NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

All business or news letter and telegraphic despatches must be addressed NEW YORK HERALD.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of 8th av. and 23d st.—LES BRIGANDS. Matinee at 2.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE PANTOMIME OF WEE WILLIE WINKIE. Matinee at 2.

WOOD'S MUSEUM Broadway, corner 30th st.—Performances every afternoon and evening.

GLOBE THEATRE, 728 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, &c. Matinee at 2½.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—SARATOGA. Matinee at 2.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS—FOX AND GOOSE—CAPTAIN KYD.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, 23d st., between 5th and 6th avs.—RIP VAN WINKLE. Matinee at 1½.

NEW YORK STADT THEATRE, 45 Bowery.—GERMAN OPERA—RIGOLETTO.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—THE SPECTACLE OF THE BLACK CROOK. Matinee at 1½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—THE SERIOUS FAMILY.

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE, 720 Broadway.—LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD—FRA DIAVOLO. Matinee at 2.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—FERNANDE.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—OPERA BOUFFE—LE PETIT FAUST. Matinee at 2.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2½.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.—COMIC VOCALISM, NEGRO ACTS, &c.—JOLLY SANTA CLAUS. Matinee.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 585 Broadway.—NEGRO MINSTRELSY, FARCES, BURLESQUES, &c.

BRYANT'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, 214 st., between 6th and 7th avs.—NEGRO MINSTRELSY, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

APOLLO HALL, corner 28th street and Broadway.—DR. CORRY'S DIORAMA OF IRELAND.

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE—WELCH, HUGHES & WHITE'S MINSTRELS.—CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, &c.

NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—SCENES IN THE RING, ACROBATS, &c. Matinee at 2½.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 745 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

New York, Saturday, December 31, 1870.

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THE VAGARIES OF WALL STREET.—Money in Wall street is worth from seven to ninety-seven per cent, yet the stock market rises with a buoyancy that would not be surprising with money at three per cent.

THE CORRESPONDENTS for the London papers in France have been threatened with banishment from the Prussian camps for telling contraband news. We don't know how the English papers will get along at all in this event unless they depend altogether, as they already do in a great measure, on the NEW YORK HERALD.

JOHN SURRATT did not lecture in Washington last evening, the Mayor having advised him privately that it would be apt to provoke trouble if he appeared on the platform. This kind of thing is all Surratt needed to insure his success. He can now visit the South, where his engagements take him, with the prestige not only of the son of the martyr whose uneasy corpse he resurrects with great unction at each entertainment, but with the more reasonable and direct glory of being a martyr himself. And his fortune as a lecturer is made in consequence.

GENERAL SCHENCK, our new Minister to England, is in the city, and in an interview with a HERALD reporter yesterday gave a somewhat guarded statement of his opinion on the important matters now pending between Great Britain and the United States. He thinks that there will be something more than dollars and cents required in the settlement of the Alabama claims. The fishery question is one of the wrinkles that he expects to smooth out. He has not received his instructions yet, but he has no doubt that they will leave him a very fair margin for his own discretion.

A PAPER BLOCKADE.—Bismarck has declared all French ports that are or may be occupied by the Prussians under blockade. As Prussia has no ships of war to enforce such a decree it must be emphatically a paper blockade, and as such is in direct violation of international law as expounded by the great Powers of Europe on the question of our blockade of the Southern ports. Bismarck won't care a snap for that view of the case; for he can afford to laugh at this clause of international law even more securely than at the Treaty of Luxembourg.

A RAID BY THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—By telegram from Santiago via Havana we hear of a raid by a party of insurgents on a village near the former city, in which its defenders were driven out and the place burned. A number of half baked bodies were discovered after the rebels had retreated. So the war goes goes on; the sword and the torch are still employed in the destruction of life and desolation of the land. When will the end be? When will the Cubans succeed in establishing their independence, or lay down their arms and submit to the tender mercies of Spanish rule? How long must this butchery and incendiarism that are rendering waste one of the earth's garden spots be allowed? Can our government answer?

Prim Again—More Trouble in Europe—The Irrepressible Conflict.

The attempt to assassinate General Prim and the renewed revolutionary ferment in Spain, more details of which are given through our special telegrams from Madrid published to-day, verifies what we said of that restless agitator and monarchical intriguer some few days ago. Prim is, indeed, the devil let loose to disturb the nations and to plunge them into war. The dreadful and bloody conflict between France and Germany was the result of his king-making intrigues. Every one is familiar with the history of the Hohenzollern affair which led to the Franco-Prussian war. After having set the north and west of Europe in a blaze by attempting to put a Northern prince—a foreigner and a Prussian—on the throne of Spain he turned his eyes to the South—to Italy—for another alien and foreign prince to occupy that position and to create more trouble. The attempt to assassinate Prim, atrocious as the act may be, is the natural consequence of this man's reactionary and monarchical schemes. The republicans of Spain see that his conduct and assumption of power are rendering the revolution against the Bourbon dynasty abortive. They see that if he be permitted to carry out his views they will only change masters; that instead of a native monarch and a descendant of the old royal line of Spain to rule over them, they will have an alien in blood, race and language for a master. It is evident now that both Spanish pride and the republican sentiment are aroused against the schemes of this royalist Mephistopheles. To all appearances the Duke of Aosta will have a rough road to travel, and it may be that Spain will be thrown into another revolution, and Italy into war, should the Prince persist in taking the crown that Prim offered him.

The old saying, that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," seems to be applicable now to the monarchs, princes and royalists generally of Europe. Louis Napoleon fell from the highest pinnacle of power through his insane desire to check the growth of German unity and nationality and to perpetuate his dynasty through war and by flattering the vanity of the French with military glory. It was not France he cared about, but the Bonaparte dynasty. The blood of Frenchmen and hecatombs of slain weighed as nothing in the mind of this selfish autocrat when his own ambition and the interests of his family were in question. He was at war with the laws of the moral world and the moral forces of this enlightened age, and he fell, like Lucifer, from his high estate.

Look, too, at the conduct of the King of Prussia and of the princes, royalists and aristocracy of Germany in the present war. The war was commenced ostensibly and properly to defend the fatherland against the aggression and assumption of the Emperor Napoleon. The only object avowed at first, and probably no other was then contemplated by Prussia, was to defend Germany and to remove, if possible, the cause of the war. In other words, the subjugation of the Napoleon dynasty, or the deposition of it, was the first object after successfully defending the fatherland. This, as is well known, was accomplished at Sedan. Then, however, new issues arose. The surrender of Napoleon and the flight of the Empress Regent left the French people to improvise a new government and to defend the nation. The republic was the only thing possible then. There was no other party than the republican to form a government of national defence. This alarmed the old Prussian monarch, the most determined representative of monarchy and absolutism in Europe, and the princes and aristocracy of Germany. More than that, the proclamation of the French republic left France utterly isolated.

The monarchs and aristocracies of Europe dreaded this mighty spectre of revolution and republican propagandism. Prussia then determined to carry on the war to squelch the rising republic of France, and the ruling Powers of Europe looked on complacently. The latter would rather see Prussia overwhelmingly powerful, and would submit to indignities even from that Power rather than have France a republic. England, notwithstanding her boasted freedom and liberality, stood aloof; Russia became the fast friend of Prussia; the King of Italy was afraid of republicanism crossing the Alps from France; Austria had no sympathy with the French republic, and the pretended liberal leaders of Spain were plotting to perpetuate monarchical government. Yes, even the Pope and the hierarchy of the Church stand forth as the champions of monarchical privileges against the republican ideas and aspirations of the people. Apart from the masses of people in Europe the new-born French republic had no friend except republican America, and, perhaps, Switzerland. The ruling princes and classes in Europe everywhere have been against it.

Here, then, we have the secret of the frightful war that has been prolonged in France and of the profound agitations that are upheaving society and spreading over the Old World. It is the irrepressible conflict between republicanism and monarchy—between the kings, princes, aristocracies and privileged classes and the people. We had our irrepressible conflict between Southern African slavery and the progressive ideas of freedom and republican equality, which also led to a frightful war. Will there be a similar result in Europe? Will freedom triumph? Will the masses be emancipated and obtain self-government? These are the real questions of the day. On one side stands France as the champion of republicanism, and on the other Prussia and the monarchists. Whatever may be the faults, extravagant theories and want of practical ideas about republican government with the French, they represent the principles of liberty, as well as of national integrity, in this contest; and however much King William and Bismarck may talk of German patriotism and appeal to the Almighty for His support, they are shedding rivers of blood solely in the interest of monarchy and aristocracy.

It is a most interesting problem that is now being solved, and one in which the American people feel deeply. This republic has led the way to political liberty and equality. It is the beacon light to the nations of Europe, and they are trying to follow the example we have set. And what is the prospect? The people of the Old World have much to unlearn as well as to learn. They have a mighty power of prejudice, habit, privilege, caste, rank, talent and colossal standing armies to resist. It is a terrible conflict. But the progress of intelligence and those potent agents of modern civilization, the press, telegraph and steam power, are working great changes and rapidly removing the barriers to republican freedom. France is fighting now, not only for her own salvation, but for principles that are dear to the people everywhere—yes, even to the German people who are arrayed against her. She may have to succumb in this fight, but the republican principle will live and spread. The very means the monarchs are taking to destroy it will react against them as the people reflect upon the object of such frightful slaughter.

But republican France is doing what imperial France could not do. The old spirit of the first republic, which made all the nations of Europe tremble, is reviving. The situation of the combatants has greatly changed, and appears to be changing every hour. France rises with a vigor and heroism that inspires confidence. Crushed as she appeared to be under imperial rule, she has developed surprising resources and shown extraordinary energy under the republic. The news we are publishing from day to day makes her case much more hopeful. The people are rallying from every quarter to support the government and to break the coil with which the enemy had enveloped them. The public sentiment of the world daily grows stronger in their favor and against the Prussians. Such conservative and moderate monarchical statesmen as M. Guizot are coming out of their recesses to support the republic in the present crisis. If Gambetta and his colleagues prove as moderate and sensible in political matters as they are energetic in the war they may establish republican government. Should they do this, especially if they be able to drive the Prussians from France, Europe must soon become republican. The sentiment of liberty would flash from this central focus to all parts of Europe. Nation after nation would follow the example of France, as they followed before, while monarchs and their satellites would flee from the face of the revolutionary Nemesis. This is the irrepressible conflict that has been brought on by the crowned heads themselves, and which, in its first stages, is now being fought out in France.

The War Strategy—The Checkmate Threatened by Bourbaki.

The news this morning from France confirms us in the views we have hitherto taken regarding the probable strategy of Bourbaki during the recent interval in which he has disappeared from the public despatches, his intended advance on the Prussian line of communications, the policy of the Crown Prince's sudden movement northward, and the general demoralization threatening the Prussian armies throughout France. It is stated this morning that the Prussians made a fierce assault on the eastern forts of Paris on Wednesday and carried one—Fort Mont Avron—an outpost of no great strength, and so far ahead of the regular line of fortifications as to be easily flanked by the enemy. The mere fact of attempting to storm such heavy works as Forts Nogent and Rosny shows that the German commander is impressed with the sense of impending danger, which we have foreshadowed once or twice in these columns heretofore. It would never have been attempted unless he felt sure that something desperate was required by the situation. It has disclosed also the fact that the city of Paris is beyond the reach of Prussian shells, and that these forts must be taken before the German artillerists can make a target of Notre Dame.

The movement of Bourbaki continues as rapidly and noiselessly as heretofore, and it is announced somewhat authoritatively that his mission is to cut the Prussian lines in all directions. We have heretofore shown that this is the best French mové on the great chessboard, and that if it is made soon, and with a force enough to hold the needed square, it will amount to certain checkmate of the German King. The German forces in the Vosges continue to withdraw before the advancing army of the Rhône, and it is believed that all the outlying troops are to be concentrated at Versailles. Such a supposition, however, seems to be ridiculous. We shall doubtless yet hear of a stout defence of the Strasbourg Railway.

General Chauzy has retaken Montoise, and thus advanced his line nearer to Blois, with the intention of keeping the troops in his front too busy to render any aid to their friends about Paris, and, probably, with a hope of cutting off the force at Tours. The movement northward goes on as before. Havre is to be stoutly defended as a possible new base of supplies for the Prussians, and General Faidherbe continues his Fabian manœuvre of withdrawing before the enemy. He is at Cambrai, at which place, it is said, he intends to give the German forces the decisive battle they are seeking.

The End of the Building Murder.

As might have been expected, the jury have rendered a verdict in the case of the building murder in Thirty-fifth street exculpating everybody and everything except the wind. The wind it was that did all the mischief. The law, too, they find is to blame; and certainly, according to the testimony of Mr. McGregor, it would seem to be a most lame and imperfect statute. He says that he obeyed the law strictly, and, we may add, nothing seems to have been adduced in evidence to show that he did not follow it out to the very letter. Here, then, comes a suggestion as to the remedy, and we are glad to see that the jury have embraced it in their verdict. The law regulating the construction and repair of buildings is miserably defective. If McGregor fulfilled the obligations of the law, as he swears he has, then the remedy is clearly in the hands of the Legislature. We want a new law, which will not only enable but compel the Superintendent of Buildings to guard against such calamities as this late one. That seems to be the whole gist of the matter as it is developed by the Coroner's investigation and the gentle verdict of the jury.

REMARKABLE COLLATERAL EVENTS—The close of the year and the close of Mr. Greeley's "What I Know about Farming."

Highly Important from Europe—The London Conference Indefinitely Postponed.

By cable telegrams, special and from other sources, dated in the British metropolis last night, we have the highly important intelligence that the London conference of the great Powers on the Eastern question will not meet in session. The plan has failed. The project has been postponed indefinitely. France refused to take part in the assemblage. The absence of one of the co-signatories to the Treaty of Paris is considered fatal to the idea of such an assemblage. The resolutions of the other members would be useless and unavailable in consequence. This intelligence is of very great moment. It goes to prove that the monarchists have really acknowledged that a nation cannot be obliterated because its people may change the form of government. Republican France is France still. The conference men dare not go back to the empire and the radical democracy will not go to them. Hence the failure of the conference.

The peoples of Europe are now placed face to face with the aristocrats. When or where will the final issue be taken?

It is embarrassing to attempt a reply to this question. Difficulties had existed *ab initio*. These difficulties are now stated openly. They were difficulties of anticipation of the probable scope of action of the members, difficulties of cabinet claims and difficulties of etiquette, with the whole capped over by a resolute assertion of some of the Powers, Russia and Prussia particularly, to have the status remain just as it is, and thus really to render the consultations inoperative as to consequences.

Russia remained imperiously resolute as to her "rights" of navigation on the Black Sea. The Czar proclaimed that the Treaty of Paris is already abrogated so far as the clause which relates to this subject is concerned. Prussia protested against the introduction of extraneous subjects. Bismarck stood firm in his determination to exclude the "parole-breaking" nation, France. Europe must, we think, be left to itself—to the peoples—for the present. Antiquated diplomacy has experienced the effects of the revolutions. The "Divine right" of the monarchs is in danger. The claim of hereditary wisdom on the part of the aristocrats is set at naught by the soldiers in the field.

The Great Flood at Rome.

As a brief despatch published this morning in our telegraphic columns informs the reader, "the Eternal City"—the residence of the Pontiffs and the new capital of Italy—has just been visited by an inundation of unusual volume and extent. This phenomenon is by some ascribed to an overflow of "the Yellow Tiber," which runs in a circuitous route for a distance of nearly three miles through Rome, and by others to a sudden rising of the Mediterranean Sea, the shore of which is only about seventeen miles distant, to the southeastward. The former contingency is much the more probable, as the river is frequently swollen by heavy rains to as great a height as thirty feet above its ordinary level. The width of the Tiber is only three hundred and eleven feet at St. Angelo bridge, leading across from the main to the Leonine city, in which are situated the church and square of St. Peter's, the Vatican Palace and the Pontifical gardens attached to the residence of Pius IX. The Roman dwellings and edifices are very close to the banks of the stream, and hence any excessive overflow of the latter would instantly begin to invade them, and, owing to the peculiar sinuosities of the ground, spread broadly over the lower districts within the city limits, and much more so on the low-lying and undulating region of meadows and marshes outside. The winter showers in Central and Southern Italy are tremendous when they do pour down, and in the latitudes of Florence and Rome are of almost tropical fury and duration. Their effect in and around the City of the Popes is, under such exceptional circumstances, greatly heightened by sudden torrents descending from the Alban and Sabine hills and accumulating toward the water shed of the Tiber. The old Latin poets and historians make frequent reference to these floods, which, in their time, when the Campagna was studded with forests and gardens, often swept away farm houses and groves, with herds of live stock, and sometimes even the unfortunate rustics who had not been sufficiently on the alert to make a timely escape to the city or to the mountains. In modern times the Campagna in its nakedness is much more exposed, and a less inundation than those of ancient days is apt to make a greater impression. Hence it is likely enough that the present flood, preceded by heavier rains than usual and rising but two or three feet higher than its predecessors in recent years, may have occasioned extravagant alarm, particularly since it occurs at a moment when the minds of the Roman populace are agitated by the striking political events that have signalized the past year and by the predictions of awful chastisements with which many have denounced the suspension of the temporal power of the Papacy.

However, should the inundation turn out to be really an invasion of the sea the incident is grave indeed, since its spread and duration are as uncertain as its causes. The Campagna, extending all around Rome and from the mountains to the margin of the sea, with a length of sixty and a width of forty miles, although it rises in places nearly two hundred feet above the dead water level, is a volcanic concavity full of depressions that change from year to year. Hot sulphurous springs are numerous on its surface, and the lakelets dotted over it have, in most instances, distinct cone-formed, crater-like openings. In fine, the Roman fields; the Pontine Marshes; the Solfatara, near the city of Naples; the Herculanean region beyond it; the islands in its bay; the Calabrian and Sicilian heights and valleys, and even "the isles of Greece," are but parts of a vast volcanic area, beneath which the tremendous subterranean fires of Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli and the Cyclops of Santorino and the Morea are incessantly at work.

It may be remembered, too, that the sages of Canada predicted a terribly destructive tidal wave that was to beat upon the northeast coast of the American Continent as the direct result of reaction against the attractive force exercised upon the opposite hemisphere of our planet by the Moon during the recent solar eclipse. But that eclipse was total over certain regions of Southern Europe, and the rise of the sea which did not reach our hemisphere may have played a more important part in the other. This is a point on which we can, as yet, form no decision, and we must await further and more explicit advices before treating of it as we could readily do with precedent and parallel fact. We cling to the opinion, however, that heavy rains in the mountains and over the Campagna will account for the flood at Rome, which, happily, at last accounts was subsiding.

A Good Opportunity for Italian Opera—Who Stops the Way.

The people have been hungering for a long time for first class Italian opera. While we have been surfeited with *opéra bouffe*—which is really not opera at all, but a painful conflict between legs and vocal organs, a kind of gladiatorial contest between the two for the applause of the multitude—the legitimate opera has been allowed to pass quietly away. This fact is to be regretted. The cause, however, is pretty well known to every one. We have an Opera House which was established with a particular object, and that object the noble one of the encouragement of art. The Academy of Music, instead of being an assistance to the cultivation of music in its highest form, has become an obstruction to the progress of Italian opera through the selfish conduct of two hundred stockholders, who hold on to their privileges of the best seats in the house, regardless of the fact, which experience has established, that no manager can afford to keep a company of first class artists on the boards or present the operatic works of the great Italian and German composers in a suitable manner in the face of such an obstacle as the selfish stockholders insist upon presenting. Manager after manager has tried the experiment, but each of them in turn has been vanquished if not bankrupted.

There is a splendid opportunity at the present time for establishing Italian opera here. We have the material in our midst. There is Nilsson—such an *artiste* as this country has not seen or heard since the days of Jenny Lind. We remember how she impressed New York audiences with the magnetic power of her voice and the exquisite fascination of her manner. We have read lately of the enthusiasm which she has created in the West—something, indeed, almost unparalleled. No one who has heard her but must feel that her genius, subdued as it necessarily was in the concert room, would burst forth splendidly on the operatic stage. That is her proper sphere. It was there that she won the guerdon of her European fame.

There are many other artists available to make up a first class opera company, whom a shrewd manager could easily obtain. Indeed, the Nilsson troupe alone comprises a nucleus for a superior opera company. We are not wanting in the material if we only had the facilities to use it, which an available opera house alone can furnish. Patti will, probably, be here some time within the coming year. The theatres in many of the principal cities of Europe, now shut up by this dreadful war, have let loose an abundance of talent which might be secured for this country. But the stumbling block in the way of the recuperation of Italian opera is the stolid selfishness of the stockholders of the Academy, an aristocracy at which the public naturally rebel. If they were only liberal and enlightened enough to forego their claims and give a manager a fair chance to make an opera season profitable, there would be no want of enterprise to restore Italian opera to that position which it occupied in the days of Malibran, and Grisi, and Sontag, and Alboni, and Jenny Lind, and Catherine Hayes, when Italian opera was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

But the stockholders of the Academy stop the way. If they would only surrender their claim to the best seats in the house there would be no difficulty in finding a manager to undertake a season of opera, which would probably lead to a permanency of Italian opera as we ought to have it—a fixed institution for the metropolis. The public are certainly not illiberal in supporting opera or anything else in the musical or dramatic line worthy of support, and in this country managers have to depend solely upon public patronage. Art appeals to the people, for she has no crowned heads to bow to or from whom to accept eleemosynary aid. The opera in the leading cities of Europe is sustained by a subsidy from the government. It is a significant fact that, on the contrary, in New York Italian opera, so far so far from receiving any pecuniary support from the government or any other outside sources, is actually taxed by the monopoly of stockholders, who, by their stubborn illiberality, have not only driven opera away, but have brought the Academy of Music so low in public estimation that it is more suitable for a circus than a temple of art—a dreary catacomb in which Art might shiver if Genius did not supply its fire to keep the goddess warm. As it stands now the best use it could be applied to would be an arena for a sparring match to illustrate the noble art of self-defence. Indeed, if Kit Burn lived we should not be surprised to see it turned into a dog pit one of these days. Yet these were not the purposes for which the Academy of Music was established. Nor is there any reason why it should fall so low, except the blockade which the two hundred stockholders have declared against the managers.

But we repeat that there never was a more favorable time for re-establishing Italian opera than the present. There is to be a brief season at the French theatre, to commence on Wednesday, with some excellent artists, and we hope it may be a success; but the French theatre is not the place for grand opera. A nightingale of song might warble there deliciously, but a grand *artiste* like Nilsson must have a wider scope for her voice—a larger field for her fine dramatic genius. Whether we shall have an opportunity to see and hear her in opera, and to witness the restoration of Italian opera in its pristine glory as a permanency here, depends a good deal—and for the sake of the art-loving public we are sorry to say it—upon the liberality of the stockholders of the Academy.

THE EXECUTIVE RECEPTIONS in Washington on New Year's Day have been postponed on account of the death of Mrs. Belknap, the wife of the Secretary of War.

Our Next Democratic Candidate for Governor—O'Brien Versus Tweed.

Our brilliant contemporary, the *Sun*, has declared itself in favor of the nomination of William M. Tweed as the next democratic candidate for Governor of this State. And, nominations being in order, we propose to name our present worthy and modest Sheriff, James O'Brien, for the same distinction. We will proceed to give our reasons for thus presenting the name of Mr. O'Brien before the democracy for the honor of the gubernatorial nomination.

Let us first review the charity record of the two gentlemen. What do we find? Against Mr. Tweed's fifty thousand reasons why he should be the democratic candidate for Governor there are sixty thousand reasons—counted in dollars and cents—why O'Brien should. Therefore the Sheriff sees the Boss' fifty thousand and goes ten thousand better. Against Tweed's three or four uptown churches O'Brien can put up half a dozen Lackawanna coal yards. Thus, while Tweed's church charity is calculated to send unbelievers to the "other place," O'Brien's charity will warm them when they get there. Moreover, and above all, Jimmy O'Brien don't drink a drop of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and never has since the day he was born, while Tweedie took to it as a duck does to water before he could chalk "Big Six" on a Seventh ward board fence; and, what is more unfortunate, as he grew older he never abated the quantity of his libations a jot, but improved the quality thereof immensely—all the way from rifle whiskey to the smoothest of Burgundies, the oiliest of cognacs and the most exhilarating and sparkling of champagnes. Furthermore, Jimmy O'Brien never in his life smoked a cigar or took a chew of tobacco. Tweedie does both, the only interval between his periods of smoking being when he takes his cigar out of his mouth to "bless" some pertinacious office beggar. Therefore, as regards the moral virtues, it may be said that Jimmy O'Brien has them all, while Tweedie is beset with several of the common vices. As for personal popularity, O'Brien is as popular in every ward in the city of New York as Daniel O'Connell was in the city of Dublin, while Tweedie's popularity is fast narrowing down to the confines of the old Seventh ward. This is the natural result of his "close corporation" charity policy, which does not look beyond the purlieus of a single ward out of the twenty-two wards in the city. It is true Tweedie's notions about religious matters are not so very narrow. In this respect he has been as liberal a giver as he has been a liberal taker; in other words, he is as much to be admired for the liberal way he gives for religious purposes as for the liberal way he takes for personal objects. He endows a red-hot Presbyterian church with as much unction as he does a true Catholic one. In this he keenly recognizes the importance of making his election sure hereafter, as it is for him to make his election sure in this land of heavy taxation. On the other hand, Jimmy O'Brien is satisfied with one Church and one religion. He thinks that's enough for one man in these sinful times, unless he be a Mormon. And as for personal anecdotes about liberality, Jimmy can give Tweedie a pile and beat him all hollow. He has been known to give a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in a single evening to an unfortunate and indigent gatherer of chips. He has even been known to offer to lease a lumber yard and circular saw mill for an evening's entertainment with his friends. Can Tweedie say the same, or any of his friends say the same for him? We guess not. On the score of politics can Tweedie show a better record than Jimmy? Not by a long shot. While Tweedie has confined himself to the narrow and proscriptive limits of Old Tammany Jimmy has gone through Tammany and is able to show a full hand of the rough and tumble democracy on a new deal for the spoils.

To sum up all, the weight of reasoning—philanthropic, moral, religious and political—is against the *Sun's* candidate for the democratic nomination for Governor, William M. Tweed, and decisively in favor of Sheriff James O'Brien, the most modest and most popular democrat in New York.

EXTENSION OF THE GOVERNMENT WEATHER REPORTS.—From after to-morrow, the 1st of January, the United States telegraphic weather signals will embrace reports daily from Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, N. C.; Norfolk, Baltimore and Philadelphia—an important coast line to our shipping interests and skippers north of Norfolk, in reference to coming nor'easters. Norfolk being equivalent to Fortress Monroe, we calculate, will prove especially valuable as a point for these observations and warnings to the North, believing, as we do, that most of our heavy nor'easters come in from the Gulf Stream between Cape Hatteras and the outlet of Chesapeake Bay.

Personal Intelligence.

Governor R. K. Scott, of South Carolina, is among the recent arrivals at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, reached the city yesterday afternoon, and put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Commodore Ben Holladay, owner of the fleet of steamers plying along the coast of California, Mexico, Oregon, Sitka and the Sandwich Islands, is sojourning at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Mr. J. M. Townsend, of New Haven, member of the Legislature of Connecticut, is at the Albermarle Hotel on a brief visit.

Senator Matt. H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, is staying at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Professor M. B. Anderson, of the Rochester University, arrived at the Albemarle Hotel yesterday.

Senator Rice, of Arkansas, is at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Professor Devlin, of Orange, N. J., has alighted at the Astor House.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

By direction of the President, on the recommendation of the Board convened under section eleven of the act approved July 15, 1870, the following named officers are mustered out of the service for cause other than injuries incurred or disease contracted in the line of their duty:—

Major John F. Sherburne, Assistant Adjutant General; Captain Dudley Seward, and First Lieutenant Robert Carrick, Eighth cavalry; First Lieutenant George F. Raulston, Tenth cavalry; Second Lieutenant Charles F. Roe, Second cavalry; Second Lieutenant Thomas G. Tracy, Ninth infantry; First Lieutenant William P. Bainbridge, Third cavalry.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

Lieutenant William H. Emory, ordered to the Naval Observatory, Washington; Passed Assistant Surgeon John B. Ackley, to the Navy Yard, Philadelphia; Chief Engineer D. B. Macomb, from the Portsmouth Navy Yard to the Tennessee, the order assigning Chief Engineer William B. Brooks to that vessel having been revoked.

Chief Engineer David Macomble is detached from the Portsmouth Navy Yard and ordered to the Tennessee, fitting out at the New York Navy Yard for St. Domingo.