

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

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

The Republican Party in Council.

Is the Republican party in this State so strong that it can afford to alienate any portion of its members, and force them into a position of indifference, if not hostility? Is there a necessity for reviving former differences, vitalizing dissensions which events have in a great measure healed, and provoking quarrels in the presence of a united and powerful enemy?

These inquiries are suggested by the efforts of the Tribune and the Albany Evening Journal to induce the renewal of a proscription policy by the Syracuse Convention. These newspapers insist that a section of the party shall be excluded from its councils, deprived of its but parties following, and stigmatized as unworthy of confidence.

Individuals who never voted otherwise than for the Republican ticket are branded as untrustworthy, because in the earlier stages of the reconstruction question they differed with prominent members of the party. It is not pretended that they departed from its formally established principles.

With the personal feeling which the Tribune and the Journal have introduced into the discussion we shall not for the moment meddle. It were easy to hur back the stones they cast, and to turn the epithets they have used. But Raymond might confidently challenge a comparison with Mr. Greeley on all essential points of party fidelity and service.

So far as the past is concerned, it were folly to ignore the differences of opinion that have existed within the party. Nothing can be gained by shutting the eyes to the fact that there have been moderates and extremists, or by forgetting the circumstances in which the distinction was maintained.

Whether one section of the party adhered to Mr. Johnson a month more or less than another section, is a question which does not afford either a valid reason for impeaching the party, denying the honesty, or assailing the patriotism of the other.

The duty of the Convention is with the present and the future rather than with the past. In the appointment of officers and the selection of candidates, bygone services must be considered in connection with character and capacity.

Horse-racing may be considered as a little less respectable than this—it has, we think, rather a worse name; and yet it is precisely the sport in which the most money is risked, and the most florid respectability embarked. Lords and princes patronize them in Europe, and stake thousands and thousands of pounds upon them, while the public press of both hemispheres record their triumphs and defeats at greater length and with much more enthusiasm than is displayed in dealing with stocks and merchandise.

An insignificant lord or duke mounts into a horse, and, if not a demigod, by simply owning a fast horse. The legs of Fashion or Lightfoot or Pielchard or Dexter confer immortality even on ignoble blood, and put the obscurest name into the throat of Fame's trumpet to be blown round the world.

At all events, however we may settle the question of ownership, there can be no reasonable dispute about glory. The man's name is tucked to that of the horse, not the horse's to his. The horse would sell, perhaps, for two hundred thousand dollars; but who ever heard such a price for a man?

But one of the most wonderful forms of heroism is that aspired to by the prize-fighter. Only let a man have the needed muscle and muscle, with the necessary training, and such is the respect with which he inspires a certain numerous and influential class of citizens, that he may violate the law with impunity.

We have not space for the cook-fighters. Their contests are only smaller, not lower in the scale of morals. These are the heroes now filling, to a great extent, the popular eye, whose feats furnish the chosen reading of a large class whose influence is eating into the very heart of public morals.

Rome—Another French Intervention—War in Europe.

A cable telegram yesterday informs us of the arrest of Garibaldi by Victor Emmanuel, on the eve of an expedition against Rome, and we hear from Paris that French troops have already left for the Eternal City.

What was given out by Von Beust's organ, it seemed natural to infer that the one thing that France and Austria together would not stand for was any further attempt to extend Prussian dominion.

that tremendous collision between France and Prussia that has so long seemed inevitable. Austria will then be into the fight by reason of her position; and, with France, Prussia, Austria, and Italy in at the commencement of such a war, who can say where it will end, or what powers it may not carry down?

Public Dignity.

It is not a small matter that any public event of respectable importance, belittled and besold by the undignified carriage of those who participate in it, should pass into our chronicles with the taint of degrading reminiscence. The Antietam consecration is a case in point.

It is not every day that we encounter such a demand for grave, decorous, and elevated propriety; the ceremonial is an occurrence which must pass into history; and yet we began with advertising for a poem, and ended with a speech by Mr. Johnson. Yet this is not merely a matter of similar instances.

It is a curious fact that what men most dreaded in Mr. Johnson should be precisely the opposite of that fault into which he has helplessly fallen. It was thought, and his publicly uttered words gave sanction to the opinion, that he might be too unrelenting in his treatment of treason, and postpone reunion by his unconciliating policy.

It is not merely that he does not comprehend the situation. The trouble is that he does not and cannot, having been denied certain qualities of mind, rise to the nobleness of the great occasion. He is proof against respectable emotions.

We began by saying something of official dignity, and we end by assuring the people that dignity in the Executive quarters is just the one thing which it is folly to look for. In order that no more fine occasions may be spoiled, no more rambling and incoherent speeches recorded in our annals, no more reticulating additions made to our history, we beg leave to suggest that, if there be any more temples to consecrate, any more Masonic temples to dedicate, any more monuments to hallow, the business, if it cannot be accomplished without the presence of a President, had better be postponed until after the next Presidential election.

The President's Party.

The telegrams from Washington are often sufficiently amusing, and never more so than when they undertake to furnish certain information of Mr. Johnson's most uncertain movements. According to the latest intelligence, he intends to give the republic a fresh, new, and vigorous party, which will spring, all armed and resistless, like a young goddess from the brain of the White House Jupiter.

to five thousand confidential friends and all the newspapers. We can imagine him saying: "My dear friends and fellow-citizens, having observed the situation, which, indeed, it seems that the Union being in danger, and so we must fall back, my friends, upon the Constitution, and I will vindicate the flag of our country which I have always vindicated, and mean to vindicate, even after I lay sleeping in peace in my tomb, where I shall not hear any more addresses and prayers and hymns, being one of the illustrious dead, but mean now to live in friendship and peace, and as it were," etc. etc. etc.

The new party, if we understand the matter, is to be an amalgam of rehabilitated Rebels and of Northern Democrats supposed to be invisible by themselves upon the strength of a recent gain of about two thousand votes. But there is nothing specially novel about this.

His Excellency has, no doubt, heard in his day of squashed oranges. He has seen the dry and discolored rind rotting in the gutters, despised of the hungriest boys, and rejected of the least fastidious beggars.

The Northern Democrats may be willing enough to unite with the Rebels, but it will not be under the leadership of Mr. Johnson. Would he like to know the reason? Well, one of them is that he doesn't know enough.

Meanwhile, we shall await the birth of the new party with considerable interest, and shall watch with anxiety for its christening, should it live, poor thing, to be christened at all.

"The World" and President Johnson.

We have copied from the National Intelligencer a leading article, partly critical, partly hortatory, on the attitude of the World towards the President. We attach no importance to the reputed connection, or organ ship, or whatever the relation may be, between that journal and Mr. Johnson, and shall treat the article as if we were replying to any other respectable and respectful contemporary.

We will first consider the critical or inculpatory, and afterwards the advisory part of the article; or, in other words, we will vindicate our past before attending to the future.

First, then, what has the World done which the Intelligencer so seriously regrets and reprehends? It has declared that President Johnson does not belong to the Democratic party; that he is neither responsible for it, nor it for him. We might be inclined to reconsider the grounds of this declaration; but there is certainly no possibility of our retracting it.

It is idle enough to speculate on "what might have been," except for the purpose of illustration; but a supposition will enable us to place in a clear light the expectations natu-

Old Rye Whiskies. THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF FINE OLD RYE WHISKIES IN THE LAND IS NOW POSSESSED BY HENRY S. HANNIS & CO. No. 218 and 220 SOUTH FRONT STREET, WHO OFFER THEM TO THE TRADE IN LOTS OF VERY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

ally formed of a Democratic President. Suppose, then, that we had elected General McClellan. Suppose, further, that he had retained every member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet; that he had admitted no Democrats of eminence or standing even among his back-stairs advisers; that he had appointed only Republicans or unreconstructed ex-Democrats to foreign missions; that he had given no aid to the Democratic party in elections; that he had tried to form a new party to supplant and absorb it, and had instigated a Convention at Philadelphia for that purpose; suppose, we say, that General McClellan had been elected, and had tried in the way we have traced Mr. Johnson has done, does anybody think the Democratic party would not have been increased? Such conduct in a Democratic President would be wholly inconsistent with his maintaining any further relations with the Democratic party.

In proceeding to discuss the future, we cannot cut loose from the past, and declare it a "by-gone," for that would be to reject the aid of experience, which wise men never do. The same style of argument or exhortation which the Intelligencer now addresses to the World, was addressed to the Democratic party last year, by the promoters of the Philadelphia Convention. The argument then was, as it is now, that in so great an emergency those who think alike should consent to act together.

Party leaders or public journalists whose hearts beat in unison with the people, can readily be followed by what the people will do, and those who, besides this sympathy, have perspicacity to form sound opinions on new subjects, and facilities for addressing their fellow-citizens, can also make true predictions founded on their faith in popular intelligence. The World seems of far more value as a means of political influence, to know how the people feel, and what they can be persuaded to think, than to be in the secrets of all the scheming cliques in the country.

BALTIMORE IMPROVED BASE BURNING FIRE-PLACE HEATER. With Magazine and Illuminating Doors. The most Efficient and Perfect Heater in Use. To be had Wholesale and Retail of J. S. CLARK, 561 Imp. No. 108 MARKET STREET, PHILA. GRIFFITH & PAGE, No. 630 ARCH STREET. NEW STYLE FIRE-PROOF BRITANNIA WARE. HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS. KITCHEN UTENSILS.