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JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

- PARK THEATRE. THE KERRY GOW, at 8 P. M. Joseph Murphy. BOOTH'S THEATRE. OFFENBACH AND JAVIER, at 8 P. M. BOWERY THEATRE. KIDNAPPED, at 8 P. M. WOOD'S MUSEUM. JEAN VALJEAN, at 8 P. M. MADAME at 2 P. M. EAGLE THEATRE. FARTED, at 8 P. M. Henrietta Chanfrau. CHATEAU MABELLE VARIETIES, at 8 P. M. OLYMPIA THEATRE. HUMPTY DUMPTY, at 8 P. M. THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. CHICKERING HALL. GRAND CONCERT, at 8 P. M. PARISIAN VARIETIES, at 8 P. M. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. FIGUE, at 8 P. M. Family Dramatic. GLOBE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. WALLACK'S THEATRE. THE MIGHTY DOLLAR, at 8 P. M. GILMORE'S GARDEN. BRAND CONCERT, at 8 P. M. KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M. CENTRAL PARK GARDEN. CONCERT, at 8 P. M.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1876.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be warm, partly cloudy or clear.

During the summer months the HERALD will be sent to subscribers for one dollar per month, free of postage.

NOTICE TO COUNTRY NEWSDEALERS.—For prompt and regular delivery of the HERALD by fast mail trains orders must be sent direct to this office. Postage free.

Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and other impracticable delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, want a candidate for President who has had large experience in public affairs but has never held office.

BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.—We sometimes think there is a good deal of cant about a Presidential canvass reforming and purifying the country. The President has only limited authority. He can carry out no reform unless he has the aid of Congress. Thus Grant tried to give us civil service reform, but the Congressmen would not permit it. The way to secure this or any other reform is for the people to see that the different districts elect good men to Congress. There is where reform will begin. We give the Presidency too much importance. We can never have a good administration until we take pains to keep the bummers and strikers out of Congress.

THE VIENNA SCANDAL.—Mr. Jay, our late Minister to the Austrian Court, is evidently determined not to leave the scandal that was such a reproach to the American nation during the Vienna Exhibition rest in its present half-buried condition. His letter, published elsewhere, asks very pointedly, and with a variety of apt illustration, why does not the State Department respond to the request of the House of Representatives by communicating the report of the special commission and the correspondence in the matter to the House? Can there be any truth in the statement that the House has been discourteously dealt with because "the whole subject is painful to the President?" Such an excuse cannot be entertained and no other is vouchsafed. Let the House have the papers.

Mr. PETER COOPER evidently thinks that he may be called upon by the House of Representatives to take up the onerous position of President of the United States after the 4th of March next. The interview with Mr. Cooper, in another column, lays his political aspirations before the country. If the Presidency comes to him he will resign himself to his fate, but there is a touching indication of his large-hearted nature in the hope he expresses that "Old Bill Allen" will carry the rag-money banner through the coming campaign. What the nominee of a political convention for the Presidency has to say upon the chances of his party is worth hearing, and from a philanthropist like Mr. Cooper these views carry their title to respect, even if they meet with no acceptance.

THE TIDE FOR EUROPE.—The steamers which sailed on Saturday were filled with pleasure-goers hurrying over the seas to the boulevards and the springs. On the other hand, we do not observe any increase in the travel to this country. That tide that was coming to the Centennial does not come. Two things are evident, as we predicted from the beginning—there will be no increase in travel to this country and no diminution in the travel to Europe on account of the Centennial. Foreigners will hardly care to cross the stormy seas to see a show which is only what they have seen over and over again in London and Paris and Vienna. Our own people will have their run to Killarney and the lakes and see the Centennial when they come home and the weather is not so warm. It is pleasant to see how heartily the foreign correspondents, and especially the correspondent of the London Times, speak of the Centennial. After all, the special correspondents are the real ambassadors of peace and good will between the great nations.

The Republican Convention—The Flashes from Cincinnati.

All eyes are turned toward Cincinnati—the republicans, naturally anxious who is to be their leader; the democrats hoping to profit by the blunders of their opponents. It is not too much to say that the Convention which meets on Wednesday will determine the administration for some time to come, if the choice of the republicans will guide the choice of the democrats. If the republicans take a strong man, a candidate who will unite the severed forces of their party, who can bridge over the gulf between the extreme right and the extreme left, who can command the support of Boss Shepherd and Charles Francis Adams, it will be necessary for the democrats to show similar prudence and to name a man who will unite the East and the West, the friends of hard and soft money. It will be no time for personal ambition or political revenge. If the republicans should name a machine candidate the democrats will feel that the campaign will fall to them anyhow from the dissatisfaction felt by the country toward all that relates to Grant and Grantism. St. Louis will take its tune from Cincinnati, and all who are anxious for good government, regardless of party, will study with anxious care every flash from the banks of the Ohio.

As a manifestation of the forces which rule our Republic the Convention at Cincinnati is most interesting. Here is a body of private gentlemen, without any legal or official status, who assemble in a theatre in a Western town and dictate the government of the Union. They have no control over a single vote, except so far as the votes of men are governed by party discipline and affection; yet their mandate will govern the votes of a million of Americans. From this decision there will be really no appeal. No matter who may be nominated at Cincinnati he will receive the bulk of the republican vote. Conkling may hate Blaine, and Blaine may decline to know Conkling, but in the event of the nomination of either the other will take the stump and tell admiring thousands that his rival is all that patriotism and chivalry could want in a candidate for the Presidency, and that the country will go to the bad unless the people rally and elect him. It will be the same with the democrats at St. Louis. If Governor Tilden is nominated, as now seems probable, we shall have Boss Kelly and Schell and all the anti-Tammany delegates walking in a shouting column to Tammany Hall to "ratify" a nomination they deplore. The decision of these two conventions will be binding upon two great parties. The interesting question is, how far will it affect the vote of that small fringe of independent and indifferent people who only vote when there is an important question before the country, and who will reserve their judgment until they hear both sides?

Of course there will be music and shouting, and every hour will have its rumor. The long and brilliant despatch which we print elsewhere from Cincinnati and the one we printed yesterday belong to the sentiment of the Convention. The boys must have something to amuse themselves. They must kill time, and what better than to go shouting around the streets with a band of music? Then this is the first real old-fashioned Convention they have had since 1860. Since then events have made the candidate. The war forced Lincoln and Grant upon them, and all their enthusiasm went out to the Vice Presidency, which, after all, is not much of a place. But now, with Grant out of the way, thanks to Belknap and Babcock, the boys have something to shout about and a real President to make. Our readers, while they enjoy this spectacle, must not suppose that bands of music create Presidents. These delegations are to the great political drama which is soon to be played with the supernumeraries are to the leading tragedian. It is not what the Custom House boys under "Johnny" Davenport, or the Indiana screamers under "Bill" Holloway, or the Pennsylvania rangers under "Bill" Leeds, or the Maine howlers under somebody else say or do that will nominate a President. That problem will be decided by Logan and Morgan and Don Cameron and half a dozen discreet and able men, who have two questions to decide—first, Which candidate will give the party the most strength? second, Which of the strong candidates will do the most for one's self and one's friends?

There are three marked influences at work in Cincinnati—the administration regular army, divided between Morton, Washburne and Conkling; the volunteer army, looking toward Blaine, Hayes and Hartranft, and the reformers, who think the country needs Bristow. As the lines are drawn this division becomes more and more apparent. If Mr. Blaine had not fallen into the hands of Mulligan, if he could have shown a stainless record in these railway matters, it is probable that he would have won the prize. As it is, the enthusiasm which his friends show for him under so many adverse circumstances is a tribute to his rare qualities as a leader and statesman. The rank and file of the party like Blaine, and it may be that if the wise heads do not keep them in hand they may carry him through anyhow. As the wise heads generally have their way in these bodies of men we do not apprehend such a contingency. The administration will support Morton and Conkling and not oppose Washburne. It does not surprise us that the Morton and Conkling men should begin to serenade one another. Between these two candidates the President has expressed neutrality, and but for the unfortunate illness of the eminent Senator from Indiana there is little doubt that he would be chosen to lead a party in which he is so conspicuous and brave a leader. But the fear about Mr. Morton is that, in electing a gentleman who has suffered for years from an incurable disease, the party might be electing another John Tyler or Andrew Johnson. This feeling will throw the vote of Morton to Conkling as a second choice. This is especially true of the South, whose delegates care only for a man whose record is true on the Southern question, and who, while giving Morton their affections, will, when the time comes for action, go for Conkling. An alliance between Mor-

ton and Conkling seems to be a natural and inevitable result.

The strength of Bristow remains to be developed. As we have said, Bristow has made a summer lightning canvass, which has interested the party without impressing it. He is a good man and would make a good President. Somehow the people have an idea that Bristow would surround himself with detectives and give us an administration like that of Fouché under the First Empire. No gentleman, however much he may admire Bristow, cares to have an administration based upon these principles. The next forty-eight hours will be given to the development of these various influences. When we see how strong each party really is we may form an idea of the probable alliances and developments of the Convention. If the friends of Blaine and Bristow should break from their candidates and unite their natural choice will be Washburne or The Great Unknown. If the friends of Governor Morgan in this State should, as is hinted, take part in any such movement, with a view of making the Governor Vice President, the Convention will nominate Mr. Washburne. It will be an argument in favor of such a combination that Washburne and Morgan would make the strongest ticket that could be nominated. If, on the other hand, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio can unite, giving the first place to Conkling and the second to Hayes, we shall have a ticket which will poll the full strength of the party. As it now looks the tides seem to drift toward Washburne and Morgan on the one side and Conkling and Hayes on the other. The first will be a compromise, the second a regular old-fashioned, true blue republican ticket.

There is, as we have said, The Great Unknown. But we trust the republicans, when they are about it, will give us a man and not a name. We know Washburne and Conkling, Morton and Blaine. These men are the true leaders of the party. It will be cowardice for the party to take any one but a leader. What we want is a fair, up-and-down, hit-from-the-shoulder, courageous canvass, with a republican on one side and a democrat on the other—a canvass for men, not myths.

The Vice Presidency.

We print elsewhere a curious and interesting historical sketch of the Vice Presidents, intended as a reminder of the importance of the second office in the government. In the contemplation of the framers of the constitution the Vice Presidency was a more important office than it has proved to be in practice. Until the constitution was amended, after Jefferson's first election, there was no such thing as a separate vote for President and Vice President. Each member of the electoral college voted for two candidates for President, the candidate having the highest number being elected President and the candidate having the next highest number of votes for President being elected Vice President. It was the probable intention that the Vice President should perform the duties of the highest office whenever the President was absent from the seat of government or disabled by sickness, in the same manner that the President of our Common Council discharges the office of Mayor under similar circumstances. But this was never done. A precedent has established the rule that the second officer never performs the duties of the first unless the Presidency becomes vacant by death, resignation or removal. But these contingencies render the office of Vice President of great importance. The highest office has already been thrice vacated by death, and in each case the party electing the Vice President has suffered by its want of care and foresight in selecting him. It is to be hoped that a similar distraction, which so seriously impairs the efficiency of the government, may not occur again, and that no man may be nominated by either party for the second office whom it would be unwilling to trust with the duties and responsibilities of the first.

THE ILLNESS OF MR. BLAINE, which on the first reports assumed an alarming character, is now stated as likely to yield promptly to the vigorous treatment he received at the hands of the eminent physicians called in. The remark of Mr. Garfield as to its being "an assassination" was evidently due to an excited imagination. We cannot afford to miss Mr. Blaine from the canvass at this juncture, and the report of his improved condition will be received with pleasure by all fractions of republicans. To his friends the news will be doubly gratifying, and to his opponents at Cincinnati it will be matter for rejoicing that they will not be called on to make war on a sick candidate, who carries sympathy in proportion to his suffering.

THE RACING AT LONGCHAMPS yesterday drew together a magnificent concourse of French men and women and had the countenance and presence of the Chief of State. The French do not think it any harm to go to a horse race on Sunday, but for all that there is no Excise law to confine the thirsty to cold water and the seltzer varieties. They can enjoy their opportunities without any objectionable results. Our special despatch gives us many interesting facts. Unfortunately, the racing was very one-sided, Kieber, the Derby winner, coming to the post in a canter.

OUR INTERVIEWS with the delegates to Cincinnati are continued this morning, the strongholds of Blaine and Bristow being chosen for these interesting reports. In Maine everybody is Blaine, as a matter of course, and in Kentucky everybody is for Bristow. The other States are about evenly divided between the two champions, with a strong undercurrent in favor of Conkling and occasional whispers of Washburne and Hayes. These reports show that Conkling's chances were never better than they are to day.

THE CONVICTION of one of the Lords is another scalp in the belt of Chief Tilden. It comes in good time, with the Convention about to meet at St. Louis. If Uncle Sammy could only find Tweed what a lift it would be to his canvass.

The Lobby at Cincinnati.

The hosts of friends and claqueurs of the several candidates who go to conventions to "work" (as they call it) for their favorites has never been so great at any Republican National Convention as it is at Cincinnati. In 1864, 1868 and 1872 the choice of the conventions was a foregone certainty before the delegates assembled. In those years only one republican candidate was talked of or thought possible, and it would have been a bootless business for a big lobby to bring to the scene of the nomination under the pretence that they were to "work" for him. But this year there has been no such concentration of republican sentiment in favor of any candidate, and a numerous lobby has gone to Cincinnati to "make night hideous" around the corridors of the hotels by their brawling advocacy of "favorite sons." These busybodies will make a great figure until the Convention meets; they drink, swear, buttonhole, predict and manufacture a spurious enthusiasm for the candidates under whose colors they enlist; but they can exert no real influence. Why then do they take so much foolish pains? It is to establish a claim on the candidate they profess to serve if he should be successful. They mean to remind him, after his election, how much they did to promote his nomination, in the hope that he will reward his zealous and disinterested friends in the bestowal of offices. They will be the most persistent and "cheeky" of all office-seekers if their candidate should be elected. But they will deserve nothing, because they produce no more effect on the result than the flies that light on a coach wheel do in setting the vehicle in motion.

They recall an anecdote which some ancient author tells of Diogenes, the cynic philosopher. When Sinope, the town where he resided, was besieged by the enemy and all the citizens of military age were busy in gathering arms and strengthening the fortifications, Diogenes was observed to be industriously engaged in rolling his tub back and forth in the streets, puffing and sweating with the unwonted exertion. "What are you doing this for?" said a bystander. "When all the citizens are so active in defending the city," was the response, "it seemed necessary that I, as a good patriot, should do something." The hosts of lobbyists at Cincinnati are merely trundling the tub of Diogenes.

A Mussulman Possibility.

Our correspondent at Constantinople touches on a subject which engages a good many earnest minds in Europe at present, both from a political and humanitarian standpoint. If we could suppose England and Russia thoroughly agreed upon the fate of the tottering Mohammedan Empire, and prepared to see some form of government set up within its borders consonant with the majority of its inhabitants and seeking to be abreast of civilization, the startling question would remain, What is to be done with the three millions of Mussulmans? They cannot be exterminated; they cannot be deported. It would be futile to expect a race used to domination to act loyally to a government composed of aliens in creed, and any scheme of government that would not accord equal rights to Mohammedans and Christians would be repugnant to the rest of Europe. Our correspondent thinks that a voluntary exodus of the Osmanlis would result. This would no doubt be gradual, but the broils that would ensue when the Mussulman found the despised infidel made his equal would hasten it. Then opens out the great Moslem possibility. Almost a third of the great Asiatic continent would lie before the emigrating Mussulmans. The elements for a vigorous and united Moslem Empire, with its capital on the banks of the Tigris, are not perhaps apparent, but there is no moulding force in political experience comparable to that of religious passion and the passion of an aggressive religion whose traditions are of the emper and the battle field above all. The impetus of persecution—for that is how every believer in the Prophet would regard the flight of the Moslems from Turkey—would produce a segregation of Mohammedans capable of creating a power in Asia that we might mark out on the map, but whose resources we could not so easily measure. The scattered khannates at war or ready to war with Russia, the stagnant Kingdom of Persia and the sleepy Mohammedan countries to the borders of Hindostan and China might be vivified and incorporated with it. The idea would certainly present itself, and an idea of this kind, sifting millions as through a sieve, is sure to find the man to attempt, if not to succeed, in its application. All we know about the Mohammedan in Europe is, that he is out of place, long an anomaly and soon an impossibility. If the revivification of Western and Central Asia, often the home of magnificent empires, would result from the elimination of Mohammedanism from Europe, those liberal minded people who do not think that a man should perish because his ideas of the manifestation of God to man differ from theirs will not see cause to mourn. All the world would be better for the stimulation to commercial activity that would ensue.

THE SERMONS YESTERDAY.—The passing of Trinity Sunday attracted the attention of the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian divines to the great mystery of the Triune God, and in the story from the lips of St. Augustine, repeated by the Rev. Mr. Flagg, all that is possible to be comprehended thereof is illustrated. The sermon by Dr. Dix on the text, "I am that I am," was a beautiful tribute to the majesty of the Creator. We have two sermons among our reports on the enforcement of the Excise law, which the clergymen evidently think would cure intemperance, as if the timber in the door of a liquor store could keep out the tide of drunkenness in one position more than in another. Dry up, O ministers, the fountains of sin in the hearts of men, and the doors of the liquor saloons may be open from sunrise to moonset for all the harm they will do. A political sermon is not very inviting, for the cloth in politics is seldom welcome, and the advice of Mr. Eggleston to his congregation, sound though it might be in the main, lacks that quality of practicability which one expects from a man who gives an opinion that he thinks

worth listening to. The "right to bolt" is not the sum of sound political doctrine; it is often only the last resort of men who neglected their duties in the nomination of proper candidates on their own side in politics.

U. S. G.

"And he said, 'Can this be?'" is the form in which Dret Harte relates the emotion of Bill Nye when Ah Sin "laid down the right bower which the same Nye had dealt unto me." Our correspondent, "Behind the Scenes," hints at a programme to be adopted at Cincinnati which would certainly stagger the present candidates if put in practice. What if, after all the dealing and slipping of right and left bowers up the sleeves of politicians, the game was to be decided by such a coup de main as settled the game of Ah Sin? Supposing Blaine, or Bristow, or Morton, or all of them, to represent the Heathen Chinese, and that Conkling represents the Truthful James, who received the right bower from Grant in the character of Bill Nye, can we not easily picture the President rising with a sigh, saying, can this be, and amid the war whoop of the onlookers going for the Heathen Chinese until there was not enough of him left to fill a cigar box? Who will not admit that there is life in the old man yet? Amid all the noise of the canvass there has been but little sound from the direction of the White House. It is generally conceded that the President has dealt the right bower to the Senator from New York, but consider his consternation at seeing Blaine, or Morton, or Bristow take the same right bower from his sleeve to play it on the Convention. As he rose in outraged majesty and went for the Heathen Chinese might he not carry all the republicans along with him?

Score One for Bergh!

Mr. Bergh has won a point on the turtle question. He remonstrated about the manner in which the turtles are carried from Key West. To this answer was made that any way with a turtle was a proper way, as it was an animal without feeling and could be carried in any position without causing pain. Whereupon Mr. Bergh prints a certificate from Agassiz showing that the turtle is a sensitive animal, and that there could be no severer torture than that to which it is exposed by our dealers. He suggests that when turtles are brought to market they should be kept in tanks of water and allowed as much comfort as possible while they do live. We think Mr. Bergh is right. It is just as easy to bring the turtle in a tank of water as it is to tie its fins and throw it into the hold of a vessel, or tie it on its back in an attitude which an eminent scientific authority declares not only to be torture to the animal, but the cause sometimes of poison in the food. Mr. Bergh's plan will be kinder to the turtle and more wholesome to the lover of turtle soup. It is in this aspect of his work that Mr. Bergh appears at his best. When he shows how an abuse can be reformed public opinion will sustain him in reforming it.

ABDUL AZIZ.—We are afraid the friends of a monarchical system of government fail to do justice to the royal virtues of the late lamented Sultan of Turkey. When he fell his country was impoverished and its debts were dishonored. But this thoughtful monarch had millions upon millions stowed away in his cellars. When he was king there was no department of his Empire so well protected as his menagerie of wild animals. When he was deposed he went into seclusion with "fifty-four boat loads of women." In fact, since the death of the first gentleman of Europe, His Reverend and Gracious Majesty George IV., whose memory is so dear to the present royal family that the Queen resented the Greville Memoirs as an affront, there has been no king who has shown himself so true a representative of the royal quality as this Sultan. He did what he pleased, had everything his own way, and allowed the country to go to the devil. He was king by "the grace of God." We hope that his character will receive justice at the hands of some of the eloquent admirers of a royal system.

DON CAMERON TO THE FRONT.—If any one supposed that Don Cameron would stay away from his place at the head of the Cameron clan at Cincinnati because of a paltry Secretaryship of War they did not know the man or the tribe. The Highland chieftain was always found at the front when the fighting came. Don Cameron has worked to do at Cincinnati. He means to do what he can for Hartranft, to give the Governor a good record in the Convention, and then, when honor is satisfied, go over to the banner of Conkling. Conkling did the Camerons a favor fifteen years ago, when the enemies of old Simon had him down and thought he was slain. And now the Camerons, who have Highland memories, propose to show Highland gratitude. Don Cameron will be the last warrior to leave the Conkling banner.

THE BRAZILIAN EMPEROR certainly goes about the business of inspecting the points of interest on his remarkable tour of observation with a vim rarely observable in crowned heads and, indeed, not often to be met with in any walk of life. His Majesty, during his short time among us, has seen more of America than most Americans, and from the keenness of his mental vision he has doubtless been enabled to lay by a store of reminiscences that will well repay him for the energy he has expended in gathering facts and seeing things with his own eyes.

"THERE IS MUSIC IN THE AIR."—We told our readers that when the time came for shouting the Conkling leaders at Cincinnati would see that the Onida chief was not neglected. Every despatch tells us of "Conkling music" and "Conkling enthusiasm." How could it be otherwise when we know that the enthusiasm is under the especial command of ex-Collector Murphy, Colonel Frank E. Howe and Hugh J. Hastings, the friend of Andrew Jackson? These are the boys to see that the noise is not neglected, and noise is sometimes potent in a weary convention.

WEST POINT and its cadets have put on summer raiment, and everything there is preparing for the Arcadian time when the natty fellows go into summer encampment.

What is in a Name?

A correspondent, who thinks that Hartranft for President and Taft for Vice President would carry Ohio and Pennsylvania, "besides rallying the German vote," should remember that something is due to euphony and our national love of harmony. What orator could turn a period with Hartranft and Taft? What poet could find a rhyme for Taft and Hartranft? There should be some law on our statute books or some canon on our ecclesiastical formulas on this subject of names. When a man child is born it should be seen that he has a sweet, chivalric, rolling name, one that would sound well in conventions. Providence, it is true, has in many cases given such names to men born to high deeds. Names like Alexander, Hannibal, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Marlborough, Plantagenet, Washington, were all in keeping. Sometimes, as in the case of Caesar and Grant and Lee, we see a nature which rises above the poverty of a name. If Grant had only been called Plantagenet he might have won his third term in spite of Belknap. We trust that our conventions will give us a musical ticket while they are about it. Conkling, Morgan, Washburne, Sherman, Frelinghuysen, Sharon, are good names for prose or poetry. We do not like Blaine or Hayes so well. A name like Frelinghuysen would be as good as a new coat of paint to the White House. It would inspire respect and terror in the breasts of the aristocrats. It sounds like a roar of artillery. But a name like Blaine or Fish or Jones or Wade or Taft would be misunderstood. A long name with a good many consonants is what we want in a canvass. The democrats are more fortunate than their opponents in this respect. They have the imperial name of Bayard to begin with and Tilden to fall back upon; both good names, although we wish the Governor had some Christian name like Roger, or Roderick, or Mortimer. Sannel is one of the worst names that could be submitted to a free people. There is no name, unless it is Peter, with which the common mind is apt to take so many liberties as with Samuel. More than all, it is an unlucky name, as will be seen by a careful study of the annals of our glorious country. There has never been a Sannel in the White House. We have never had a Samuel in the Vice Presidency. The only Samuel who ever sat in the chair of the Senate as a presiding officer was called Smith, and that was many, many years ago. There has never been a Samuel Speaker of the House, and the nearest to it is Pro-Ten Sam Cox, who changed his name to Sunset, with much discernment, before he became a candidate for his office. There has never been a Samuel in the State Department, and so we might continue showing the importance of this apparently trifling question in a time like this. It is most important that parents who expect to have their sons in the White House some day—and where is the proud parent who does not have this dream?—should see that they have noble, resonant names, which may catch the imagination of the people. HOW WELL THE DEMOCRATS STAND BY EACH OTHER.—We are told that the committee on the Kerr scandal have agreed upon their report exonerating the Speaker, and that it is to be unanimous. But we are told also that the examination has not been concluded. We like this democratic devotion to men and principles. At the same time we do not think the democrats treat Mr. Pendleton or Mr. Schumaker fairly. These gentlemen are as much entitled to a report upon their cases as Mr. Kerr. PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE. Lawyer Fullerton is going to Europe. Bancroft is going to Newport this week. Mr. Thurston, of Texas, is only seven feet six inches high. The Long Branch Surf has issued its first number for the season. Kate Field is expected home before long to marry an American citizen. Speaker Kerr is accused of having been a Son of Liberty during the war. The Countess de Follone, daughter of A. L. Brown, of the late firm of Brown, Hall & Vanderpool, is at Long Branch. Louisville Courier-Journal.—"Mulligan pretends to have more letters from Blaine. When shall these two Presbyterians meet again?" Mr. Augustus Whiting, of New York, has arrived with his new coach in Bellevue avenue, Newport, R. I. It is the first coach of the season. A Tennessee man has been going about and marrying wives until he has six, and yet they were all aware that he was a sewing machine agent. Mr. McCarty, of Iowa, who is spoken of as republican candidate for Vice President, is one year more than forty; has lived in Iowa nearly all his life; has a Con. congressman for several years, and is a fellow townsman of Belknap. Friday night being free lunch (night in Washington the religious editor of the National Republican says—"It takes 1,000,000 of pine knots to make a barrel of tar, how many Proctor Knott's will it take to make a Tarbox?") The Chicago Tribune, speaking of a Chicago concert at which S. B. Mills, of New York, played a tarantelle and an étude of Chopin, says—"It was the best interpretation of Chopin we have ever had here, not even excepting Von Bülow." Fitzhugh, the late Doorkeeper of the House, writes a long communication to the Washington Capital, in which he says that his recent letter was intentionally ridiculous and meant to amuse a friend, and that it was used for blackmail by Clancy. The only thing that was attention in Fitzhugh's letter is his statement that at the age of sixteen he volunteered as a private soldier in the Mexican war. A mining character along the Comstock lode, Ne vada, hates a tree or flower; he swears; cuts with his knife; is a good fellow; plays faro with a policeman for a dealer; gets arrested for drunkenness and assault and battery, which are locally called "the jamboree;" digs himself out of the board jail with a knife, and returns to the prison only because he may get the watchman into a scrape. Glendinning, prosed at Henry, Ill., and the Chicago Times' reporter thus says—"He then arose and read his text—'John 11, 16—'For God so loved the world,' &c. He spoke for forty minutes in a perpetual flow of words, arranged in beautiful sentences, which held the attention of the large congregation so that children in arms could not draw the attention away from the speaker by their discordant screams but for a moment." A correspondent writing concerning the historical, social and political matters of Bloomfield, Nelson county, says that Speaker Kerr a few years ago taught a flourishing school there, and during his stay made many friends who still number themselves among his warmest admirers. The political sentiment of the community is strongly democratic, the majority are for Tilden, but all will stand by the St. Louis names and platform. The prevailing disease is the gout; there is one doctor to every one hundred inhabitants; trade is lively, and a firm under the real name of Panch & Judy is among the most enterprising business establishments.