SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

B STORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS DPON CURRENT TOPICS-COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

Grant's Policy.

From the N. Y. Herald. Apparently a man can have a policy and not know it. The idea that the President elect is a person without a policy seems merely to have flowed from a misunderstanding in regard to the use of words, and is part of the difference that arises between the community and a man who never heard a thing "called by that name before." Grant has, in fact, very positive ideas on a great many subjects, and as the world pretty well knows that he is a man who sticks to his ideas, we shall be astonished if these firmly held views do not in time make a very substantial fabric of policy more puzzling than pleasing to Congress. He has, for instance, rather close notions on national expenditure and simple thoughts in regard to economy. He believes that a nation in debt, as this nation is, and actually not meeting its obligations already incurred, has no right to go on incurring new obligations, and we fancy that the plain people will concur with him in this. Here, then, is a point of policy of the most extensive import. It is sound in morality and in finance, but we cannot hope that the Congressional jobbers will accept it.

The Coming Element in Politics. From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The subject of female suffrage has been taken up with more earnestness than ever. This is the case in England, as it is the case here. In nearly every city organizations have been perfected to awaken attention and provoke discussion. Nor is the time of the advocates of female suffrage spent in holding national conventions, passing resolutions, and making speeches. They have taken hold of the subject in a spirit of downright earnestness, and with a determination to carry forward the agitation till it shall result in an extension of the franchise to the sex. The politicians may as well take note and shape their conduct accordingly. The women have waited and petitioned, passed resolutions and made speeches-no end of them-and now they propose to force their claims upon the public mind, and take a hand in shaping politics to their own ends. So the gentlemen who want office and who make it part of their duties in a canvass to call upon the constituency, flatter the women and kiss the babies, must understand that that sort of soliciting won't work any longer. They will hereafter be put to another sort of test, and must expect to be sharply cross-examined on the subject of suffrage and equality of civil rights as between the sexes. It is conceded by experienced canvassers that the complexion of an election depends very much on the home influence, and the side the stater, the mother, or the wife esponses. Tolerably firm Republicans have been known to yield to this influence and vote the Democratic ticket, and

The fact is that the influence of the sex in matters of religion, politics, and social relations is as unlimited as it is undefined, and of very considerable importance to one who looks well to the controlling forces in a political canvass. It must be taken into the account, for it is a daily-increasing and felt quantity. The women of America, especially since the war, have taken a very lively interest in politics, and have so well informed themselves that it is not uncommon to find a lady capable of discussing capital questions with an intelligence and clearness of view that we expect only in those who have devoted much time to the study of politics and adopted it as a profession. There is no probability that hereafter there will be any comindifferentism on the subject them. As women become enlightened in political affairs-and that is to say as they grow conscious of their own power, and the ends to which it can be profitably directedthey will display it in a more positive form than we have seen, and will probably follow the impulsion they have acquired, till it results in an almost universal demand for a direct influence in politics. Men, when approached on that subject, usually dismiss it with the general remark that when it is evident that women really want to vote, no obstacle will be allowed to stand in the way of their doing so. Eucouraged by this, Lucy Stone makes a powerful appeal to working-women, who wish to secure a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, to petition Congress for a change in the Constitution, extending suffrage to the female sex. The following is the form of petition proposed:-To the Senate and House of Representatives of

The United States in Congress assembled:—
The undersigned citizens of the United States pray your honorable bodies that in any proposed amendment to the Constitution which may come before you in regard to suffrage, and in any law affecting suffrage in the District of Columbia or any Tarritory, the right con-Columbia, or any Territory, the right of voting may be given to women on the same terms as

To this petition she adds:-

"Let the widow, hving on her 'life-use' of the pitiful 'thirds,' and 'allowed to remain forty days without paying rent in the house of her deceased husband,' sign it.
"Let the wife from whom the law takes the right to what she earns, and the power to make a will without her husband's consent,

"Let the mother who has no legal right to her own children sign it.
"Let the young man just gone out from the home where his best friend and counsellor has

home where his best friend and counsellor has been his mother sign it.

"Let the father whose little daughter looks trustingly to him for every good, sign it.

"Let the soldier who returned from battle sounder in health and stronger of limb because of the woman's hand who dressed his wound and ministered, to his wants in sickness, sign it.

"Let every man who regards his own right to the ballot as sacred, sign it."

Our sleepy politicians must wake up. Let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls that the agitation of the question of female suffrage will expend itself, or that the wide-awake females can be cajoled and flattered by a few pleasantries and gallantries to give up the hue and cry that is now being raised from Maine to California. There are signs and tokens on every hand of earnestness and perseverance, and they must remember the old saw-"When a woman wills she wills, and that's the end on't. The coming element in politics is already shadowed forth more vividly than the refreshing storm that the prephet saw in the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and the politician whose eyes have not been anointed with the oil of discernment to see the future that will be, may expect to be laid on the shelf among the political mummies and skeletons. His occupation will be gone.

Butler and the Clergy.

From Brick Pomroy's N. Y. Demecrat In 1859 Butler made a spech at Charlestown, Mass., in which he called up some very ugly things for them to look at there at home, to which he requested them to give some share of their attention, instead of directing it all to the condition of the negro. In this speech he exposed the pauper system of Massachusetts, and charged that, "according to the statistics furnished by the present State Legislature, as a report of their own committee, it is more dangerous to spend a year in a Massachusett almebouse than it would have been to have

led the Zonaves at Magenta." Again he | independence. Men will cling to the cities said, "Let me repeat. There was a larger proportion of the regiment which led the attack at the battle of Solferino came out from the battle, than there was of the paupers of 1858, who came out alive from the State almshouse of Massachusetts."

He went on to show that there were twentyseven hundred and some odd paupers in the State almshouse that year, and that of these six hundred and sixty-six-one in every four -died. Poor Ben's tender heart was wrung with the horrible details which he brought up to harrow the souls of his audience, and he talked piteously of "the potter's field" and "a pauper's burying-ground!" How justly, too, did he castigate the Pharisees with whom he is now in such loving fellowship!

"Why, this whole Commonwealth felt out raged because there came a report from Kansas that six or eight men had been killed; and our mothers, and wives, and daughters scoured the country for old clothes and other comforts to send to the people of that Territory. (Laughter.) In the same year, three hundred and odd to send to the people of that Territory. (Laughter.) In the same year, three hundred and odd children, of Massachusetts soil, died like dogs in a kennel in our own almshouses, while we were weeping over the imaginary wrongs of Kansas! Again I ask, my friends, is it not time we looked at home? Where is Mrs. Stowe? Where is Greeley in the Tribune? Where is the extra philanthropy of the humanitarisns? Where is that denouncer of great and good men, Wendell Phillips? Where are all those good men who regulate the affairs of the people afar off? Is there not ample room for their charities here at home? One hundred and sixty five children dying at Bridgawater; one hundred and one at Munson! Forty infants dead in two months! Oh! but they were white children! (Laughter.) Way look after them?"

Ah, Ben, Ben, you rogue, why did you talk so? Were these things all true, or did you lie, you scamp? If true, why so silent about them now? If false, how can we believe you in anything!

But notwithstanding his silence upon Puritan hypocrisy, and his "loyalty" to the Massachusetts "ideas," he does not escape altogether the old-time buffetings from the clergy. A Cleveland pulpit pounder, of the name of Strong, perpetrated a sermon on Ben Thanksgiving day, and sent him a copy.

The hero of bloodless fights retorts in good set phrase, "turning the tables of the moneychangers" upon his reverence in a way that probably he did not anticipate. He accuses his assailant with using "the pulpit for the purpose of personal vituperation in the interest capital and the money-changers, whom our Divine Master drove out of God's holy temple with a scourge of small cords. Nay, He expelled therefrom those who sold doves-an innocent occupation compared with that of the gold gamblers and speculators to whom you seem to have given the benefits of the sauctuary."

Having given his antagonist this home thrust, he makes the terrible threat of classing this clerical "production with the lucubrations of 'Brick Comercy.' " O, Ben! don't do that. We object to the classification; we'll stand no such partnership.

But Ben grows almost pions when he gives

the reverend gentlemen the following post-

"P.S.—I should be pleased to hear from you a semion on this text. Why dost thou judge thy brother; or, Why dost thou set at naught thy brother, for we shall all stand before the judg-ment seat of Christ."

That Ben should have cited that last text has completely confounded us. It can't be that he believes in a hereafter. He talk about "the judgment seat of Christ!" Why, what a Heaven-daring wretch! The old pirate who preceded him upon the gallows on which he ought to swing, could not have braved it out more wickedly and defiantly than this hopeful son, who has committed more crimes and better deserves hanging than any pirate who ever swung.

Where to Live, and How. From the N. Y. Tribune.

We presume that not less than two hundred thousand persons are now within sight of our city steeples who have no work, no real homes, and no means which insure them a livelihood. Some of them beg or steal outright, but a larger number eke out a miserable existence by running into debt for lodging, for board, or at groceries, or by borrowing from week to week of whomsoever will lend them, or by quartering themselves on reluctant relatives or friends. When ice begins to form on the rivers, the business of our city suddenly and seriously contracts, throwing tens of thousands out of work; and, just at this time, tens of thousands more are discharged from farms or country residences closed for the winter, and drift down to our pavements in quest of that employment which it is morally impossible that they should find. The net result is an aggregate of want, squalor, misery, and degradation fearful to contemplate. Thousands take their first lessons in crime at this season, under the pressure of needs which explain, though they do not excuse, their fall.

The saddest feature of this sad business is its hopelessness. Benevolence may somewhat mitigate the sufferings of its victims, but only at the cost of increasing their number. Men and women will rush to the great cities—most of all, to this city-in ever-increasing numbers: if there were rich philanthropists ready and willing to lodge and feed them all without charge, they would be as numerous as the leaves of the forest. Benevolence is the noblest of virtues; we would dissuade no one from giving; but the more you give, the more you may in a city so vast and so attractive as this is. If a hundred thousand dollars per day were disbursed here in alms, the net result would be a steady increase in the number and

needs of the beggars. The social disease at the base of this misery is impatience of slow returns for our efforts. Half these who crowd our cities in fruitless quest of employment might be their own employers if they would. But he who steps off into the unpeopled wilderness or prairie, with an axe on his shoulder and a few dollars in his pocket, intent on making himself a home, must work and save and endure privations for years, in the reasonable hope of enjoying thereafter the fruits of his exertions and transmitting those fruits in good part to his children. The industrious pioneer works four days per week for the future, only two for the present. He clears and breaks up, fences, builds, makes roads, etc., with a full knowledge that the benefits of his exertions must largely be realized years hence. The foresight and thrift herein required overtax the virtue of too many, who want to realize each Saturday night all they may have earned during this week and spend it before the close of the next. Hence, men rush to the cities, where the opportunities abound for obtaining and spending wages as fast as they are earned and where they fancy that a spice of chance or gambling gives a zest to effort. Thus are the cities overcrowded, while the fields are but half tilled and not one new settler's cabin sends up a smoke where twenty should do so.

What can be done to change all this for the better? the condition of the negro. In this speech he exposed the pauper system of Massachusetts, and charged that, "according to the statistics and charged that, "according to the statistics furnished by the present State Legislature, as a report of their own committee, it is more dangerous to spend a year in a Massachusett almshouse than it would have been to have

nay, they will rush hither in broader, more impetuous currents, despite all remonstrance and entreaty. Nothing can be done with the thriftless-they will not be coaxed nor driven from the pavements; and they would be worth little on the frontier of civilization if they could be. The almshouse and potter's field have a mortgage on them, which must be foreclosed in due season. Give them the price of a loaf of bread when any of them badly need and you can spare it, but leave them to go their way to the inevitable end.

But there is a very large class in this and every other great city who might improve their prospects by migration, and who ought to make the attempt. We allude to the great body of our mechanics, retail traders, clerks, book-keepers, etc., who have some means ahead, but who find it difficult to add thereto by strict economy, because their families have grown so large that rent, food, and clothing absorb all they can earn. There are tens of thousands of these, heads of families, who could leave the city next spring with \$1000 to \$5000 each, yet who cling to the pavements because they can see no way to do better. To this large and worthy class, we say emphatically, you can do better! Let us briefly show

One hundred such might combine their

means and send one or more of their number to select and buy land, whether in the West or the South-we will suppose the latter. Ten thousand acres of land lying in a body, and consisting of one to five or six old slave plantations, may be bought for \$30,000 to \$100,000 -the dearest probably, but not necessarily, the cheapest. Be sure that the tract is healthy, well timbered, and well watered-that it includes at least one good water-power, and adjoins a railroad or navigable stream. Take along the cash to pay for it all down, and be very certain that the title is unquestionable. Survey the entire purchase into lots, after selecting the best site for a village, and fix a day when each lot will be sold at auction to the highest cash bidder, no matter whether a member of the company or not. Allow each member who shall have contributed to the purchase money ten per cent. premium for his advance, and let certificates for the money thus advanced be received as each in payment for any lots purchased, whether by members or others. Reserve such tracts as may be needed for public uses, and sell all the rest for each only, taking care that timber and tillage are so divided that whoever will may buy either or both.

We are confident that such a company, buying and dividing a tract ou this plan, and making one contract for the passage of their families and the conveyance of their goods, might be located next March or April on homesteads that would be worth at least double their cost, with a fair prospect of a steady increase in value. Every member who is a carpenter, mason, cabinet-maker, painter, etc., would find ample employment at his trade, in building and furnishing the houses that would be needed; while hundreds of choppers, sawyers, diggers, ploughmen, gardeners, etc. etc., would be wanted, with grocers, general merchants, a lawyer, doctor, teachers, and hundreds more of workers in various capacities. He must be a poor stick who could not find some paying employment in such a colony; and, while wages would be lower than here, rent, food, and fael would not cost half so much. There would of course be some drones, grumblers, and good-fornothings; but these would soon drift away, leaving the settlement the better for their absence.

There are fifty thousand places in the South-to say nothing here of the Westwhere such settlements might be made to advantage; and there are at least one hundred thousand families within twenty miles of us who might improve their circumstances by helping to make them. And any company might agree on a treasurer in whose hands their money would be perfectly safe until required to pay for their purchases.

Mr. Fisk's Suit for Libel Against Mr. Bowles From the N. Y. Times.

The public is already familiar with the circumstances under which Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield Republican, was arrested at the Fifth Avenue Hotel a few days since, at the suit of Jas. Fisk, Jr., for an alleged libel contained in his published comments on Fisk's action as a director of the Eric Railroad. In the mere fact of the arrest there was nothing remarkable, nor are we aware that in so planning it as to deprive Mr. Bowles of the opportunity to procure bail at once, either Mr. Fisk, or the public officers who evidently acted as his tools in carrying the plan into operation, did anything which they had not a legal right to do. Judge McCunn had a right to issue his order of arrest; Sheriff O'Brien had a right to refuse to take bail or do business after office hours; his deputies had a right to act just as little like men of common sense and decency as his instructions and their natural inclinations might require; and the jailor had a right to refuse to permit Mr. Bowles to see any of his friends who might call to aid him, or even to send a note to his counsel or his wife.

These officials, we presume, had a perfect right to act just as coarsely and as basely as they did act; and no one who knows them will doubt that, in any case where a gentleman of character and position, belonging to the Republican party, like Mr. Bowles, is concerned, they would act at least as basely as the law would allow.

In a public point of view the case has little importance. Mr. Fisk has a right to his suit for libel, and will be heartily welcome to all he will make out of it. Mr. Bowles is none the worse in person, character, or in his feelings, we presume, for having spent one night in Ludlow Street Jail; all he suffered from was the extortion of the jailor, who charged him \$19.50 for his night's lodging. Nor are we at all disposed to treat the case as an instance of judicial tyranny-to dignify Judge McCunn's order of arrest by speaking of it as like the old French lettres de cachet, a mere caprice of arbitrary power, or to raise a cry of alarm for personal liberty, as though we were all in danger of losing it, at any moment, at any-body's whim. All this is nonsense, and not

very alarming nonsense, at that.

The whole proceeding is of interest mainly as an episode and illustration of official manners in this city, of the class of men who are in high office and with the power to browbeat, insuit, and bully decent people which goes with it, and of their readiness to use that power to its full extent and in the most offensive manner, whenever an adequate motive

exists for doing so. It is interesting, also, as showing the difference between a quiet, unassuming, well-behaved gentleman and Mr. James Fisk, Jr., upon whose person our eyes have never had the felicity to rest, so far as we are aware, and of whom we know nothing whatever, except what we, in common with the public, have learned from his conduct in the Eric Railroad scandals, and from his treatment of Mr. Bowles in this libel suit and arrest. But it is

drop a man caught in one act of villainv, without waiting to see what will be the general

Judging Mr. Fisk by this rule, we should not expect to find him a man whose tastes are so refined as to make him tastidious on nice points of personal conduct, or whose sense of right and wrong is so keen as to make him pause in any project likely to promote his own advantage, or whose feeling of want is due, either to a gentleman or to himself, would deter him from any action, however brutal or d-grading, that a coarse, low nature might prompt him to perpetrate. We do not mean o say that he is not a philanthropist -that he does not build churches, found seminaries, or do a good deal of that kind of sauctimonious work, though we have never heard that he did. But we incline to think that he has little faith in such roudabout modes of getting up in the world. Evidently he is not one of your slow and easy pilgrims, who believe in earning what they get-who have, or at least profess to have, some regard for the decencies and decorums of life, and who, if they must er will do a coarse, low act, prefer not to do it in a coarse, low manner, but closk it over with some of the shows of civility, if nothing more. Mr. Fisk, when he has a thing to do, does it; when he wants money, he gets it; when he wants to gratify a small personal spite, he does it-regardless of everybody's feelings, and of everything but the spite that prompts him. He probably enjoyed intensely—that is, as intensely as such a nature can enjoy snything—the belief that he had made Mr. Bowles wretched by giving him a coarse lodging for a night, and that he had blighted the comfort of his life by making him pass that night in fail.

But passion is always short-sighted. Mr. Fisk's ideas of what a man must suffer from passing a night in prison were derived, not from experience, but from imagination; and that is always colored more or less by peculiarities of personal character. Mr. Fisk may have a very clear and correct idea of what he would suffer in jail, what he would have to think of, what acts of manly heroism, sympathy and kindness to remember, what schemes of far-reaching beneficence to meditate, and what a splendid career of honorable welldoing to ponder for the future-or, on the other hand, through what an unbroken series of selfish, reckless, unscrupulous acts of fraudulent and disgraceful "enterprise" he has grown rich and useless for all good ends of lving. But his thoughts in jail would not necessarily be the thoughts of Mr. Bowles. A hight thus spent might be much more endurable for Mr. B. than for Mr. F.; and thus Mr. F. may not have achieved the noblethough somewhat coarse and brutal-revenge which, in the recesses of a mind capacious of such things, and the resources of a corporate pocket abundant enough to pay for them at current rates—he had promised himself for Christmas day.

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