

Amusements and Meetings Co-Night.

METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL—CONCERT.

Table with 2 columns: Program item and Page/Time. Includes items like 'The Child Stealer', 'The Old Maid', 'The Old Man', etc.

Index to Advertisements.

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Business Notices.

DO NOT FAIL TO BUY OUR... THE UNDERBILLS' Union Port Wine from the... TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—11th Page—5th column.

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TRIPLE SHEET.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The London cable dispatch to THE TRIBUNE says that Mr. Gladstone's revenue scheme is giving satisfaction. Sarah Bernhardt has signed the contract for her American engagement.

DOMESTIC.—The Steamer Narragansett was struck by the Stonington on Friday night off the Connecticut River; the former took fire immediately and was burned up; the loss of life is large.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—A rousing ratification meeting was held at the Cooper Union last night. General Arthur was serenaded. Less than forty passengers on the Narragansett are believed to be missing.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate cooler and clear or partly cloudy weather. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 85°; lowest, 68°; average, 78°.

Persons leaving town for the season, and Summer travellers, can have THE DAILY TRIBUNE mailed to them, postpaid, for \$1 20 per month, the address being changed as often as desired.

Senator Maxey has made the important discovery that the recent unpleasantness was like the Wars of the Roses. Artemus Ward would have said it was another kind of rose—namely white or red. Namely, the neo-grotes.

This generation has been accused of a lack of reverence—of utter indifference to its own ancestors. Yet there was a young man in this city so appreciative of his grandmother that he shot himself in Lexington-ave., rather than drag along in life alone after burying her. It is drunk hard before paying this last tribute of affection and respect to her memory, let neither the saloonkeeper nor the moralist mention it.

There has been a wrangle in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment over the motion to transfer the effects of the Superintendent of Buildings to the Fire Department. The Mayor takes the ground that the roof, ceiling, side-walls, girders and cladding of the Department of Buildings have come down with a tremendous crash like the fall of the Madison-Square Garden structure at the Fair. His associates are more cautious, and prefer to wait for the opinion of experts on the bench.

The death of George Opydyke brings to a close the busy career of a successful merchant and influential banker, who has taken a prominent part in municipal politics for twenty years. He was first a Democrat, but never anything but a liberal and progressive one, and speedily a pioneer Republican, being a delegate to the Free Soil Convention in Buffalo. He was closely associated with Mr. Chase in that political venture, and subsequently cooperated with Mr. Greeley in defeating Mr. Seward's nomination and bringing forward Mr. Lincoln.

Traditions are still enough of old customs and traditions surviving among the civilized Indians of New-York to make them interesting objects for ethnological study. A correspondent visiting the Tuscaroras, finds that the old division into clans, or gens, designated by such names as the Bear, Beaver, Wolf, etc., is still preserved, and that members of the same clan never intermarry. These people are such good Christians that they forbid dancing because it was a part of their former heathen rites, but they bury their dead in rows according to their clan membership, separating the bodies of husband

and wife because the Bear and the Wolf, or the Snake and the Owl, must not lie side by side in the grave.

The first mass-meeting of the Republican campaign was a spirited and enthusiastic demonstration. Among the speakers were the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, District-Attorney Phelps, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, General Anson G. McCook and General H. L. Burnett. With such an array of talent as this, a rare evening's entertainment was furnished for thoughtful citizens. Dr. Howard Crosby lent his dignified presence to the Young Men's Association, and made one of the pithiest and most striking speeches of the evening. Judge Tourgee was also there to speak for himself, but not on any fool's errand. The Chicago nominations and platform were heartily received, and while the attendance was not as large as it will be on similar occasions when the campaign has fairly opened, it was encouraging. This impromptu ratification meeting is a capital send-off for the serious work of the Autumn.

THE COLLISION IN THE SOUND.

Our news columns are crowded this morning with the details of a terrible calamity on Long Island Sound. Two of the largest steamers of the Stonington Line ran into each other in a dense fog, a quarter of an hour before midnight on Friday, and one of them not only sank but was burned to the water's edge. The estimates of the loss of life vary widely, and it is impossible to give the figures with any degree of precision. It is not probable that the number of the lost exceeds a hundred, and it may be brought much lower. In all respects, the event is profoundly tragic.

In the number of the dead, however, this is by no means an unexampled catastrophe. When the Atlantic went to pieces off the coast of Nova Scotia a few years ago 700 were drowned. When the Princess Alice was run down in the Thames 650 men, women and children perished in five minutes. Within a few weeks a training-ship has foundered at sea and 311 British seamen have gone unbelieved to graves in unknown waters, and a few months further back a sister ship with the same complement of men went down in the twinkling of an eye almost in sight of her anchorage. If we go back still further it will be to find a great sacrifice of human life on the Ville du Havre, the wreck of the Northfleet with 325 on board, the loss of the Arctic with 300 passengers, the awful mystery of the City of Boston with her 480 souls, the burning of the Austria in mid-ocean with 450 wretched victims, the stranding of the Pomona with 400 deaths and the destruction of the Royal Charter and 440 lives gone to waste. These are a few of the ocean's conquests during thirty years. If we make no pause, but go back to the first decade of the century, we shall find that crowning horror of the sea—the drowning of 2,000 men off the coast of Judah.

But while the sum of mortality from this calamity falls far below the totals of the great shipwrecks of the century, in harrowing details nothing is lacking. In the darkness of a midnight fog hundreds are brought face to face with the horror of sudden doom. These are travellers of the night, fresh from home or business, embarking on a common-place, everyday voyage, without one thought of danger and expecting as a matter of course to be at the journey's end on the morrow. So ordinary, and seemingly so safe have these passages through the Sound become that the least presumptuous passenger on either vessel seeks his berth without realizing that there is a special need of protection from on high during the watches of the night. Suddenly there is an awful shock that sends a thrill of dread and despair through every heart. The two vessels are locked together for an instant and then torn asunder. One is unmanageable, her engines are no longer moving, the water is sweeping into her bow in a great torrent, and officers and crew are beside themselves with panic-terror. The other, struck amidships and nearly cut in two, heels over and settles to the bottom, her woodwork bursting into flame and her passengers awaking in their night clothes on her burning deck. Who can describe that bewildering, the helpless, the consternation, the cries, the piteous prayers, the agonizing struggles of the next twenty minutes, before a boat is lowered from the other vessel, or the life raft set afloat of the timely rescue from a passing steamer? Who can read without shuddering, the heartrending accounts given by eye-witnesses of the ghastly scenes of that awful night!

Somebody may have been to blame. Very likely. The blundering and inefficiency, the inattentive watch, the heedless navigation, the lack of discipline in the crews and the lack of self-possession in the officers—all these things and many more may be brought to light in due time. But to-day—on this quiet, peaceful day of rest—let us gather up the higher morals of the calamity. Science and experience serve useful ends, but they cannot prevent occasional disasters like this. How helpless are they "who go down to the sea in ships" even when close to land and in this nineteenth century of progress!

ANTE-MORTEM.

There is a great gathering of gentlemen with long faces in Gramercy Park, and the idle boys of the Eighteenth Ward stand in front of No. 15 expecting the arrival of a hearse. All day the procession of the friends and acquaintances mounts the historic door-steps, passes in, and passes out again. Nearly all the associates of the late Clamant are there. Senator Barnum, of Connecticut, pauses awhile in the excitement of the mule market to pay a proper tribute of respect. Mr. Hewitt, too good a man to remember injuries in such a solemn hour, is one of the silent assembly. Mr. W. L. Scott, of Erie, comes also, and tries to forget that less than four years ago he was publicly pointed out as the capitalist who was going to put up the money to buy a few returning boards for the departed statesman. Mr. Smith M. Weed, as he glances around the darkened parlor, remembers how the lamented rebuked him with great severity for negotiating the purchase of the electoral votes of South Carolina, and then kindly allowed him to supplement the transaction with other complements of the same character. Colonel Pelton's feelings—but upon this sacred ground let us not trench. The gathering is not precisely a funeral. In point of fact, the person most concerned in the ceremony cannot, strictly speaking, be called dead, although he seems to be very nearly so. The friends have come together to administer upon the estate. "Of course," as one of them remarked a little while ago, "if the old man wants the property, why it is his, and he ought to keep it. But, bless you! it's of no use to him any more; he is almost gone; and we may as well settle the business now, without foolish delay." Mr. Payne is understood to have put in a large offer for certain mortgages, but recent events at Chicago have extremely outflung. Hendricks, Hancock, Bayard, Thur-

man, even General McClellan and Joel Parker, have preferred claims to the succession, but there are obvious objections to all of them. Mr. Hewitt has been proposed; but the mention of his name is said to have provoked a repetition of the profane language telegraphed from New-Orleans to Gramercy Park during the election campaign, when the agent in charge declared that "Rip" (whoever that may have been), was "not the man," and that the people down there would "stand no d—d frolicsness." Mr. Smith Weed in particular is said to look upon Mr. Hewitt as a very futile and unpractical person; and it is probable that Mr. Weed has more to do with the settlement of this question than any other man in the Democratic party.

But all this while the mourners seem to have been discussing the best disposition to make of the property without consulting the lawful owner. He is by no means so near death that he cannot make a will; and it would not surprise us at all if he should suddenly get up and make a disturbance. The scene in the apartments of Mr. Quill, when that estimable gentleman returned from what was supposed to be a watery grave, and interrupted his wife and mother-in-law and Mr. Sampson Brass in the act of drawing up a description of his person, in which his legs were stigmatized as crooked and his nose as flat, was nothing to the trouble which would follow if Mr. Tilden should step forward and insist upon doing what he liked with his own. Now that we think of it, Mr. Manton Marble has not been heard of since January, 1879. Can it be that he is manufacturing an explosive letter to accompany Mr. Tilden's reappearance in the keen bright sunlight of his republicanism?

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

The trustees of the Insane Hospital at Norristown, Penn., have taken a bold step in nominating Dr. Alice Bennett as physician in charge of the women's department. Dr. Bennett is in no sense an expert in insanity. She holds an honorable position among other medical practitioners in Philadelphia, which she has won by patient, faithful work. She is the first woman graduate who will succeed in taking the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Pennsylvania; and above all, she will bring to her treatment of these her unfortunate sisters, common sense and a woman's intuitive judgment and tender sympathy.

Whether, however, she fails individually or not, the appointment is a step in the right direction. Female wards in insane hospitals and almshouses, and in our jails and penitentiaries, should be under the supervision of educated, firm, Christian women. A woman in a cell, whether mad or criminal, when under the control of men alone, is considered as one of a mass, a molecule of the great body of crime and misery, which is to be handled by rule, by a species of moral machinery. To another woman, however, she is a human being, to be met individually with outstretched hand, cheerful words and sympathy. Women, it is alleged, cannot be brought to understand political economy; which defect in their brains, perhaps, fits them better to deal with criminals and lunatics. The failure in our prison and asylum systems has been caused by the tendency in superintendents and experts to lump their convicts and patients in classes and hoist them to virtue or health, as we said before, by mechanical means. Men do not march into sanity or religion by squadrons. You must deal with them singly, and we would trust the treatment of an intelligent, sympathetic woman, with a fair knowledge of medical science, for a care, as much as the generalizing theories of a professed expert.

RUNNING AWAY FROM THE CONTEST.

Over six hundred people sailed for Europe from this port yesterday. In this great throng of pilgrims to the Old World there were doubtless many who rejoiced at their escape from the uproar and excitement of the Presidential campaign, and who said to themselves, as they saw the lights of Neversink fade on the western horizon, and their steamer went plunging through the long blue waves of the open sea: "How lucky we are to get away from it all." While their home-staying fellow-citizens will be worrying and wrangling, making speeches or listening to them, writing political articles or reading them, bothering about the close States, and wondering if this or that candidate is really a thief and a perjurer, as the unscrupulous partisans of the opposite side assert, these fortunate persons will be looking at the pictures in the Louvre, or visiting Stratford-on-Avon, or sailing up the castled Rhine, or resting in the cool silence of the high Alps.

At first thought they seem to have had a happy deliverance from the fate of the remaining forty and odd millions of people who are not bound for Europe. But are they really so fortunate? Who is the more to be envied, the soldier who goes into battle and does his part bravely, or the straggler who lies in the shade at a safe distance in the rear, and congratulates himself that he has escaped the toil and danger of the fray? Rightly considered, is there not something in these fierce quadrennial contests of ours which stirs the blood of the Nation into healthful activity, and sets people to thinking about something else than their petty private affairs, and thus quickens some of the better qualities of human nature? And if this experience be wholesome for the whole body of the people, should not every citizen gladly share in it?

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Perhaps the surest field in which a shrewd American can make his fortune just now is in the East, especially if he have an accurate knowledge of any practical science or of mechanics. American civil or mining engineers, machinists or skilled workmen are certain of work and high wages, it is stated, in both China and Japan.

The Japan Weekly Mail chronicles the arrival in Yokohama of Luther Mason, of Boston, who has been employed by the Government to take charge of the music in the Normal schools of Tokio. The plan is to develop and establish a national school of music. "The pure melodies which already exist in Japan are to be preserved, and accompaniments written for them." Our Japanese friends are determined to have everything of which any other nation can boast. There is no people probably who have shown as much determination and carelessness of cost in securing for their own use the best ideas which the world has to offer. But we are not quite sure they have done the right thing just here. Mr. Mason, no doubt, is a skillful musician, but we suspect that the pure ancient Japanese melodies which he is to catch as they float through space and embody for all time, will have an unmistakable Yankee twang in the ears of posterity.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

There is a perceptible lull in the local theatrical world. Many of the theatres are closed, and others may be expected to close as the season depens. Mr. Chanfrau's vigorous and picturesque embodiment of the frontiersman, in the drama of "Kit," remains viable, at Wallack's Theatre, and will be continued there for the present. This is not, to the New-York public, a fresh work, and it can scarcely be thought to require minute description. It is a strong work, though, and it is full of earnest feeling, and is lightened by touches of quiet, shrewd humor, and animated by a vigorous and skilful dramatic method; and it ought not to be neglected by those who care for art. Mr. Chanfrau has chosen to devote his brilliant talents to an order of the drama which never was regarded as high. On the other hand, it is not low—and Mr. Chanfrau dignifies it by his extraordinary sincerity and his thoroughly trained talents. There is no actor now upon the American stage who has been more laboriously schooled in his profession, or who possesses in richer abundance his mechanical resources. "Kit" is more than once discussed in this journal. It is one of the best plays, of a rough kind, that have of late years been current. The scenes with the Judge and Major down to the incident of the burning steamboat— with which it was a mistake to associate the humorous element of the play—are replete with character and merit, and can be heartily enjoyed. Mr. Charles Leslie Allen—an admirable actor—and Mr. H. A. Weaver, whose mirth and skill have long been known to this public, appear in this

ability in science or trade to make their way very comfortably among the Brahmins and Boddhists in that very foggy mental district of the world, India. The Pioneer, a Bombay journal, brings us an account of the recent pilgrimage of Hierophant Olect and the Prophetess Blavatsky through Lower India, and the publication of a monthly journal in Bombay, which different Hindoo scholars give various recipes as to the attainment of holiness in the worshipping of Buddha, by fasting, by utter negation of thought, etc. "The great Hierophant and Prophetess," says The Pioneer, "were now on their way to Ceylon to establish a new branch of their organization. They come to the East neither to proselytize to Christianity nor to learn the primal truth in the cradle of mankind." It is also stated, on the authority of the Hierophant, that he is but an ambassador from 300,000 American Boddhists, who are actively turning the ordinary Methodists, Catholics and Baptists into Pagans in our towns and villages.

Col. O'Connell!

Col. O'Connell! Colonel! our Americans abroad are not all innocents. Seymour should ask protection from Mr. Bergh. Every Tilden agent, including Barnum and Weed, admits that he doesn't know whether Tilden wishes a renomination or not. The chances are that Tilden doesn't know either.

THE DEMOCRATIC MUD OPERATORS.

The Democratic mud operators seem to forget that all their ammunition has been condemned as worthless. General Garfield's record as a statesman has been built up almost entirely since these old and feeble scandals were first published. In the face of them the Republicans of Ohio have continued to send him to Congress with larger and larger majorities, and their final verdict on them was the election of a Legislature whose Republican members voted unanimously to make him Senator. The full as much influence on the country as that of Democratic wiles.

GOVERNOR FOSTER.

Governor Foster, who is a competent authority on Ohio politics, says Garfield's majority in October will be larger than his own was last year. As for the slanders which the Democrats are reviving, the Governor tells a reporter of The Cincinnati Commercial that they have no real foundation. "The charges against him are to be considered as thoroughly settled. From what I know about them, and I think I know all about them, there isn't the slightest reason to believe in his corrupt connection with them, and I also know that fair-minded and well-informed Democrats hold the same impression of the matter as I do. He himself has fully met all these charges in the most dignified and manly way, and any one who is informed upon the subject can easily find his defence in pamphlet form. He was the subject of a fierce assault in the morning of 1874 in his district, and in that election suffered grievously in the reduction of his majority, but so thoroughly are his constituents now convinced of his integrity and his high character, that at the last election his majority was at its highest."

PERSONAL.

Lord Danmore, the musical Earl, is coming to America to stay a month. The Emperor William has just given Professor Nordenskiöld a decoration.

General Butler has gone to Southern California, whence he will go to Nevada and Colorado on his way home.

The late Mr. James Robinson Planché suffered much before death, but was conscious and exquisitely courteous to the last. He died in an arm-chair, to which he made an irresistible appeal to be moved from his bed only a few minutes before he died.

King George of Greece is said to be a charming person, bright, liberal-minded and witty. He is an excellent husband and a judicious father to his young sons, the Dukes of Athens, Sparta, and Corinth.

King Louis, of Bavaria, is an uncomfortable sort of ruler. He has an unpleasant habit of rising very late in the morning and not going to bed until the following morning, which involves sending for his secretary in the middle of the night to transact state business. The unfortunate official always finds his Majesty on the alert and vigorous as a bird at cock-crow.

M. Messier does not look like a genius but like a professor of gymnastics or a fencing master grown old. He is not tall, but is broad and has a look of very robustness. He has a round, full face, gray hair and beard, bright, animated eyes, and plenty of color in his cheeks. He is a hard worker, and rarely leaves home—or rather his two luxurious homes, for he has a beautiful home in Paris and a delightful summer villa at Passy near the Bois de Boulogne—with his wife, whom he adores, and who is his chosen companion and dearest friend.

General Garfield is quoted by a Cleveland Herald correspondent as saying to him a few moments after the nomination: "I wish you would say that this is no act of mine. I wish you would say that I have done everything and omitted nothing to secure Secretary Sherman's nomination. I want it plainly understood that I have not sought this nomination, and have protested against the use of my name. If Senator Hoar had permitted, I would have for my hidden anybody." He had said what I intended, I am very sorry it has occurred, but if my position is fully explained, a nomination, coming unsought and unexpected like this, will be the crowning gratification of my life." One of the first things the pale and serious General did was to turn to a friend and ask him to telegraph the news to Mrs. Garfield.

The South Church, Boston, is said to have offered \$45,000 for the wonderful Detroit clock which shows the local time in hours, minutes and seconds, and the time of thirteen cities of the world, among which are Washington, San Francisco, London, Paris, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin and Rome. It also denotes the movements of the planets, and measures their movements by seasons, years and cycles for 300 years, including leap-years. A music-box plays when Death strikes each hour. At the same moment the figure of Washington seated in a chair beneath a canopy rises to his feet, holding the Declaration of Independence in his right hand, and a scroll containing the text of the United States Constitution in his left. The procession disappears through a door on the opposite side of the platform, which is opened and closed by a servant in gorgeous livery. The likeness of these three figures, including that of President Hayes, who is in the chair, are said to be excellent. As soon as the door is closed, the figure of Washington resumes his seat, and the music-box ceases to play. The extraordinary sounds the hour on the gong, when the extraordinary scene is repeated. The music-box is struck by an infant, the half-hour by youth, and the three-quarters by a man.

Parliamentary etiquette forbids any one to pass between a Member on his legs and the Speaker whom he is addressing. New members are not allowed to forget this by a violation of the rule, as the assembly of House of Commons is addressing, not the assembly of 400 or 500 gentlemen who surround him, but the wig and gown in the crooked chair. The consequence is that new members when they want to move about the House have no scruple in passing between the Chair and the member addressing him. Therapeutics is filled with howls of execration, which are not heeded, since it often happens that the object of rebuke, deliriously unconscious of offence, plainly continues his journey wondering what the unfortunate member on his legs could have said to excite this outburst of anger. Recently an outrage unparalleled in Parliamentary history sent a thrill through the House. Mr. Lecky, a member from Ireland, was speaking, and he was interrupted by a member from the opposite side of the House, who, in a gentlemanly way, near the Chair, to fetch him a glass of water. The new member, in his good-natured haste to make himself useful, not only crossed between Mr. Lecky and the Speaker, but attempted to push between the member and the neck of his bench before Mr. Lecky was ready to rise. The result of the member's endeavor to be useful was that he got wedged in between the neck of the bench and Mr. Lecky's stomach, who, like a lightning bolt, struck and

portion of the piece, and carry it with brilliant effect. Miss Boniface is the heroine. The drama is carefully and effectively made. Another melodrama, "The Child Stealer," is lodged at Niblo's, where Mrs. Anna Ward Tiffany and Mr. Frank Mordant present the chief parts. This piece is also an old story, and is a painful and rather repulsive work, there being a less reason for reviewing it afresh. Mrs. Tiffany, who sets the unfortunate and wretched heroine, will be remembered by the older class of playgoers as a representative of Irish characters, years ago, with Dan Byratt, at Wallack's Theatre, when she was Miss Ward. She is a clever actress, forcible, earnest and interesting and she is acting in "The Child Stealer," with vigor, zeal and taste. This is not, perhaps, a pressing need of such exhibitions as this drama affords, whether of the life of the slaver or the results of ruin and crime; but it is to be added that Mrs. Tiffany does not trade with her subject.

Musical entertainments are provided at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and at the Aquarium. "The Sea-Cade" better known as "The Royal Midday"—can be heard at the former, and "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury" can be heard at the latter. Both of these topics are thought to have been mentioned. Neither of them takes the form of a positive surprise.

The Park Theatre is closed. Mr. Denham Thompson brought his engagement there to an end last night. He has given fifty consecutive performances of Joshua Whitcomb, and he has much pleased that large class of playgoers to which the literal reflex of the commonplace is impressive and significant. His personation is, undoubtedly, a good one; the photographic sort; but those who remember E. L. Davenport as old Trueman, or John E. Owens as old Udd, or Cook Cook as Peter Probity, do not need to be reminded that there is a vast difference, in a dramatic treatment of reality, between the copy and the interpretation. Perhaps, in time, Mr. Thompson may play a larger part in his work. The Park Theatre will not be reopened till the 23d of August, and between now and then it will be entirely remodelled and refreshed.

Mr. Mackay, apparently, intends to keep the Madison Square Theatre open all Summer. The play of "Hazel Kirks" has been acted 132 times, on that stage. Recent changes in the cast have attracted some attention, and stirred a slight ripple of comment. Mr. Mackay himself has appeared, as Squire Rodney, and Miss Georgia Cayvan, of Boston—a pretty, pleasing, and clever young actress—has appeared, as Dolly Dalton. Mr. Dominic Murray, who has left the company, has sailed for Europe, and Miss Gabrielle Du Sauid has gone to Chicago—where it is hoped that this talented, earnest, and trustworthy actress may find a more congenial field. A few fresh incidents are to be introduced. "Boo" was ended last night at the Union Square Theatre, and this week a play with the somewhat "spongy" title of "The Love of this Life," will be represented there. The author is Mr. Frank Rogers, of whom the public hears for the first time. The chief part in this new work will be performed by Mr. Frederick Paulding, a young gentleman who came forth here some time ago at what is now Haverly's Theatre, and gave performances of Hamlet and Bertrando, in wooden imitation of Edwin Booth. Mr. Paulding is understood to have profited since then by useful and instructive experience. There was room for that sort of improvement. An actor is not made by three-sheet posters, nor by the assumption, at which dozens of men are thankful for when it comes the end. There will be a change, also, at Haverly's Theatre, where Mr. G. W. Mitchell's "Pleasure Fair" will be replaced by a new musical piece entitled "Our Gobins, or Fun on the Rhine." This seems to be a new organization, of the kind that was resuscitated here, some years ago, by Squire Rodney, in Union Square.

Much tinsel and gaud must be expected at this season of the year. The time is now ripe for all the Crummies tribe of theatricals, and the "unhappy" and "faked" let loose upon the cities of the East. Now doth the Western manager cast his net for the Union Square. And audiences of a fall-on-a-cer—their own for his views upon the immense importance of the graded condition of the stage, together with the frightful delinquencies of the metropolitan press in the stuporous matter of dramatic criticism. Sumner, in fact, is a man of letters, and a man of letters, returning from this murky capital, will be able to sum up his experience with the simple statement that

The only Levy's corner was the foot of Lord's head.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Louise Pomeroy has a new play called "The Duchess," which she intends to produce in New-York early next season.

Mr. H. J. Sargent will direct next season the following dramatic combinations: Modjeska and her company, Mrs. Booth-Siddons and her company, Miss Adelaide Beirne and her company, Miss Kate Field, in her characteristic style, and her company, and George Fawcett's comic comedy of "Payson."

GENERAL NOTES.

Mr. D. G. Croly has written a letter to Congressman Levi P. Morton, in which he expresses the fear that the relative increase of imports over exports and other causes will lead to a serious run on the gold reserves in the United States Treasury. He says: "It has been felt all along that the real danger to resumption was our gross trade deficit, which is not safe unless there is a dollar of gold or silver behind every green-back dollar issued. A run on the gold in the Treasury would virtually demoralize it, and then would come a ruinous depression in prices. Before Congress adjourns, the legislative and executive branches of the Government should agree upon a policy which may be outlined thus: 1st. A stoppage of the unnecessary payment of the public debt, which is not safe unless the value of the Government obligations, 2d. A retention of the surplus revenues, so as to add to the stock of gold and silver in the Treasury, until such time as there might be an accumulation as large as our greenback debt, 3d. An increase of the coinage of gold, and the issue of new gold certificates for 4th. The leading of silver as well as gold certificates for all gold and silver bullion or coin deposited in the United States Treasury of the United States. 5th. The gradual withdrawal of all paper currency below twenty dollars; first the ones and twos, then the fives, and finally the tens."

The South Church, Boston, is said to have offered \$45,000 for the wonderful Detroit clock which shows the local time in hours, minutes and seconds, and the time of thirteen cities of the world, among which are Washington, San Francisco, London, Paris, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin and Rome. It also denotes the movements of the planets, and measures their movements by seasons, years and cycles for 300 years, including leap-years. A music-box plays when Death strikes each hour. At the same moment the figure of Washington seated in a chair beneath a canopy rises to his feet, holding the Declaration of Independence in his right hand, and a scroll containing the text of the United States Constitution in his left. The procession disappears through a door on the opposite side of the platform, which is opened and closed by a servant in gorgeous livery. The likeness of these three figures, including that of President Hayes, who is in the chair, are said to be excellent. As soon as the door is closed, the figure of Washington resumes his seat, and the music-box ceases to play. The extraordinary sounds the hour on the gong, when the extraordinary scene is repeated. The music-box is struck by an infant, the half-hour by youth, and the three-quarters by a man.

Parliamentary etiquette forbids any one to pass between a Member on his legs and the Speaker whom he is addressing. New members are not allowed to forget this by a violation of the rule, as the assembly of House of Commons is addressing, not the assembly of 400 or 500 gentlemen who surround him, but the wig and gown in the crooked chair. The consequence is that new members when they want to move about the House have no scruple in passing between the Chair and the member addressing him. Therapeutics is filled with howls of execration, which are not heeded, since it often happens that the object of rebuke, deliriously unconscious of offence, plainly continues his journey wondering what the unfortunate member on his legs could have said to excite this outburst of anger. Recently an outrage unparalleled in Parliamentary history sent a thrill through the House. Mr. Lecky, a member from Ireland, was speaking, and he was interrupted by a member from the opposite side of the House, who, in a gentlemanly way, near the Chair, to fetch him a glass of water. The new member, in his good-natured haste to make himself useful, not only crossed between Mr. Lecky and the Speaker, but attempted to push between the member and the neck of his bench before Mr. Lecky was ready to rise. The result of the member's endeavor to be useful was that he got wedged in between the neck of the bench and Mr. Lecky's stomach, who, like a lightning bolt, struck and

Neither, it appears, do Americans need practical