

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

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

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.

From the N. Y. Times. The position of the English Government, spiritless and selfish as it is, undoubtedly reflects the feelings which predominate among the English people. Trade considerations are uppermost in the national mind. Foreign politics resolve themselves into a problem which only the ledger solves. The first consideration when the war broke out was to its effect upon English industry and commerce. At every stage of the bloody struggle the same question has recurred:—Will she lose Prussia and the disasters of France help or hurt British business interests? There was panic so long as there was an apparent probability that England might be drawn into the contest. That averted—or supposed to be averted—the shop-keeper begins anew to count his chances of gain, and with a result which to him is satisfactory. "One reason why the collapse of France will be less injurious to England than might have been expected"—is the suggestive heading of an article in a late number of the London Economist—and "travellers" multiply the reasons. Perhaps if the collapse of Prussia were added to the collapse of France, the grovelling soul of Mr. Bull would be supremely happy.

This feeling, be it remembered, is not exceptional—it is all but universal. Not a solitary public man or journal of note has uttered a word in favor of any other policy. The peace-at-any-price idea inculcated by Mr. Cobden has taken deep root in the British heart, and all parties pay tribute to its influence. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright champion it zealously. The London Economist commends it, and the Times, though it echoes it with ill-disguised irony in its talk with the Buckinghamshire farmers. The middle-class meetings held in the large provincial towns have all protested against doing anything that might end in hostilities. Even the radical working men, gathering in thousands to demand the recognition of the French republic, couple the demand with a proposal of arbitration as a means of rendering a war unnecessary. The "grand Democratic outburst," as the London meeting of avowed Republicans is termed, was careful to guard against the supposition that it urged recognition to the republic they desired to see any risk incurred in its behalf. Their indignation at the failure to support French democracy knew no bounds, save those suggested by a regard for the British pocket. They wanted to display sympathy, and yet to avoid the possibility of being called upon to give that sympathy tangible and practical effect.

It is very well to say that "the war must cease, and that the Republic must be sustained"; but what conceivable connection exists between these results and the peace-at-any-price demonstration in Trafalgar Square? France does not crave the sympathetic resolutions of a London meeting—it needs the moral support which recognition by the English government would afford, and the practical support which active intervention implies. On the other hand, Prussia does not heed wordy attacks upon its King and Princes, or wordy compliments paid to its enemy; it is indifferent to everything but the mediation which means fighting on the occurrence of a given contingency. On both sides, therefore, England's policy is worse than useless. It does not directly aid France—it does not directly or indirectly restrain Prussia. Both are irritated to no purpose. They are tantalized by continual evidence of a desire to meddle, and disgusted with the cold, calculating timidity which is afraid to strike.

Plausible reasons are at hand against any step on the part of England which leads even remotely to participation in the conflict. "War is a game at which monarchs play," and the people who endure its penalties are justified in insisting that it shall be engaged in only when inevitable. This position, however, bears relation to the old-fashioned readiness to subsidize and fight for causes in no manner affecting the national welfare. Of wars to put down kings and to set up kings—to put down republics and erect thrones—England has had more than enough. The blunder its statesmen and people make is in failing to distinguish between quarrels from which they may properly stand aloof, and quarrels which indirectly concern themselves. When the millennium arrives, the world will no doubt get on without great armies, arbitration, or some other contrivance for settling disputes peacefully, will do their work. But the millennium is a matter of no moment to King William, Bismarck, or Von Moltke; and the power that would sway their counsels, and accord support to the republic, must not be afraid of the consequences of its action. Responsibilities attach to a nation as to an individual. A citizen has obligations which he cannot evade; he may be called upon at any time to aid in maintaining order. So with England. It is a member of the European family of nations, and a very pompous member into the bargain. It wears an air of authority, and is fond of lecturing the rest of the family. To do this decently, however, it should be willing to uphold its authority in any way that may be required to render it effective. This it must do, or cease to be a first-class power. Its present policy will speedily put it on a level with Spain or Italy; and then even the shop-keepers will discover that the peace which looked like treachery and cowardice is in the end worse for industry and commerce than war itself. The prestige of a nation has an indefinable connection with its prosperity, and prestige is not regulated by the bank's rate of discount.

THE FOREIGN PRESS ON THE COLLAPSE OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

From the N. Y. Herald. By our latest mails from Europe we receive the first opinions of the British and Continental press with reference to the surrender at Sedan and the general collapse of the Napoleonic system. The London Times, whose opinion is still cited as most important, although in actual news the press of New York has left it far behind during the remarkably rapid progress of the existing war, uses highly figurative language in the first gush of its astonishment. Under date of September 5 it says:—"The volcano has burst! The surrender of the Emperor and the capitulation of MacMahon's army could not stand alone. Such tidings would make the earth open, and with reference to Paris, 'The capture as the intelligence of the Emperor's captivity was published the empire was at an end.' Farther on, after sketching the facts of the movement in the French capital and the uprising of the republic, it adds:—"It

must, by this time, be evident, even in France, that, under the present conditions of the fight, France is overmatched. The fault may be attributed to the bad management of the army both during the war and before it, and not to any inherent inequality in the military powers of the two nations; and it is quite unnecessary and would be even indefensible to continue the war simply to show that Frenchmen are among the best soldiers of the world."

On the keynote thus sounded the other leading journals of the United Kingdom sing much the same strain. A continuance of so frightfully bloody a conflict is deprecated for the sake of common humanity and progress, and King William is most earnestly recommended to let well enough alone and not to push the French people to the alternative of a general appeal to the radical revolution. Here and there the Tory papers cannot help showing their teeth at the republic, and all the old state sneers and slanders of a class of writers who are nothing if not servile and reactionary are dished up again in the same antique. It is the liberal Irish press that gives the young republic of France the warmest, heartiest, most whole-souled welcome, and we remark, not without some glimmerings of an early political conjunction of fortunate planets in still another republican sky, that mention of "the banner of stars" occurs more than once in their eulogies upon the Gallic tri-color. No bad accompaniment for the hours that precede the re-igniting of the "Sunburst" and the "Oriflamme," and those who comprehend the word "republic" on a white banner borne through the streets of London on Monday evening last will not mistake the symbols.

The Dutch and Belgian press, dated to the 7th instant, have come in, and their articles are full of patriotic emotion at the possible imminence of danger in the direction of Prussia. The Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant, a well-conducted, long-established, and highly influential business organ of the great commercial centre of Rotterdam, unites with its able contemporary, the Algemeen Handelsblad of Amsterdam, in expressing the great determination of the Netherlands to defend their independence as their fathers of the old Dutch republic defended it in other days, and at the same time in offering the most earnest prayers for the cessation of the war, the relief of the sorely tried French people, and the peaceful maintenance of the new form of government in France. These are kind and cheering words from a sturdy people, who have fine navy yet and one hundred thousand as brave troops under arms as ever fought for right and liberty. The Belgian papers are more reserved, the ministerial journals of Brussels confining themselves to graphic letters and to condolences for the slaughter on both sides. The Independent Belge frankly espouses the cause of the Provisional Government, and says of those who compose it:—"They are most honorable and intelligent men, each and all distinguished by an immense majority of votes cast in their favor by the capital and by the most enlightened centres of France." They are the men, too, "who, for ten, nay, for fifteen years, combated the faults, all the excesses and all the sinister resolves of the Imperial Government."

France the journals of the Northern departments speak pityingly of the fallen empire, but with enthusiasm of the republic. There appears to be, indeed, no dissenting voice on the latter point. As for Paris, we might fill columns with the warm utterances of its press on every phase of the situation. The papers recently dynasty give the new government a clever welcome. The France, the Patrie and the Constitution rally to it without reserve. The Debats hums and haws and mumbles in its sleep just as it always does after a repeat on any unaccounted dish. The Pays, the Presse and Le Public—fearful misnomers, as the reader will perceive, since they were the watchdogs of "the Right" or majority in the late Chambers—snarl viciously at the new regime, and the Figaro has actually been mobbed for its foolhardy diatribes. The Siecle, the Opinion Nationale, the Gaulois, and the Liberte, and, of course, the Journal Officiel, are all of one mind on the matter. This criterion, indeed, may be followed throughout, that everything fresh, brilliant, kindly, sincere, and hopeful in metropolitan journalism goes heart and hand for the republic, while all the sordid, base, sceptical, phrasemaking organs sneaking doubts and difficulties. We have for this occasion but few words to add. Adopting the great idea of the age, that the newspaper press, conducted as it should be, is the voice of the time and of the people, and heading the press of Europe, from the Highlands of Scotia to the Sicilian shore, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Neva, we must believe that the mind of Europe is fully aroused; that the blood of the toiling millions is up, and that France, their exemplar, for the moment stricken down because of her imperial policy or political king's evil, is arising again, "clothed and in her right mind," to lead on a new array of States marching in a new path, with new words blazoned on a new sign, new in its combination, but in its principles of truth and justice ancient as the everlasting hills.

MICAWBER IN FRANCE. From the N. Y. Tribune. Victor Hugo is a man of genius; besides, as everybody knows, he is freedom's high priest, and we have no doubt, goes about, as he says, with the sacredlixir of liberty coursing through his veins instead of blood; and George Sand can marry and unmarried her heroines with more admirable celerity than any novel-monger of them all. But, considered as a fighting pair, their mode of warfare, we humbly contend, is open to criticism. They have rushed to the front with a close-written sheet of letter-paper at the foe. But is the best means of assaulting the Germans in the present crisis that of the penny post? True, in ordinary times, a man's courage might be forgiven for turning tail and running for life if one of M. Hugo's epistles were plumped fairly at him. We have a Train of our own; we have like gasping experiences to remember. We know what it is to be mentally drow in a tidal wave of frothy beer. But the situation now, we submit, is imminent. Wilhelm has a thick skin and a good many men to back him. We fear that Paris will find other defenses necessary than Hugo and Sand cackling on the parapets. The lady, it is true, keeps out of shooting range, and safely chafes and gesticulates far off her admiration of the republic. Perhaps if she were actually in Paris, with the enemy at the gates and famine impending, she would find the third awakening of liberty less ideally beautiful. The plump little woman poses like the prophetess Deborah, and evidently deems herself a mother in Israel. All the world is hopeful now for France, and earnest men see symptoms in the present revolution more hopeful and indicative of a progress towards real liberty than any which have preceded it; but nobody, we fear, will join her in holding up Paris just now as "the moral state which the consciousness of humanity desires, or the inevitable end of the toil of hu-

manity." Female politicians are sanguine in France as in New York, however. Very small acorns become great oaks in their eyes. As for Victor Hugo, he is Micawber redivivus. He has pelted the world in general with his letters for years and years, from his heights in Jersey, and now he rushes on the Prussians with this last epistle, as though they were one gigantic heap, to be demolished by a whirl of his pen. It appears to us peaceful outsiders that he reveals the plan of the campaign more imprudently than is the usage with military men. "Behind the ramparts," he assures them, "there are barricades! and behind the barricades the sowers will be filled with powder, which—puff! puff! boom!—will blow them all up quite into the air!" Should they survive the sewers, he proceeds to inform them, they will be obliged to take Paris in detail, each stone and brick having the intention of making a separate fight of its own. "Europe designs to be slaughtered on that spot, and the great light of French liberty must be extinguished soul by soul!" Considering the facts that the French people have hitherto proved themselves very expert in playing the game of follow-my-leader in masses to liberty or despotism, and that Europe is just now busy in keeping her skirts as clear as possible of the serape, we must listen to his prophecies with a certain measure of allowance. He has his own doubts of Paris, apparently, and of the apathy with which she has seen him march to the front. "She sleeps, but she will awake," he cries; "her indolence will give her the strength of her energy," which is a mode of measurement of energy only to be imagined by a Hugo.

Seriously, a great name should never be allowed to cover folly. The mistake in French politics has always been that it was a pie wide enough for every man's finger. Poets and novelists have taken the lead as often as statesmen, and the impressive Parisian was as ready to follow one as the other. Victor Hugo is in some regards a great man, a poet and a novelist, with free, liberal views, but singularly destitute of the common sense, aplomb, and practical insight needed in a political leader at this crisis, when not only the Government but the very existence of the nation is in peril. We would be glad to perceive no such symptoms in his condition as these heated, unmeaning cries; or, if they must be uttered, to find they were thought worthy of no notice. France has listened to such mongers of farrago before, and always to her own detriment. We have faith enough, too, in Victor Hugo to believe him capable of better things. We would prefer to find him with a rifle in his hands than shouting to the Germans mysterious warnings of some kind of powder to be blown to Jericho fall, but we are told, at the blast of a ram's horn. But we have altered all that. Something more than the blowing of a ram's horn will be needed to defend Paris.

A JANUS-FACED PARTY. From the Harrisburg Patriot. Emphatically the radical party is a two-faced, double-dealing party. It acquired power by professing that it was not its intention to interfere with the rights and domestic institutions of the States; and yet no sooner was it well seated than it began, at first insidiously, and soon openly, to assail both; and it has continued ever since to do so. There is not a State, North or South, that has not had some right invaded, some outrage committed upon it. Obviously it aims at a concentration of power in Federal hands; and, slowly perhaps, but certainly, it is approaching the full consummation of its designs. Already, under radical construction of the Constitution, and acts of Congress in accordance with that construction, the Federal Government claims and exercises a power inimical to the spirit of our free institutions and dangerous to personal liberty. When soldiers are sent into States to control the ballot-box in favor of the reigning power; when the radical Governor of a reconstructed State is sustained by Federal bayonets in making arbitrary military arrests of innocent citizens and endeavoring to force from them confessions of guilt by revolting and barbarous punishments—how far, we ask, are we removed from a despotism? These things have to be done under the administration of President Grant and approved by the Republican party, and yet they are in direct conflict with the professions of the radical party before it came into power; and even now, in the face of facts which stand out patent to the world to give the lie to their assertions, they still profess to be in favor of the freest institutions and the largest liberty. Because they have liberated the slave, they claim to be the friends of freedom. And yet their actions are all adverse. The pages of the Federal statute books are crowded with laws as arbitrary as are to be found among the statutes of England three centuries back, or any of the decrees of the Autocrat of all the Russias since the days of Catharine. We find another instance of the two-facedness of the radical party in this:—It professes now a profound friendship for Germany and the Germans. It applauds every act of King William, and shouts aloud at every victory won by his generals over the French; and yet at the last session of Congress a naturalization law was passed, so stringent in its provisions that Germans—and all of foreign birth—not already naturalized, or not already having filed their intentions, will find it a very difficult thing to become citizens of the United States. We do not wish to do injustice even to this radical party which has done so much wrong to the country. But is not what we have stated true? Its professions and its actual policy are as wide asunder as the poles, and in the name of constitutional liberty, which it has outraged, we denounce it. It has lived by hypocrisy and deception. It has preached one thing and practiced another. It has worn two faces, and deserves to be—as we trust it will be—politically damned for its duplicity and double dealing.

MR. GREELEY'S LAST LUNGE AT GRANT. From the N. Y. World. The Tribune, having arranged New York politics satisfactorily, now exudes on Pennsylvania. After having persistently denounced Philadelphia as the dirtiest, dullest, and most deplorable city of our land, it now, under the startling caption of "A Disaster to be Averted," advises it what to do. It reads there is a bitter feud among the radical brethren of that peaceful region; that the smooth surface of loyal brotherly love "where birds of calm safe brooding on the charmed wave," is ruffled; and two little stormy petrels—literally "Mother Carey's chickens"—O'Neill and Creelley, are heralding a Radical tempest. Each wants to go to Congress. Each has active and no doubt interested friends. On the broad shoulders of Covode, O'Neill perches and twitters. Unwashed Radicalism sustains Creelley. The Tribune counsels the exclusion of both. It evidently has a poor

opinion of O'Neill, saying with solemn truthfulness that "greater men"—to wit, John Sergeant and Horace Binney—"have filled the place before him; that 'his party is tired of him, and think four terms enough for a man of his calibre.'" It then adds sneeringly:—"Whether Mr. Greeley is any improvement on Mr. O'Neill is a problem on which we can shed no light; but it solves it by recommending both to be thrown overboard."

This arranged, the Tribune suggests the proper man, the venerable Mr. Carey, whose speeches on prohibition would be listened to with the same ecstatic delight with which his lively essays are now read; or the younger gentleman with the hilarious name, Mr. E. J. Morris, who, having been seven years in Turkey, is now at leisure to represent the Quaker Christians. But the Tribune is leading our Philadelphia friends far astray. Does Mr. Greeley call this supporting President Grant? Every one knows, and none better than the Tribune, that when the Secretaryship of the Treasury was offered to that arch-free-trader, Mr. Stewart, the heart of the venerable Philadelphia prohibitionist was nearly broken, and a vow more terrible than Hamlet's (and which his bitter temper enables him to keep) went up that President Grant should never be forgiven. As to the youthful alternate of the Tribune, the case is still worse and the wound fresher. Mr. Morris was in Constantinople, doing his duty wisely and well, when Simon Cameron demanded his removal, and the substitution of a gentleman, named Croyler, a man of talent, character, and standing, who would do honor to the community and to Congress, and make his constituents, in their pride, forget there was ever such jarring atoms as O'Neill and Creelley, or so rash and impertinent, if not subtle and malignant, a counsellor as the Tribune. An open foe is better than a false friend. That the Tribune should wish to punish Grant, after Saratoga, is natural enough, we suppose. But even the Philadelphia radicals can hardly care to be made the tools of Mr. Greeley's implacable spite.

LAST WILLS. From the N. Y. World. We have often thought that one of the best places to study human nature must be the Surrogate's office, among its records of the dead. The "wonted fires" of testators, as of poets, live in their ashes, and there is sometimes striking revelations of character in a will. The Saturday Review lately had a terrible and, in our judgment, terribly just article on Mr. Dickens' mortuary malediction—with its spiteful insult to his wife and parade of undertaker's discipline; and there is not a day in which executors and heirs, and oftener widows, do not find themselves worried and perplexed by the freaks and caprices of him for whom they mourn. The shortest will we ever heard of was a bequest of personal property to an "heir-at-law," and twenty years of fierce litigation followed its probate. The names of Tholuson and Perrin and Blake, and that wretched man, with a poet's name, who made a rule which centuries have not expounded, live in English law as warnings; while at home Stephen Girard's orphans and the sailors of our Snug Harbor tell the same tale of testamentary perplexity. His was the best will ever made who had had some experience of the prodigious others—the gentle, sweet-tempered man whom Janius and Chatham could not anger, who might have been a poet had he not been a lawyer, and who, when at the age of eighty, chose to leave no legacy of law behind him. "Those who are nearest and dearest to me," said Lord Mansfield in his will, "best know how to manage and improve and ultimately in their turn to divide the good things of the world which I commit to their care, according to events and contingencies which it is impossible for me to foresee or trace through all the many labyrinths of time and chance."

This train of thought on a topic which, though of daily interest, hardly belongs to the category of news, is suggested by two testamentary documents lately given to a curious world—the will of Admiral Farragut and that of the murdered Mr. Nathan. The will of the gallant old sailor is very characteristic, and shows not only his happy, sunny disposition, but the serene domestic atmosphere he must have breathed. He loved the few of his household equally. He trusted them alike. He had no limitations to put upon them. He gives to his son the war trophies which he had earned—and they were not the fruits of ravage and plunder, but swords and medals which gratitude had bestowed, and which he could wear without a blush. He gives to his widow the home where they lived happily, and divides his estate equally between those he loved so well. He does not seem to have had an unkind thought of anybody, and was apparently quite careless of the studied slights put upon him while living by those whom his great deeds had mainly elevated to the positions which enabled them to insult him. Had he anticipated or been anxious about the persistence of these petty injuries after his death, he might have provided them doubtless by remembering General Grant and Admiral Porter in his will. The last will of Mr. Nathan has another and very touching interest. It throws a striking light upon that thoughtful parental love which is a characteristic of the ancient race to which he belonged, and the careful nurture of which doubtless goes far to account for the indestructible cohesion of the house of Israel through so many ages of wanderings and of woe. Its very restrictions and limitations are expressed, as they were obviously devised, in the purest spirit of tender solicitude for the welfare of his household and the credit of his name. It is a doubly evil thing that the cruel fate of so just and kind a citizen should have been possible and that it should go unavenged in so great a city.

SPECIAL NOTICES. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Treasurer of the City of Philadelphia for the issue of a new certificate of City Loan in the place of one which has been lost or mislaid, viz., No. 15,169 (Bounty Loan, No. 3) for Five Hundred Dollars, in the name of Susanna Orr, Executrix. JAMES W. PAUL, Attorney of Susanna Orr.

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POLITICAL. FOR SHERIFF. WILLIAM R. LEEDS, TENTH WARD. (7 1/2 in) FOR REGISTER OF WILLS. 1870. WILLIAM M. BUNN, SIXTEENTH WARD. Late Private Company F, 7 1/2 in

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