

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

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

The Disorganizing Programme of the Democracy.

It must be admitted that the Republican party in Congress has, during the last couple of years, set some very bad precedents. But none that we know of quite justifies the plan provided for the Democratic party in the event of its return to power.

This plan, so far as it pertains to the Southern States, is plain enough. It amounts to no more and no less than a summary overthrow of whatever has been or may be done under the Reconstruction acts, and the unconditional restoration of the old Governments to immediate, unrestricted Congressional representation.

An attempt is made to justify this procedure by a reference to the action of the late and the present Congress. The effort, however, starts with a misstatement. The remark of the World that "the Republican party has educated the people to believe that Congress has the most absolute discretion in deciding what is and is not a valid State Government," is not sustained by any formal action of the party in or out of Congress.

But, it is said, Congress has already "exercised such discretion in upsetting the governments of ten States;" whence it follows "that the next Congress will be just as free to recognize new white, as this Congress is to recognize new negro governments in the Southern States."

The inference is untenable because the cases are not analogous. The Democratic hypothesis is, of course, that the Rebellion, being the exercise of a reserved constitutional right, entailed no penalty; that its suppression ended the business; and that from that moment the white citizens resumed their old supremacy in the State governments and their old relations to the Union.

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could only get him fully committed to the radicals or against them. The difficulty was not managing him, they say. Why don't he speak out? And so radical and Copperhead managers seem equally determined, with all his smoking, to smoke him out. Forney comes out with a flaming radical manifesto, declaring that General Grant is sound as a roach, and safe; that his fast friend Kihu Washburne says so (huzzah!); and that settles the question. Straightway Montgomery Blair hurries over to see General Grant—sees him, talks to him, tries to pump him—and comes away with the report that what Forney says is all stuff. Forney retorts, in high dudgeon, that Blair's report is all gas, green cheese, and moonshims; and so it goes. "Oh! Ben Wade" says that when he attempted to sound General Grant on politics he talked horse, and nothing but horse; that he lit a fresh cigar and kept on talking horse; and so it seems that none of these politicians are sharp enough to catch him or to smoke him out.

All right, General, all right. Stick to it. You have them on the hip; hold them there. The same rule of keeping your own counsel till ready for the battle will apply as well to political as to military operations. Remember that in 1844 the anti-Van Buren Democrats smoked out Van Buren in a letter on the Texas question, which killed him off in the nominating Baltimore party convention; that Henry Clay, in 1844, in consequence of a little Alabama letter on Texas during the campaign, lost the vote of New York, and so lost the White House; that Old Zach Taylor, in 1848, was emphatically and persistently refusing to make speeches, hold conversations, or write letters on the issues of the campaign in 1848, was most triumphantly elected; that thirteen Democratic candidates, who were smoked out in 1852 by a certain Major Donaldson, on the leading questions of that day, in advance, were all shelved at Baltimore, and that poor Pierce, who was not caught by Donaldson, got the prize. He was like the fox in the lion's den. He had too bad a cold to smell anything, and so he came off the winner. Old Buck pretty much the same. Let General Grant remember these things, and remember also that General Scott, in 1852, in answering a question from all quarters, about everybody and everything, in writing letters and making speeches, made the most awful blots of it, and was defeated worse than Pemberton at Vicksburg, or Bragg at Chattanooga, or Lee at Petersburg and on the run to Appomattox Court House.

As for the Blair family, General—the old Blair and all the young Blairs—give them a wide margin. Fremont can tell you all about the Blairs. They are Paul Prys, they are Marplots, they are trouble-makers. In fact, they are like the daughters of the horse-leech: their cry is "Give, give!" they are cadaverous, regular bloodsuckers, and they never have enough. Thurlow Weed is a queer fish of the same species, that got full of oil by suction—like fellows, brown on the back, white on the belly, and always stirring up the mud of "Honest Old Abe!" tried the Blairs—one of them in his Cabinet and the rest among the cooks in the kitchen; but with all the gentleness and patience of Lincoln, he at last had to say to the Cabinet Blair, "Your time has come;" and thus relieved of the tribe, great was the joy of "Old Abe."

As for Forney, he is a regular horsefly, though pronounced by Andy Johnson a "dead duck," and when he comes buzzing about your tank switch him off, General, switch him off. This is the way to fix them. When any of these radical or Copperhead pumpers come to pump you, General, talk horse to them, as you talked him to "Old Ben Wade." Tell them of your black charger at Shiloh, and how he would compare with General Taylor's "Old Whitey." Tell them how Sheridan's horses went into the work at the Five Forks, and what fine trotters they have on the Eighth avenue, New York, and in the Jerome Park, and what splendid drives they have for a fact team on the plains of Long Branch, what fine driving you saw there among the ladies, "equal to forty on a plank road." Tell them that the Jersey horses, well in hand, "though run uns to look at, are good uns to go." Tell them all the fine points of the famous stallion of John Minor Botts, and how it is that Mr. Johnson don't like niggers, dogs, or horses, but doats on a good milk cow. Talk to them on horses as a good disciple of the stout old King Gambrius will talk on lager beer, and these inquisitive politicians will get out.

The country is satisfied, General, with your acts and your record, and so you may talk horse to these survy politicians till the day after the Presidential election.

The Alabama Convention. From the N. Y. Tribune. The official proceedings of the first two days of the Constitutional Convention of Alabama have come to hand. We have examined them with some care in view of the persistent efforts of the aristocratic and ex-Rebel papers to bring this Convention and all of its class into ridicule. It must be remembered that the Republican party at the South corresponds in social position to the Democratic party at the North. Here the great "unwashed" party has never been ashamed of the fact that most of the ignorance, depravity, and dirt to be found at the North votes the Democratic ticket. It has professed to be proud of its devotion to the interests of political rights of the poor and the ignorant; and so far as it has been sincere in this principle we honor the party for it, and see therein a reason for its former great success and ascendancy.

But now that the boot is on the other leg, now that the working millions of the South stand identified with a party that has shown itself as democratic towards them as the old Democratic party at the North ever was towards the foreign and pauper vote, and, in consequence, are voting the Republican ticket, does it behoove the professed organs of the poor of the North to turn up their noses because the poor of the South are meeting in convention and framing constitutions?

Can a party that sends to the Senate of the United States men who, like Saulsbury, Patterson, and the late McDougall, have often been too drunk to vote except as they were told, rightfully sneer if a convention of the laboring classes of a State in which Democracy has always reigned supreme shows some members but little acquainted with parliamentary usage?

vention. We say they might, though the pro-slavery party sent to Congress but few men remarkable for either gentlemanly instincts or legislative talents. If brow-beating and bullying, gutta-serena canons, bow-knives, and tobacco juice are qualifications to sit in a legislative body, the Convention now sitting for Alabama may be found lacking. If ardent devotion to slavery and the Rebellion be qualifications for a reconstruction convention, then the State of Alabama is in fearful peril from the machinations of the body now in session, for it contains none but loyal and thoroughly anti-slavery men. Already ordinances have been introduced annulling the laws passed under Rebel sway, whereby the money of the widows and orphans of Alabama was emptied into the bottomless treasury of the Confederate States, and never again heard from. It is this measure which the New York Herald styles "outstanding private funds in public law." The statement that the Convention has even listened to, still less endorsed or adopted any measure of prescription or disfranchisement, is untrue. On the contrary, on the second day the Convention adopted a resolution memorializing Congress "to remove all political disabilities of those citizens of Alabama who have aided in the reconstruction of the State on the plan proposed by Congress." As its first step has been against proscription, we have the right to believe it will go as far in its magnanimity as it can without surrendering the State to Rebels, disfranchising its own constituency, and overturning its own work. We hope and believe the Convention will endeavor fairly to represent the rights and interests of the whole people of Alabama.

Venerable Vivacity. From the N. Y. Tribune. We waited with some natural curiosity for the Te Deum which we knew would be played upon the President's organ, with all the stops out and all the pedals in full activity, in honor of the late elections; but we were not prepared to find this superannuated old sheet, with supernatural friskiness, preluding its hymn with nine lines from Child Harold's Pilgrimage. Musical disciplinarians might object to jigs on an organ; but an elation like that of the National Intelligencer is not to be restrained by the laws of science. It seems, we confess, a little inhuman to investigate critically the rationale of this magnificent jocundity. The happiness of a flunky may be stimulated by causes which hardly affect the feelings of human beings of a higher grade; and we are the more certain of this because when we come to inquire what there is, for instance, in the Massachusetts election which should rejoice the soul of the organ, as an organ, we find ourselves perplexed in the extreme. Governor Bullock, the radical candidate for Governor, is re-elected by a majority of over 23,000. Young Mr. Adams, the Johnsonian candidate for Governor, is elected to the House of Representatives of the State! There is no pretense that there is not a large majority of Republicans returned to both branches of the Legislature. In view of this result, the Intelligencer cries, out that radicalism is near its end. However this may be, it is clear enough that a Johnson party in Massachusetts is nowhere near its beginning. What, pray, has the question of rum or no rum in Massachusetts to do with "My Policy" in Washington? It has nothing to do, we may be sure, even with his Excellency's private day centers. They will be filled and they will be emptied without the slightest reference to Massachusetts laws. So far as there is any expression of opinion in regard to his administration in this State, it is most emphatically against him. His man is decidedly defeated; the other man is just as decidedly elected; and if the President anticipates any aid or comfort, or expression of approbation from the Legislature just chosen, he may make up his mind to be rightfully disappointed. His happiness, therefore, however great, can hardly be considered as rational. This is a consideration which continually suggests itself as we run the eye over the Intelligencer's exuberant paragraphs. It claims the credit of victories which bear no relation whatever to the Administration. Even here in New York, it would be difficult to find a single Democrat who would allow that, in contending for success, he has been working for the President. When A. J. rushes in uninvited and unwelcome, to participate in the Democratic festivities, nobody bids him welcome—nobody takes him cordially by the hand, and says:—"This all your doing, dear Andy!" Nobody whispers that he must be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency; nobody says a straw- either for his happiness or his misery. He will find ere long that the strength of the party to whose skirts, with pliable, upturned lace, he is clinging, is simply his own weakness. The greater its majorities, the less likely is he to receive its support. The more independent it may be, the more likely it is to look upon him with good-natured contempt. In an emergency it might need him; in prosperity it will regard him simply as a botheration and a nuisance. He may think differently now, but time will show that we are right. It is very easy for the organ to say that the Democratic majority is "wondrous strong."

"Yet lovely in its strength, as in the light of a dark eye in woman." If that "dark eye" shall be found amorously gazing the beloved Andy in 1868, it will be because the brains above it have become pitifully softened.

The Treasury Department and the Whisky Tax. From the N. Y. World. The most gigantic and methodized system of fraud by which rapacity was ever enriched at the expense of a nation's revenue, has been for many months in successful operation in this country, to the disgrace of the important department of which Mr. McCulloch is the figure-head. Who is the pilot, or whether it drifts without any, are mysteries not yet penetrated by the public. According to the estimates of leading Republican journals, from one to two hundred million dollars a year are lost by unrestrained frauds. The proofs of their prevalence have long been notorious, although the public may have little precise knowledge of their methods. The fact that the average price of whisky has long been less than the tax, proves that there can be no honest distillation. Who believes that any manufacturer continues a business wherein, besides his other expenses, he pays two dollars a gallon to the Government, and sells the product at one dollar and ninety cents?

Mr. McCulloch recognized the existence of these frauds, and the necessity of repressing them when, without any warrant of law or color of authority, he constituted the board in this city which has proved as inefficient as himself. We have no intention of attacking the honesty of that board until we are morally in possession of the facts; but even now we could put to its officers some embarrassing questions. We expect soon to construct a

catechism for these hopeful neophytes in the art of protecting the revenue, and we shall not be surprised if the shrinking modesty of the delinquents interferes with the clearness and clarity of their answers, and prevents a very satisfactory exhibition of their proficiency. We expect, moreover, to show, by carefully tabulated returns, that the amount of the whisky tax collected under their régime, instead of being greater, as has been claimed, is considerably less than before. We postpone our catechism for the sake of asking a question, which the public is as well qualified to put without any minute knowledge of facts as we are with. Why did not this pet Board anticipate Collector Bailey in the wholesale seizures by which he has started, amazed the country? Mr. Bailey was appointed to collect the revenue in one of the districts of this city; the Board to watch over the interests of the revenue in all the districts of the metropolis and the neighboring cities. How does it happen that the Board has, from first to last, exhibited nothing but piddling inefficiency, while this alert individual, though burdened with more local duties than any other collector in the United States, makes seizures on so gigantic a scale that his operations cover the whole country from Boston to St. Louis? It is not our purpose to discuss at present the merits of Collector Bailey. His motives are of no public consequence. It is all the same, as far as the efficiency of Secretary McCulloch and his Revenue Board are concerned, whether Mr. Bailey is public-spirited or merely officious; whether he is seeking an honorable notoriety or merely his share of forfeited property. Time, which tries all things, will also test him; and if he goes through as he has begun without flinching, he will have rendered an important public service. The point to which we are concerned to call attention is the demonstrated imbecility of the Treasury Department, and its unauthorized machinery for the detection and prevention of frauds. If it be said that the whisky knaves are so covert and cunning that their operations cannot be tracked, the public will at once ask how then it has happened that within a short time a single individual has been able to unravel so extensive a web? If one collector, with the assistance of perhaps the heaviest district on his hands, can detect and clean out the whisky rogues, not only of his own, but half the important districts of the country, that fact not only exposes the imbecility of the Revenue Board, but explodes and puts to shame the pretense that the revenue service needed to be supplemented by any such extra-legal resort. If one efficient collector is capable of ferreting out these frauds, not only in his own district, but in dozens of others, what but bad appointments or want of vigor in the Department should prevent the whole body of collectors from dealing decisively with the whole magnitude of the evil? What one man has done is surely not beyond the competence of a well-organized and vigorously superintended revenue service; and whatever credit his achievements may be thought to reflect on himself, they certainly reflect greater disgrace on the Department which is distanced and eclipsed by one of its local officers.

The chief duty of the Secretary of the Treasury is to protect the revenues of the Government; and when he permits them to slip through his fingers into the pockets of dishonest distillers who outwit and circumvent him at the rate of a hundred millions a year, he demonstrates his total unfitness for his position. Of course, he can find excuses by magnifying obstacles; it is the peculiar province of feebleness to discover apologies as it is of vigor and capacity to accomplish results in spite of them. What has Mr. McCulloch done to protect the revenue against the whisky frauds? What measure has he initiated for discomfiting the knaves who are diverting the most fruitful source of internal revenue from the Treasury to their private bank accounts? Does he have done nothing, and left undone everything a vigilant officer ought to do. And to screen his debility, he has overstepped the law by creating a revenue board as shiftless and helpless as himself; a board which for a year or more has met in a room somewhere in Cedar street, and dawdled over we know not what insignificant details, while every distillery in the city, and every bonded warehouse, was a focus of undetected frauds. And while this dawdling over small oozing leaks is enacting with the revenue streaming out of a thousand bung-holes, the Secretary of the Treasury is a helpless spectator, neither abolishing the board for its inefficiency, nor starting any other machinery for abating the frauds which have grown up under his administration to such prodigious, such astounding proportions. We have stood by Mr. McCulloch as far and as long as it was in our power. We must now tell him, in all honest frankness, that he does not possess the confidence of this commercial metropolis, and that the enormity of the frauds which have lately been exposed without any agency of his, must cost him the respect of the whole country. The people feel that they have had enough of well-meaning incompetence, and as Mr. McCulloch makes a practical confession of his incapacity to protect the revenue, it is time he retired and gave place to an officer of more energy and ability.

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1867. The stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the State tax on their shares, now payable according to the recent advertisement of the Receiver of Taxes, has been assumed and will be paid by the Bank. B. B. COMEY, Cashier.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5, 1867. NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The Board of Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of THREE PER CENT. on the capital stock of the Company, clear of National and State taxes, payable on and after November 15th, 1867. Bonds holders will receive their dividends as usual at the office of the Company, No. 288, THIRD STREET. Persons charging with those dividends should not fail to call at this office, No. 93 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia, on or before the 10th inst. THOMAS T. FIRTH, Treasurer.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE BIRD BLOWING MANUFACTURING COMPANY, will be held at No. 2135 WALNUT STREET, Room No. 4, Second story, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M., to take into consideration the affairs of the Company. Philadelphia, October 31, 1867. 11 17*

WIGGAND'S PATENT STEAM GENERATOR is cheap, compact, economical in use, and ABSOLUTELY SAFE FROM ANY POSSIBILITY OF EXPLOSION. Apply at the Office of SAMUEL WORK, N. E. corner of THIRD and DOCK Streets. 9 12*

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GROCERIES, ETC. FRESH FRUITS, 1867. PEACHES, PEARs, PINEAPPLES, PLUMS, APRICOTS, CHERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, QUINCES, ETC. PRESERVED AND FRESH, IN CANS AND GLASS JARS. Put up for our particular trade, and for sale by the dozen, or in smaller quantities, by MITCHELL & FLETCHER, 9 10m No. 1204 CHESTNUT STREET.

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THIRTEENTH ANNUARY ASSOCIATION AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, Nov. 14. Exercises to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Addresses by REV. JOHN HAYES, D. D. of New York; Rev. EDWARD CLARK, D. D. of New Haven; Rev. WILLIAM B. BROOKS, and others. Tickets may be had gratuitously at the American Tract Society's store, No. 1210 CHESTNUT Street, after 10 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, 13th inst. 11 12*

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