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HAVERLY'S THEATRE—"Fun on the Bristol."
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—"Hazel Kirke."
NEW-YORK AQUARIUM—"Pinafore."
NIBLO'S GARDEN—"The Phœnix."
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1880.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has left London for that country in consequence of an alarming telegram. ═══ A Bombay dispatch says that Candahar can withstand the Afghan attack. ═══ The Employers' Liability bill has passed its third reading in the British House of Commons. ═══ In Mexico, the adherents of Lerdo and Gonzales have combined. ═══ The situation in Cabul is regarded as generally satisfactory. ═══ The Sultan has decided to surrender Dulcigno to the Montenegrins. ═══ Ole Bull is dead.

DOMESTIC.—The New-Jersey Republicans nominated Frederic A. Potts for Governor. ═══ The Connecticut Democrats nominated James E. English for Governor. ═══ The Greenback Convention at Syracuse nominated a State ticket. ═══ The Colorado Democrats met at Leadville. ═══ The State Firemen's Convention was in session at Auburn. ═══ A fire at St. Louis destroyed $600,000 worth of property. ═══ The President is to issue a proclamation in regard to Chinese vessels. ═══ The Attorney-General has instructed United States Marshals to enforce the Federal laws in Alabama. ═══ The Dakota Indians are troublesome.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—General Grant has written a letter in support of Garfield and Arthur. ═══ The body found in the bay was identified yesterday as that of Bernard Morgan, who was missing from Staten Island. ═══ There was a slight accident on the Second Avenue Elevated Railroad. ═══ The Moderation Society's travelling ice fountain visited the Five Points and its vicinity. ═══ Elijah Alliger, an insurance broker, was charged with negotiating fraudulent securities. ═══ It was alleged that garbage was improperly dumped. ═══ The so-called bull fight was again a failure. ═══ Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 89.26 cents. ═══ Stocks more active and generally higher, but closing irregular and unsettled.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate warmer and partly cloudy or clear weather, with occasional showers. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 76°; lowest, 61°; average, 68°.

WHY THE SOUTH IS SOLID FOR HANCOCK.

"*Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT FOR FOUR YEARS. Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.*"—[Wade Hampton, at the meeting in the interest of Democratic harmony in Virginia, at Staunton, July 26, 1880.

"*General Hampton declared that the Democratic party, under Hancock's lead, was fighting for the same principles that Lee and Jackson fought for, and for which the Southern soldiers died. There was no qualification in the terms used. His appeal was for harmony in the Democratic party in Virginia, and to make it effective he brought up the war remembrance to touch the feelings of the audience.*"—[From The Staunton Valley Virginian, the paper which reported Wade Hampton's speech.

A queer sort of philanthropist was discovered by a TRIBUNE reporter yesterday. He solicits money from the charitable for the support of the "Destitute Sick Children's Free "Life-Saving Station, American Humane So-"ciety." The establishment with this imposing name was found to be located in the back yard of the philanthropist's house in Madison-st. Its furniture consists of a cot, two chairs and a wash-bowl.

The report of the Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow to the American Bar Association, of which he is president, is a valuable summary of the important new State legislation adopted during the past year. Speaking of the effort of some of the States to improve their insolvent laws, he expressed the hope that an equitable National bankrupt act would soon be adopted by Congress. His remarks on this point were loudly applauded.

"You have my full sympathy in support "of the ticket headed Garfield and Arthur," writes General Grant to Secretary Dorsey, and he goes on to say that he has lost no opportunity of saying what he could in conversation in behalf of the ticket. This disposes of one of the biggest Democratic lies of the campaign. The man who started the story that Grant was supporting Hancock will have to put in another bid for the jack-knife.

Mr. English did his best by mail and telegraph to assure the Connecticut Democrats that he did not want their nomination for Governor and would not take it, but they persisted in thrusting it upon him. Their behavior would be foolish and indecent if their desperate straits for a candidate did not furnish them with an excuse. They did not know which way to turn to find a man who was popular and willing to run and who had a barrel, so they determined to coerce English, who has, they think, two of these three important qualifications.

A bad symptom of the situation in Ireland is the free use of the revolver in encounters between the peasantry and the constabulary. The shillelah has been wittily described as a weapon which never misses fire; but although its aim is certain its effect is not deadly, and so long as the Irish were content with it their riots seldom produced more serious consequences than a few broken heads. Now the disaffected classes are buying firearms and do not hesitate to use them, as was shown by the affair at Dungannon on Sunday. The orators of the Land League threaten rebellion if their demands for a reform in the land system are repulsed, and tenants turned out of their homes for refusing to pay the old rents, and their followers are evidently preparing for a conflict. The sagacity and prudence of the Gladstone Government are likely to be put to a severe test before the difficulties in Ireland are settled.

The Greenbackers who held a State Convention at Syracuse yesterday and nominated a State ticket, are looking for eggs in last year's birds' nests. Their principal issue of hostility to a currency based upon coin was killed by resumption, and cannot be galvanized into life and made the basis for a National party. Some of the other questions they raise, such as unjust discrimination in railway freight tariffs and the watering of railway stock, are important, but they do not furnish timber enough for a third-party platform which any large number of voters will care to stand upon in a contest involving far greater issues. One declaration of the Syracuse Convention can be unreservedly commended, however—that in favor of "a tariff "which shall protect American industry." We have such a tariff now, and the best way to defend it against the assaults of the Democrats is by helping the Republican party which adopted it to win this election, and not by muddling the canvass with a third electoral ticket. All other vital principles which the Greenbackers profess will be more likely to have a fair chance before the public if the party of ideas and progress succeeds, than if the party of prejudice and reaction wins the battle.

It appears by figures printed on another page of this paper that while England employs 424 first-class steamers in the foreign trade of the United States, we employ only about 61 ourselves. Leaving out the Cuban and Mexican trades, we employ only about 15 or 16. These figures are startling. They would at any time supply material for profitable reflection, but they do the more so now, because France is heavily subsidizing lines of steamers to ply to our shores, and because China, which commands the cheapest labor of the world, is preparing to trade hither with native ships, too. The outlook is discouraging. Is there any hope for American shipping? Is that part of this great interest engaged in transoceanic trade now about to be obliterated? A convention has been called to discuss this question, and it will meet at Boston October 6. It was resolved yesterday by the New-York Board of Trade and Transportation to invite all the commercial bodies of the country, and all other bodies interested, to attend. It is to be hoped that this convention may be composed of men competent, by experience and interest, to discuss the shipping question. It ought to be in fact as well as in name a Shipowners' and Shipbuilders' Convention, in large part, if it is going to accomplish any good whatever.

THE TRENTON CONVENTION.

The Republicans of New-Jersey did an excellent work at Trenton yesterday. They nominated for Governor a man whom public opinion throughout the State had designated as peculiarly fitted by character, talents and experience to fill the executive chair; a man who did not seek the office, but whom the office sought—Frederick A. Potts, of Hunterdon County. So strong was the feeling in favor of Mr. Potts that all other candidates voluntarily stepped aside and the nomination was tendered him by acclamation. He will make a canvass of the State and will undoubtedly greatly increase his present popularity by a wider acquaintance with the voters.

The platform of the Convention wisely makes prominent the tariff issue raised by the Democrats by the unqualified declaration in the Cincinnati platform of hostility to the protective system. "A tariff for revenue only," such as the Democrats avow their purpose to enact, would be a deathblow to the flourishing manufacturing industries of New-Jersey, and would be scarcely less injurious to the farmers of the State by depriving them of a home market for their commodities. It is not a question of theoretical politics which the people of New-Jersey have to consider; it is a matter of daily bread to thousands of them. The safety of capital and the employment of labor are alike involved.

We heartily congratulate the Republicans of our neighbor State on their action. The unanimity and earnestness displayed in their Convention give assurance of victory, and they have made this assurance doubly sure by their excellent ticket and platform. Vigorous work in the canvass will put the State back where its interests lead it—in the Republican line.

THE INDIANA DILEMMA.

Democracy has not made blunders enough, it seems. It proposes to make another, and one of the most fatal kind. As a mere partisan trick, the party caused the Supreme Court of Indiana to declare that the Constitutional Amendments, which had been adopted by a popular majority of more than 10,000, were not lawfully adopted. The aim, everybody saw, was to keep Indiana an October State, for the third amendment had provided that the State elections should be held, not in October as before, but on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—the day on which Presidential elections are held. There was little pretence of concealment as to the motive. The Democratic delegation from Indiana went to the National Convention with the claim that the party could not afford to be beaten in October in one of the four Northern States which it had a chance to carry, and could insure its success only by the nomination of Mr. Hendricks for President. But Mr. Hendricks was not selected. The nomination of Mr. English has disgusted the soft-money Democrats, as that of Mr. Landers had previously disgusted the hard-money Democrats. It became clear to Republicans, and probably to capable Democrats also, that a defeat of the Democratic State ticket in Indiana at the October election was extremely probable. Hence, it is now proposed by Democrats to escape the fatal effect upon other States of the anticipated Democratic defeat in Indiana by postponing the State election until November. To this end Democrats have filed an application before the Democratic Supreme Court for a rehearing on the question whether the Constitutional Amendments were lawfully adopted.

The Court proved that it was a particularly unscrupulous partisan body by its previous decision. It cannot disgrace itself any farther by reversing that decision, at the behests of party. No one will doubt that the Democratic ring ordered both decisions. Not the slightest attention was paid, or will be paid, to the question whether the actual majority of the voters decided to adopt the amendments. When it was thought that the Democratic party could make such a nomination as to carry the State in October, the highest judicial tribunal held that an election in October was legal. Now that there is found to be no prospect that the State can be carried in October, the highest judicial tribunal is expected to hold that an election in October would not be legal. It is no new thing, and excites no surprise, that the Democratic party puts itself on a level with card-sharpers and thimble-riggers, in dealing with the rights of the people. Not often, however, has the Supreme Court of a State been prostituted to such dishonorable work, even by the Democratic party. But in Indiana, the public estimation of the Court is such that it is expected to decide exactly as the political ring now controlling the State may desire.

The contemplated decision, if made, will be a confession that the Democratic party does not expect to carry Indiana. That confession will have weight elsewhere. Perhaps its moral effect will be nearly as great as that of defeat. Troops who run away from a battlefield often demoralize an army quite as much as if they had held their ground and been cut to pieces. Indiana is one of the few Northern States which the Democratic party still holds. If it admits that its case is hopeless there, as it will by dodging an October election which it had contrived to hold in order to exhibit its strength and encourage its supporters, what Northern State can it hope to carry?

This is not the worst. A new decision on the amendments, if it admits the validity of the vote cast by the people in April last as to either amendment, must make that vote valid as to all the amendments. But the first required registration throughout the State, and residence in the State six months, and in the township sixty days before voting. In short, it strikes directly at the very frauds by which the Democratic party have been wont to overpower honest Republican majorities in Indiana. The Republican party, therefore, would gain a substantial and permanent advantage, as well as the prestige of assured success in November, if the Democrats should conclude to make their Court turn itself inside out in order to prevent an election in October.

It is not easy to believe, however, that the spectacle of a complete prostitution of a Supreme Court to partisan ends will be without effect upon fair and honest men throughout the country. It will be said, and justly, that if the Democratic party uses the Judiciary so shamelessly in one of the few States which it controls at the North, it will employ the same methods to prostitute the United States Judiciary also to partisan uses, if the party ever gets the power. A great many sober and thoughtful men can be found, in almost every Northern State, who would consider this reason enough, if there were no other, for voting against a Democratic candidate for President. Reckless and shameless partisanship in Congress is bad enough, as we have seen. Reckless and shameless partisanship in the White House would be still worse. But a surrender of the Judiciary of the United States to such partisanship and its uses would be a deadly blow at free institutions. Conservative men everywhere would have fresh reason for alarm, if the Democratic party should make the proposed exhibition of its real character in Indiana. It would help the Republican party if the Democrats should make this blunder. But it would tend to bring free institutions into disgrace. The Republican party is not in such straits that it needs to desire that its opponents should do any further harm to the country, or inflict any further disgrace upon it, in order to make Republican victory more secure.

HARD TIMES FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

For several years in succession the hard times furnished Democratic operators with the bulk of their capital. The stagnation of business and the hardships of labor were all charged directly upon Republican administration, and it was urged that the distress would remain and increase in severity until the country was rescued from ultimate ruin by the elevation of a Democratic Executive. This was not only the burden of harangues uttered by irresponsible orators on the stump, but it was the leading argument of the conductors of the last Presidential campaign. Mr. Tilden himself took pains to tune his organs up to this pitch, and when he was serenaded by the "Jacksonians," after the nomination at St. Louis, he sounded this as the keynote of the canvass. "The earnings of labor," said the great Cipherer in his speech on that occasion, "and "the income of capital are consumed or wasted "in Governmental expenses." And as a result of Republican rule, "we see," added he, "all "business depressed, every industry languish-"ing, labor without employment, and the "wolf at the door of nearly every home in the "land, gaunt and hungry." The particular wolf before Mr. Tilden's door in Gramercy Park was never a dangerous animal, nor could Mr. Tilden personally complain of the ravages of the revenue assessor. But, after all, the hard times was a bitter and discouraging fact, and the party in power was compelled to meet the charge of causing and aggravating the general distress, and compelled to show that under its steady policy the country would pull through with untarnished honor. No doubt the party lost some votes on this account. For in their trouble and disheartenment it was natural that some of the less courageous and thoughtful would be willing to make the experiment of a change, on the ground that the new condition could hardly be more trying. But Mr. Tilden failed to cipher himself in, and the country did not rush to financial ruin.

And now, in spite of gloomy Democratic forebodings, the conditions are completely changed, and the foundations on which the Democrats based their hopes of success in the last canvass have been swept from under them. The country's distress was their opportunity, but now there is no distress. Prosperity was never so general, and the future of business enterprise was never so bright. It surely is a limping logic which charges financial depression upon an administration and then refuses to allow the same administration any credit for the prosperity which comes in at full tide under the same policy. If Mr. Tilden demands the election of a Democratic President because the wolf is at the door, to what conclusion does his argument drive him when the wolf has taken to the woods? If the country needed a change four years ago because "every industry languished and labor "was without employment," with what semblance of consistency can it now be urged that the country needs a change, when every industry is flourishing and labor is working with both its hands?

The fact is that the revival of material prosperity is the crowning misfortune of the Democracy, but the country can endure it without complaint. And it will be difficult to persuade the forward-looking people, who plan and work and save, that it would be prudent to place their business interests in the keeping of a party which has tried to debase the currency and weaken the National credit, and which is pledged to unsettle the foundations of commerce and manufactures by revolutionizing our tariff system. There never was a more unpropitious time for the advocates of "change" than now, when there can be no change for the better.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

The Republican party does not need to revive the memories of the war to confound its opponents. Its attitude on the living issues of the present day is such as to entitle it to the confidence of all who believe in equal rights, who love justice and National honor, and who want to assure the business prosperity of the country. But when the Democracy claims to be the friend of the soldier and the champion of the restored Union because it has nominated an Army officer for President, Republicans cannot be blamed for turning backward the leaves of history and looking at the record of this boastful Union-loving and Constitution-defending party, to see how it stood in the times of the war which put men's patriotism to the severest trial. The Republicans of Greenville, Penn., concluded the other day to refresh their memories by searching the files of the Democratic paper published in their town during the war. They hit upon the proceedings of a meeting held in Greenville August 11, 1864, which they think worth resurrecting for the benefit of the Union veterans who are solicited to vote for Hancock this fall. The meeting, after listening to a number of anti-war speeches, passed a long series of resolutions, beginning as follows:

Whereas, We form a part of the sovereign people of these once United States, whose ancestors reared for themselves and their posterity one of the best Governments that ever arose to animate the hopes of man, and so long as we hearkened to their precepts we enjoyed the blessings of peace, prosperity, happiness and freedom; but as soon as our vigilance declined, that fell monster, Abolitionism, began to rear its head, and virtue, affrighted, fled—and vice took her place. Contending passions began to heave the public breast—liberty was trampled under foot by usurpers—our sons and our brothers were driven, like bullocks, to the slaughter-pens to be butchered in a needless, wicked and unholy war, which has draped our land in mourning, and we are now called upon to take the place of those slaughtered, while he who occupies the Presidential chair is indulging in obscene jests at the misery thus dealt around him, refusing to restore peace to his distressed and unhappy fellow-citizens unless they allow the African, an inferior race, to be elevated to an equality with themselves.

After this introduction the resolutions go on to denounce and vilify Abraham Lincoln through a long column of print, accusing him of almost every crime possible for a President to commit, and making him out to be a monster of vice and tyranny. In conclusion, they exult over the fact that "the South stands to-"day as determined and defiant as ever," and wind up with such declarations as these:

We consider that every life hereafter lost in this most atrocious war will be a deliberate murder, and every dollar wrung from the pocket of the taxpayer to further its prosecution a downright robbery.

We remonstrate against any further draft upon the able-bodied men of the country to assist in prolonging a war that we believe to be uncalled for and superlatively wicked.

The Greenville meeting was by no means an exceptional affair. Such gatherings of rebel-sympathizing Democrats were held all over the North during the political campaigns of 1863 and 1864. Indeed, from the very beginning of the war the party which General Hancock is now proud to lead sought to paralyze the efforts of the Government and did all it dared do to make the rebellion a success. What General Garfield said about Democratic responsibility for the rebellion in his speech of March 11, 1870, was true to the letter, and is well worth reading now as a fitting commentary on the bids the Democrats are now making for soldier support. Replying to Mr. Niblack, of Indiana, he said:

Suppose that in the year 1861 every Democrat north of the Potomac and the Ohio had followed the lead of Grant, and Douglas, and Dickinson, and Tod, and all the other great lights of the Democratic party, had thrown away the Democratic name and said that they would be Democrats no longer, as we said we would be Republicans no longer, but all would be Union men, and stand together round the flag until the rebellion had been put under our feet. I desire to ask the gentleman, if these things had happened, how long the war would have lasted, how much the war would have cost? I do not hesitate to say that it could not have lasted a month, and the expenditures of the war would never have exceeded $10,000,000. I say, as a matter of current history, that it was the great hope of the rebels of the South that the assistance of the Democratic party of the North would divide our forces and overcome all our efforts; that at the ballot-box the Democrats at home would help the cause which they were maintaining in the field. It was that, and that alone, which protracted the war and created our immense debt. I come, therefore, to the door of your party, gentlemen on the other side, and I lay down at your threshold every dollar of the debt, every item of the stupendous total which expresses the great cost of the war; and I say if you had followed Douglas there would have been no debt, no blood, no burden.

The party which is responsible for all the debt, all the blood and all the burden of the war is the party which Hancock is now leading. What a grotesque position for the Union General who fought at Gettysburg!

Wade Hampton has given his party its needed first-class issue.

Of course THE TRIBUNE "forged" Hampton's speech. It forged the cipher dispatches, you remember.

The South Carolina census enumerators, like the Alabama free counters, have overdone it. They have "increased" the population too much. According to the chief Democratic organ of the State the increase is over 43 per cent, and the returns are not all in yet. The organ says this intelligence is "most gratifying to the people of the State." It is most astonishing to the people outside of the State. When backwoods counties, which have hitherto gained only 3 or 4 per cent in ten years, are put down as having gained 40 per cent within the last ten years, the fact may surely be regarded with suspicion. Yet there are ten counties in the State which we are asked to believe have done this. It is a clear case of "stuffing," and may be put down as part of the "principles" for which the South fought for four years, and to which it wishes the North to be reconciled.

General Grant is credited with saying that New-York is sure to go Republican this fall, and he is right. Every man who has studied the situation has reached that opinion. The people of this State are too well satisfied with the present condition of trade and industry to vote for a "change," which can benefit nobody save the hungry Democratic party.

A stuffed ballot-box and a stuffed census are a little too much. The North will knock some of the stuffing out of the South this fall.

The "principles for which Lee and Jackson fought for four years" must be pretty bad, since Wade Hampton is ashamed of them.

A gentleman who had a short conversation with President Hayes at the recent soldiers' reunion, at Columbus, writes to *The Cincinnati Commercial* that he found him the most sanguine man there about Garfield's prospects. He said Garfield's New-York trip had done him great good, and then added that while talking with the venerable "Rise-up" William Allen in 1868, that brimstone Democrat had said: "Oh you fellows will carry the country, of course; I have noticed that when wheat was a dollar a bushel you always beat us." The good times and good prices, the President feels assured, will carry the country for the party which secured them. That is the philosophy of the situation.

The Northern Democratic press is a little shy about the bulging figures of the Southern census, but it will come up to the work of defending them presently. It is cruel, though, for the Solid South to work its subservient allies so mercilessly.

In the light of English's foreclosure and sheriff's sale operations this plank from the National Democratic platform is lively reading: "The Democratic party is the friend of labor and of the laboring man, and pledges him alike against the *cormorants* and the Commune." English must be shod in sheet-iron or that platform would be too hot for him to stand on.

Tammany is preparing for a raid, and begins by punching the head of Lester Bradner Faulkner. The design evidently was to find a soft place to hit first.

What does Southern "Reconstruction" mean? Why, liberty to stuff and bulldoze, unmolested by the North.

The World continues to insult the Volunteer soldiers of the war by flings at General Garfield's military standing. It heads its account of a Grand Army of the Republic gathering in this city with the line: "The Military Element Opposed to Soldiers of the Garfield Stripe." This is an attempt to stir up the old jealousy between West-Pointers and the Volunteers. The Republicans can stand this if the Democrats can.

Here is a pregnant passage which Wade Hampton eliminated from his speech: "So it is that I, like so many of the veterans of the Confederacy, am jealous of the honor, and proud of the glorious heritage bequeathed to her by her Lee and her Stonewall Jackson." What is the "glorious heritage" alluded to? and why is Hampton afraid to acknowledge before the North that he possesses it?

English must resign or perish. The National Democratic platform decrees death to "cormorants."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is making a tour of the Delaware Valley on horseback.

General James Watson Webb is in very poor bodily health, but his mind remains clear and active.

The Princess "Dora d'Istria" is visiting in Swampscott and receiving many visitors. She is collecting materials for a book.

Pope Leo XIII. has been slightly ill owing to the unusual heat of the Roman summer and over-application in preparing the Encyclical on the Belgian troubles.

Mr. John C. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, is in vigorous health despite his eighty-six years. He made a visit recently to Hartford to view the model of a statue of his father, which is being reproduced in granite.

Dr. Schliemann intends to dig at Orchomenos next winter, having received permission to do so from the Greek Government. His new book, "Ilios," on which he has been hard at work for four months past, will be profusely illustrated.

Liszt will visit Rome in September, and remain in Italy until his northern home is free of the rigors of winter. His good friend, Cardinal Hohenlohe, will entertain the Abbé at the Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, where a pleasant apartment, specially furnished and provided with a piano, is always ready to receive him.

Miss Dickinson has written a four-act comedy entitled, "An American Girl," and Miss Fanny Davenport will personate the heroine. The play Miss Dickinson wrote specially for Miss Davenport was a tragedy called "Esther Acuim," but the actress discovered that she was not suited to the leading part, nor it to her.

General Noyes, the American Minister, is thus described by "Gath," who is at present in Paris: "He is a gnarled, bearded, wounded veteran of New-England—I think, of Maine—qualified and enrolled in Ohio. His colors are blackish; he has a strong masculine temperament, thinks on his feet, and speaks with ease and force, and also of neighborly courtesy, while his inquisitiveness is not of such range as to be embarrassing. Europe has not expunged a point in his nature, though he is perhaps a little rounder in his American angles. A gentleman of experience told me that the General's military reputation was of great advantage to him in France. Old President MacMahon, who was bluff and direct, said when the new Minister was presented: 'General, I am glad that the United States has sent us *un militaire*. How is that arm of yours? Now, you must go to some of our mineral springs and see to it.'"

Of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson a correspondent of *The Hartford Courant* writes: "The vigor of that wonderful intellect remains superior to the ravages of accumulating years, but the evidences of decay nevertheless manifest themselves sadly enough in that disease of old age, the inability to recall words, which is technically named aphasia. The simplest combinations fail him, but he bears his pain gently, calmly, grandly. When in doubt he turns quietly to his daughter and inquires of her. She answers him, and then he proceeds by the help of her suggestion as he had begun. On the particular occasion of which my informant told me occurred two remarkable instances of his failing. The first was his inability to recall the word which would describe his son's profession. It was not a mere hesitating for a word. It was an absolute inability even to form it. He waited for a moment and then he said, 'Daughter, what is your brother's profession?' 'He is a doctor, father,' she answered. 'Yes, a doctor,' he said, and then resumed the conversation. The next time he was unable to think of the word which would tell his own age. In like manner he turned again and asked, 'Daughter, how old am I?' and when she told him he assented, and seemed not at all disconcerted at his need of making so peculiar an inquiry."

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Sir Charles Dilke, Under-Foreign Secretary, is suffering from rheumatic gout, but his condition is not considered serious.

THE DRAMA.

TIOTE.

A synopsis of the story of the new play, brought out, last night at Daly's Theatre, is furnished in the subjoined sketch:

In the Gipsy tongue, "Tiote" signifies "the tiny one," and is used as a term of endearment. The Gypsies have given the name to a young girl, who has fallen into their hands.

This young girl is *Gwendolen Normant*, daughter of the late Knight of Foulke Castle, in North Wales, where the scene of the drama is laid. She is returning home from school, attended by her governess, expecting to meet her mother, *Lady Normant*, also returning to the castle after an absence abroad of three years. This absence has been occasioned by *Lady Normant's* grief for her husband's loss. He was killed—accidentally, it was supposed,—by falling down a precipice, while attempting to ride a spirited horse over a narrow bridle path skirting the side of one of those steep Welsh mountains where the footing is so insecure that a single false step is almost certain death. The Lord of Foulke Castle was in the habit of riding over this narrow causeway at a reckless pace, on his return, late at night, from his outlying farms. One morning horse and rider were found, at the bottom of the precipice, dead.

Before the young lady of the Castle reaches her home, as the action of the play opens, the story of her heart begins. She meets, at the lodge gate, a young painter, *Darrell Crofton*. This artist is rambling among the mountains, in search of material for new pictures. The meeting between *Gwendolen* and *Darrell* is accidental and quickly interrupted, but seals their destiny.

The peasant girls of the neighborhood prepare to celebrate their lady's return with *mirie welcome*, and are received, previous to her ladyship's arrival, by her brother, *Sir William Howden*, the Attorney-General, who is, at the same moment entreated by a half demented old gravedigger, *Cadran*, to receive his deposition to a crime that he had witnessed three years ago, upon the subject of which his troubled conscience will no longer permit him to be silent; *Sir William* is astonished to find the revelation refers to the murder of his brother-in-law, whose death was not accidental, but contrived by his intimate friend *Dr. Asper*, assisted by two confederates, a man and a woman, wearing the dress of gypsies. The sexton gives a graphic description of the murder as he witnessed it from the wall of the cemetery, where he saw in the moonlight the cowardly assassins stretch across the narrow path the fatal rope that buried horse and rider to destruction.

No sooner has the sexton finished his story than *Dr. Asper* presents himself. His appearance and manner indicate a man of high and chivalrous character. *Sir William* is bewildered; he avoids a meeting with the doctor and repairs to the castle to await his sister, *Lady Normant's* arrival.

A brief conversation between *Asper* and the gypsies, *Sanpriel* and *Isopel*, confirms the truth of the gravedigger's story and explains the motive for the crime. *Dr. Asper* is the accepted suitor of *Lady Normant*. After three years' of patient wooing his assiduities have triumphed over her fidelity to the dead. She is about to bestow her hand upon her husband's murderer.

Meanwhile *Gwendolen* enters the Castle. She is there a day before she is expected. In childish playfulness she seeks concealment in her mother's apartment, intending to surprise *Lady Normant* on her entrance. *Gwendolen* hears the sound of approaching footsteps, thinks her mother is coming, and hides in the curtains of the bed. To her astonishment, a man, a stranger, enters. It is *Asper*. Dumb with terror, she listens to his muttered soliloquy and watches his singular actions. He enters her mother's cabinet and unlocks a secretary, from which he takes a letter. As he leaves the cabinet holding the paper in his hand, he is confronted by *Sir William*, who at once charges him with the murder of *Lord Normant*. The audacity of the villain is proof against surprise. With inconceivable hardihood he admits the charge, but declares it was *Lady Normant* herself who instigated him to commit the crime; that she was present on the fatal night, upon the narrow causeway by the old cemetery wall, disguised in the dress of a gypsy. He defies *Sir William* to bring him to justice, threatening, if he is arraigned, to place *Lady Normant* side by side with himself in the criminal dock. *Sir William* is overwhelmed at this distressing revelation, and the murderer departs in triumph. When *Asper* has gone, *Gwendolen*, driven to madness by the astounding revelation she has listened to, believing her mother guilty, wildly addresses her uncle, imploring vengeance on her father's murderers. The violence of her passion overpowers her, and she falls insensible to the floor. *Sir William* runs to seek assistance. The unhappy girl recovers consciousness before his return, and distracted and despairing, maddened by the past and hopeless of the future, flings herself into the lake beneath the balcony of the open window, at the very instant that *Lady Normant* and the excited household enter the room. The agonized mother sees her child—with a cry of horror, as if to shun her presence,—leap almost from her embrace to certain death. *Sir William* plunges after his niece, and also disappears in the stormy waters. *Sir William* is drowned, but *Gwendolen*, whose body is not recovered, is mourned for as one dead. She has disappeared.

Darrell Crofton and his friend, *Jack Ferrers*, an eccentric gentleman of a roving disposition and unconventional notions, are rambling through the country, the former in search of the picturesque, the latter seeking his runaway wife and a rare volume, both of which, it appears, were stolen from him by the same thief. This runaway wife is *Isopel*, the gypsy girl, who is presented as the Queen of the wandering tribe; and this tribe has found the missing heiress of Foulke Castle, and unable to ascertain the young girl's name, has conferred upon her the sobriquet of *Tiote*. *Gwendolen* still believing in her mother's guilt, wishes she had never been rescued from the lake, but is not impious enough to attempt self-destruction. She remains in this miserable condition of servitude and humiliation, among the gypsies, only protected from the brutality of *Sanpriel* by the courage and devotion of *Isopel*, the runaway wife of *Jack Ferrers*.

Sanpriel announces that he has sold the *Tiote* to a wealthy gentleman, and orders her to accompany him—to be given up. A quarrel ensues, and a spirited fight on the part of *Isopel*. She is on the point, however, of being overpowered, when a diversion is created by the appearance of *Darrell* and *Jack Ferrers*. *Tiote* is rescued. *Ferrers's* wife recovered, and *Darrell Crofton* almost killed by a blow on the head from *Sanpriel's* bludgeon.

The next scene of the drama introduces us to the home of the young painter, now become a celebrity, whose pictures are eagerly sought. His mother, an amiable old lady, is much troubled about this young girl brought home by her wounded son—wounded, moreover (as she can see), by the girl's bright eyes, beyond recovery. Her quick intelligence assures her that this girl, with her aristocratic air, her accomplishments, and engaging disposition, can be no vulgar gypsy; so she offers no opposition to the course of events.

Darrell, in a state of convalescence and rapture, is making a portrait of *Tiote*, and chattering with his friend *Jack Ferrers*, when visitors are announced. *Mrs. Crofton* and *Tiote* retire, when *Lady Normant* and her husband-elect, *Dr. Asper*, present themselves as patrons of art eager for the possession of a picture of Foulke Castle. *Darrell* refuses to part with the painting even for a tempting sum, but finding the lady wishes to possess it, as a memorial of a spot rendered dear by past associations, but painful on account of the awful bereavements she has sustained there, he insists upon presenting her with it. As the bereaved lady turns from her contemplation of the painting to offer her thanks she is met by the half-finished portrait of the lost *Gwendolen*, and at the same instant the girl herself makes her appearance unseen by the others, and is horrified again by seeing her mother side by side with the man whom she knows to be her father's murderer. Attempting to escape she is detained and claimed with passionate love by her mother. *Gwendolen* persistently denies her own identity, and to all the affectionate pleading of her mother answers sternly, "I do not know you!"

The last act is devoted to a revelation of the actual state of affairs and removal of misunderstanding. This is accomplished by the dexterity of *Jack Ferrers* and his newly recovered wife, who enable the mother to listen to the young girl's story, as it is drawn from her by them. The effect of the situation is heightened by the fact that both mother and child are in view of the audience, although unseen by each other until the climax, when they rush into each other's arms.

Dr. Asper is entrapped and convicted by means of his accomplices, and the trials of *Gwendolen* are ended in the prospect of a mother's love restored and her union with her gallant young deliverer from gypsy bondage.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Indians seem to have caught something of the Yankee talent for organizing big shows. Such an one is the annual fair of the Creek Nation, which will begin September 30, at Muscogee, with an unwonted display of aboriginal talent.

An English curate happened recently to preach on the wages of sin and to make some uncomplimentary references to the Prodigal Son. A young scapegrace in the congregation fancied that the sermon was aimed at himself. He horsewhipped the curate the next day.

The mother of the Albaughs and the mother of the McFaddens glared at each other in a Baltimore police court on Monday. They live in adjoining houses; they have many children; each holds that she has an inalienable right to spank her own flesh and blood. But on Sunday last the children got inextricably entangled, and by a mysterious dispensation of Providence, the mother of the Albaughs spanked the McFaddens, and the mother of the McFaddens spanked the Albaughs. Whereupon there was a great outcry from each house for justice.

The American residents in Sydney celebrated the Fourth of July by a picnic, at which the Consul, J. H. Williams, presided. Application had been made to Captain Cobb, of the steamer City of New-York, to allow the proceedings to take place under the American flag on board his ship, but strangely enough the favor was refused. It is the custom of the officers of the Pacific Mail steamers to grant the use of their vessels as flagships at the regattas in Sydney harbor, but an exception was made in this case.

Father Curci has not benefited materially by the Pope's flattering letter respecting his translation of the New Testament and other favors. A correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* in Naples, states that Father Curci has been sent to Coventry by High Churchmen, Low Churchmen and Jesuits, all alike. Not four priests turn to greet him out of the 3,000 that parade the streets of Naples. The other day, when he paid one of his rare visits to the Duomo, a fat, burly, loud-voiced priest sang out in the cathedral itself, "Hulloa, Father, how does it pay to preach against the temporal power?" The father vouchsafed no answer.

In distributing the annual awards of the French Academy for virtue, a fortnight ago, M. Sardou remarked: "Virtue is no longer in fashion, as it was in 1782, when Monthyon founded these prizes. Virtue! The Nineteenth Century scarcely practises it, and does not extol it at all. Its philanthropy takes a different p