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HAVERLY'S THEATRE—2 and 8: "Our Daughters."
DELMONICO THEATRE—2 and 8: "Mitt."
PARK THEATRE.—"Brother Sam."
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS' OPERA HOUSE—Variety.
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UNION SQUARE THEATRE—"My Partner."
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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1879.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—*The London Times* calls on Princes Bismarck and Gortschakoff to speak out regarding their supposed misunderstanding. ==== The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved. ==== Bernhardt Cotta, the eminent German geologist, is dead. ==== The Governors of important Mexican States have assured President Diaz that they will maintain order. ==== The Mussulmans in Eastern Roumelia are flying to Adrianople for protection.

DOMESTIC.—The Republicans of Massachusetts have nominated John D. Long for Governor and Byron Weston for Lieutenant-Governor; the other State officers were renominated; the platform asserts the National supremacy, commends resumption, and compliments President Hayes. ==== Secretary Evarts, who is in Washington, speaks very cordially of the Canadians. ==== The President is in Cleveland. ==== The Deaf and Dumb Institute at Delevan, Wis., burned down yesterday; no insurance. ==== The Court of Appeals at Albany has decided in favor of the validity of the litigated shares of the Quicksilver Mining Company.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The Mayor was yesterday ordered to show cause why judgment shall not be given for ex-Commissioner Nichols. ==== Father Magnire testified in the O'Hara will contest in Brooklyn. ==== Egypt, Volturno, Gabriel and Dalgusian were the winners at Brighton Beach. ==== The seventh annual Fall meeting opened at Creedmoor. ==== The American Institute Fair opens to-day. ==== Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 80.61 cents. ==== Stocks active and fluctuating, closing irregular and feverish.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate clear and partly cloudy and warmer weather, with occasional light rains. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 71°; lowest, 58°; average, 65⅝°.

The meeting of the Republican Central Committee last night was large and enthusiastic. The gathering soon became a personal demonstration in honor of the Republican candidate for Governor, who is a member of the Committee.

The opening of the American Institute Fair, which takes place to-day, is always an event of interest to many thousands of our people. It seems likely, however, that several days must elapse before the Fair is fully prepared for its visitors.

The Republican majority over all on joint ballot in the Maine Legislature, which elects all the State officers except the Governor, is 37. This figure will keep the Democratic party in a bad humor until the Ohio election—and then they'll be in a worse humor than ever.

The prospect of a prosperous opera season at the Academy of Music is set forth elsewhere with most convincing details. Nearly all the boxes and seats that are usually taken by subscription have been already engaged. Some account is given also of the singers whom Mr. Mapleson proposes to bring with him, and his methods of management.

The scheme to hold an Irish National Convention to promote the Home Rule cause may be retarded by the discouraging terms in which Mr. Mitchell Henry refers to it. Although Mr. Henry is an Englishman, his wealth and public services have rendered him influential with the Irish people. He doubtless discerns that as conventions are prohibited in Ireland by an old statute, it is expedient, just now, to avoid any such complication.

The Aldermen made merry yesterday at the expense of the Mayor. When the nomination of Mr. Hawley as Commissioner Wheeler's successor was received, one Alderman moved that the paper be returned to the Mayor with the thanks of the Board; another approved of that idea, except that he did not care to have the Mayor thanked; another, and the most facetious of all, moved that the nomination be sent to Governor Robinson. All this was hardly dignified, but it must be remembered that Tammany Aldermen labor under especial provocation in these days.

There is a loud call from London on Bismarck and Gortschakoff to remove the feverish anxiety of Europe by declaring that there is no ground for the ill-will they are reported to bear each other. This desire is not likely to be gratified. In 1871, Prince Bismarck said to a Bavarian diplomatist at Versailles: "All has gone well so far with Russia, but, "sooner or later, I fear we shall have "a war like this with her." In view of this opinion and his unfriendly conduct toward Russia at the Berlin Congress, Prince Bismarck cannot afford to say that he is on amicable terms with the Russian Chancellor, and that his recent overtures to Austria were not intended to provide against the hostility of the Czar.

In less than three months Congress will again be in session. Then, if not before, will be promulgated officially the Mormon plan for checkmating civilization. A staff correspondent, now in Utah, reveals the nature and extent of this scheme in a letter which is printed on another page. It will be proposed that Utah be admitted into the Union as a State, and admission will be urged upon the ground that this prosperous Territory is better qualified for membership in the great family of States than some which are already within the circle. No doubt pledges will be made that polygamy shall be repressed. They would be given only to be broken. As our correspondent's letter shows, the real purpose of the Mormon leaders is to secure for themselves the sovereignty, in such matters, of a State, and then bid defiance to the public opinion of the country. On its face, this would seem to be an impossible scheme; but we have seen enough of Democratic rule in Congress to know what a Bourbon majority means; that which ought to be impossible is too often that which happens. The State of Utah would elect two Democrats to the United States Senate; would cast three electoral votes for the Democratic candidate for President; would, in case of an election by the House of Representatives, give a vote which would neutralize that of Puritan Massachusetts. There is a stake here for which the Democratic party might be desperate enough to play. In the meantime, it is important that the country should know there is such a scheme on foot, and know also that its object is to perpetuate a so-called "religion" whose corner-stone is licentiousness.

The best part of the platform adopted yesterday by the Massachusetts Republican Convention is that in which the responsibility for a revival of sectional issues, so often charged upon the Republican party, is fastened upon the Democrats, where it belongs. Democrats, and not Republicans, were the first to revive war memories and war issues. Every candid voter will admit that the close of the last Presidential contest left the people of the country ready, as a rule, to think well of the South and to look upon the questions of the war as forever closed. That feeling found its extreme expression in the Southern policy of President Hayes, and for a time the North approved it. It was when it was made clear that the South would reward conciliation only with intolerance, and while preaching peace abroad had established the rule of the shotgun at home, that the good sense and manliness of the North revolted. Again the South revived war issues by declaring, through some of its spokesmen, that every trace of war legislation should be swept from the statute book, and the Republican party was responsible for a renewal of sectional controversy only in so far as it defended the honor of the country and the achievements of the Union dead.—In many respects, the Massachusetts platform is good and strong, and the unanimity with which it was adopted is a promise of the heartiness with which it will be supported during the canvass. In one particular, the ticket nominated at Worcester is a surprise. The nomination of Mr. Long over Mr. Pierce was hardly looked for, but the Convention has chosen a strong candidate nevertheless. Mr. Long is a young and energetic politician, of scholarly training and tastes, and endowed with great personal popularity. His young blood will tell in the campaign.

THE CHISOLM VERDICT.

So the murderers of Chisolm go scot free. There was a just Judge, but he could not find a verdict for a Democratic jury. There was a thorough presentation of conclusive evidence by able counsel. But the jury were Democrats. It is said that one man of the twelve was a Republican, but a man too weak or too stupid to form and hold an opinion adverse to that of his associates. Seven were white Democrats, and that settled it.

Is it to be inferred that all white Democrats at the South in their hearts excuse the murder of men for the crime of being active Republicans? Even then, there would be nothing to excuse the murder of a helpless girl and innocent boy. Have the white Democrats of the South none of those human feelings which distinguish men from savage beasts? Yes, the better public opinion of the South does undoubtedly condemn these murders, at heart. Publicly it says "the "occurrence was very deplorable." But that does not enforce law. That does not punish the guilty, nor deter men from perpetrating similar crimes whenever political passion or interest prompts. Private censure does not go far, either. Men who say in their hearts, "the murder was wrong," will go fox-hunting with the indicted Gully, or vote for the assassin Barksdale, and touch without a shudder the hands red with innocent blood, and welcome the murderer to their homes, and be glad, provided he has money or social standing, to see the blood-red hand joined before the altar with that of a much-loved daughter. The censure hurts no one. It is cool and mild, and impairs the standing of the murderer neither socially nor politically nor in business. Southern society will ostracize a man, and hold him unfit to live, if he is guilty of being a Republican. But it will excuse him, welcome him, court him, and claim him as an eligible partner in marriage, if he has murdered a Republican. That decent society will regret as "a deplorable event," but it will not punish as a crime.

Excuses are always offered, of course. The murdered man was always a bad man. He had "incited insurrection"—that is to say, he had told the blacks that they were not slaves. Or he had "stirred up a war of races"—that is, he had advised the colored people not to be shot down like sheep without resistance. Or he had "threatened the very existence of "civilized society"—that is, he had consented to receive, as a candidate for some office votes not cast by strictly Democratic hands. Usually, after the man is dead, a great deal of mud is cast by a chivalrous community upon his tombstone. He was a desperate and wicked man, and had insulted somebody, or wronged somebody, or, it is said in extreme cases, killed somebody. If a man who votes an independent ticket, or receives independent votes, has ever killed anybody, that justifies killing him at once. But the good Democrat who kills such a person will never be held to account as a murderer.

This is the state of society of which the Solid South is the product. The jurymen, we may suppose, are fair men for their class. They see the agony and the tears of the mother who held a dying daughter in her arms and saw a husband murdered. They are touched, possibly, with some human feeling—what brute would have none at such a recital? But they retire to consider their verdict, and the Democratic party casts twelve votes, while the civilized human being casts not one. "Yes, the "man was guilty," they say to themselves, "but "what good can be done by hanging him now? "It cannot bring back the dead to life. But it "would hurt the Democratic party. It would "be a public acknowledgment that this murder "was in fact without excuse. Men at the "North would say that it was a political assassination. For the sake of party, it is better to cast the mantle of forgetfulness over "the unhappy event, and bring in a quick verdict of not guilty." The thing is done. Civilization wonders whether a county in Mississippi is populated by hyenas only, but Democratic civilization mildly observes that the better people of the South "disapprove these "deplorable events," and some Democratic editors grow red in the face if they are told that they are the advocates of a party of assassins.

Ah! men of the South, it is a fatal mistake that you make. The people of this country do not wink at assassination as a method of electing candidates. They have no disposition to be ruled by the revolver and shotgun. Do you think that this nation of conscientious and intelligent men can ever be governed by creatures of whose deeds the wild beasts of the wilderness would be ashamed? It will be seen, when votes are counted, that every shot aimed at a Republican at the South has killed more than one Democratic vote at the North. Make the South solid in that way, and the North will be solid to resist it. Bullying does not help, as the war should have taught. Threats do not cower men of Northern blood. The better class of citizens here, whatever their political preferences and opinions, abhor the fiendish crimes to which Democracy at the South has resorted, and there are thousands of independent or Democratic votes in every Northern State which will be cast against the party which defends murder and acquits assassins.

ALPHONSO'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

Continental papers come to us full of gossip concerning the second marriage of King Alphonso, which is now a certainty. The Spanish grandees who are to ask the hand of the Archduchess are already on their way to the Court of Vienna, where consent is impatiently awaiting them. It is difficult to understand the eagerness of the Austrian Imperial house to enter into this alliance with Spain; it can bring no political strength to that monarchy. The position of the Spanish Queen is the most slippery of any of the unstable thrones of Europe; and added to all this is the fact that the sympathies of Austria have always been with Don Carlos. That great agitator and his brother were not only cordially received in person by the Austrian Court, but there was every ground for suspecting that it was Austrian gold which helped him in his last struggle. The marriage of Alphonso into the house of Hapsburg was no doubt partly planned in order to cut off this ally from Don Carlos, and a rumor was started that a compromise with that troublesome Pretender would be made before the marriage took place. Don Carlos, however, has taken pains to let it be known that he is not to be bought off, declaring that "he is not so weak or so cow-"ardly, but awaits events and trusts in God"—meaning that he is ready to jump in whenever there is any chance of a successful fight.

Meanwhile there is the usual feeble effort to surround the approaching marriage with the glow of love and romance which everybody likes to believe belongs to weddings in courts as in cottages. The young King, incognito, went through with his six days of wooing at Arcacion dutifully, gave royal gifts, and drove out with the Queen who was to be. But gossip declares that he was a cold lover, and that the Archduchess (who is said to be a thin, pale-eyed young woman with close-shut lips and a sharp, hard memory), remembered when he came that he had known her long ago and had not chosen her first, and was hard to be persuaded to listen willingly to his wooing. Gossip, very probably, knows nothing about it. Still, the story of Mercedes, and the passionate love and wedding of the boy and girl King and Queen, which was like a page out of a fairy tale, is fresh in the memory of all Europe, and makes these political nuptials tame and commonplace.

MISSISSIPPI AFFRONTED.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is a singularly inopportune person. No man was ever so unfortunate in the times and circumstances of his public appearances, and no man ever failed so to hold together. He seems to have the ability to be conspicuous, but to fall just short always of being great. With a little more balance he might have been famous; as it is, he is merely notorious. With a little less self-consciousness he might have passed for a martyr; as it is, he is pretty generally set down an ass. It is hardly possible that any other man in his position would have undertaken to skip away from his pursuers at the close of the war in female guise; still less possible that he should have given occasion for the sleeping-car scandal, and before that was cold make a speech glorifying the women of the Confederacy because he had never seen one that had been reconstructed; and almost inconceivable that any other man who had made these particular blunders should, while posing before his own people as a martyr, so practice upon the credulity of still another woman as to make himself her legatee to the exclusion of her lawful heirs. It was Artemus Ward, we believe, who said "it "would have been five dollars in Jeff Davis's "pocket if he'd never been born." However that may be, it seems certain that it would have been more than that in his pocket if he had not survived the war. It is manifestly one of the deepest revenges ever brought in by the whirligig of Time, that while Abraham Lincoln died by the assassin's hand at the very culmination of his work, in the fulness of his fame, Jefferson Davis was spared by the magnanimity of his captors to illustrate the littleness of his own character and emblazon the folly of his career. There is no man now living to whom silence and retirement would be so becoming; none who so persistently breaks the one and emerges from the other with such invariably fatal effect to himself and his friends. Like the tramp bound to Omaha, he is kicked at every appearance; and like the same tramp, he seems bent on reaching a place in history, "if "the seat of his trousers only holds out."

His latest public appearance is in the letter to the editor of a Mississippi paper, which was published in yesterday's TRIBUNE. Therein he declines, at great and unnecessary length, to be a candidate before the Mississippi Legislature for United States Senator from that State. He begins by the statement that it is by no means probable that Congress will remove his political disabilities, "and thus "spare our State the affront of denying to our "State the right to choose her own representative." He then proceeds to say that "the "vital issue before the country is the con-"test between State Rights and Consolida-"tion"; and in further definition of the issue to declare that "it was for self-govern-"ment that the States declared their independence and fought until they were severally acknowledged to be free and independent nations." All other political questions he considers subordinate to this, and he expresses great confidence that the principles he has laid down will sooner or later be vindicated. To hasten this consummation he hopes some one will be selected "who has "no political disabilities to obstruct his admittance to the Senate, and against whom "there are no bitter prejudices to impair his usefulness." In other words, the object of the Democratic party of Mississippi is to hasten the vindication of the principles which they failed to establish by rebellion, chief of which is that the States are "free and independent nations." And that simply as a matter of policy it would be better to select some one for Senator who will be admitted to the Senate, and whose usefulness is not impaired. All very true, no doubt, but an avowal not calculated to bring much strength to the party at the North, where they are strenuously insisting that the State Rights issue is a bugbear, and that under no circumstances can the issues of the war be revived. If this does not look to a revival of the vital question upon which the war was fought, we should like to know what would?

And so Mr. Jefferson Davis considers that the State of Mississippi is affronted because the Congress of the United States has not removed his disabilities, so that Mississippi can elect him to the Senate to hasten the consummation he names, to-wit, the vindication of the principle of State Rights, which the United States Government lately at some cost put down. Affronted! Was there ever such cool assurance? Is it possible that this man has forgotten his own history as well as the history of his State? Why, it is less than twenty years since he, a Senator—holding then the office he whines about to-day—forswore his allegiance, threw down his office, and went out to lead a bloody rebellion; and for five years neither he nor his State was heard from except across hostile lines, through the mouths of cannon and muzzles of musketry, and the thin, pinched lips of the boys they starved and sent back to us. Not twenty years since his State rebelled and he stalked out of the Senate. And not fifteen since his State was brought back and he was in prison for treason. And here he comes up whining that his State is affronted, because Congress, in addition to granting him the life he forfeited and the freedom he abuses, has not removed all his disabilities and made him eligible to the seat in the Senate which he thinks Mississippi wants him to fill. Is there any parallel on record for such impudence? Well, he does serve one purpose at least: he illuminates the politics of his party and his period. Perhaps it is part of the penalty the South pays for its crime against the Union that this man lives on. And it may be his punishment, too, that, like the Wandering Jew, he has to stay.

FICTITIOUS NAMES.

The law of the land long ago espoused the maxim: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." If Mr. Rose prefers to be called Mr. Tulip, all he needs to do is to call himself so and get his acquaintances to do the same. A man's name, in the view of the law, is whatever he is usually called. And so is a woman's. Therefore the queer post office case which recently came before the authorities was doubtless rightly decided. The facts were, that a long time ago a firm was formed in New-York, in the name of Allison & Hearn, to manufacture and sell a patent medicine. Allison was supposed to dwell in Brooklyn, but Hearn did not know where, and never visited him at home; the two men met daily at the New-York store, and all the business was done there. The medicine was popular and the business successful. Quite recently Hearn saw announcements of the death of Dr. McAllister in Brooklyn, and having often heard of him as a physician of note, thought he would attend the funeral. He did so; and going forward to view the remains was amazed to recognize the features of his partner, Allison. Then came explanations and a controversy. Mrs. McAllister learning for the first time that her husband had been in business under another name, in New-York, objected to any further proceedings of the sort. Hearn claimed to wind up the business, and receive money checks and orders that might be in letters on the way, as being the surviving partner. There is a law of Congress which authorizes the post office authorities to refuse delivery of letters to persons proved to be engaged in using the mails in aid of obtaining money by false pretences. Under this law the question has been argued before the department, at Washington, whether using the name Allison instead of McAllister was a false pretence which made it proper to detain the letters. No one found fault with the medicine, or complained of any fraud in the manner of carrying on the business, aside from the fictitious name; and the Post Office authorities have decided that this is no offence, and that Mr. Hearn may have the letters.

To use two names is not in itself an offence. If done to perpetrate fraud or crime, it is an important indication of a bad motive. For innocent purposes a person may pass by more names than one without incurring blame from the law. Writers and actors have done this so much as to make it a familiar custom, so far as they are concerned. They have no especial privilege, and there is no generally established rule that persons in other vocations may not do the same, where their objects are honest. The person's usual designation is his name; and he may change it as he pleases. Concealing unlawful acts by an assumed name is another thing. Using a fictitious name cannot be called unlawful. The principle is well established in respect to changing one's name. There is a prevalent idea that an act of legislature or order of court is necessary. This is not so. These are convenient for making the change known; for giving it effect quickly; and for protecting the person from any imputation of concealment or dishonest purpose. But one may make the change himself if he will take the time and pains. Women, when they marry, take their husband's names by mere custom. They are not bound to do so; sometimes they decline. Men can take new names, if they like, by the same simple process of signing and answering to them.

There is a law of this State which, as it formerly read, authorized the Court of Common Pleas to order a man's name changed, if he gained any pecuniary benefit thereby. A gentleman of unattractive cognomen applied for such an order, but could not show that any legacy had been left him or any other money advantage was depending, and the Court said it had not power to make any order, but none was needed; the applicant could make the change himself. A strange case of this kind occurred in Kansas. Mrs. Brown, of Indiana, eloped from her husband with Clark, and went to Kansas, where the two lived together as Mr. and Mrs. Clark. She was generally supposed to be his wife, and called herself and was called Clark. In the name of Sarah Clark she brought a suit; and the defendant objected that her true name was Brown and she must begin over again in that name. But the Court said that her name was whatever she was usually called, and she might sue as Mrs. Clark. There was a lady employed in the Patent Office who drew her pay in her maiden name, and a newspaper published an article commenting on the matter, and was sued for libel. The Court said it was no libel; a person may do business by any name he or she chooses, and it is no reproach to publish it.

POLITICAL NOTES.

It is exhilarating to behold the Democracy rending itself.

The next Governor of Massachusetts was nominated yesterday.

The Maine Greenback party is said by its friends to be on the brink of its little grave.

Mr. Tilden impresses his friends as one who is serene and happy. Governor Robinson doesn't.

Jefferson Davis wastes a half column of a newspaper simply to say: "Don't elect me Senator, for if you do I'll accept."

Ex-Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, is another Liberal who has become a stalwart. The one who has done anything else is yet to be found.

Spinola is the first man to give the accurate dimensions of the Democratic ear. He declares that it is capable of holding an elephant as well as a flea.

The outside Democratic editors who are trying to bully John Kelly into a withdrawal should send for a photograph of him and study his features. They would become suddenly wiser.

Tammany is making liberal offers of taffy to Mr. Potter, and begging him to ponder long and earnestly before he accepts the second place on the Tilden-Robinson combination ticket. The advice is timely and excellent.

That falling off of $9,000,000 in the revenue, due to legislation in favor of the Solid South, is another inkling of what would happen were the Democratic party to be put in possession of the Government. The South not only declines to pay its debts, but also intends to have the cost of governing the country defrayed by the North.

It is evident enough that John Kelly represents the anti-Tilden elements of the whole Democratic party of the country in this fight, but he gets no encouragement from the Democratic journals which habitually oppose Tilden. They say it is all well enough to smash Tilden, but this looks like smashing the party at the same time. As Tilden carries the party in his hat it is difficult to see how the double slaughter can be averted.

A glimmer of hope has been discovered by the Ohio Democrats. They say the danger of defeat in New-York will show Tilden the necessity of saving Ohio, and they are waiting confidently for a large driblet from the barrel. They are sure he must see that he can't defeat both John Kelly and the Republican party without the moral effect of a Democratic victory in Ohio. This is sound reasoning, but the flaw in it is that two well-filled barrels could not "save Ohio" now, and nobody knows this better than Tilden. He will not waste any money on Ohio when he needs so much at home.

Ex-Secretary Boutwell's speech at the Massachusetts Republican Reunion on Monday, contained this admirable advice to the party concerning its future: "Our future as a party is with ourselves. If we dally with wrong, if we turn a deaf ear to the cry of the oppressed, if we consider questions of trade and finance, the commerce of the sea and of the land, as of more consequence than of human rights, if we neglect to exercise all the powers of a great Government for the protection of its citizens everywhere, then it can with justice be said that the Republican party has lived as long as it deserves to live. But if, as I anticipate, we are now to engage anew in a contest for the equal rights of all men with the zeal, courage and persistency which were manifested in the great contest against slavery, we shall deserve and receive a new lease of party life, and for another generation keep the Government in the hands of those by whose efforts it was saved."

THE STATE CANVASS.

There were plenty of war speeches in the Democratic State Convention, but no soldier was put on the ticket.

The State Committee of the Colored Men's organization has called a State Convention to be held in Elmira October 14. The call is signed by H. C. Mollson, chairman, and William A. Tolbert, secretary.

There is a newspaper bolt in West Troy. *The Democrat*, published in that city, declares that the Syracuse Convention was "a disgrace to the state of New-York," and declines to hoist the ticket.

The Buffalo Express says: "The anniversary of Governor Robinson's birthday falls on the date of the next election in this State. People will remark 'Many happy returns,' perhaps; but there won't be any."

It would seem that Mr. Kelly proposes to carry the war into Africa. A Syracuse paper announces that he has consented to speak at Cortland during the campaign. If John Kelly should stump the State, it would make an exceedingly lively campaign. He would find a good many Democratic sympathizers in the interior.

Republicans who take it for granted that there is an easy victory before them requiring no great effort, should remember that the Democratic party, however divided upon the nomination for Governor, is united, and honestly so, upon the nominees for the five remaining State offices. The whole Republican ticket must be elected, and only hard work can do it.

The Republicans should take especial care this year with their nominations for the Legislature. This is not the time to allow men of damaged reputations to use the party for their own "vindication." The apportionment has reduced a little the Republican proportion, and every nomination should be made with regard to the interests of the party, and not of individuals.

In Buffalo the flat contradiction between the Democratic platform and the record of Governor Robinson upon the canal toll question is attracting the especial attention of the average voter. The Republican papers are reprinting that remark of the vulgar but often veracious Grady: "You favor low canal tolls, and yet you forget that every year the Governor asks in his message why the water is not pumped out of the canal?"

It is suggested that if Mr. Potter should be elected Lieutenant-Governor he would be in a position to make a strong push for the Senate to succeed Mr. Kernan. Certainly both the State and the Democratic party would gain by the exchange. No one ever heard of Mr. Potter's putting seven men to sleep in a State Convention. But there are two mighty contingencies in the way of the change. One is the peculiar improbability of Mr. Potter's election, and the other is the moral certainty that the Democratic party will not choose Mr. Kernan's successor.

The Schenectady Star puts the regular Syracuse ticket at the head of its columns with these hilarious remarks: "It looks now very much as though the Democratic party had been attending a funeral instead of a nominating convention. Surely no intelligent Democrat who wishes the success of the party can review the scenes at Syracuse with any other than feelings of sadness, for whatever blind partisan zeal may think or hope, no one who is posted upon the political situation can expect any other result than defeat. It is not even among the possibilities, let alone the probabilities, that the ticket nominated under such circumstances can be elected. It is possible that many of the rank and file believe that Governor Robinson can be elected, but we do not believe that the leaders who have had control of the Governor's canvass expect to elect him. It was rule or ruin with Robinson. We had hoped for more wisdom and a greater manifestation of regard for Democratic success on the part of delegates to the convention, but many of them appear to have left their love of Democratic triumph behind them and gave themselves up to the control of Apgar, Gordon and Marone. We hope the outlook may seem brighter as the canvass goes on, but at this writing the prospect of success is anything but encouraging."

PERSONAL.

One of the late Wm. M. Hunt's two daughters is studying art in Germany.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming, who is himself old and ill, has just lost his wife at the age of seventy-three.

The late Countess Waldegrave has left by will the portrait of Maria, Duchess of Gloucester, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to the Duc d'Aumale.

King Alphonso and the Archduchess Marie Christine will be married at Madrid on the 28th of November. The bride and her mother will sail from Trieste to Barcelona on an Austrian war ship, convoyed by a Spanish squadron.

M. Thiers is said to have left no writings, except the 2,000 pages of notes which were to form his great philosophical work. These were deposited with the Bank of England in November, 1870, and are still there.

Mrs. Cornell, the wife of the Republican candidate for Governor, is mentioned by *The Auburn Advertiser* as the daughter of Mr. George Covert, an Ithacan, who formerly lived in Auburn, and was there engaged in the business of manufacturing morocco.

The Czarewitch recently visited with King Oscar II. the famous old castle of Gripshon in Sweden, where Eric XIV. endured his long and severe imprisonment. The old keeper, who has been in office there for nearly half a century, showed the Czarewitch a heap of straw and told him that his father, the present Czar, had used it as his bed in the year 1838. Alexander in that year accompanied his father, Czar Nicholas, to Sweden, and it was during their visit to the Castle that that severe parent insisted upon making his son sleep upon straw. It is popularly believed in Russia that the stern Nicholas never allowed his son and heir to sleep upon any more comfortable bed.

Lord Lyons has now been twelve years the British Ambassador in France at a salary of $50,000 a year, with a fine house rent free. The last four rulers of that country have all liked him. In the early days of the Republic he was supposed to have been sceptical as to its stability; he did not even take the trouble to have new passports printed with the words: "French Republic." When Thiers came to dine with him there was some little question as to the ceremony to be observed. Lord Lyons determined, at least in one respect, to accord royal honors to his guest. In announcing dinner the major-domo bowed to M. Thiers, and said: "M. le Président dit la Reine est servie." The little old man thereupon gave his arm to Madame Thiers, and the reader, as though they had been Cæsar and his wife, led the procession to the dining-room.

President and Mrs. Hayes sat talking in their Fremont home the other evening with a group of guests, when General Sherman was called upon to tell the story of the "Battle of the Maumee." "Well," said that genial warrior, "it was during what was called the Michigan war, when the border inhabitants of Michigan and Ohio were quarreling over a strip of territory. The dispute became so warm that a resort was made to arms, and the Ohio party raised about 1,200 men from all the neighboring towns, while the Michiganders were not much behind the opposition. On the eve of battle the two formidable armies were divided by only a board fence, and pickets were stationed along the line. Word got abroad somehow that during the night there was to be a surprise attack made, and a dreadful slaughter must surely ensue; so when a mysterious noise as of a stealthy step approaching was heard by one of the sentinels, he became terribly excited, and called out in the direction of the noise. Receiving no answer, he levelled his piece and fired, after which he threw it down and ran for dear life. Next morning when the sun arose it looked down upon two deserted camps, the only victim of the night's adventure being an innocent pig that had wandered from home and met its death at the hands of the heroic sentry.

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept. 16.—The Viceregal party received a hearty welcome here. A "drawing-room" was held last evening, at which 400 ladies and gentlemen were presented. The illuminations were brilliant and extensive.

BERLIN, Sept. 16.—The Emperor has returned to the capital, having completed the inspection of the Autumn manœuvres.

GENERAL NOTES.

There were four English travellers in Rome a fortnight ago who had travelled in France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, America, Turkey, Egypt, China and Japan, hunting after butterflies. Their collection will be a curiosity, if ever they return safely to England.

The provision merchants of Chicago are negotiating for the sale of the Great Eastern to run from Portland to England, in the interest of the Grand Trunk Railway. The new refrigerating process by which fresh meats and dairy products are conveyed across the Atlantic will be employed. The great docks and storehouses built for the Great Eastern's accommodation long ago, at a cost of $60,000, it is reported, will be again used.

A polo accident, similar to the one which *ought* to have put an end to this dangerous game in Buffalo (although, strange to say, it has not), occurred recently in Phœnix Park, Dublin, during a match between the Fusiliers and the All Ireland Club. Robert Saunders Darley, about forty years of age, was heavily thrown from his pony, which rolled over him, causing a very severe fracture of the skull. Every remedy was tried for restoring consciousness, but without avail.

Madame Mustache, one of the best known gamblers on the Pacific slope, committed suicide a fortnight ago near Bodie. She was a Frenchwoman, very quiet and inoffensive, but with a strong propensity for gambling. Her favorite game was "twenty-one," which she dealt for many years. It seems that, her bank running low, she borrowed $300 of a friend, and with her own funds opened a faro bank. It lasted but a few hours, when it was broken. She said not a word to any person, but wandered to a secluded spot in the sage-bush where with her dead body was discovered an empty poison vial, which told the tale of suicide. When one of the best-known sporting-men in San Francisco heard of her death, he exclaimed: "Poor Madame Mustache! Her life was as square a game as was ever dealt. The world played against her with all sorts of combinations, but she generally beat it. The turn was called on her at last for a few paltry hundreds; she missed the turn, none of the old boys were there to cover the bet for her, and she passed in her checks, game to the last. Poor Madame Mustache!"

The "Association of Old Defenders of Baltimore" assembled at the City Hall at 10 o'clock on September 12, to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of North Point by marching around the Battle Monument, on Monument-square, erected in memory of those who fell in the battle sixty-five years ago. Companies C and G, of the 5th Maryland Regiment, with the regimental band, under command of Captain Brown, were present to escort them. The line of march and all the streets leading to the City Hall, for several squares distant, were thronged with people. The little band numbered fourteen men. At their head was William Batchelor, the standard-bearer, ninety-two years old, the oldest member of the association, and by his side was Henry Lightner, the drummer, eighty-one years old, the youngest. The two companies of the 5th were drawn up in line, and received the veterans with a salute as they slowly marched along, and, falling in, escorted them around the monument, the band playing "Yankee Doodle." As they passed around the monument the veterans bared their heads. They then returned to the City Hall, and took a street-car to Hall's Springs, to partake of their annual dinner, for which the City Council appropriates $300 annually. They there listened to an oration. The Association of Old Defenders was organized in 1841 with about 1,000 members. General William McDonald was the first president. Since the last anniversary five members have died, among them being Colonel Joshua Dryden, the president of the association. At present, only twenty-two survive; eighteen of whom live in Baltimore; two in Maryland; one, John Allen, in Washington City, and two, John Switzer and L. Gunn, in New-York.

THE DRAMA.

MY PARTNER.

The preliminary season at the Union Square Theatre began last night, and a new play, by Mr. Bartley Campbell, entitled "My Partner," was produced before a numerous, representative, pleased, and often enthusiastic audience. The theatre presented an uncommonly cheerful appearance. The auditorium has been cleansed and freshened, and the proscenium has been decorated anew. The performance passed very smoothly, and, both in dramatic treatment and scenic dress, the new play enjoyed almost every possible advantage. "My Partner" is a four-act melodrama, introducing twelve persons, and depicting aspects and incidents of real life in California, in days before the war. It is a very strong piece. The effort has been to deal with elemental passions and real persons, and to paint a picture of tragedy and heroism upon the tumultuous background of a turbulent semi-civilization; and this object has been accomplished with startling force and unusual if not evenly sustained skill. As to the degree of fidelity with which California life has been sketched there is obvious room for doubt and question. The individuals, the dresses, the manners, and the astonishing incidents were found to savor more of the dubious coloring of Mr. Bret Harte's frontier fictions than of the actual region of the Golden Gate. This, however, is a matter of but little consequence. The moralist of the Sierras, with his hunting-shirt, bowie-knife, top-boots, and grand sentiments, is no doubt vastly more agreeable than the actual miner, redolent of muck, and copious in profanity and expectoration; and, if we must have him at all, it is well, of course, that we have him tinted with the sweet hues of fancy.

The more important element, in this piece, is the use that has been made of these dubious materials—and this may be extolled, with scarce a reservation. The story is of two men who love the same woman. One of them has wronged her; the other discovers it, and compels him to swear that he will do her justice. Then the two men part, and the wrong-doer is slain by the hand of a ruffian, and the hero is wrongfully accused of the murder of his partner. At a later period he interposes between the suffering heroine and her afflicted father, and shields her by avowing that she is his wife. A fortunate accident finally reveals the mystery of the murder, and these two are united in matrimonial happiness. There is an under-plot, designed to explain the motive of the villain for all his terrible wickedness, but this fails to make him a rational agent or to supply reason for his crimes. There is a thread of humor woven in with the skein of incidents, in the form of a local politician, decidedly reminiscent of the *Hon. Bardwell Slote*—as that personage is of the *Hon. Arcularius Belch*. The working out of the serious portion of the story, espec