

SPiRIT OF THE PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS—COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

The Democrats as an Opposition.

From the N. Y. Nation. Mr. John Quincy Adams' speech in South Carolina, and the recent attempt to throw Seymour and Blair overboard, and the fact, which now seems to be well established, that there does exist in the ranks of the Democratic party a large body of persons who are sensible of the folly which has marked the course of the party during the last year or two, seem to furnish some foundation for the hope that the party will, during the coming year, if it can do nothing else, at least furnish the country with something like a decent opposition. We are not, as our readers know, amongst the number of those who looked on in unaltered admiration at the Republican performances in Congress since 1855. They were undoubtedly marked by many follies and absurdities. The party in power was guilty of some foolish legislation; of many foolish attempts at legislation. Its leaders said a great many wild things, and for a while the control of the organization seemed to be put up at auction, the most that could be expected being treated as the highest bidder. People who talked to it of reason or experience, of possibility or impossibility, were denounced as traitors or idiots. So things went on till 1857, when undoubtedly the country was pretty well disgusted with Republican rule, and bore it solely because of the magnitude and importance of the interests the party had in its keeping, and which in no other keeping would have been safe. With the impeachment the critical point in the party fortunes was reached. The process, properly conducted, the country was perfectly willing to submit to, but it was not prepared for the scandals and excesses by which it in fact was marked. However, by good luck rather than by good management, it came out of it without serious damage. We have no hesitation now in saying, however, that it was saved from utter ruin by the votes of the seven Senators. Whether they were corrupt or honest in their decision, it prevented the accession of Mr. Wade to the Presidency and the predominance of men like General Butler in the councils of the Executive, and probably the nomination of Mr. Wade at Chicago. Now, there is no doubt whatever, in view of what the majorities have been at the late elections, both State and Federal, that the happening of either of these contingencies would have killed the party and delivered the country into the hands of the Democrats. Three or four months of the rule of Wade and Butler might have established the reign of error "truth," but it would also have determined the country to bring this reign to a close at the earliest possible moment, and that moment would have been on the 4th of March, 1859. There are not simple speculations of our own, nor are they things which anybody will hear at mass meetings; but they are things which nine out of ten thinking Republicans will tell you in a private room. The party has been saved, as we have said, first of all by the result of the impeachment process, and secondly, and proximately, by the opportunity to follow the dictates of its sound and sober judgment which that result afforded the Chicago Convention.

But when one compares even the most foolish of the Republican leaders to the wisest of the Democratic leaders, one begins involuntarily to excuse the Republican vagaries. The Democrats in Congress, to be sure, were small; but they had nearly half the population of the North at their back. They were but a handful; but they, in reality, represented nearly as many voters as the majority. The knowledge of this fact would have made men possessing the least skill in their art a powerful and dreaded enemy. It could not, of course, have given them the victory, when heads came to be counted, but it would have given their criticisms weight and force; would have made formidable breaches in the Republican ranks out of doors; would have held the more reasonable and intelligent portion of the Democratic party firm in their allegiance; and would, perhaps, only have been prevented from driving the Republicans from power by making them sensible of their danger and opening their eyes to the value of wisdom and discretion.

As things went, however, the Democratic members in Congress during the past three years have perhaps supplied the most comical and pitiable chapter in the history of legislative bodies. In their place, in their parliamentary tactics they imitated Thaddeus Stevens, in acting rather like prophets who had a message to deliver to a stiff-necked generation than like politicians whose business it was to win men over to their way of thinking. One would suppose, to watch their performances, their dilatory motions when the final result was directly clear, their bombastic protests, their small parliamentary tricks, their personal attacks, their grotesque and absurd resolutions; their persistent opposition to everything good, bad, or indifferent which in the really noble and patriotic Republican party advocated; their readiness to league with the dregs of the Republican party in the prosecution of any scheme likely to embarrass the majority, no matter what its effect might be on the nation at large; their wild and reckless exaggerations of the really weak points in Republican rule; their ostentatious indifference to the public credit, as if the fate of the national debt could be anything but a matter of the deepest importance to any inhabitant of the country; their ostentatious indifference to the fate of the negroes, as if the condition, mental and physical, of four millions of persons out of a population of ten millions could be a small concern to any honest and intelligent man appointed to legislate for it; their unwillingness to admit that there was any good motive whatever at the bottom of the prosecution of the war in which three hundred thousand of their own friends and neighbors had laid down their lives—in short, the concentration of their wits and energies during three long years on the one petty and disproportionate task of impeding the path of the majority, a task to which the feeblest wits and the most unscrupulous of their own would suppose, we say, that the sole object of their constituents in sending them to Congress was to act as a kind of light cavalry and make the enemy feel uncomfortable.

Their mission was, however, not to beat the Republicans in the vote, or wear them out by filibustering, or surpass them in badinage, but to present to the country and the world regularly and temperately, and as ably as they could, with as little exaggeration as possible—exaggeration on the part of minorities being the equivalent of the military offense of being drunk on duty—that other side of every question that came up which it was naturally the tendency of the majority to overlook or conceal. But they presented no side of anything. They acted by the hour. Not one of their speeches was of any more use in elucidating any point under discussion than the crackling of thorns under a pot. They did not even pretend freedom of debate; they made it ridiculous. They talked so

much nonsense that when the majority was gagging them the public laughed and said it served them right. The discomfiture of their ablest man (leaving out Reverdy Johnson), Senator Douglas, were wild statements of doctrines, both social and political, which everybody knew were dying or dead, and which there was no chance whatever of inducing the drift of public opinion. Their weightiest men in the House never produced anything more formidable than dry essays on "the negro's place in nature," and one of them had the candor to acknowledge that his essay on this subject was the composition of an obscure Ohio doctor. Their political economy was not a whit better than Thaddeus Stevens', and such as it was they did not understand it, and seldom produced it; and, when they did produce it, handled it as a savage might a gun. On the currency and taxation they gave no evidence of possessing any fixed views whatever. Sometimes they were for greenbacks and sometimes for gold, and were opposed apparently to all taxation; but whether they preferred greenbacks or gold became more and more uncertain as the years rolled on. Their last proposal on the matter of finance is to make the currency as bad as possible for the purpose of annoying the party that suspended specie payments.

They have now once more a chance of regaining a little respectability. They have four years in which to prepare for the next election, and during that period some of the weightiest questions in political economy and jurisprudence will come before Congress. They can, by a very small amount of exertion in the discussion of these matters, win back a considerable amount of popular confidence. Suppose they were to take up even one reform, and advocate it with temper, and knowledge, and discretion. They helped General Butler in deranging the plan of the Committee of Ways and Means; suppose they were to help Mr. Jencks in preparing the Civil Service bill. This would commit them to nothing inconsistent with the position they now hold on reconstruction, and would certainly win popular respect. Suppose, too, they were to make themselves the champions of what Burke calls "civil prudence" in their treatment of the Southern question, accept all accomplished facts, admit the negro's right to security as well as liberty, even while denying his right to vote, and denounce all legislation on either of these subjects as a piece of shadow of authority or a parcel of weight after it had ceased to have anything to propose or affirm, and had begun to rely wholly on negation and invective?

The European Press on our Presidential Election.

From the N. Y. Herald. In nothing is our growing importance as a nation seen more distinctly than in the increasing interest which is manifested by European journalists in the public affairs of this country. Time was when it was far otherwise. But we march on as a people with a rapid and steadily step, and the sound of our footsteps commands attention. Not only are we no longer to be ignored, we must be watched and studied. Our growing power is a source at once of wonder and of alarm.

Our attention has been called afresh to this feature of the times by our recent voluminous cable despatches, in which were condensed the sentiments of English and French journalists on the result of our Presidential election. The claims of both parties, it is now manifest, were earnestly canvassed. Our Democrats and Republicans have now a rapid and steady step, and the sound of our footsteps commands attention. Not only are we no longer to be ignored, we must be watched and studied. Our growing power is a source at once of wonder and of alarm. Our attention has been called afresh to this feature of the times by our recent voluminous cable despatches, in which were condensed the sentiments of English and French journalists on the result of our Presidential election. The claims of both parties, it is now manifest, were earnestly canvassed. Our Democrats and Republicans have now a rapid and steady step, and the sound of our footsteps commands attention. Not only are we no longer to be ignored, we must be watched and studied. Our growing power is a source at once of wonder and of alarm.

The Ballot and the Bootjack.

From the N. Y. World. Once more unto the breeches, dear friends, once more! Tuesday witnessed another effort, heroic although ineffectual, on the part of the female of America to get her vote counted. Lucy Stone Blackwell went to the poll in Newark, and offered her ballot for Grant. Nay more; with force and arms she took her mother-in-law, whom in the few years of her married life she has debauched and subjugated to the voting point, trust a radical ballot into her aged and nerveless hand, and bore down the unhappy instrument of election two streets. What happened could have been foretold. Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority, refused to receive this contribution to his box, and Lucy went away with her mother-in-law, few and faint, but fearless still.

Nor was this instance isolated. In another part of New Jersey, the village of Vineland, one hundred and eighty-three women marched to the poll, one hundred and eighty with votes for Grant, and the residuary three with votes for Seymour, and offered these sacrificial ballots likewise upon the shrine of the future. With that charming indifference which characterizes the sex, they had conferred their intention each woman to come favored man, and the males took a truly hideous advantage of their confidence. For they provided separate receptacles for the votes of the fair, and into these those votes were put, the deluded depositors fondly dreaming that they had borne effectual part in the election. The wretches who thus pattered with them in a double box and kept the word of promise to the eye but

broke it to the hope, ruthlessly rent the baggy account of less empty boxes full fraught with the future of emptiness, and scattered the contents to the winds. These budding aspirations so cruelly crushed must give us pause. Let no man marvel that it was in a Democratic State alone that a trampled sex could make even an effort to shake off the shackles of centuries. It is in the Democratic communities of New York and New Jersey alone that women's rights have ever had even a promise of vindication. It was but the other day that five Roman matrons of Mount Vernon, in the county of Westchester, and almost within the shadow of the City Hall of New York, greatly daring, offered their votes to regenerate the administration of public instruction, and it is in the conservative city of New York alone that any organized efforts have ever been made either to support women who are trying to support themselves, or to lift up those who fall. And it is because Democracy is the party of progress, of intelligence, and of toleration, that, in those populations where it is strongest, women are permitted by public opinion to assert themselves in ways that would excite the horror and the indignation of the bigots of Boston and the Pharisees of Rodunk.

The ingratitude which the sex shows, as evinced in the political complexion of the women of Vineland and of the woman of Newark and her mother-in-law, is also natural. Is it not from of old true, and even a truisim, that women cling closest to the men who treat them worst? Is not the countenance the World has given them, and the cold shoulder which the Tribune has turned them, a conclusive feminine reason why they should cleave to the Tribune and despise the World? If our course had not been dictated by considerations far higher than mere expediency, we would have assailed them with ridicule and with invective, and they would long ago have come flocking to the obdurate bosom from which, because it years for them, they turn away.

It is this peculiarity of the female organism that makes us to dread, on behalf of Democracy, the day which shall usher in the suffrage of the sex. The conservatives of the country are unanimously and notoriously good fathers, indulgent husbands, dutiful sons. Must we change all that, or must we bear to see our loved ones driven by conservative kindred to the ranks of women from the horrid fronts of a Kulloch and a Howe? Must we see Pandarus of Troy become and by our sides wear steel? Then, radical, take all. But no! It is written that Jephthah killed his one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well, rather than violate his vow. Let it ours to show that Hebrew heroism can be emulated in this land and time, and that we too can stifle our affections in the cause of our country. We, too, will be Brutuses—and Rules.

Let the household of every conservative citizen, then, prepare itself to be transformed from a happy home into a scene of horrid confusion, if the women you come into politics not to bring peace, but a sword. Look to have your feelings barrowed in Fifth avenue and your heads broken in the Bowery. Learn how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be Democratic. The time of the weeping of women is heard in the land; and not many months shall elapse ere the ideal of the prophet John Phoenix shall be practically paraphrased wherever woman has a vote, and of every hamlet it shall be true—that—

All night long through the sweet little village is heard the soft note of the woodcock. And the delicate quiver of the victim, as she's being stung through the window.

We dislike the prospect, we shrink from it, we abhor it. But it is plainly our duty, and our duty we shall do.

Fuss and Fury after the Elections.

From the N. Y. Herald. The radical organs in this city and Greeley's narrow-minded blockheads of the Loyal League are raising a great deal of fuss and fury over the result of the election in this State, and are making themselves generally ridiculous by talking about contesting the election of State officers who have been chosen by twenty-five or thirty thousand majority. Greeley, who always takes the lead in such follies, declares that every State whose electoral vote is cast for Seymour and Blair has been carried by fraud or terrorism, and attributes a radical minority, wherever found, to repeaters or the Ku-Klux Klan. This is all balderdash. Politicians on both sides, Republicans and Democrats, generally get in as many bogus votes as possible for their candidates, and we have no idea that they were any more scrupulous in the election just over than in any other that has been held for the past quarter of a century. Grant has been chosen by a handsome majority; the people are well satisfied, and it is a paltry business for the Union Leagues to be expending their wrath upon Justice Sandley because he has faithfully for his party, or debating whether Pat Keanan or Dennis O'Reilly had one person or a dozen registered with his residence.

The radicals would be more profitably employed studying the true lesson of the election. The people elected Grant because they have confidence that he will secure to the nation the peace for which he fought on the field of battle. They gave the State of New York to the opposition, and deprived the Republicans of their two-thirds majority in the House of Representatives because they disapprove the violent measures and extreme policy of radicalism. The sooner Union Leagues and Republican Congressmen understand this fact the better.

The King's Friends.

From the N. Y. Tribune. "The King's dead; Live the King!"—General Dillies S. Grant is the President elect of the United States. He was nominated for this office by the Republican party in National Convention assembled—every State and every Territory being fully represented, and every delegate designating General Grant as his first and only choice. Among these were many who had hesitated to support him until convincingly assured that he was with the Republicans in principle and heart. Had he been otherwise, he could not—widely as he is admitted and profoundly as he is loved and trusted—have been the Republican candidate. The Democrats might also have nominated and supported him had they seen fit. Many of them had early determined to do so, and they long persisted in that resolution. He was eminently popular with the loyal section of that party, while the Rebels widely and warmly appreciated his magnanimity and good sense. Of all the men whose instincts and sympathies ally them with the Republicans, he was their first choice. The one sole obstacle to his nomination by the Democratic party was the fact that he belonged to the other party.

Throughout the canvass just closed, General Grant has been systematically, persistently traduced by a large section of the Democratic press as a blundering butcher, a drunkard, a despot, and a radical, whose election would dig the grave and nail down the coffin-lid of constitutional liberty. Martial law, States excluded from Congress, deprived of self-government, and ruled by the bayonet indefinitely, etc., were to be the fruits of his domination. The Democratic candidate for Vice-President

indecently proclaimed that, should General Grant be chosen President he would never elect the White House while he lived; perpetual anarchy, "negro supremacy," and an exterminating war of races at the South were widely proclaimed as the inevitable consequences of his election. But he is elected, nevertheless; and the telegraph had hardly flashed the tidings over the sea and land till, presto! this raving radical is transformed into a paragon of good sense and moderation! Reverdy Johnson—who never before breathed a hint of it—tells Europe that the American people would have shown themselves ungrateful if they had not elected General Grant! (Then what does he think of his own Maryland?) The National Intelligencer would like to fall into his arms in a sudden swoon of admiration; even Montgomery Blair threatens the President elect with his approbation; and we learn from myriad throats newly attuned to this strain that General Grant is essentially a Democrat and a conservative, who will exert all the power of his great office for a speedy restoration of the Union!

And this, for a wonder, is true! General Grant's instincts are all democratic in the proper sense of that much-abused term, while his leaning is conservatively, and his heart yearns for a prompt reestablishment of the Union in its integrity. You are right now, however wrong you may have hitherto been. But how could you, thus regarding him, have fought his election so strenuously? Might he not say to you, in the words of a hackneyed ballad:—"I suppose it was right to dissemble your love; But why did you kick me down stairs?" or kick your utmost with intent so to do? If General Grant is the man you now proclaim him, how is your past abuse of him to be justified? If your present faith in him is sincere, what meant your recent frantic opposition?

For our own part, we are nowise amazed by this sudden spasm of adulation. We expected and predicted it. We assured the people that Grant's election would give peace to the country, seeing that it could not fail to have that effect. We told them that the Rebels would soon swarm around the President elect, protesting that they had misunderstood him, and were now anxious to cooperate with him in the prompt and perfect reestablishment of peace, fraternity, and general prosperity. This is certain to elicit a fit response; and, ere he has been six weeks President, General Grant will seem to be as popular and potent at the South as he is at the North.

We do confidently trust that Ku-Klux operations at the South, from the burning of negro school-houses up to Camilla butcheries inclusive, are already in their last quarter, because it would plainly be suicidal madness to persist in them. There may yet be a few sporadic outbreaks, but no systematic perseverance in Rebel atrocities. The chief aristocrats will quietly hint to the ruffians that they must stop, and the hint will be taken. The new State Government will stand, and "the divinity" will fill or empty them more tolerable day by day. The blacks will henceforth vote without fear of general massacre or even houseless famine. Their late masters will stop wailing their path to the ballot-box, and will instead insist that they have always favored impartial suffrage—which some of the negroes will be cajoled into believing by-and-by. The new machinery of government will work rather roughly for a time, but will wear smoother day by day. The three States yet standing out will make haste to return their electors to the Union, reformed, regenerated, "plentifully." We do earnestly believe that General Grant's four years will serve to efface all the ugly scars left by our late fratricidal war; but if not, we shall have to insist on his serving a second term, and that will certainly see the good work completed. Sulky chagrins cannot outlive twelve years of blasted hopes.

Our terms of adjustment are the same since as before our triumph—Universal amnesty, impartial suffrage; or, as our Vice-President most happily expressed them at Pittsburg on Thursday evening, "Liberty for all; justice for all; protection for all." When the smoke of the battle shall have fully rolled away, it will be seen that our triumph is of no party or section exclusively, but that of South as well as North—of our country and of mankind.

Y. P. M. Y. P. M. Y. P. M.

YOUNG'S PURE MALT WHISKY. YOUNG'S PURE MALT WHISKY. YOUNG'S PURE MALT WHISKY. There is no question relative to the merits of the celebrated Y. P. M. It is the best of quality for \$1 per gallon, and it is sold at the low rate of 50 cents per gallon, at the salerooms, No. 706 PASSYUNK ROAD, PHILADELPHIA.

CARRIAGES.

Notice is respectfully given to customers and others desiring CARRIAGES OF THE MANUFACTURE OF WM. D. ROGERS, OF CHESNUT STREET, TO price their orders as soon as possible, to insure to them the advantage of the lowest prices. CARRIAGES STORED and Insurance effected.

WM. D. ROGERS, Nos. 1009 and 1011 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

GARDNER & FLEMING,

CARRIAGE BUILDERS, No. 214 South FIFTH Street, BELOW WALNUT.

DYEING, SCOURING, ETC. NEW YORK DYEING AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT. WORKS ON WATER ISLAND. OFFICES, No. 42 N. BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1803. Paid-up Capital and Accumulated Funds, \$5,000,000 IN GOLD.

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1851—CHARTER PERPETUAL. No. 232 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Y. P. M. Y. P. M. Y. P. M.

HENRY S. HANNAIS & CO. OFFER TO THE TRADE, IN LOTS, FINE RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES, IN BOND! Of 1865, 1866, 1867, and 1868. ALSO, FINE FINE RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES, OF GREAT AGE, ranging from 1864 to 1845. Liberal contracts will be entered into for lots, on bond at Distillery, of this year's manufacture!

TILLINCHAST & HILT'S INSURANCE COMPANIES. HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN. SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS. PEOPLES' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS. ATLANTIC FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I. GUARDIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK. LUMBERMAN'S FIRE INSURANCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINE, ETC. CARSTAIRS & McCALL, Nos. 126 WALNUT and 24 GRANITE STS., IMPORTERS OF Brandy, Wines, Gln, Olive Oil, &c. Etc., AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS FOR THE SALE OF PURE OLD RYE, WHEAT, AND BOURBON WHISKIES.

INSURANCE COMPANIES. 1829—CHARTER PERPETUAL. Franklin Fire Insurance Co. OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE: Nos. 435 and 437 CHESNUT STREET. ASSETS ON JANUARY 1, 1863, \$2,608,740.00.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA. INCORPORATED 1794. PROPERTIES OF THE COMPANY, \$500,000. Fire, Marine, and Inland. HAS PAID OVER \$10,000,000 IN LOSSES.

ASBURY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. LEMUEL BANGS, NEW YORK. GEO. ELLIOTT, Vice-President and Sec. BARRY MOULTON, Actuary.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1801—CHARTER PERPETUAL. No. 232 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

DRUGS, PAINTS, ETC. ROBERT SHOEMAKER & CO., N. E. Corner of FOURTH and RACE STS., PHILADELPHIA. WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

STRICTLY MUTUAL. PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, No. 111 S. FOURTH STREET. Organized to promote LIFE INSURANCE among members of the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

FRENCH ZINC PAINTS. DEALERS AND CONSUMERS SUPPLIED AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS. "A REGAL DESSERT." A new and beautiful Chromo-Lithograph, after a painting by J. W. Feyer, just received by A. S. ROBINSON, No. 96 CHESNUT STREET.

TRUSSES. "SEELEY'S HAIR RUBBER TRUSS" is the best and most reliable of any ever made. It is made of the finest materials, and is perfectly adapted to all cases of hernia, rupture, and other ailments of the groin.

GEORGE PLOWMAN, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, REMOVED TO No. 134 DOCK STREET, PHILADELPHIA.