

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S DOWN-FALL.

THE CURSE OF SLAVERY AND OF THE SE- CESSION REBELLION PURSUING IT TO ITS GRAVE.

From the Chicago Times, Nov. 7.

The recent Presidential election has shown that there is an invincible reason why the Democratic Party can never win a national victory. It is that the youth of this Republic is not Democratic. The sons of Democratic fathers have grown up Republicans. So long as slavery and the war linger within the memory of Americans, the youth of the Republic will continue to grow up Republicans; and slavery and the war will be remembered as long as the public school system exists. The public schools have slain the Democratic Party with the text-books.

It is vain for statesmen to declare that there were as many Democrats as Republicans in the Union Army. It is vain to affirm that the war for the preservation of the Union could not have been carried to a successful close without the assistance of the Democratic Party. It is idle for philanthropy to suggest that the attitude of that party toward the war in the beginning was a humane one; that it was inspired by the higher and better wish that the cause of the conflict should be peaceably removed, and the spilling of brothers' blood by brothers' hands avoided. The Democratic Party has been ideally identified with slavery and slaveholding. The Republican Party is ideally identified with emancipation and the war. Therefore the Democratic Party can never win a national victory. Its old men are dying away. The boys who catch the ballots that fall from their stiffened hands are Republicans.

This fact cannot be denied. It will do no good to quarrel with it. All other causes which have operated to diminish the number of Democrats and increase the number of Republicans are insignificant beside this one tremendous and invincible fact. The curse of slavery has poisoned the blood and rotted the bone of the Democratic Party. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain.

The young wife who held the babe up to kiss the father as he hurried to the tap of his departing regiment has not suckled a Democrat. The weary foot of the gray grandmother, who watched the children while the wife was busy, has not rocked the cradle of Democrats. The chair that the soldier father never came back to fill has not been climbed upon by Democrats. The old blue coat that his comrades carried back was cut up for little jackets, but not one inclosed the heart of a Democrat. The rattled musket that fell from him with his last shot became the thoughtless toy of his boys; but not a hand that played with it was the hand of a Democrat. The babe he kissed crowed and crowed for his return, and its unwitting and unanswered notes were not from the throat of a Democrat. The tear-soiled camp letters which the mother read aloud in the long, bitter evenings while the boys clustered at her knees did not fall upon Democratic ears. The girls' sobs, blending with the mother's weeping, did not make Democrats of their brothers. Perhaps the father had been a Democrat all his life!

The children go to school. There is not a Democrat on its benches. The first reader contains the portrait of Abraham Lincoln; that kind and sturdy face never made a Democrat. On its simple pages, in words of one or two syllables, is told the story of his birth and death. That story never made a Democrat. In the pranks of the playground the name silences the frolicsome and makes the jolliest grave. That name never made a Democrat. In the pictures that light up the geography are the firing on Fort Sumter and the death of Ellsworth. These pictures make no Democrats. The first page of the history contains a representation of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. No boy gazes on that and ever after avows himself a Democrat.

In the higher grades the same subtle and irresistible influence is at work. The text-books contain extracts from patriots' speeches during the war. These speeches make no Democrats. The great battles are briefly described; the narrative has no Democratic listeners. The strain of martial music runs through the readers, and that music makes no Democrats. Sketches of the great Generals are given; their brave deeds arouse the enthusiasm of the lads, but there is no Democrat among them. The horrors and sufferings of the slaves are told; the maddened blood that mounts the boys' cheeks is not Democratic blood. The curse of slavery has pursued the Democratic Party, and has hounded it to its death. Therefore, let it die; and no lip will be found to say a prayer over the grass on its grave.

The late defeat need not be attributed to any other cause. Other causes were at work, but they were only incidental. The tariff was one. Sectionalism was a second. "Let well enough alone" was a third. The October failure in Indiana was a fourth. But all these were trivial and together could not have accomplished the result. The result was accomplished because the youth of the country is not Democratic. That party is, therefore, without a future and without a hope. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain. The curse of slavery has poisoned its blood and rotted its bone. Let it die.

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