

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals upon Current Topics—Compiled Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

JENKINS ABROAD.

From the Chicago Evening Post. Jenkins, that servile American scandal-monger and Paul Pry of personal secrets, has gone abroad. He is in France. He corresponds for the New York Herald. And his first visit has been paid to Peter Bonaparte, the Imperial assassin, whose oedonaceous chestnuts Koehfort, Gustav Plourens, Paschal Grousset, and other inflammatory Gallic cats are industriously pulling out of the fire.

Jenkins considered it an extraordinary concession in the person visited to receive him at all—he always does, the sneaking scabbard. He had heard, he says, with a little profane sarcasm, so much about "the brutality of Monsieur le Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte," that he expected to be eaten up alive, sans sel, as by a hyena. But he gave to the turkey the card bearing the Jenkins monogram and coat of arms, and was told to "wait." "There was," explains Jenkins, "a compassionate tone in the turkey's voice." Compassionate! Indeed, we should think there was need of compassion—such heroic immolation in one so young. It was enough to extract a sigh of pity from the conventional mother-in-law.

But Jenkins, with his usual discretion, had hedged. Accompanying his card he had obviously sent a note, assuring Peter the Little how sorry the American people were for him—that they regarded him as the abused individual, and only blamed him for not killing De F.ville and all the other Republicans. So the Prince relented. He said, "Send the fellow up!" Then Jenkins resumes the narrative:—"I was in the presence of the Prince. * * * On entering I found the Prince sitting near the furthest window, conversing with six gentlemen. He rose and advanced to meet me. He cordially shook my hand, and said:—'Monsieur, I thank you for your sympathy.' Turning to a lady dressed in mourning, who was seated on the sofa, he introduced me. It was the Princess. The Prince offered me a chair, and the conversation I had interrupted was resumed."

The Prince and Princess seem to have comprehended Jenkins at a glance. They took up their previous conversation where he had broken it, and scarcely noticed his presence again, more than if he had been a fly.

The circumstance that he was not instantly kicked out impressed Jenkins wonderfully. He had been kicked out of so many places that the omission was conspicuous—in fact it was mysterious and awe-inspiring. "Most of the gentlemen were decorated with the rosette of the Legion of Honor." To be permitted to sit in such a presence!

The sycophant recovers breath:—"The frank, open bearing of the Prince at once enlisted my sympathy. He was more than impressed with the idea that he was more aimed against than sinning. This impression was soon changed to certainty."

Perhaps the reader would like to hear what changed this impression to a certainty. Why, the convincing fact that—"The door of the room opened. A lady visitor entered; a tall, handsome woman of noble appearance, dressed entirely in black velvet. She went direct to the Prince, whom she saluted on both cheeks."

Then Jenkins saw that Peter was innocent—for "that she would kiss a murderer is an impossibility. The Prince is no assassin."

The Herald reporters never lack brass, whether they are shining around to get their hats chalked, or running their dirty faces for a drink. In proof of it, this disgusting creature expresses his wish that such a fine-looking lady would kiss him. The low-bred miscreant!

But she didn't do it; and, as nobody said anything to him, Jenkins gazed about the room, and took photographic notes on his wristband. He seems to have sat there as long as he chose. "After a lengthened visit I rose to take my leave. The Prince took off his glove, crossed the room, shook hands with me more than once, and thanked me for having visited him." Jenkins then intimates that they enjoyed a season of confidential communion. "We conversed together apart for a few minutes. What then was said I do not write for obvious reasons." The Prince probably fell on his neck and kissed him, shed a few tears, and assured him that Noir was accidentally shot with his own pistol. He undoubtedly revealed, in a few choice words, the line of defense to be taken in his behalf, and the policy of the Government after he should be acquitted. How could our own dear Jenkins be so cruel as to decline to report these important secrets? "For obvious reasons." Oh, yes; that's the way the reticent Jenkins always puts you off.

The final conclusion of this volunteer ambassador of the American press is highly important, and will have the most profound influence in forming public sentiment in this country:—"See the Prince as I saw him yesterday, in private life, placed, as he is now, in a most painful position, and you would cease to believe the stories which have been circulated to his detriment. He may be impulsive, hot-headed, if you will, but I will stake my existence that he is a 'good fellow.'"

After this, the Prince's acquittal is certain. And what's the use of persecuting him by persistently going on with the trial?

SERMON HUCKSTERS.

From the N. Y. Tribune. Solomon, looking forward through his prophetic telescope, once declared that there is nothing new under the sun, from which we infer that the great preacher, while unfolding the secrets of Wisdom, was liable to find a stenographic reporter at his elbow taking down his utterances for the use of some less noted seer in the dominions of the Queen of Sheba or Hiram of Tyre. That, at least, is the new trade opened in Eastern cities by short-hand writers, through which they compel Sunday also to pay its tithes to their till and make church-going as profitable as a caucus. Certain agents, who, it is to be presumed, have a ready back-door entrance into the study of many a divine, pay for these verbatim reports delivered each Sunday in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and drive a brisk trade in them. The system may have its disadvantages, as no doubt the original speaker aims to strike at the faults or temptations peculiar to his locality, and the arrow which hits the mark here in, another atmosphere falls spent and harmless to the ground. Imagine, for example, the speechless astonishment of our neighbors of Philadelphia, on finding themselves censured for their too eager vigor of intellect, in a sermon intended to curb the rampant thinkers of the Hab. Or fancy the perturbation and confusion of the audience when a fierce attack of words that cut like scythes meant to howl down the monstrous growths of inquiry in Chicago, is reproduced in the startled purity and innocence of civilized New York, an atmosphere in which, as all the world knows, all men become honest and all women virtuous. Probably this custom may explain the increasing comfort and satisfac-

tion which our church-going population declare lately to have found in their favorite divines. Nothing can equal the sweet repose and complacency of soul in hearing your neighbor's sins expounded; and we have all doubtless, for the last year or two, settled into easier niches in our pew cushions from the pleasure of applying the lashes of the sermon to that far-off relation of ours for whom they were meant.

Perhaps we may question whether this underhand and dishonorable expedient ought not to be regarded as a hint of a real want in the religious world, and an indication of the proper manner of supplying it. The usual demand of two or three sermons a week, besides the regular parish work and visiting required of almost all clergymen, is more, to our secular mind, than any ordinary brain ought to be asked to compass. Especially is this the case when the clergyman is young, and with no knowledge of human nature or experience beyond what his schoolboy training in the seminary will furnish. Who has felt no pity, not to say contempt, for the poor neophyte, serving up his crude, flavorless hash of his text-books, Sunday after Sunday, or vague, disjointed plagiarisms from Alexander, or Melville, or Wayland? How much more healthy and honest would it be if for a few years he was content to keep silent, to frankly preach the acknowledged sermons of the great masters of the human heart and true servants of their Lord; and to adjourn his own utterances until time and experience had banished the acidity and shallowness of youth, enlarged his creed, sweetened his charity, and, more than all, taught him some lesson worth repeating. For a man can only touch the heart of another man by that which comes from his own.

There is another class of men who might profitably use this system; men who are evidently fitted to preach by practice and example, but who lamentably fail in the pulpit. In fact, great eloquence in words is rarely found united with that peculiar and more valuable power which makes an efficient and useful minister over the parish. The great law-giver Moses protested that he should not be forced to the work of Aaron, who "spoke well." There is no reason that we can see beyond popular prejudice why clergymen who do, like Aaron, speak well, should not consent to give or sell, if need be, their sermons. Strong, helpful words do not so abound in the world that we should grudge them to each other. The field upon which we seed first falls may be obtained and unyielding, and he who sows it should be the most willing that it should be scattered abroad and tested whether it be pure or worthless.

THE SENATORIAL NEGRO FARCE AND HUMBUG.

From the Savannah (Ga.) Republic. The radical party is a living lie. It is nothing honest or truthful in it. There is conceived, brought forth, and exists and breathes in a moral atmosphere of deception and fraud. It is neither true to the country nor to anybody. It knows only power and plunder, and to achieve and retain these it is prepared to discard every moral obligation recognized among men. It hesitates at no injustice and scruples at no falsehood to accomplish its ends. It misrepresents itself, its motives, and its plans, and perpetuates its reign of tyranny over twelve millions of people whom it should recognize and treat as brethren of the same blood and political family, by the grossest aspersions and libels upon their conduct. They could not maintain themselves, before even a perverted public judgment, and excuse their outrages and wrongs, except by making their victims appear what they know them not to be. We need no further illustration of this fact than the present system of misrepresentation and downright lying that has been regularly organized and conducted by subsidized agents throughout the South. They send forth men commissioned to bear false witness against their neighbor, and office holders throughout the South are pressed into their wicked service, and on the penalty of decapitation forced to testify to what they know to be false and espouse a cause which in their hearts they despise. Ninety-nine hundredths of them being educated in the school of easy virtue where the Northern mind receives its principles and its training, yield a prompt, if reluctant, acquiescence to the iniquitous demand. It is in this way that the most arbitrary, oppressive, and corrupt faction that the world has known in any age prolongs its foul domination over the American people.

But the wrongs of the radical party toward white men, of their own race, are as nothing in comparison with the wrongs toward the systematic, cold-blooded, and devilish conspiracy which they have organized against the poor ignorant blacks. Here they have weak and yielding material and they delight to operate on it. Under the false pretext of giving the Southern slave his freedom and accomplishing a work of humanity, they deliberately set on foot a plan first to use the unsuspecting race for their own benefit so long as it exists, and, secondly, to hasten with all possible speed the day of its extinction. They needed the negro vote to keep themselves in power, for their excesses and villainies had shocked all civilized mankind and doomed them to early obsecuracy; and they need the Southern soil, tilled by the negro, for their own surplus and dangerous population; hence the double purpose of the heartless and iniquitous plot. The first step in their game was to incite jealousy, distrust, ill-will and a war of races in the South, and no stone was left unturned in order to effect this object. If one-fourth of the white men, women and children of the South have not been massacred in cold blood, and the entire African race cut down in retaliation, it has been owing solely to the good sense of the latter and their conscious inadequacy to such a struggle. The damnable plot failed, not in its intended scenes of horror, but in a great measure in the political gains of the conspiracy. Even the poor negro, ignorant and unsuspecting as he is, has seen through this veil that conceals the real objects of his new-found friends. He sees trickery, selfishness, and the most heartless indifference to his real welfare lurking beneath all their professions of interest and friendship, and day by day his eyes are opening to his danger and the only mode of escape. The race are growing wiser, and we trust, in time to save them from a wretched fate.

The last act in this drama of duplicity and fraud finds its theatre on the floor of the United States Senate. Through the agency of a fraudulent election conducted under the direction of Federal bayonets, two individuals were sent to that body as the representatives of the State of Mississippi. One of them is the man who held those bayonets in his own hands, and boasting proclamation before the election that they should triumph at whatever cost. He is, too, an alien to the people of that State, and in no wise identified with them. The other is an Ohio negro, who, driven from his former home in the West for his offenses against common honesty and law, drifted down

the Mississippi and lodged a wader on its eastern bank. With a defective education and the intelligence common to his race, this son of Ham finds his way to the Capitol, and is sworn in as a Senator of the United States, and, as announced in order to give full effect to the sensation, as the successor of Jefferson Davis. No Senator wanted him there, and but for the fact that in their shallow estimation his presence involved a humiliation of the South, he never would have been allowed to take his seat. But, once there, they must make the most of him—at least somebody, in order to blunt the national sense of indignation and shame for the abhorrent spectacle. It is resolved that he shall make a speech, and, unwilling to trust him to speak for himself, for it would have spoiled the whole game and developed the flagrant insult involved in his presence there to the whole American people, one is written and carefully prepared for him to read as his own. The Georgia bill was under discussion, and that must be the theme. Bullock, it is said, and no doubt truly, furnished the facts, and Sumner and others supplied the literary clothing. The event is noised abroad beforehand, the day finally arrives, and Revels reads, or rather "mouths," the piece prepared for him. Its facts are all falsehoods, its tone, but a more logical, ingenious, and rhetorical production has not emanated from that side of the Senate during the present session. The truth is the authors did up their work too well. It is impossible for the commonest mind not to discover the shameless fraud and imposition. Revels takes his seat, and the farce is closed by that crippled monument of human debauchery, Senator Morton, who lies to his own soul by declaring that in the substitution of a negro for Jefferson Davis, "the Senate had lost nothing in intelligence, and gained much in loyalty and patriotism." No doubt the miserable creature feels at heart that Revels is at least his peer in all that is respectable and honest and decent.

But enough of these sickening details. When, oh when! will the American people drive from power and visit with a merited punishment the unprincipled, graceless, abandoned, God-defying usurpers who, day by day, are bringing contempt upon the country, uprooting all that is good and virtuous in the land, and forging chains for themselves and their children?

SWORD AND BAYONET.

From the Petersburg (Va.) Courier. The sword has lost its sheath and the bayonet is permanently fixed. They, now and henceforth, are the law, and they, the majority. We may as well comprehend that at once and to its full extent; for 'twill "Fra vomer a blunder free us, An foolish notion."

We have been restored to the Union, it is true; but a reconstructed State to a reconstructed Union. In both State and Union the citizen has been dethroned and the reigning sovereign is the soldier! From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern lakes, Constitution and codes are under the foot of force. The United States have actually ceased to exist, except in name, and we are now partitioned into so many garrisoned military departments, wherein law is silent under "general orders," wherein the Sheriff and his posse comitatus yield before the corporal and his squad, wherein the Governor succumbs to the General commanding, and where, over all, the President is merged, sunken and forgotten in the Commander-in-Chief of the army. This is so now, notwithstanding the war is over and the Union saved; it is so now, notwithstanding Virginia is readmitted to representation in Congress, and in the very face of General Canby's pretended abdication in favor of Governor Walker. Nor is it only so here and throughout the South, but is so North, as much so in Massachusetts as in South Carolina or Texas. The melting pot truth is that an architect has been called in to demolish the old sides of North and South alike appealed to the sword, and now the mutual penalty has fallen—to perish by it.

Cold steel and villainous saltpetre are sometimes good servants, but they are always bad masters. This was well understood by our forefathers, who, for themselves and us, their posterity, took every human precaution to place and keep the military power in subjection to the civil. But our folly surpassed their wisdom. The liberty and independence they bequeathed us have been lost. Yet even fools can feel, and experience may teach them something. Although an impartial estimate fixes the proportion of fools in the United States at ninety-nine out of every hundred inhabitants, still these abounding ninetyninths, in course of time, may learn to respect the rights of the one, and as the peremptory interference of sword and bayonet. They may like to hear again their last "popular voice." They may grow impatient and indignant at the impudence with which the odd man of the hundred has his way against them on a matter of common right by an appeal to "headquarters" or to Washington. Even they of Massachusetts may have their withers wrung by a system of national government which, in effect, ties every citizen hand and foot and puts an armed soldier in every house. Yes, it will not be long ere all men from one end to the other of the country understand that there is no question, no matter how difficult soever, nor how small soever—whether affecting States, cities, or individuals, and whether relating to life, liberty, or property—into the scales of which the sword cannot and will not be thrown. The blindest ass will see that every United States law bristles with bayonets, that every United States official wears a sword, and that the whole land is subjugated to the most grinding kind of military despotism. But what of that? The people of France and Russia see that they are slaves, and remain so. The people of America, let us hope, having better opportunities to recover their freedom, will recover it, and know how to secure it.

Meanwhile, we of Virginia must not deceive ourselves as to the facts of the situation. We must be guided by what is, and not by what ought to be. Let us be as wise as doves, avoiding all collisions and troubles that will inevitably result in bayonets. Discretion is the better part of valor just now; and if we patiently bide our time, it will be sure to come and bring round its revenges.

SPAIN NO LONGER GOVERNS IN CUBA.

From the N. Y. Sun. The real dominion of Spain in Cuba ceased on the day that Captain-General Dulce was expelled by the volunteers of Havana. Ever since that date the island has been managed militarily, politically, and socially by armed ruffians called volunteers, and their paymasters, the Spanish slave-traders of the island. But Spain—that is, the Madrid Legation—has really no more to do with any other occurrence within the limits of the island than has the King of Rome. Proofs of these facts, though scarcely required, are abundant. The Spaniards of Havana sent for some 40,000 men, raised

from the scum of Spain by their agent in Cadiz, and paid their bounties out of their own pockets. They armed and equipped the various so-called volunteer troops that have been enrolled in the cities of Cuba. But it is distinctly understood that in return the troops are to do the bidding of their masters, not that of the Captain-General and his subordinates. They are to fight to preserve Cuban estates, and principally Cuban slaves, to their owners, the question of Spain's supremacy being entirely a secondary consideration. And this is the anarchy which Mr. Fish's administration has labored not a little to support! Had our Executive been endowed with a very moderate share of intelligence, he would have learned long ago to discriminate between a Government with which we have treaties of alliance and a rabble utterly uncontrollable and utterly irresponsible.

The last proof that Spain has lost Cuba is afforded by the exit of Mr. Phillips from Santiago. At a meeting of the Catalan volunteers held in that city on the 8th inst., it was determined to assassinate him. In company with the British Consul he waited on the Governor, who confessed himself unable to afford any protection, and as a friend advised Mr. Phillips to leave Santiago instantly, or he could not answer for what might happen. Mr. Phillips was escorted by the British Consul, with the British ensign waving over them, through the streets of Santiago, and on board the French steamer Darien.

For this atrocious national insult who is responsible? Santiago is supposed by our Government to be a port in a Spanish colony, to which for commercial purposes a United States Consul is accredited. Spain at this moment is also supposed to command some 50,000 men in Cuba, and to have in Cuban waters a fleet composed of not less than seventy vessels, to maintain her control of the island. And now it turns out that in one of the principal seaports of the island Spain is obliged to confess that she is impotent to prevent a flagrant outrage and assassination! The responsibility for this insult should attach where it naturally belongs, to Mr. Fish, who, if fitted for his position, should have known that Spanish rule in Cuba ceased long since to be anything but an empty word.

HOW LONG WILL CONGRESS TRIFLE WITH THE PEOPLE?

From the N. Y. Times. Nearly five months of the Congressional session have passed away, and still the one great political necessity of the hour is put aside as if it were of no interest to any human being on the continent. The burden of taxation is not reduced, and it seems to be thought that the people will be satisfied with the vague promises of relief which have been made from time to time. We have proved past all cavil that the present rate of taxation is immoderately high, and could be reduced with perfect safety to the country. The advocates of absurd theories about the national debt have either been compelled to keep silence, or forced to admit that the demand for a reduction of taxation is too loud and general to be resisted any longer. Our contemporaries in all parts of the country, with a heartiness and unanimity seldom displayed on any occasion, have joined with us in requiring of Congress immediate attention to this most important subject. Congress admits the justice of the appeal, but folds its arms in apathy, and wastes week after week in discussions on personal affairs, or on the pettiest questions which the ingenuity of triflers could possibly suggest.

We can scarcely suppose that any member of the Administration or of Congress can be so infatuated as to dream that the question of reducing the taxes will die off left to itself. An idea of that kind could only be entertained by some one who was utterly unable to detect the drift of public sentiment, or to appreciate the practical hardships which the present taxes inflict on every man of moderate means each day of his life. This is not one of those subjects which can be quietly shelved or forgotten. It is pressed upon our attention constantly, and in a thousand different forms. The poor are pinched by the taxes almost beyond the limits of endurance. Hard-working men and women find themselves deprived of many small necessities of life by the levies which are made upon them, in one way and another, by the tax-gatherer. Almost everything they buy is dearer than it need be. Their children are made to suffer in order to gratify the delusion of doctrinaires that unless we pay off the national debt now, we shall never pay it off at all. The people are willing—they always have been willing—to assist the Government in its extremity. But it is not monstrous to tax a whole nation heavily for the sake of carrying out a blundering system of finance? Have we not made enormous sacrifices for posterity for years past? Is it too much to ask that the crushing load of taxation should now be very materially lessened? The President is understood to have been convinced by the evidence brought before him that the people earnestly, imperatively desire relief from what almost amounts to financial oppression. Congress, it is true, rarely finds time to attend to the real wants of the public. It will waste any day in discussing polygamy, or the "case of itself to practical and useful work; it does not do it once a week. It seems to think that the voice of the people is not a thing worth paying any attention to in these days.

The procrastination to which this great subject is being sacrificed will imperil the very existence of the Republican party, if the leaders are not very careful. We believe we shall go before the country under very unpromising circumstances if we cannot succeed in getting the taxes reduced before the next elections. The people will not always submit to be "put off" like children. They will have relief from taxation, if not from one party, from another. Four months have been frittered away already. Is not this enough to satisfy the greatest admirers of a Fabian policy? We can only once more warn Congress that further delays may exasperate the people in a way which no one need be anxious to witness. Shall we have to record the lapse of another week without a single step being taken towards a settlement of this question?

THE RING SMASHED.

From the N. Y. World. We congratulate the Democrats of New York city, and of the Union, that the ring of Sweeney, Tweed, and company, as a power in the Democratic party, are utterly destroyed; that this metropolis is soon to be forever delivered from the burden and disgrace of their corruptions; that the party is already rescued from their ambitious domination or the repute of their alliance; and that the path is cleared for Democratic triumphs in the city and State this fall—in the Union in 1872. The ring millstone which we have rejected has indeed become the corner-stone of one noisy day's Republican triumph at Albany; for a little longer double-headed ring and

radical commissions and ring office-holders may administer the misgovernment of this municipality; but now at last the Young Democracy, the reform Democracy, are delivered from the last and worst of all the perils which environed them—the danger of accepting less than a complete reform for the sake of an immediate triumph; the peril of patching up the city charter rather than rebuilding it upon the foundation of self-government, steady and systematically, the risk of compromise with a ring—which now, thank God, are impossible.

The ring men have gone to their own place—to an open alliance with Republicans. It was their last desperate clutch at the remnants of power. It is a proclamation to all men that they have abandoned the cloak of Democracy because the Democrats of New York have repudiated and abandoned them.

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