Carl Schurz's Sommersault and Downfall.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Mr. Carl Schurz's recent article in the *Westliche Post* winds up with a repetition of the foolish rumor—put forth by a Republican paper—that Gov. Tilden is in feeble health, not likely to live out his term if elected, and consequently the Presidency would devolve upon Gov. Hendricks, who has been induced to accept the second place on the Democratic ticket by the prospect of the speedy decease of his colleague. Commenting upon this quasi endorsement of a campaign lie, the *Amerika* says:

If the article had not been signed with the initials of his name, we should have thought it impossible that such language could have come from his pen. It is not worth while to waste many words. The whole world will agree with us in this judgment. That such arguments are entirely unworthy of a man who enjoys the reputation that Carl Schurz does.

The *Amerika* is quite right, but it fails, perhaps, to see that Mr. Schurz has concluded to pocket whatever reputation for consistency and manliness he possesses during the present campaign. He is ho longer a statesman, he is merely a politician, and a not very honorable one either, if we may judge from his latest editorial effort. He is no longer a Liberal Republican and a reformer; he has joined the "striaght out" Republicans and anti-reformers. After denouning Grant and Grantism for years in the strongest English and German, he now endorses a platform which declares Grant and his administration "deserving of the continued and hearty gratitude of the American people." In other and plainer words, he is eating penitential dirt at the feet of the very men who persistently abused him.

This may be shrewd political strategy on the part of Mr. Schurz, but there are some persons who will not hesitate to call it demagoguery of the lowest kind. Had he been all his friends claimed for him, or even half what his enemies have been willing to concede him, he would have refused to thus stultify himself in order to get back into a party out of which he was so vigorously kicked only a little while ago. If he could not support Tilden and Hendricks, he need not have put on the zebra form of Hayes and Wheeler. A dignified neutrality would have saved his character and preserved his influence.

As matters now stand, he has seriously damaged the one and very materially weakened the other. We presume Mr. Schurz thinks he carries the Liberal-Republican German vote in his pocket, and we predict he will find himself mistaken in supposing that his countrymen can change their principles as easily as he has done.

They Changed the Name of the Town.

From the Washington Chronicle

PHILADELPHIA, June 25.—The Plymouth pastor paid us a visit last week, and remained in our midst upward of three or four days. His presence upon the ground attracted a staring crowd whenever he presented himself. Mr. Beecher with several friends was engaged in inspecting the interior of the main building when he happened to meet Commissioner Dufur of Oregon. Recognizing Mr. Dufur, whom he had met on a former occasion, Mr. Beecher in his usually pleasant manner, raised his hat to the Commissioner, at the same time remarking:

"How do you do, Mr. Commissioner? This is Mr. Dufur of Oregon, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Dufur. "Oh, yes, and this is Mr. Beecher?"

"I am glad to meet you again," answered Mr. Beecher. You see, I take a great interest in your State of Oregon. I believe that they did me the honor to name of their townships Beecher-Town."

"Oh, yes, I believe they did," responded Dufur; "but you see, Mr. Beecher, they have changed the name of the town since that time."

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Beecher looking rather surprised. "You astonish me. I never heard of that before. To what name, pray, did they change it?"

"Well, Mr. Beecher, you see they call it 'Elizabeth' now."

Wild Western Journalism.

Editorial in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

When the snarling ill-conditioned editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* gets drunk and falls out of the third-story window of his boarding-house, people in the street who catch a glimpse of his florid face and sanguinary hair cry out: "Behold the blazing meteor." They afterward gather about the quivering, glutinous, odorous mass on the pavement, sweep it up and carry it into the house and put it to bed. Neighbors look at each other and smile and make remarks something like this: "If he was a sober man or a man of any consequence in the community, of course it would have killed him." Mr. Armstrong keeps his bed a day or two and amuses himself by making faces at black monkeys on the bed-post. Meanwhile the four or five old subscribers of the *Plain Dealer* drop in at the office as they return from work in the quarries, and remark to Mr. Hoyt: "How it does improve the paper to have that old whiskey-head bunged up. Can't you manage to have him run over by a railroad train?" Mr. Hoyt chuckles and says: "Never mind, boys, it'll fetch him in time."