ASPECTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE-HOLDERS IN TROUBLE.

One of the "last cards" of the Grant managers in Philadelphia, just before the late election, was the publication of a cross bill on the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, the Hon. Samuel J. Randall. Duly heralded by flaming head-lines in *The New-York Times*, and other greedy swallowers of Grant campaign falsehoods, "The Hartranft Central Club" published to the world that Messrs. Randall, McClure, and other Pennsylvania Liberals, were engaged in "a conspiracy" to early the State for Buckalew. Part of this conspiracy was specifically stated to be the forgery of naturalization papers, of which crime the reckless persons who signed this address said they had "positive proof." The only proof alluded to by these libelers was this dispatch:

"A. K. Mc.: See McMullin to-day. He has all the naturalization papers. It is vital they should be in hand at once. Meet me to-night. Yours, SAM. J. RANDALL."

This inflammatory circular was signed by John L. Hill, William R. Leeds, Charles H. T. Collis, Peter A. B. Weidener, and James M. Kerns. Of course they are all office-holders; Grant managers usually are. Leeds is Sheriff, Hill Receiver of Delinquent Taxes, Weidener City Treasurer, Collis City Solicitor, and Kerns United States Marshal. Think of these associates of the convicts Yerkes and Hartranft charging anybody with crime! They are likely to have a lively time of it, however; witness the following bit of Philadelphia news:

"Suit has been begun in the Supreme Court by the Hon. Samuel J. Randall against Wm. R. Leeds, John L. Hill, Peter A. Weidener, Charles H. T. Collis, and James M. Kerns for libel growing out of the report made to the Hartranft Club containing a letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Randall to Col. McClure in connection with an allegation of conspiracy between these two gentlemen and Alderman McMullin to issue fraudulent naturalization papers. At the same time a writ was issued against Messrs. Peacock, Featherston & Wells, proprietors of *The Evening Bulletin*, for the publication of the report mentioned above, and for their editorial articles asserting the truth of the facts alleged therein against Mr. Randall. Mr. Randall says he will insist upon judicial investigation of the truth of these charges, which he has denied by a published letter. He has retained as counsel Messrs. Phillips, Sheppard, and Hagert."

Mr. Randall has a good case. His defamers probably thought their baseless fabric would be unnoticed after it had accomplished its desperate purpose. The message to Mr. McClure, of which so much account has been made, is thus referred to by him in an interview with a reporter of *The Press*:

I understand that Mr. Randall will institute suits against the parties, and if so, my testimony will be that I never received or saw such a letter from Mr. Randall, and never conferred with him or any one else on the subject.

SUPPOSE GRANT BE RE-ELECTED?

Some of the more speculative journals of the country are asking this question. They seem to think it possible that a party which was formed just after the snow melted in the Spring had no right to expect to crystallize and organize for a victory before the snow fell again in the Autumn. So, with wise examination of all the possibilities, *The Springfield Republican* supposes a case and thus vaticinates:

"The reflection would afford Gen. Grant an opportunity to retrieve the errors of his first term, and so reinstate himself in the confidence and affection of the entire country, it will afford the Republican party one more chance to purify itself, bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and so flee from the wrath to come. That an earnest attempt will be made, in the event of Republican success, to tone up the Administration, we do not doubt; nor we doubt that it will be partially successful. We should look to see Gen. Grant's second term show a marked improvement in several respects over his first. But we must confess to having very little faith in the regeneration of the Republican party. It has been in power too long. It has come too completely under the control of the Camerons, Mortons, Butlers, and Murphys. It has attracted too many mercenaries to its standard. It has taken too kindly to the pastime of stoning the prophets. Its only chance for salvation lies in reforming and liberalizing itself, and taking hold honestly and resolutely of the new work required by the new times. The Republican party may do this; but all history and all analogy discourage the supposition. If it fails to do this the Liberal movement will undoubtedly solidify into the Liberal party; and this party will be the party of the future. Many of the men who went to Baltimore and Cincinnati will not be found in it. On the other hand, it will number among its most useful members many of the men who are now working for Gen. Grant. If anybody supposes that the Sumners, Schurzes, Trumbulls, Greeleys are to be permanently separated in political action from the Daweses, Gardfields, Kelleys, and Hawleys, *The Republican* does not envy his sagacity. This Liberal movement is going to set the good and bad elements in both the old parties at liberty to group themselves afresh according to their natural affinities. That is not the least important part of the work which it has to do in our politics."

GLIMPSES OF ARKANSAS POLITICS.

Oregon has for many years enjoyed the rare distinction of containing more of those peculiar journalistic elements which are portrayed in the episode of Potts and Slurk than any other State in the Union. But for the "high-tonedest" blackguardism in the profession, the curious student must go to Arkansas. *The Gazette*, published at Little Rock, lately sold out to the mongrel fraud of the Clayton Ring, and put up the Hunter ticket, since withdrawn. Commenting on this, *The Journal*, which supports the Liberal or Brooks ticket, said:

Since the days when Benedict Arnold tried to sell his country and his people, a mercenary traitor has been the vilest thing known to American manhood and patriotism.

Thus punctured, *The Gazette* explodes as follows:

Oh Micawber! Micawber! Thou hast said it. Thou art self condemned. Strike out for Van Dieman's land now. On this continent your every ticket proves a blank. Even the Brooks ticket won't win.

Here is another choice extract from the Clayton purchase, and it should be premised that the Arkansas Liberals are called "windies":

The rock upon which the brindle craft struck and foundered was the stern, unflinching, immovable determination of the Democrats of White and Pulaski that the will of the Democratic State Convention should be obeyed, and Ben. Rice should not put his tools into the Legislature by their votes.

"The rock on which the brindle craft struck" is good; and that rock was the indorsement of the Clayton-Hunter fraud by a meeting of a handful of Clayton's men in White County, the so-called "Liberal" Convention having been fabricated in White and Pulaski Counties. The White County resolutions terminate with the following gorgeous bit of rhetoric:

That the grasping avarice of the brindle Republicans, as evidenced by their refusal to make a fair and just division with the Conservatives on the State ticket, and their efforts to secure to themselves the Legislature and county offices, to the exclusion of Conservatives, plainly show that their cry of Reform is a hollow pretense to deceive the people and thereby put themselves again into power, place, and plunder.

Whence it will be perceived that unflinching determination of the White County Spartans was directed against any one-sided distribution of the spoils. This question seems to worry the Clayton people more than a little; it means that Clayton wants to control the Legislature; to this end he gained possession of the chaste *Gazette*, which, while laboring to elect the Clayton candidates in the State and divide the Liberals, keeps the names of Greeley and Brown at the head of its columns. This is stealing the livery of Heaven to—&c.

ANCIENT POLITICAL HISTORY.

By the time political news gets to California and back here again it becomes ancient history. Read, for instance, what the last received copy of *The Sacramento Union* says of the "Straight" Democratic move ment, now a thing of the mighty past, and never anything but a very weakly thing:

It is not to be disguised that the "Straight" Democratic movement has done the Greeley cause much injury. In politics, as in war, the moral effect of a movement is often decisive of the result before the actual blow is struck. It was not so much the fighting as it was the sight of Blucher when Grouchy was expected that put the French to their disgraceful rout at Waterloo. It is not the actual strength of the "Straights" that has routed the Greeley column, so compact and confident three months ago, but the moral effect of the thought that this very small force may be enough to turn the tide of victory in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Virginia, New-York and one or two other States.

Let us comfort the soul of our transmontane friend with the information that the Straight Democratic movement sailed for Europe last week, Mr. Blanton Duncan having gone to Paris to look after the Bourbon succession.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The Courier-Journal thinks last Tuesday was All Rogues Day.

The Liberal press rallies bravely after the battle, and bends to the work of Reform with undaunted spirit and redewed energy. Not one gives up the fight, but each calls for closer organization and harder work. "We can win if we will," is the cry of all.

Prompted by a commendable desire to tell its readers how Simon Cameron carried Pennsylvania for Grant, *The Courier-Journal* furnishes the following: "It is difficult to say just what elected Hartranft. The prevailing opinion, however, seems to be that he got in through a combination of repeating, expenditures, pure cussedness and the influence of the Pittsburgh papers."

Here is a very profound organ which has discovered: "Horace Greeley is politically dead, and drags into his dishonored grave along with him Lyman Trumbull, Carl Schurz, and all their associates who have engaged in the bad cause with him." Reconciliation and purification are very odd things in the eyes of this devoted organist. But be that as it may, honest people would much rather be buried in such company as Trumbull and Schurz than live by the grace of a corruption which forces a Pennsylvania partner of felons into the Gubernatorial chair. Lincoln of Pennsylvania, and raises a man whom President Lincoln turned in disgrace from his Cabinet, into the position of savior of the once honored Republican party. Greeley, Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, Banks, and Curtin, or Cameron, Hartranft, Yerkes, Butler, Morton, Murphy, Tweed, and O'Brien! Which do you prefer, patriotic Americans!

The Liberal journals of Ohio are very confident of carrying Ohio for Reform in November. *The Cincinnati Enquirer* says: "Only a change of 6,000 votes is required to carry Ohio for Greeley. There are 2,000 election districts, and a change of three in each of them will do the business. Every Democrat and Liberal Republican we have seen says, 'Keep up the fire. Our chances of carrying Ohio for Greeley are good. There is but a small majority to overcome, and we know that there are plenty of men who voted against us in October who will be with us in November.'"

There is no faltering in New-Jersey. The Liberal press of that State stands squarely up to the fight and shows no sign of doubt or fear. *The Trenton True American* truly says: "It seems to us that the Administrationists have been cheering before they are out of the woods. They have gained nothing that they did not have before, and they have lost a State they had. Another 'success' like this in November will be their defeat. Stand firm, friends! We have taken one of the enemy's positions, and, in the battle to come, we shall, if true to ourselves, be masters of the field."

Occasionally some feeble-minded officeholder attempts to convince his readers that Missouri is sure for Grant. Here is a paragraph in *The St. Louis Republican* which seems to differ materially with this rose-colored prophecy: "We had scores of private dispatches yesterday from various points in Missouri, full of encouragement and hope as to the political situation. Our own State will astonish even the most sanguine in its vote for Greeley and Brown. We shall not give the high estimates, but assure our readers that Missouri is safe for at least 30,000 or 40,000 for Greeley and Brown."

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Latest form of the organic lie—Hendricks has succeeded in counting himself in as Governor of Indiana.

Wanted—A Grant man who can look an honest man squarely in the face and say Hartranft's majority of 35,000 is an honest one.

Only one Greeley man in Shanghai, writes a correspondent of a Renomination organ. That transfers China to the Grant column, and deals the death-blow to the Liberal cause.

Grant Republicans who pride themselves on their morality and virtue are very much elated at the result in Pennsylvania, but very backward about recognizing the all-powerful agent, Simon Cameron.

There is sorrow among the Grant men. Blanton Duncan has gone to Europe. The object of this sudden departure is not known, but the supposition is that he goes direct to France to put in a claim to the throne as the original Bourbon. Let President Thiers be on his guard.

The Renominationists are counting upon success in November through the moral influence of their victory in Pennsylvania. As that victory is the election of a dishonest man by fraud the moral influence from such a popular indorsement of rascality must be incalculable.

The Grant organs are terribly enraged because the Liberal journals refuse to give up the fight. The sight of a table which shows the undeniable fact that there are more States certain for Greeley than for Grant, almost throws them into convulsions. It is so absurd, you know. Now and then one of them tries the funny dodge, but with very poor success. Like the fun which followed Cincinnati, it has a very funereal aspect.

Twenty members of the Bishop Hill Colony write to *The Chicago Tribune*, on behalf of the colony, in reply to the statements of John T. Burnett and Joseph R. Jones, and claim that they can prove the lands sold to Grant by Jones to have been a portion of the Bishop Hill lands; that all the trustees did not sign the deed to Jones, and that the trustees did not give Johnson a power of attorney. They say the President has been twice informed of the circumstances of the suit entered for the lands by the Committee of Six, but up to the 7th inst. no answer had been received, although he had received the communication. The case is now in equity.

THE DRAMA.

MISCELLANEOUS MENTION.

The reopening of the Olympic Theater, with Opera Bouffe, appointed to take place this evening, is the novel incident of the week in local theatrical enterprise. Mlle. Aimee and a carefully selected company will appear—not, as first announced, in "La Grande Duchesse," but in the neater if less brilliant and dashing opera of "La Perichole." Some time has passed since this sort of entertainment was last offered in New-York. It recurs under uncommonly auspicious circumstances. We do not doubt it will be welcomed. The Olympic Theater, during the recess now ended, has been cleansed and redecorated. Mlle. Aimee enjoys a well-earned popularity as an artist in opera bouffe, and during her stay at the Olympic that theater cannot fail to be the home of mirth. In other directions the aspect of public entertainments remains substantially unchanged. We note the continuance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at Wallack's; "Arrah-Na-Pogue" at Booth's; "Le Roi Carrotte" at the Grand Opera House; "Agnes" at the Union Square Theater; and "Diamonds" at the Fifth Avenue Theater. It is, however, announced that "Diamonds," at the latter house, will be kept on the stage only two weeks longer. From various indications we judge that Mr. Daly's contemplated production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will shortly occur. Mr. Charles Fisher, making his first appearance in the Fifth Avenue Theater, will personate *Falstaff*. In Shakespearean performances, long ago, he used to be a beautiful reader of the text; his abilities as an artist are of a high order; and there is reason to anticipate that his *Falstaff* will be a personation worthy of a scholar and a humorist. Theatrical people sometimes appear to think that they do a fine thing, and quite enough to cover themselves with glory, if they take up one of Shakespeare's plays and toss it on the stage with a pitch-fork. The signs are that, in this case, an intellectual effort will be made in an earnest spirit and with suitable surroundings. If so, it must inspire sympathy and win support. Public attention to theatrical matters, this season, is bestowed in liberal attendance. No good play has lacked advancement, and no show whatever has been neglected. "Arrah-Na-Pogue" and Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault have certainly received a welcome warm as heart could make it, at Booth's Theater, where that best of Irish plays—because at once rational, romantic, various, truthful, pathetic, gay, and pure—has been set upon the stage with really beautiful scenery, and is acted, for the most part, in a manner that offers no flaw. A better actress than Miss Millie Sackett, in the part of *Fanny Power*—which is that of an Irish lady, and not a chambermaid—might be desired; and it might be wished that a gentleman less decidedly of the City of London than Mr. Alexander had been assigned for the Irish chieftain, *McCoul*. But, in other respects, the cast is sufficiently strong. Great excellence has been recognized in Mr. Shiel Barry's *Michael Feenu;* and merit of an unusual character is displayed in the personation of *The O'Grady*, by Mr. Joseph Wheelock. The latter gentleman comes, we believe, from the West; and we think him the most interesting and promising of the new players that Mr. Booth has transplanted from the provincial to the metropolitan stage. His nature seems earnest; his manner is unobtrusive; his acting shows quickness and accuracy of perception, thoughtfulness, self-control—and, more than all, reserve power. It is at once a novelty and a comfort to meet with a new actor, in a subsidiary part, of whom it cannot be said that all the goods are in the shop-window; and we must not pass over Mr. Wheelock's appearance here without a word of recognition for simple and modest ability. To "Pygmalion and Galatea" also the public has accorded a sympathetic welcome, as was right and natural. This comedy embodies a lovely ideal of chastening and elevating experience, and it is so delightful in its purity of form and its strong, clear, and fluent style, that no intelligent community could be insensible to its charm. That charm, moreover, has been intensified by the profoundly earnest and delicately finished acting of Miss Katharine Rogers, as *Galatea*. Wallack's Theater has been well filled on every night of the representation, thus far, of this sterling and novel work. Full houses likewise are to be recorded for "Agnes" at the Union Square Theater. This piece has been filed down to a smooth and symmetrical form, and its exposition of the sufferings of an affectionate heart, deceived and slighted, is straightforward, interesting, and effective. The tender grace and passionate emotion that Miss Ethel infuses into the scene at the close of the third act would melt a mill-stone, though naturally powerless upon a married doll that loves a ballet-dancer—the worst kind of a doll, we should say, that luxurious civilization has yet turned out. Among the changes made in "Agnes" we note the excision of the part of the old female speculator, played by Miss Mestayer, who had one scene in the first act. It could well be spared. And, speaking of excisions, we record that, in his present revival of "Arrah-Na-Pogue," Mr. Boucicault omits the scene at the office of the Secretary of State in Dublin, which used to occur in act third. At Tony Pastor's Opera House, this evening, Mlle. Zitelle and the Brothers Varelle will make their first appearance in a piece called "The Slave's Dream," and this will be supplemented with the customary "olio of fun," by Tony Pastor. Bailey's Caravan is strengthened by the accession of the well known Runnells Family. An unusually ample programme is announced by the San Francisco Minstrels, who offer Negro Minstrelsy in elegant quarters—the St. James Theater—and from artists accomplished in this line. Mr. Emerson of the California Minstrels gives notice of the engagement of Messrs. Delehanty and Hengler, who will appear next week, and that his troupe continue to comprise clever and popular performers.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

RECEPTION BY THE LOTOS CLUB.

SPEECHES OF MR. FROUDE, JOHN BIGELOW, SAMUEL J. TILDEN, EDMUND YATES, AND OTHERS.

The reception of James Anthony Froude, the English historian, by the members of the Lotos Club, Saturday evening, was a thoroughly cordial and even enthusiastic welcome to one of England's greatest authors. The Club-house was crowded with members, and there were a few invited guests. Among the gentlemen present were the Hon. John Bigelow, late U. S. Minister to France; the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, Dr. Barnard, President of Columbia College; Gen. Irvin McDowell, Bret Harte, John Hay, George P. Putnam, Launt Thompson, Dr. Holland, Editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, D. G. Croly, Managing Editor of *The World;* Col. W. C. Church of *The Galaxy*, S. S. Conant of *Harper's Weekly*, Joaquin Miller, the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, the Hon. James Brooks, Richard Schell, Wm. Dart, U. S. Consul-General to Canada, Wm. Marston, Edmund Yates, Blair Scribner, A. B. Stockwell, President Pacific Mail; Dr. Edw. Eggleston, Editor *Hearth and Home;* John H. Carmany of *The Overland Monthly;* T. B. Musgrave, Prof. Hitchcock, Charles D. Bragdon, Oliver Johnson, Mayor Hall, John Brougham, John Elderkin, Col. Thos. W. Knox, J. B. Bouton, Dr. Charles Inslee Pardee, and Wm. Appleton, jr.

A little after 10 o'clock, Mr. Froude entered the parlors, accompanied by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the President of the Club, who said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE LOTOS: We have the pleasure of meeting to-night and welcoming to America an author whose works, although recent, have already been accepted as classics wherever the literature of our common language is studied [applause], and a lecturer who comes from triumphs at home to what I am sure will prove new triumphs here. [Applause.]

Reading not long ago the report of one of his brilliant lectures, I found a curious discussion about the difficulty in getting contemporaneous views of great men and great events. "Now," said the lecturer, fancifully, "as it takes light nine years to travel from us to the fixed star Sirius, if we only had that fixed star for our point of view, we might to-day see the English army in the trenches before Sebastopol, and Florence Nightingale watching over the wounded from Inkermann in the wards of Scutari."

So, gentlemen, if to-night we could attain that Sirius point of view [laughter], we should see, across the water, a literary athlete who, nine years ago, was in the thick of the fight his first volumes had raised. He had audaciously reconstructed the pet horror of his country-women, Henry the Eighth. He had well-nigh turned upside down the accepted portraits of the pet horror of a considerable number of his countrymen, the Good Queen Bess. With one hand he had stripped the tinsel from Mary, Queen of Scots, while with the other he had retouned her lovely figure in lovelier lights. The din about all this was terrible. The Quarterlies, the Magazines, even the newspapers—which, in countries less well regulated than our own, do sometimes deal in denunciation and personal attack [laughter]—opened upon him all their batteries. Critics, great and small, rushed at him,—cut and hacked and slashed, and finally fell to fighting with each other over his head. In the midst of that contest, it was presently found that his power of dramatic narration and the fascination of his style had won their own way. He had suddenly become the popular favorite at home, and by a coincidence not unusual, the favorite of American publishers, as well; and had passed, at one step, into the place, high and apart, then so lately left vacant by Lord Macaulay. [Applause.]

That place is still ours. In the maturity of his powers and the fullness of his renown, this British Historian comes now to "Greater Britain." Be it ours to show him such welcome as shall prove our gratitude for his work and our pride in his fame. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I have the pleasure and the honor of presenting to you Mr. James Anthony Froude.

Mr. Froude was received with great applause, and replied briefly as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I need not say that I thank you most heartily for the kind reception which you give me this evening. It adds one more to the many kind acts of hospitality which I have received in the time that I have been in this country, and I must say, after the kind words which your President has said to me, that when you do things of this kind you know how to do them in an exceedingly gracious manner. [Applause.] I need not at all go into subjects which the President has so generously touched relating to my experience. I suppose I have experienced as much of the asperities of literary life as falls to the lot of most people, and I feel rather proud to say that I have survived it up to the present time. [Laughter.] Here I am and here I hope to be for a short time to come. As to the reception here this evening I should like to thank you, not only for myself, but in the name of our common profession. I myself was the editor of a London magazine, and upon the daily press, and therefore deem myself one of the members of the great profession which has so much to do in the progress of mankind. I am very glad to say that there is a sort of free-masonry among each other, and I recognize and feel myself here among friends and brothers. [Applause.] That it may be my good fortune, if any of you should ever come to London, to entertain you is certainly my hope, and it will be my task, and the same I may say of every member of the profession to which I belong in London. [Applause.] We are always proud to feel that Americans are our companions and brothers in arms. [Applause.]

The President then called upon John Bigelow, late U. S. Minister to France, who said in the course of his remarks:

MR. PRESIDENT: What little I have to say can be said anywhere, and the more obscure the corner the better. [Laughter.] In the manner in which you have requested me to occupy the position of the representative of American letters on this occasion, I need not say that you embarrass me very much, although it is, of course, the greatest pleasure possible to speak a welcome to Mr. Froude—a welcome which is upon the lips of every American, as his works are in the memories of a very large number of our citizens. That, of course, is a most grateful duty. I only regret that you were not successful in finding a person more competent to discharge the duty in this assembly. I suppose, though, it is part of that mirthful and chaffing spirit for which, Mr. President, you are so distinguished, in selecting a person whom you could most torment with the least amount of trouble. [Laughter.] Mr. President, I perhaps may be pardoned for giving you, as the conductor or one of our most influential journals, and other members of the press here on this occasion, an important warning and caution, for which I shall have no better opportunity than the present. It is this: I wish to call your attention to the conquest of the American Colony, which is going on rapidly now, and about which nobody seems to be in the least alarmed. [Laughter.] We have here to-night several of their leading officers, as one may say. We find they are gradually and skilfully taking possession of public opinion at every point. They are placing their sentinels in every heart and on the outposts of the national mind, and arranging everything for the re-establishment of—shall I say—the crown? [Laughter.] Or the reestablishment of the sovereignty of the British mind, which is the British Government in America? Now, gentlemen, if you can contemplate the future with coolness, if you can contemplate the prospect without a certain amount of alarm, if you can give welcome to these gentlemen who are coming in this military sort of way to take possession of the country, why I have nothing to say. [Laughter.] I can bear it if you can. [Laughter.] It is as well, perhaps, that we should return again to the position of colonies. It is as well perhaps that the United States should appropriate such gentlemen as Mr. Froude and Mr. Yates and take them in and let them in turn appropriate us, because as much of the asperities of literary life as falls to the lot of most people, and I feel rather proud to say that I have survived it up to the present time. [Laughter.] Here I am and here I hope to be for a short time to come. As to the reception here this evening I should like to thank you, not only for myself, but in the name of our common profession. I myself was the editor of a London magazine, and upon the daily press, and therefore deem myself one of the members of the great profession which has so much to do in the progress of mankind. I am very glad to say that there is a sort of free-masonry among each other, and I recognize and feel myself here among friends and brothers. [Applause.] That it may be my good fortune, if any of you should ever come to London, to entertain you is certainly my hope, and it will be my task, and the same I may say of every member of the profession to which I belong in London. [Applause.] We are always proud to feel that Americans are our companions and brothers in arms. [Applause.]

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Mr. Edmund Yates, who was next called upon, was received with great applause. He said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE LOTOS CLUB: At an early period of the evening I should have been able more correctly to identify the poet who begins a poem with the remark, "Lead, lesser beauties of the night!" [Laughter.] I should have been further able to quote him individually, and with every line correct, but I know that he goes on to state that these lesser beauties of the night give place when the moon rises. Gentlemen, behold one of the "lesser beauties of the night," who is only too glad to have been a kind of jackal to have come here before the great lion of England arrived, to have received your excessively kind hospitality, and now to give way to his distinguished friend Mr. Froude. [Great applause.]

Brief but hearty and graceful speeches were then made by the Hon. James Brooks, Gen. McDowell, and Dr. Eggleston. Mayor Hall, who was next called on, said:

GENTLEMEN: My voice is the victim of two reviews. [Laughter.] But if I were dumb, I would like at least to open my mouth on an occasion like this, when we have not only the pulosophical but the dramatic historian of England here to-night. He comes to a country of which it is said we have no historian and never have had one; that that is still in the future. I know that Bancroft will be quoted by you, but to be technical he is out of the country. [Laughter.] At all events there is room for very great argument whether he is to be or has been the historian of the country, and seeing Mr. Froude here to-night we remember that while this country is young England is old, and it was not until Macaulay came quite recently to touch the pavements of the temple of history and to brighten up her frescoes and hang new pendants on the walls, that she had a historian. Macaulay is dead but Froude is living, and he looks to-night as if he was going to live a long while, and we all pray God he may. [Applause.] He is undoubtedly the historian of England. He has taken skeletons, and though the illustration be homely, he has made them as the papier-maches are made, with as much similitude to life as can be given to remnants of the dead. [Applause.] He comes to us to-night with the warranty of the whole world, for the man who could dissect Job and Henry the Eighth about the same time needs no further warranty from any body. [Laughter.] We have given him good welcome this week. In the first place we got up for him a magnificent review, which, I believe, he saw. We got up for him, in its way, a magnificent police review. We got up a magnificent celebration of a future Republic—the Republic of Cuba [applause] and very much to the disgust of the Spanish Consul of this city, permitted a Cuban flag to be hung out from the City Hall; but then the City Hall, in its history, has hung out a great many different flags, [laughter,] and there has been sung at her porches not only "Rally round the flag, boys," but "Rally round the flagstones." [Laughter.] If he will take a walk to-morrow perhaps we will see him up a few first-class street brawls. I have the authority of THE TRIBUNE for saying that street brawls on Sunday are very common. [Laughter.] I may say in passing, and I believe it to be so, TRIBUNE or no, that there is no such thing as murder in this city. We have street brawls and homicides and misadventures, but old-fashioned grudge murder we hand over to London and Boston. [Laughter.] Soon we shall get up for Mr. Froude's delectation a magnificent election. I trust he will go and see our process of registration [laughter], where a man is obliged to swear whether he is white or black. We will get him up a magnificent Presidential election, and he will find on the morning after the election that we will all be the best satisfied and happy people in the world whether there shall be elected the great journalist or the great General—the man of words or the man of silence. I am sure that wherever Mr. Froude goes he will receive a hearty welcome, and I believe he will be best received when he shall show his intellectual face and open his mouth as a lecturer; and he will find that wherever he goes in his representative character he will find that America is not so old a child of England as to forget England's great historian. [Applause.]

The President then called upon Mr. Samuel J. Tilden for a few words of welcome, and the response was as follows:

What can I say, what can a politician say, what can a lawyer say in an audience of literary gentlemen like this, who are used to watching us, to taking notes, to recording and to publishing? What dare we say? At least we can dispute, we can contend, and now when my friend, John Bigelow made Minister to France, says Mr. Froude has come here to see England take us, I dispute it and say he has come here to see us take England. He has come here to take a little telescopic view of the great English-speaking race of which England is hereafter to be a province. I say province. I say it not with any thought or word of disparagement. An origin, a primal fount of its manners, of its institutions, of its laws, of its literature, of its culture—yet, measured by the immense spread of the outflow from that primal fount, a small province. We welcome Mr. Froude to his mission. We welcome him here to-night in this assembly of young men, of men of literature. We welcome him to a nearer and better and closer acquaintance with that great future. It will give us pleasure to welcome him here that, in such studies as he may make hereafter of the origin and antiquity of the institutions and growth of this grand old race, he may take that largeness of view, that liberty of view that grows up in the mind when we contemplate the whole as one complete and entire system, one grand drama of the master race of the world.

Most of those present were presented to Mr. Froude, during the evening. He remained for some time after Mr. Tilden's speech, leaving about one o'clock.

THE WEATHER.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Monday, Oct. 14—1 a. m.

Synopsis for the past twenty-four hours.

The storm center in the north-east is passing over Massachusetts; on the lower lakes and thence over New-England rain has fallen, with winds veering to fresh northerly, and rain continues in New-England; in the Middle States northerly to westerly winds and clearing weather; clearing weather and south-westerly winds on the South Atlantic coast; from Iowa to Indiana and southward to the Gulf clear weather, rising barometer, and northerly winds.

Probabilities.

On the lower lakes, and thence over the Middle States, clearing, clear, and cool weather, with northerly to westerly winds; in New-England, winds veering to northerly and westerly, with rising barometer and clearing weather; on the upper lakes, in the North-west, and thence south-east-ward to the gulf, generally clear, cool weather, with northerly to westerly winds; on the South Atlantic, south-westerly to north-westerly winds and clear weather.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

FROM GLASGOW—*In steamship Europa*, Oct. 13.—Wm. Morton and daughter, Wm. Fryer, James Wiseman and lady, Richard Ayre, James Concannon, Thos. Wall, Mary Hill, Betsey Fletcher, Mrs. Herbert and daughter, Wm. Haythorne, Wm. Haythorne, jr., wife and family, David Hunter, David Stewart, wife and child, Alex. Inglis, John Liney, Felix Macegray, Palmas White, Wm. White, Mrs. Geo. Walker and daughter, Mrs. Alexander Patterson, Ellen Ames, Wm. Ames, Wm. Parmenter, Isaac Swain, John Cook, Elizabeth Hamilton, Mrs. Walter Stewart, Hugh Young and wife, Wm. McKenzie and wife, David Henderson, the Rev. Alexander McLean and wife, Wm. Gaily, Wm. Cherry, Christopher Crawler, Johanna Donovan, Richard Price, Sarah McKelvie, Mrs. W. McCullough, family and servant, Mrs. John Sunderland and family, Thomas Lovejoy and wife, Tace Jamieson, Ignatius Hasson, G. Adams, Andrew Jacaman, the Rev. Joseph Bazzard and lady, Mrs. Lelland, Wm. Thomson.

LATEST SHIP NEWS.

[*For other Ship News see Second Page.*]

ARRIVED.

Steamship Europa (Br.), Campbell, Glasgow Sept. 28, via Moville 29th, with mdse. and pass. to Henderson Bros.

Steamship Gen. Meade, Sampson, New-Orleans Oct. 5, with mdse. and pass. to Fred'k Baker.

Steamship Wyanoke, Couch, Richmond, City Point and Norfolk, with mdse. and pass. to Old Dominion Steamship Co.

Steamship Vicksburg, Merrill, Port-au-Prince 8 days, with mdse. and pass. to F. W. Rearigh.

Steamship Alnwick, Walker, Norfolk, &c., with mdse. and pass. to Old Dominion Steamship Co.

Ship Princeton, Braisburn, London and the Isle of Wight Sept. 9, with mdse.

Bark Dr. O. J. Brock (Nor.), Ustered, Middlesboro 43 days, with railroad iron.

Brig Julia Blake (of Parrsboro, N. S.), Gavin, Miragoane 15 days, with logwood.

Brig George Amos, Joyce, Portland, with lumber.

Schr. Leading Star (Br.), Foote, St. John, N. B., with piling.

Schr. Flora Clark, Dorchester, N. B., with stone.

Schr. Florence (Br.), Price, St. John, N. B., with lumber.

Schr. H. V. Crandall (Br.), Nelson, Windsor, N. S., with plaster.

Schr. Hannah Cromer (of Plymouth, Mass.), Sears, St. Martins 15 days, with salt.

Schr. Harriotene, Dunham, London 51 days, with mdse.

Schr. Phebe, Stedora, Para 23 days, with rubber and nuts.

Schr. Thos. J. Frasier (of New-Orleans), Pinn, Para 23 days, with rubber and nuts.

Schr. Olivia A. O'Mullen (Br.), Crane, Picton, N. S., with piling.

Schr. Decora, ——, Lunden, N. S., with piling.

SCHOONERS—RIVER AND CHESAPEAKE.

W. W. Phara, Georgetown, D. C. — A. M. Bailey, Virginia.
O. Carter, Virginia. — S. R. Jarvis, Virginia.
Maria Carson, Alexandria. — Fair Wind, New-Bedford.
N. Seider, Portland, Me. — Reno, Machias.
Harriet Gardner, Fall River. — Jesse Rogers, Taunton.
Ann Amelia, Providence. — Wm. Bennet, Providence.
O. F. Hussey, Providence. — John Crockford, Providence.
C. Kinnicie, Providence. — R. J. Mercer, Providence.
Capitol, Providence. — E. J. Raymor, Providence.
A. T. Rowland, Providence. — Veranda, Providence.
John Brooks, Providence. — H. Blackman, Pawtucket.
Janet, Stamford. — E. K. Woodward, New-Haven.
S. N. Smith, New-Bedford. — M. G. Molina, Warren.
Rhode Island, Cag Harbor. — Surprise, Providence.
C. C. Perkins, Taunton. — Julia Perry, Canton.
Keystone Fish, Dix Island. — Charles Cobb, Rockland.
Fountain, Fall River. — Henry Remsen, Fall river.
Wm. D. Cargill, New-Haven. — Judge Runyon, New-Haven.
C. Courtlin, New-Haven. — Sarah A. Hammond, Dighton.
Eliza Hamilton, Fall river. — Chas. Lodge, Groveport.
Wm. Young, Bridgeport. — M. W. Griffin, New-Haven.
Lady, Ashton, Wareham. — E. H. Bowen, Bangor.
G. F. Trigg, Gloucester. — Yarmouth, Hyannis.
Jos. F. Ross, Taunton. — Fred. Tyler, Providence.
Lucy Hall, Westerly, R. I. — Maud Harbour, Bangor.
Champion, Providence. — John Brossett, Boston.
Lucia B. Ives, New-Haven. — J. Tuttman, New-Bedford.
Leader Newton, Gardiner. — A. L. Lockwood, Georgetown, D.C.
Cavalier, Providence. — Jane, Hartford.
Brescent Lodge, Canada. — Edna Thompson, Vinalhaven.
Allow, Rockland. — A. Hammond, Vinalhaven.
E. V. Burgess, Providence. — Crusoe, Machias.
Ida Clay, Bridgeport. — O. Scofield, New-Haven.

ANCHORED AT HART'S ISLAND.

Schrs S. J. Lindsey, Crockett, from Rockland, with lime; Lake, Rogers, do. do.; American Eagle, Calais.

WIND—Sundown, light, N. E.; cloudy.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—Arrived, steamship Blackstone, from Baltimore; bark Lamett, from Liverpool; brig Thomas Campbell, from Turks Island; schrs. James A. Brown, from Cape Haytien; Belle, from Turks Island.

CHARLES