red Cloud and his people toward them.

Red Cloud thanked him, and said he knew the Mormons; they had always talked straight and dealt fairly with his people.

Red Cloud and his party will leave Washington to-morrow noon for New York, where they will remain a day or two, and thence proceed directly home. They will be under the charge of General Smith, in whom they have full confidence. Colonel Bullock, Mr. Beauvais and John Richards, the interpreter, will accompany the party.

We learn from the *Bonner Zeitung* that great preparations are being made in that town for the approaching celebration of the Beethoven centenary. The great composer was born at Bonn in 1770. The festival is to last three days, and will be held on the 11th, 12th and 13th September, but a fourth, or "non-official," day is to be expressly dedicated to quartet music. The arrangements for the concerts, &c., have been entrusted to Ferdinand Hiller; and the attractions of the festival are to be enhanced by a grand procession up the Rhine, illuminations and *fêtes champetres*.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

The first and principal feature in amusements this week is the great Beethoven Jubilee, which commences at eight o'clock this evening, at the American Institute Coliseum, corner of Third avenue and Sixty-third street. The programme is as follows:—

PART FIRST

Symphony in C minor.....Beethoven
The great classic orchestra,
Three hundred and fifty selected instrumentalists.
Grand aria and chorale.
"Inflammatus," Stabat Mater.....Rossini
Madame Parepa-Rosa,
The entire grand combined chorus,
The organ and the great orchestra.
Grand chorale.
"For He the Lord our God".....Mendelssohn
The entire grand combined chorus,
The organ and the grand orchestra.

PART SECOND.

Grand overture, "Oberon".....Von Weber
The entire grand orchestra of
five hundred and fifty virtuosi.
Grand aria, cornet obligato.
"Let the Bright Seraphim".....Handel
Madame Parepa-Rosa
and
Mr. M. Arbuckle.
Grand chorus, "Hallelujah".....Handel
The combined choral societies,
the great orchestra and the organ.
Grand patriotic finale.
"The Star-spangled Banner."
Madame Parepa-Rosa.
The entire choral societies, choirs and grand chorus,
The great orchestra,
the military bands,
the drum corps and
the electric artillery.

Conductors.

Carl Bergman, Carl Zerrahn,
Max Maretzek, Carl Rosa
Dr. James Peck, and
P. S. Gilmore.

The Coliseum is now ready for its noble work, and the arrangements for performers and audience are complete. There is every reason to expect not only a grand, but also artistic celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the greatest musical genius that ever the world saw.

Booth's theatre will be closed this evening for a grand dress rehearsal of the forthcoming sensation, "The Huguenot," which will be presented to-morrow night in splendid style. The Clodoche Troupe of grotesque dancers have been engaged for the occasion.

"Fernande" enters upon its second week at the Fifth Avenue, and since its first representation the beautiful little theatre has been crowded with fashionable audiences. In Miss Agnes Ethel we find combined those qualities which have made Desclee, Fromentin and Antonine the favorites of the Parisian stage, and in her hands the title *rôle* has a worthy representative. To-night a new galop, entitled "The Fifth Avenue," will be played by Mr. Stoepel's orchestra.

The genial humor of John Brougham receives an artistic setting in his admirable drama the "Red Light; or, Signal of Danger," with which Manager Moss opened his summer season at Wallack's. Without him it might not take such a hold on the public, but with him its attractions are unquestionable.

The merry little sprite, Mrs. James A. Oates, introduces two novelties to-night at the Olympic. The first is the farce of "The Dancing Barber," in which Willie Edouin, who was the feature at Miss Thompson's recent benefit at Niblo's, will appear, and "The Daughter of the Regiment," an original burlesque. The principal attraction will be the music, which is carefully selected from the best composers.

A clever imitation of the Boston Peace Jubilee will be given by Hernandez's grand orchestra.

"Not Guilty," with all its exciting situations, military pageant, battle scene and rich mounting, still holds the boards at Niblo's. This is the last week of the season at that establishment. Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer close in order to make extensive improvements in the stage for the fall season, when they intend to reproduce "The Black Crook" and to bring out some other novelties. On the 22d the friends of Mr. J. A. Zimmerman propose giving him a grand testimonial benefit at this house.

"The Twelve Temptations" enters upon its nineteenth week at the Grand Opera House to-night. Madame Lanner's Viennese ballet will be the next addition to the myriad attractions of the spectacle.

Messrs. Butler and Gilmore are piling Pelion upon Ossa in the quantity and quality of the bill presented this week at the Theatre Comique. The comic pantomime of "Hunkee Doree." Master Barney, Johnny Thompson, J. C. Stewart, Miss Lizzie Kelsey and the grand ballet troupe are among the attractions.

"Hop o' My Thumb" has proved a successful pantomime at Wood's Museum. The Martinetti troupe appear in it.

Mallitt's new comic pantomime, "Old Granny Grumpy," will be brought out for the first time to-night at Tammany. Mace and Allen also appear.

Miss Fanny Herring produces "Bad Dickey" to-night at the Bowery. On Friday the annual benefit of the attaches of the theatre takes place.

Thomas' Central Park Garden concerts every evening are as attractive as ever.

Kelly & Leon's Minstrels have a fine bill for the week.

So have Allen & Pettengill's Minstrels, at Bryant's Opera House.

Miss Leona Cavender, still retains Brougham's drama, "Minnie's Luck," at the Park, Brooklyn.

"The Wild Rose of Wicklow" is Tony Pastor's latest sensation. Riggs takes a benefit to-morrow and Seymour and Kerns on Thursday.

John Hooley has a benefit to-night at Hooley's, Brooklyn.

Last week the renowned Berge Choral Union gave their third concert at Association Hall and were greeted by a large and fashionable audience. The programme consisted of "The Ruins of Athens," overture, "Naluco;" Preghiera, "I Due Foscari" (Mme. Salvotti); trio, "Lucrezia" (Mrs. Kruger, Mr. Berthelot and Mr. Duschnitz, and "My Song Shall Be of the Lord," Berge (Mrs. Kruger). Mr. Walker sang in Beethoven's great work. The concert was a decided success under the direction of Dr. Wm. Berge.

A grand Beethoven juvenile festival will be given by the pupils of the Tenth ward schools, at Steinway Hall, on the evenings of June 16, 20 and 22, under the direction of George F. Bristow. The soloists are Misses H. Beebe and A. Wood and Messrs. Hoffman, Macdonald, Becket, Warren and Pierson.

The next concert of the Berge Choral Union takes place at Association Hall on the 21st inst.

Professor Christian Berge gives a grand concert at Flushing on the 23d of June, the programme to be rendered by the pupils of the Flushing Conservatory of Music, of which he is director. The programme comprises some of the choicest selections from the German and Italian schools.

CHESS MATTERS.

Extraordinary Match by Telegraph.

The subjoined game was played recently by Mr. Galbreath, of Jackson, Miss., Mr. Tinney, of Natchez, Miss., and Messrs. Hardy and Tinney, of Vicksburg, Miss., consulting together by telegraph from their respective cities, against Messrs. Blackman, Manran, Tarrant and Strong, of New Orleans. The game played under these singular circumstances occupied only a few hours. Jackson was the initial point from which the moves were sent to New Orleans.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White, Jackson, Natchez and Vicksburg.	*Black, New Orleans.*
1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.
2. Kt to K B 3.	2. Kt to Q B 3.
3. B to B 4.	3. B to B 4.
4. P to Q Kt 4.	4. B tks P.
5. P to Q B 3.	5. B to B 4.
6. Castles.	6. P to Q 3.
7. P to Q 4.	7. P tks P.
8. P tks P.	8. B to Q Kt 3.
9. Kt to Q B 3.	9. Kt to Q R 4.
10. B to Q 3.	10. Kt to K 2.
11. Kt to K 2.	11. Castles.
12. B to Kt 2.	12. Kt to Kt 3.
13. Kt to Kt 3 (a).	13. Kt to Q B 3.
14. P to Q 5.	14. Q Kt to K 4.
15. Q Kt to B 5.	15. B tks Kt (b).
16. P tks B.	16. Kt tks K B.
17. Q tks Kt.	17. Kt to R 5.
18. P to K B 6.	18. Kt to Kt 3.
19. Q to K B 5.	19. R to K.
20. Q R to K.	20. B to R 4.
21. R tks R ch.	21. Q tks R.
22. P to K R 4.	22. Q to Q R 5.
23. Kt to Kt 5.	23. Q to K B 5.
24. Q to Q 7.	24. R to K B.
25. P tks Kt P.	25. R to Q R.
25. P to Kt 3.	26. Black resigned.

(a). P to Q 5 was the correct move.
(b). This capture virtually loses the game.
(c). It was immaterial what they played, their game was past redemption.

The tournament at the Café International has progressed considerably of late. The result up to the present time is as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.
J. Mason	11	3
Frederick Perrin	5	2
Von Frankenberg	7	4
F. E. Brinzinger	2	1
J. Lissner	5	4
Dr. Dwyer	9	9
J. W. Brodie	4	6
J. Silvy	4	6
G. Lyon	3	8
S. B. Brann	1	8
Total	51	51

THE JAMAICA OUTRAGE.

In the HERALD of Saturday was printed a brief account of the brutal and murderous outrage committed on the person of Ellen E. Smith, a colored woman, of Jamaica, by a ferocious negro named George Garrow. The woman is now more convalescent and faint hopes are entertained of her recovery. Garrow was yesterday committed to jail by Justice Sutphin to await the action of the Grand Jury. He has long been the terror of the peaceable people of the town, and is no less a personage than the one who stabbed George Washington two years ago. His wife says that he endeavored to persuade her to go away with him on the night of the assault for some unknown purpose, but she obstinately refused, and has no doubt whatever of his guilt, and she hopes he will be punished for his cruelty to her.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

AN UNUSUALLY LIVELY BUDGET.

The Cuban Lobby Mare's Nest—It Grows Smaller and Smaller—The General Opinion Is that It Is a Confidence Game or a Trick of Spanish Agents—Senor Ruiz to Be Examined at His Own Request—Apprehended Dissension Among Republican Leaders—The St. Domingo Wrangle.

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1870.

A pretty lively sort of week has it been here on the whole. The Cuban bond lobby mare's nest, the St. Domingo wrangle, the city elections, the arrests of two people for contempt of the mighty House of Representatives, and an unusual quantity of unpleasantnesses, large and small, have served to keep the public here in a high state of delicious excitement, and afforded a relishable novelty in the midst of the dreamy monotony of Congressional proceedings.

The Cuban lobby sensation grows small by degrees and beautifully less. The more one pierces through its stunning looking shell the more one becomes convinced of its almost complete emptiness. What at the first examination promised to develope into something which would involve members of Congress, Cuban envoys and well known characters about town in a most disreputable scheme of bribery and corruption, has dwindled into a very insignificant affair indeed; a mere lobby trick at the most in which certain confidence men got possession of a quantity of valueless bonds, for what precise purpose does not appear, or possibly a not very honorable *ruse de guerre* on the part of the Spanish Minister to strangle the growing sentiment in favor of Cuba and defeat in advance the contemplated effort appointed for next Tuesday by the House of Representatives.

Ben Butler figures very curiously in the whole of this proceeding. He claims to be on both sides of the question. Loud in his declarations of sympathy with Cuba, he nevertheless is laboring very earnestly to develop everything calculated to injure her cause. Under authority from the House to investigate how the gold conspiracy testimony got prematurely into print, he has expanded his inquiry until it seems to take in nearly everything in and out of Congress. Instead of reporting what was expected of him—namely, how General Garfield and his clerk came to hire out the testimony taken before the Gold Conspiracy Investigating Committee—he has apparently forgotten all about that subject, and busied himself in summoning Tom, Dick and Harry to know how the lobby is conducted, how many members have been bribed and how many newspaper men have lent themselves to jobbery. He has employed detectives, it is said, to dog people about and listen to their conversations. It is said he was privy to a scheme to kidnap the fellow D. B. Taylor from Canada to the United States, so that the whole story about the Cuban lobby might be disclosed. But Taylor was too smart to be caught that way, declining all suspicious invitations to fishing parties, and other traps laid to get him outside the sacred limits of the Dominion. Had it not been for this latitudinarian investigation of Butler the Cuban lobby story still would have been entombed among the secrets of the Grand Jury room. Butler is, therefore, responsible for the whole of this sudden flood of false light upon the Cuban question. It is his fault if, as a result, some votes that before were sure for Cuba are found on the other side when Banks' resolutions come up for discussion next Tuesday. Indeed Butler, though pretending to be working hard for Cuba, does not hesitate to state that Banks' report is a failure; that it shows no such condition of belligerency as is recognized by the law of nations, and that when the question comes up members will disappear from their seats rather than give their consent to support a movement which is suspected of having bribers and swindlers for its advocates.

In one of my recent despatches I called attention to another peculiarity of this investigation. It has been entirely *ex parte*. Señor Ruiz, than whom there is no more respectable man in this country, who has been mentioned as one of the leaders of the bribery conspiracy, has never been examined, though he has asked General Butler to summon him, declaring that he could clear up everything that has been said about him. He states that it is utterly false from beginning to end, the whole story, so far as he is concerned. His name, he states, was not on any contract, agreement or memorandum, as either principal, accessory or witness, and he is ready to swear to all this and more. Now, after having thus applied to be examined, why has General Butler failed to grant the request of Señor Ruiz? Why not give him a chance to explain under oath? Why not give both sides an impartial hearing?

I learn that Señor Ruiz, despairing of getting justice at the hands of Butler, has applied to Judge Bingham, who is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and it is probable he will be granted his long desired opportunity to make an explanation.

With all Butler's admitted shrewdness and cunning, it is evident he goes on a wild goose chase once in a while. Thus, in this very investigation, when the name of Mr. Parsons turned up as that of a person who had procured bluff old Ben Wade's influence for Cuba, Butler forthwith jumped at the conclusion that Marshal Parsons, of the United States Supreme Court, was the individual, and actually had the innocent Marshal laid out for execution in his report. The Parsons referred to, as your correspondent assured General Butler, was an entirely different man. Should it turn out that the genial and good natured Señor Roberts, the Spanish Ambassador, is at the bottom of this movement it is generally admitted that he will find himself in a very unpleasant fix. It would be a serious charge against a foreign minister, and how it would affect his relations with our government is being seriously discussed. It is generally thought it would result in his passports being handed to him by Secretary Fish. For a minister to engage in the business of trumping up charges of bribery against Congressmen is no slight offence. It is no joking matter, as Mr. Roberts would could soon discover. But, of course, I am not alleging that the story is true; I am only stating the theory, and explaining that, if correct, the Spanish Minister would, in all probability, be invited to return to his native country. William L. Marcy gave John Crampton his walking papers for an offence of not nearly such large proportions.

DIVISIONS IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The indications in the Senate for the past week or two point to a division among what are termed the leaders of the republican party. It looks very much as if the old condition of affairs that existed during Andrew Johnson's administration was about to be repeated, one part of the party going with the President and another opposing him. In the present instance the radical republicans will go with the administration, while the conservatives will try to form the nucleus of a new party, affiliating more or less with the democrats to break down government. The debate on St. Domingo has developed this feeling to an extent which was not anticipated by either party, certainly not by the administration. It is said that the President himself expresses surprise at the hostility of such men as Ferry, Sumner and Schurz towards him. His friends have advised him to draw the reins tightly on these gentlemen, so as to make them work within the party traces. Grant, however, is not as quick tempered as Johnson was, neither is he quite as bold. His inexperience in public affairs makes him more or less timid, or at least tolerant of the opposition of such men as Sumner. The old jealousy of the military power, which cropped out to such a degree when Grant was elected, has not quite died out. In the Executive session, the other day, it is said Sumner accused the President of endeavoring to set up a military despotism. For one, if this was contemplated he wanted to know it. The effort to prevent military officers from holding civil positions was another ebullition of this same feeling. The Cuban question is another rock upon which the republicans are likely to split. There is known to be a large majority in the House, made up of republicans and democrats, and a respectable minority, if not more, in the Senate, that favor the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents. The administration, under the guidance of Mr. Fish, still holds to its old position, and already a prominent lawyer has been engaged to write down Banks' report for the newspapers. The fact that this gentleman is connected with the State Department as counsel is supposed to show that the administration is disposed to continue to pursue the policy heretofore adopted towards Cuba unless Congress should decree otherwise. The financial questions are another source of division, the Western republicans being antagonistic to those from the East on all questions of currency or banking. Altogether the councils of the party are by no means harmonious, and the breach is widening daily.

THE HOUSE ON RETRENCHMENT.

The House has made sad havoc with the Senate amendments to the Legislative Appropriation bill, the first that has come back after going through the upper House. The Senate piled on amendments to such an extent that all the economic ideas of Mr. Dawes were upset, and the sum total of the appropriation was half as much more as agreed upon by the House. The House Committee on Appropriations has gone to work and cut out nearly all the amendments, and now the bill goes to a conference committee, where it will be wrangled on by the *confrères* of the House and the Senate.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S FISHING TOUR.

Departure from Washington—The Party—Visit to Senator Cameron's Residence at Harrisburg—Arrival at Westport—Preparation for Piscatorial Sport.

WESTPORT, Pa., June 10, 1870.

Last evening, on the forty minutes past five P. M. train from Washington, Senator Cameron's fishing party left the national capital on their long talked of piscatorial excursion into the mountains of Northwestern Pennsylvania. The party which left Washington consisted of the President of the United States, Mrs. Grant, Miss Nellie Grant, Master Jessie Grant, Postmaster General Creswell, Senators Edmunds, of Vermont; Howe, of Wisconsin, and Robertson, of South Carolina; Representative Hooper, of Massachusetts; General Porter, Private Secretary to the President; Marshal Sharp and wife and son, and last, though not least, General Cameron, the host.

A special car had been secured for the occasion, which added the extra comfort of seclusion. The weather at the time of starting was anything but encouraging. Not satisfied with fifteen days of rain, after an intermission of one day the floodgates were again opened, and the well soaked face of nature was subject to another drenching. When the President arrived at the train with his family, the rest of the party awaiting him there, it was just finishing up a very severe shower. Arriving at Baltimore the party took carriages across the city for the depot of the Northern Central Railway for Harrisburg. Here the palatial Presidential car of the Pennsylvania Railway was in readiness. The party immediately embarked. The gorgeous saloons, commodious staterooms, silk trimmings, mirrors and numerous lighted candles were rather more suggestive of the journey of a royal family than of a plain republican President, attended by a few of the higher officers of the government, on a fishing excursion.

At forty minutes past seven P. M. we left Baltimore, our car being attached to the regular train for the North. A sumptuous lunch was now spread in the main saloon, and was much enjoyed by appetites not only whetted by the absence of dinner, but as well by the ride.

At midnight we reached Harrisburg. The train was halted near the residence of General Cameron, where the party disembarked to pass a few social hours while awaiting the departure of the Erie train, to which it was proposed to attach our car. The spacious parlors of the mansion occupied by General Cameron were thrown open with their usual hospitality. Mrs. Cameron, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Wayne McVeigh, and by Mr. McVeigh, her son-in-law, the newly appointed Minister Resident to Constantinople, received the distinguished guests. After some minutes passed in conversation the party were entertained at supper. Shortly after two o'clock the car returned from the depot. We once more embarked and turned in for a night's sleep. Leaving Harrisburg our party consisted of the President, Postmaster General Creswell, Senators Cameron, Edmunds, Howe and Robertson; Representative Hooper, General Porter, Marshal Sharp and son, and General Beal, of Chester, who joined at Harrisburg, and Mr. Barr, who got aboard at York.

The hour of preparing toilets found us high up on the waters of the Susquehanna, beyond the beautiful valley town of Sunbury. At eleven o'clock we breakfasted at Williamsport. The clouds were not promising much of a piscatorial success. Still we pursued our way, determined to try a hand at least.

At precisely noon to-day we reached this hamlet, a station on the Erie Railroad about 190 miles east of Erie. The surrounding scenery is wild and mountainous. A narrow defile here passes between two ranges of hills. Kettle Creek here finds a rapid course towards the broad bosom of the Susquehanna, and drains a number of small mountain streams abounding in front. Here we have joined a party which left Harrisburg in advance, arriving yesterday. This party, made up by Don Cameron, is composed of Dawson Coleman, of Lebanon; General Kane, of Kane; General Reynolds and Mr. Hiestand, of Lancaster; Messrs. Colder and McCormick, and Dr. Charlton, of Harrisburg; Mr. Herdick, of Williamsport; Mr. Wistar, of Duncannon, and Mr. Duffy, of Marietta. They have brought with them all the conveniences of living and sleeping, a hotel on wheels, saloon, dining and kitchen cars. At one o'clock the President, accompanied by General Cameron and several others, visited the residence of Mr. Noyes, a prominent citizen of Westport, and was entertained by an old fashioned Pennsylvania dinner. The rest of the two parties were feasted on the train. Later in the day those who felt disposed to fish set out, and were requested to report and in case of success it was proposed to make a general demonstration. Senator Edmunds, alluding to our appetites and sport, remarked that it was a war of the Huns against the Fins.

The Rain Spoils All the Sport—A Land Slide—The Presidential Train Blocked Up—Return of the Party to Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, June 11, 1870.

The continued appearance of rain debarred the President from indulging at all in the angling sport at Westport. This was a disappointment, as the success of his trout fishing experience last year had excited his desire to try again. Yesterday afternoon a small party having started returned after a brief absence on account of the rain. Notwithstanding this fact, however, there was no lack of trout, and the culinary accommodations on one of the cars enabled all to indulge their taste for them, if they could not gratify their taste for the sport. After dark the most terrific rain that we had as yet experienced came down like a threatened deluge.

The necessity for the return of the President to Washington before Monday morning, and fears being entertained in regard to the condition of travel in view of the prospective rise in the streams, at six o'clock last night we set out on the return, halting at a station called Kenovo. At five o'clock this morning we again set out, but had proceeded but a few miles when the train was brought to a short stop by an enormous landslide which covered the track to the depth of twenty feet and a width of about 200 feet. There being no prospect of getting the track cleared the party walked over the immense pile of earth, rocks and trees to a train on the opposite side. On this train we rode as far as Williamsport, where we dined. Thence the train hastened on to this point, arriving shortly after seven o'clock. The party proceeded at once to General Cameron's residence, where they rest to-night. To-morrow they will be entertained by Mr. Don Cameron at his country seat, Lochiel, a few miles below this city, and in the afternoon will depart for Baltimore by special train.

THE SKILFUL CUES.

Rudolphe Wants Some Amusement with the Canadian Star, "Joe" Dion—Another Challenge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

As I am to play a game of billiards with Cyrille Dion next Friday evening for the same stakes and on the same terms as govern the contests for the champion cue, and as I have recently played with Joseph Dion, with whom I am matched to play for the champion cue in September next, and inasmuch as in my recent play with Joseph Dion it is admitted by his friends that he is at his best, I do now hereby challenge him to play me a match at either the American, French or English game of billiards, as he may cho