

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

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

THE TRIBUNE ROLLING IN THE GUTTER.

From the N. Y. Times.

The course of the Tribune during the last few days must have astonished those who have not recognized in Mr. Horace Greeley the great original of Pecksniff. His life is an "organized hypocrisy." For years he has been pretending that he never sought office, and never desired it. Yet for years he schemed and plotted for it, and then poured forth a bitter lamentation concerning the ingratitude of the political associates with whom he had acted. More recently he has been discovered engaged in one of the most unscrupulous and profligate conspiracies of which political annals bear record, with the object of winning the Governorship at the next election. This time he did not associate himself with such men as Governor Seward, but he went over to the enemies of his party, and basely offered himself to them for sale. The Council of Sachems of the Tammany Society declared, in a formal report at their recent meeting, that John Morrissey promised him the Democratic vote in his contest for the Governorship if he would lend his paper to a specific purpose for which they wanted it. The report of the interview between Morrissey and Greeley was published in the Sun, and although Mr. Greeley denied the accuracy of some portions of it, yet the reporter completely upset his denials, and after that Mr. Greeley was silent—because he is a "prudent" man, like his dear friend Major de Boats.

So much for his political honesty. He has now either by his own act, or by that of still baser instruments, dragged journalism through the mud of filth and infamy before the eyes of his country. On St. Patrick's day he made a Pecksniffian speech about the use of personalities in the press. He pretended to deplore these personalities, and earnestly begged his hearers not to encourage them. The journal at which his remarks seemed to be aimed is at least free from the guilt of the Tribune. The Tribune lends its columns to every slanderer, in the hope of concealing the irreparable mischief which it has sustained in consequence of recent revelations. The "warblers" have brought it to grief, and now it hopes to silence the just voice of criticism by devices which the riff-raff of the streets would deem too foul to use.

That the philosopher of the Tribune is in the habit of cursing like a drab is notorious—but he must be taught not to curse in print. On Tuesday he allowed some miserable devotee of the Frothingham sect to put forward a scurrilous statement to the effect that he had misrepresented their high priest, and then refused to do him justice. The following correspondence will be a sufficient reply to this falsehood:—

"To the Editor of the New York Times:—Dear Sir:—Will you do me the justice of furnishing the name of the correspondent who ascribed to me the atrocious sentiments on which you commented this morning? Yours, very truly,

"O. B. FROTHINGHAM, No. 50 West Thirty-sixth street, April 19, 1870." "THE TIMES" OFFICE, April 23.

The Editor of the Times begs to inform Mr. Frothingham, in reply to his note of the 19th, that the passage referred to formed part of the outline of his Sunday's sermon, as furnished by one of the regular reporters of the Times, and published in its columns on Monday morning.

Our reporter vouched for the accuracy of his account, and after that we heard nothing more from Mr. Frothingham. But a middle-aged busybody, named Oliver Johnson, who is always fuming round newspaper offices, brought us a long and impudent letter on the subject, which we declined to publish. We would have published any statement from Mr. Frothingham, but we were not bound to publish Mr. Oliver Johnson's outburst of vulgarity and insolence. He carried it to the great dirt heap of which the Tribune is the proprietor, and shot his rubbish there—and a good riddance of it. But the Tribune adds to this person's tirade a statement which deserves some notice from us, little as we are disposed to follow it into the mire where it has been groveling for days past. It refers to Governor Raymond, whom it abused persistently, wantonly and malignantly for upward of five and twenty years. It poured out every variety of its vile slanders upon him, and now raises its Pecksniffian wail over his name only in the spirit of a cowardly defamer. It then adds that "our circulation has steadily declined." Our reply to this is short and simple—the Tribune "lies deliberately, willfully, wickedly, with naked intent to defame and malign. It knows that its lie is utterly without excuse or plausibility." Now, this is not the sort of language for which we have any partiality, but we copy it from the Tribune, where it appears with other "impotent" buffoonery and ruffianism peculiar to vernal journalists and moral Pecksniffs. As for the Tribune itself, the description of it given by its own friends is its most fatal accuser. It is a mean, slanderous, and dishonest sheet, and it has probably done more to degrade morals and journalism than any paper which was not liable to be instantly suppressed by the police.

THE PLEBISCITE.

From the N. Y. World.

The sense of the Emperor's plebiscite to the French is:—Are you willing my son should reign after me? The text puts "liberal reforms" in the place of "son," and thus, though seemingly kind, the terms are not synonymous; the peculiar wording of the formula makes a hostile vote upon it very difficult. To vote for liberal reforms is to vote in favor of the Prince Imperial becoming Emperor on the demise of his respected sire; to vote against such succession is, in so many words, to vote against liberal reform, and few Frenchmen will care to write themselves down lovers of Bourbonism by such a ballot as that. Accordingly, by a clever petit principal, the Emperor puts himself in a position to almost certainly receive nineteen out of every twenty cast; while nothing is left the irreconcilable legitimists, and other anti-Bonapartists but to persuade people not to vote at all. In this it is not likely that their efforts will meet any great success. There is a certain fascination about putting "the thing in the box" which few are able to resist. At the moment of standing at the polls with his ticket in his grasp, a man is, or thinks he is—which is pretty much the same thing, so far as he is concerned—a king, a sovereign—the one human being upon the expression of whose will all other human beings must wait. To ask him, then, to forego this all-glorious moment is a thing almost unbearable; that the chances are a hundred to one he will immediately resent the same by tearing off forthwith to the polls, and there depositing his ballot with even a more altitudinous feeling of sovereignty than usual, the effort to induce him to forego his rights heightening, by the very sense of contrast, the joy—superb, grand,

inflexible—that the exercise of the right ordinarily confers. Shrewdly banking on this small frailty, the Emperor so frames his plebiscite that, that to vote at all, you must almost necessarily vote in its favor. Those who oppose can scarcely vote against it other than by not voting at all; and, however easy this may be for your patriot of the Rochester school, it does not suit the great masses. Accordingly, when the patriot from Paris proceeds to address Jacques Bonhomme in the provinces on the propriety of not voting, Jacques is quite apt to say:—"Wherefore serve ballots but to confront the visage of the box? Am not I, Jacques Bonhomme, for one second in my life to be greater than even the Emperor by reason of the ballot which I hold in my hand, while his Majesty himself stands, hat in hand, a candidate at the polls, soliciting the honor of my electoral acquaintance?" The patriot will be hard pushed to answer this kind of thing; and accordingly the Emperor wins the first trick by getting Jacques and Victor, and Francois and Jean to the polls. Being there, with no very well defined idea, one may swear, except to vote somehow, the question arises, How will you vote? Will you vote for liberal reforms—for your right to vote, for the progressive glory of la belle France, for this and other plebiscites? Or will you vote against liberal reform, to have an iron collar round your neck like your great grandfather, and be ruled by aristocrats? Jacques, Francois, Victor, and Jean, of course, will vote with aristocrats, and will vote every man of them for liberal reforms, the succession of the Prince Imperial inclusive. And thus the Emperor wins the second trick, and with that trick the game.

It has been the strength of Napoleon III that he has been elected at any time these eighteen years to refer to that vote in 1852 when eight millions of Frenchmen indorsed his course; and a like strength, now that the lion is old, he desires for his whelp. The overwhelming probabilities are that he will get it; that some nine millions of voters, a full half over all in these United States, the man and brother included, will authorize the succession of the Prince Imperial, and that in due time Napoleon IV will issue his decrees "by the grace of God and the will of the French people." Perhaps, were the issue plain and simple, for or against the Bonaparte dynasty, the result might be different, especially as in the year 1869 the votes stood 4,000,000 Imperialist to 3,000,000 Opposition; but, as it is, the dextrous wording of the plebiscite will, almost beyond doubt, overwhelmingly carry the day.

From 1793 to 1852 no vote in France against a plebiscite has exceeded five per cent. of the vote for the plebiscite, and upon the average it has not been over half of one per cent.; in 1852, out of every one hundred votes the Emperor received ninety-seven votes, and three were cast against him. With this showing for seventy years of popular voting in France, it is hardly to be supposed but that this plebiscite, like others, will sweep everything before it. Such, at least, is the presumption from the figures; and a very different presumption it is that our electoral figures present. We may do this thing better than in France, but our returns show that, save in the great plebiscites in the time of Washington, our popular votes on the Presidential issue have been close—sometimes so close that Lincoln, for instance, got in, in 1860, by but some 1,900,000 votes out of a total of 4,700,000, our peculiar institutions permitting this kind of thing.

HOW THEY ARE GETTING ALONG.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

We forgot into how many hostile factions the Woman's Suffrage Association is just now divided, but we believe three or four. At any rate the sisterhood have split into so many parties and developed such a talent for falling out, that any doubt the public may have felt about their pre-eminent fitness for business must now be dispelled. Let us see then how they are getting along. In Massachusetts, where their prospects of success were supposed by themselves to be brightest, a resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, allowing women to vote, has been rejected in the Legislature by a large majority, and the people seem to be glad of it. In Utah, where suffrage has already been given to the sex, the sex despise it. In Minnesota a Woman's Suffrage bill, which had passed the Legislature, has been killed by the Governor's veto. In Illinois, where the question was before the Constitutional Convention, 1400 women of Peoria petitioned not to be allowed to vote; so the sixteenth amendment is dead in Illinois also. But these facts would have little significance were it not evident that governors, legislatures, and conventions have only reflected the sentiments of the women of the country, and that the ladies, who indirectly exert a powerful influence in politics, are passing from indifference towards the suffrage to positive opposition. Really, Miss Anthony is getting along very ill indeed.

This, however, is not all. Mrs. Henry B. Stanton has been travelling in the West, and has lost \$200 by the failure of certain railway connections, whereupon she cries:—"Women have not one word to say about railroads, stages, and bridges. When we have, oh! what order and harmony will reign! With sober women for engineers and conductors, there will be no smash ups, nor running off before they are sent." Now this is a comforting promise; and we might reasonably hope that the dear creatures who have succeeded so perfectly in governing the nursery, and teaching "order and harmony" to reign among the scullions and chambermaids, would have the same success in governing the railroads, and managed the complicated business of a newspaper, will direct railroads much better than Vanderbilt and Prescott Smith, if they ever get a chance. A woman who can rule an Irish cook and bring up a baby can of course do anything, and a mind capable of tackling the problems of the kitchen and the publication office will have no difficulty with the mysteries of freight-tariffs, time-tables, and the right of way. But just here comes an appalling revelation. Before the wall of Mrs. Henry B. Stanton has died away, a plaint of fearful import issues from the lips of Miss Virginia Penny. This Virginia Penny has been a zealous and practical advocate of the woman cause, her efforts being directed to getting her suffering sisters not political franchisees but profitable work. Thus she has been much in contact with the Stanton-Anthonys, and has seen something of the "order and harmony" which reign in the management of their affairs. She assures us that the ladies of the Revolution have no heads. They advertise books for sale when they have not the books and can't get them. They forget to make change. They put people's names on their reports without permission. They are generally mixed in their ideas of business, and loose in their notions of commercial ethics. They printed Miss Penny's name as Vice-President of the Equal Rights Association, though Miss Penny knew nothing about it and does not believe in the Equal Rights Association. They would not answer her questions. They would

not pay for her articles, but proposed to appropriate them after they had been turned into a book. Miss Anthony was President of a woman's typewriters' association, but when Miss Penny wanted some women to set type Miss Anthony could not tell her where to find them. The only practical thing the Revolution ladies could do was to borrow Miss Penny's parlor to hold meetings in. Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, Parker Pillsbury, the whole tribe of agitators, were equally bad. They were indefatigable talkers, but had no more idea of business than Dora Copperfield. In point of fact, they were shiftless.

This is bad. Miss Virginia Penny is a lady of reputation, and knows what she is talking about. If Miss Anthony cannot manage a little affair like the Equal Rights Association, how would she ever get along with the Erie Railway? If they take how to change half a dollar at the Revolution office, how could they ever take up fares on an accommodation train, or pay off a force of two or three hundred laborers every Saturday night? It really seems as if the facilities of organization, promptness, attention to business, and a head for system, all the faculties indeed which women particularly need if they are to fill the new places to which they aspire, are the very ones in which Mrs. Stanton and her followers are especially deficient. At present we must say that Mrs. Henry B. Stanton's prospects of running a railroad and getting a vote seem equally vague and distant.

THE DANGER OF SAN DOMINGO.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Given, on the one hand, a President, the dispenser of the enormous patronage of this republic, who has set his heart on the acquisition of San Domingo—earnestly, sincerely, and honestly, without doubt, but with an obstinacy that answers all reason by persistence; who has already involved his credit in the project by the payment of \$175,000 on a lease of the Bay of Samana, whose usefulness stands or falls by the same fate, and by naval interference to protect the precarious San Domingo Government he is negotiating with from a party that is waging war against it in behalf of the Constitution which forbids the alienation of the territory, and to prevent the Haytiens from aiding the other party in this struggle for maintaining the independence of the island.

Given, on the other hand, the United States Senate, whose members all desire their share in the dispensation of this official patronage of the President; the greater number of whom regard its control as vital to their political existence; a considerable number of whom present small constituencies and large schemes of private benefit; another considerable number of whom have no hold upon the States they represent beyond their present tenure, and are driven to the necessity of improving their brief opportunity; and all of whom recognize that to oppose the President in this project, which he has made almost a personal matter, is to abandon their share in this dispensation of official patronage. Add to this the situation of an administration majority so large that the opposition in the Senate is hardly an appreciable quantity.

From this situation it is to be expected that the so-called treaty of annexation will succeed in carrying the required two-thirds of the Senate, against their own convictions, and against enlightened public opinion. Yet it is a scheme which has already drawn us into unwarrantable interference with the inhabitants of that island; which is tainted with the fraud of Baez upon his countrymen, and with swindling loans which have mortgaged all the public lands and sold every privilege that was salable, and with an election imposture; which has every possibility of involving us in such a war for the occupation of the island as France and Spain tried in vain; which will give us a weak spot in war, and will involve us in great military and naval expenses to make it secure; which promises us only a disturbing element in the Government; which can be of no possible benefit to us, while it has possibilities of great evil; and which, if it is a beginning of a splendid scheme of annexation of tropical countries, has in it a future which will change the character of our Government, and will hasten on that change to a military autocracy which the disloyal predicted as the consequence of invoking the military power to prevent the secession of the Southern States.

PROFANE FEMALES.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

We have never for a moment doubted that every one of the shrieking sisterhood would ultimately learn to swear. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the oldest and toughest of them, has got so far along that she begins to look upon profanity as almost pious. In one of her recent letters from the Northwest to the Revolution she says:—"Using informed the special train would leave at 6, I was ready at that hour but the conductor being drunk, had gone off an hour before, and was anxiously inquiring for me at every stopping place along the line. At the end of the route a large audience waited my coming. My son and my own managers telegraphing, 'Where is the train?' 'Where is Mrs. Stanton?' At the other end, I stood tired, disgusted, indignant, replying, 'Here and out with the train!' At 8 o'clock, with no train returned, I went back to the hotel, bag and baggage (in a good state of mind) to my own residence. The conductor was called dispersed at 9 o'clock, cursing all womankind."

When Mr. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, quietly nursing his sickly infant in his widowed home, read that letter, what must he have been in a good state of mind to say? He must be a very strange specimen of henpecked pusillanimity if he doesn't think that it is bad enough for women to go straggling about the country alone, haranguing a mob at every town, but that it is a great deal worse for them to hand around railroads, depots at night and swear like a trooper when the trains fail to arrive on time. If we must have the ballot for women let us postpone it until we shall have read the obituary of the last of the women, male and female, who are now clamoring for it, so greatly to the disgust of all sensible people.

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