

Messrs. Barbour and Bocoock. These gentlemen were the engineers of the measure adopted by the recent Legislature at its close.

These gentlemen were joined by the majority of delegates, and thus the measure was passed by an overwhelming vote. The Legislature was most sincere in its action, and we cannot understand how the projected agitation of the present year is likely to alter the basis of what was generally conceded to be a compromise.

The bitter antagonism that existed at one time was scandalous. The better class of gentlemen became weary of it, and the unscrupulous appliances and intermeddling by which it was sought to aggravate the bad passions of the day were so offensive to considerate and civil representatives that there was an amount of gratification and relief experienced by the adoption of the compromise (so called) that has been seldom seen in the Legislature.

We are inclined to believe, and to believe very firmly, that the representatives of the State will not again drift into such a shameful war as that which scandalized the last Legislature. No, they will do all that is possible to avoid that. The near approach to settlement last winter shows that a settlement is practicable, and that, too, without permitting the "foreible readjusters" to inject their lawless policy into the matter.

The leaders and their followers are placed in a position indicating their capability of coming to a settlement and their inclination to do so, and we feel that they are ready to maintain their ground by reasonable conformity to the disposition they so willingly manifested at the close of the session.

Something Uncommon—A Platform. The Washington letter-writers are making something out of that "rare avis" a platform. Considering the rareness of the thing, it is quite a good-odd. This stranger is in the form of a schedule of policy put forth by a newspaper editor—the editor of the Cleveland Herald.

It is said to have attracted the attention of the President, who called upon the Cabinet, when in session, to consider it; whereupon it was approved by those present, with an addition declaring opposition to the payment of all claims of disloyal citizens for damages and losses growing out of the war, and to the payment of pensions to persons who were disloyal during the war.

We hardly think the President has any idea of meddling with platforms at the present time. He has had enough of them for the present. And things are in the process of change, and no man can tell what will happen affecting plans and policies before the next presidential election. No wise man will now cook a dinner for a feast two years hence.

The Rockingham Tea-Plot. The Old Commonwealth, of Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, denies the truthfulness of the statement made in a telegram to this paper concerning the public meeting, a few days ago, of "foreible readjusters" of Rockingham. The Commonwealth admits that the court-house was well filled, but avers that there were not twenty-five voices approving the resolutions reported as adopted upon the occasion. The readjusters are great blowers.

A Mr. Colgate—From New York, said to be a heavy bullion-dealer, was amongst the latest of the gentlemen who presented his views to the accommodating Banking Committee of the House of Representatives. He stated that before Government resumes it should have a dollar in specie for every dollar of its outstanding bonds and greenbacks. We can't see why the committee should waste time with such an asinine financier. He should have been immediately sent by the stable-yard gate to get a feed of oats.

Rockingham. Happy indeed is the county of Rockingham. Like a queen gemmed with precious stones, serenely she sits at the foot of the Blue Ridge while the Shenandoah decks her profusely with its rich tributes. Yet this queen of riches and beauty is the home of some of the most rampant of the readjusters. All the wealth and loveliness of their county cannot still their dolorous plaints, cannot appease their wrath, against "blasted bondholders."

Rockingham is a study. She is the home of Senator PAUL, the learned political economist, and above all, she is the chosen residence of that Dr. MOFFETT who is the illustrious author of the MOFFETT-register tax on liquor. These are representative men. They should be appreciative men. But they are blind to their country's rich endowments, and are ever demanding relief for their oppressed constituents, who, if there be any peculiarly blessed farming community in the land, are those very people.

Our sovereignty, our virtues, our talents, are the daily themes of eulogy. They assure us that we are the best, that and wisest of all nations; that their inferiority to us is to be the theme of our pleasure; and that they will never act, nor think, nor speak, but as we direct them. If we name them to executive stations, they promise to execute only as we desire. If we name them to legislative bodies, they pledge never to deliberate, but to be guided solely by the light of our intuitive wisdom.

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We know not how to understand Dr. MOFFETT, the great inventor of the best way of raising taxes, unless we solve it in this way: That being an aspirant for office on the side of the "foreible readjusters," he will most certainly succeed by excelling them in their chief merit. So, after inventing the system by which the public creditor may get his money, if he still stands by the readjusters—agitates with them, and takes care that his plan shall not pay—he must stand as the most perverse of them all, and must win their highest honors.

"Advanced civilization" don't tolerate this double-dealing. MOFFETT must leave his register or back out from the readjusters.

The Average Politician. Editors Dispatch: I send you below an extract from a speech Mr. E. H. Bidd made in Princeton in an address delivered on a commemorative occasion many years ago. The readers of the Dispatch will think it worthy of reproduction.

In our country too many young men rush into the arena of public life without adequate preparation. They go abroad because their hearts are cheerless. They all their minds with the vulgar excitement of what they call politics for the want of more genial stimulants within. Unable to sustain the rivalry of more disciplined intellects, they soon retire in disgust and mortification; or, what is far worse, persevere after distinctions which they can never obtain by artifice. They accordingly take refuge in leagues and factions—they rejoice in stratagems—they glory in mediocrity—weapons, all these, by which combination revenges itself on the uncalculating manliness of genius and mines its way to power. They thus die of themselves, and inspire a low estimate of them. They distrust the judgment and the intelligence of the community, on whose passions alone they rely for advancement, and their only study is to watch the shifting currents of popular prejudice and be ready at a moment's warning to follow them. Their purpose their theory is to have principles and to give no opinions—never to do anything so marked as to be inconsistent with doing the direct work reverse, and never to say anything not capable of contradictory explanations. They are thus discomfited for the race, and the world if only mathematician could have moved the world if he had had a place to stand on, they are sure of success if they have room to turn. Accordingly, they worship cunning, which is only the counterfeit of wisdom, and deem themselves sagacious only because they do not do any work for me, but all general sentiments of love of country, for which they feel no sympathy in their own breasts, are hollow pretences to others—that public life is a game in which success depends on dexterity—and that all government is a mere struggle for place, which settles itself on the basis of its only foundation, the desire of authority in order to benefit the country; since they do not seek places to obtain power, but power to obtain places. Such persons may rise to great official stations—for high offices are like the tops of the pyramids, which require a great mass of stones as a base. But though they may gain places, they never gain honors; they may be politicians—they never can become statesmen. The mystery of their success lies in their adroit management of our own weakness, just as the credulity of his audience makes half the juggler's skill. Personal and stingy objects of indifference, our collective merits are detested and adored when we acquire the name of "the ped-

Our sovereignty, our virtues, our talents, are the daily themes of eulogy. They assure us that we are the best, that and wisest of all nations; that their inferiority to us is to be the theme of our pleasure; and that they will never act, nor think, nor speak, but as we direct them. If we name them to executive stations, they promise to execute only as we desire. If we name them to legislative bodies, they pledge never to deliberate, but to be guided solely by the light of our intuitive wisdom.

But the course of Dr. MOFFETT is an especial object of "marvel." He is a forcible readjuster, and that means readjuster; yet he is the inventor of the MOFFETT-register tax, which promises to be a most lucrative source of revenue to pay the public debts which he proclaims his readiness to repudiate. Indeed, while he is colloquing with his colleagues of agitators to advance the cause of public faithlessness, he is commending his register tax to all nations and seeking to sell as many patents as he can, and thus get as much fat of the MOFFETT register as is practicable.

Just now we have in an exchange the following high eulogy of the register: "The bell-punch is the tax-payer's friend. It relieves the industries of life by putting the cost on the luxuries, so considered. It will lessen the general burden without imposing another in its place. It is the expression of an advanced civilization."—In-crease News.

Indeed, Dr. MOFFETT promises to take position alongside of JEFFERSON in that sort of authorship which displays an "advanced civilization." And how can he console himself for his treachery to his own fame in conspiring to advance the cause of repudiation, which is tending, instead of towards "advanced civilization," towards barbarism? Trust in man, good faith to public and private obligations, are the proofs of civilization, whilst hostility to these obligations, ignorance of the nature of public and private integrity, are the signs of barbarism. No savage tribe could stand the MOFFETT register. Dr. MOFFETT's fealty to his own fame, his good faith to his worthy partner in the register, Colonel GRIMESLEY, should drive him from all allegiance with the forcible readjusters.

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