

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

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

"Sauve Qui Peut."

From the New York Tribune.

It is written that toward the evening of the battle of Waterloo, after the French Guard had fallen in its desperate effort to break the English front, there was a pause, a sudden shivering of the long French lines, a battle, a hubbub, shouts swelling into a clamor, and finally deepening into the terrible and fatal cry, "Sauve qui peut."

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1. "The result of the recent elections having vindicated his (Governor Seymour's) sagacity, he owes it to himself and the party to assume that position of authority which belongs to his ability, and which the masses of the party crave that he should take."

2. "Having witnessed the results of inferior leadership, it is his duty to bring back the canvass to the moderate and proselytizing ground on which it was his original wish to place it."

3. "After these debates, the masses of the Democracy need words of encouragement from their trusted leader."

4. "Nothing is so persuasive or so steady as truth, spoken in the ear of the party."

5. "The Democratic masses yearn for the truth from the lips of the statesman who, besides being their accepted candidate, has the clearest head, the best gifts of utterance, the largest power to command attention, the greatest moral weight of any man in the party."

6. "There is no man in the Democratic ranks, who is better fitted to represent the party in a good cause. Let the World, therefore, persevere. If pressed vigorously Blair may not surrender, but Seymour will be very likely to say something. We advise the World to 'push things!'"

shrieking. It will not stop. Neither the protests of the party press, nor the disavowals of the party committee, seem to have the slightest effect in silencing its clamor. It shouts for help.

Its desperate condition may be inferred from the fact that it looks to Seymour for a voice and to Blair for action. It prizes Seymour and exalts the wisdom of the Democratic Convention for putting him in nomination. What ever has been done that is wrong, has not been done by Seymour. He is wise and patriotic and "sound." "After these defeats," says the World, "the masses of the Democracy need words of encouragement from their trusted leader." That is true—but they won't get them. Seymour never encourages anybody, he never feels encouraged himself.

He does not get "discouraged" as often as Blair, perhaps, but his discouragement is of a strange type. It strikes deeper and lasts longer.

The country and the army looked to Seymour, then Governor of New York, for "words of encouragement" during the war. Did they get them? Not much.

The Governor made a good many speeches, and wrote a good many letters; but there was not much "encouragement" in any of them. They were more doleful than any ditties ever said or sung. The Lamentations of the lamentable prophet Jeremiah were observed and imprinted songs, compared with the dismal dirges and woful prophecies of this Democratic Selon.

He bewailed the successes of our soldiers more than their defeats. "Successful coercion" was to him more disastrous than "successful rebellion." The most "encouraging" thing he said during the war was that it had proved a "failure." The most cheerful observation he is recorded to have made was in his speech to the rioters, that his Adjutant had gone to Washington to stop the draft!

We hope the World will persevere in its effort to get something "encouraging" out of Horatio. It cannot fail to do good when it comes. But we would not advise our distressed neighbor to wait too long for it, or to count too confidently on getting it at all. Don't let Blair off while waiting for Seymour. Insist on his giving his party the benefit of his "chivalric action," without waiting for Seymour's "sober counsels of a sincere statesman, who knows no art but robust integrity."

7. "A party cannot subsist upon vaporing and make-believe."

8. "Unless we can change the aspect of the canvass we shall have a repetition in November of a result like that which has overtaken us in the preliminary contest."

9. "If anybody tells the people that thing look well as they stand, or that nothing which can now be done would better them, he is in the first case dishonest, and in the second mistaken."

capable of putting things in such a light that candid opponents in the Senate will not refuse to see the truth. The fact that he has not done so, is the calm and courageous confession of a statesman's error in every line of the letter."

It was our wish then, as it is our determination now, that the views of Governor Seymour and not those attributed by the Republicans to General Blair, should be regarded as the basis of the campaign of the Democracy.

Tens of thousands of credulous citizens, who incline towards the Democratic party, have been retained in the Republican ranks by the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of another civil war. The absurdity of this bugbear led us to underestimate its capacity for mischief. It is astonishing that anybody could have believed that the Democratic party meant to disperse the negro legislatures by the Federal army; but it is not at all surprising that those who did so believe should vote against us.

General Blair, with a chivalry which does him credit, has already expressed his willingness to withdraw, if the good of the party requires it. We think reflection will convince him that the ticket would be stronger if some other name were substituted for his. The practical effect of the ticket, as now made up, does not correspond to its theory.

10. "General Blair can aid us far more, in a different way by a chivalric action superior to all eloquence."

All of which means "Sauve qui peut"—let every man shift for himself. Here comes the editor of the most pretensions, if not the most consistent journal of the Democratic party, begrimed with the smoke of the battle. He comes in a panic. "Seymour won't do." He shrieks, "I 'orave' that he may retire. I have fought under his inferior leadership, and I will not stop running until he is removed. I want 'words of encouragement,' or I will fight no more. He'd better stop lying, and tell the truth with 'honest courage,' and the truth is that every man, horse, gun, and baggage-wagon is in full retreat! I am so badly whipped I 'yearn for truth!' I'm tired of smooth deceits, and want my captain to tell us why we are whipped. Braggins is one thing—fighting another. We have got to 'change our aspect'—the enemy is not as if anybody says 'we are whipped,' and 'lies! Let Blair stop talking and go away.' When a leader is in this condition of mind it means that he has no army to lead—that he is a fugitive and a vagabond—and that his followers are in full retreat."

"Sauve qui peut!" Look how they run! The whole line is in retreat, with the exception of the valiant Pomeroy, who comes to the front with a couple of scavenger carts, and deploys for action. Mr. Tilden's condition of "serene confidence" has become one of hurried perplexity. Mr. Belmont dismisses his tailors and takes to his raiment dresses. He will wear no gorgeous uniforms for the Palace of St. James. George Francis Train hears the noise over the sea, and instead of running with the World, crosses the lines and declares for Grant. McClellan, with vast experience in managing retreats, declines to command this wretched rabble, and takes refuge in a Philadelphia gunboat. And what has become of Pendleton? Like Brutus, perhaps he is transfixed upon his own sword. Ben. Hill's friends, finding that negro-walloping is at an end, now clamor for negro-voting. Sweeney and Tweed, in their fantastical dresses, see that Seymour is routed, and try to rally the line for Hoffman and save the baggage-wagons. Too late! Too late! "Sauve qui peut!" All is a panic and uproar—and the scamping hosts of routed Copperheads are whirling from the field.

When a man is in danger of sudden death, or under the deep stress of imminent peril, it is his instinct to call upon some saint to save him; or to invoke the direct and immediate help of Almighty God; or to vow that he will build a church or burn candles. If he is rescued he swears to every body that himself has slain his calamity. Most frequently and particularly, if the danger is appalling, he instantly makes confession of his sins, and abandoning all hope of life, seeks mercy by an abject and crawling penitence. This is the piteous position of our valiant editor. He sneers at the "leadership," and yet he has been a trusted leader. He demands the withdrawal of Seymour and Blair, and yet he has never ceased to insist that their election was our only salvation. He insists upon truth-telling, and fails to remember that no one has been more conspicuously untruthful. He has spoken a hundred prophecies—now they are all "smooth deceits." No one has vapored more recklessly—now he wants "no more vaporing." He has told us that victory was inevitable—now whoever says the canvass "looks well," is "dishonest."

"Sauve qui peut." "Sauve qui peut," every man for himself, and no man more essentially and emphatically than this blustering captain!—And now, boys, Drive them, "if Lee is pushed," said Sheridan, as he fiercely cracked the Rebel army to Appomattox, "I think he will surrender." "Push things!" replied the illustrious leader. This is the way we send along the Republican lines today.

Help Me, Cassius, or I Sink. From the N. Y. Times. The World calls for help—justly and yet a good deal "like a sick girl." It is not satisfied with the despairing shriek it uttered, or with the chorus of shrieks which it evoked, when the news of the October disasters first astonished the Democratic party. But it keeps

had it all fixed, with the nomination out and dried, and a glorious speech for Chase, nicely written out, nicely folded up, in his pocket and ready for delivery!

We know what was done, and we have had an inkling of the consequences. The Democratic politicians and jugglers, including Seymour, scorning, in their silly self-consciousness, our advice and our warnings, have come to grief. They begin to understand that a calm look-on-of some experience at a battle, from a point above and beyond the smoke and confusion of the field, can tell better on the shaping and weak points of the light on both sides than any of those actively engaged. Now, after their late reverses under Seymour, some of these Democratic politicians, with their party newspaper Bohemians, gypsies, and camp followers, propose to adopt our counsels of last June and July. We have also some of the Tammany clique, who are more interested in Hoffman than Seymour. Hoffman himself would, no doubt, be glad to be relieved of Seymour. We suspect that Seymour stood in his way in the Tammany Convention; for Hoffman had aspired to be something better than Governor, and better than a tail to the kite of Seymour. But the tables are turned, and Seymour as a candidate now appears as a tail to the kite of Hoffman. The Bohemians of the Manhattan ring have reduced Seymour to this position, and Hoffman says nothing. Disgusted with all these intrigues and jaggings and paltry tricks and double dealings of the managing politicians, cliques and rings, and languid Bohemians of the New York Democracy, we may look for a crushing verdict against them from the people of this Commonwealth in November.

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