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THE DAILY BEE.

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 5.

POLITICAL INSANITY IN VIRGINIA.

The people of Virginia are subject to periodical fits of political convulsions. Whenever an election for Governor approaches—unfortunately for the sanity of the Commonwealth it occurs once only in four years—they gradually become seized with a paroxysm of extraordinary violence. It begins to exhibit its characteristic symptoms immediately subsequent to the party nominations, and increases in intensity until the popular verdict is recorded, after which it rapidly subsides and leaves the citizens cool, calm, and restored to health. One might suppose that as the politics of the Old Dominion are those of the most tenacious and immutable character, and as all attempts to modify them have proved utterly abortive, both parties would be content to suffer elections to proceed with the utmost quietness, whether it is that Virginia politicians are inherently noisy and turbulent, and love to flounder in hot water, or that the minority are blessed with a stupendous development of the organ of hope, causing them at every contest to fancy that they are about to revolutionize the State, certain it is that a Virginia canvass can no more be conducted without a vast amount of pother, than an Irish fair without an indefinite number of shindys, the *début* of a prima donna without a profusion of preliminary puffs, or the sojourn of a distinguished stranger in any of our cities without the tender in time of a public dinner.

Just about this time our Virginia brethren are duly illustrating their inordinate love of political disputation. The Democrats have nominated for the post of Governor one John Letcher, while the opposition have pitted against him one Wm. Lo Gordon. The latter, gauging at all times, and on immensely rose-colored to their subscriptions of success. They falsely that they are about battering down the heretofore impregnable citadel of Virginia Democracy. They correctly that they have Mr. Letcher, as representative, on the hip, and are resolved to feed fat the ancient grudge they bear him. They believe, in their honesty and simplicity, that because eight years ago the Democrats defeated Governor Wise, Messrs. Virginia, on the express ground that in 1857 he had favored a policy of progressive emancipation, they can, at this juncture, still be enabled to compass the discomfiture of John Letcher, because in 1847, or ten years later, he evinced considerable hostility to slavery, and an evident desire to extirpate the institution. Now this argument might prove somewhat effective were not intended to mar the relations of Democratic members. But as they will take the trouble to remember that a Democratic nomination is a certain bonanza for liberality and fidelity, that it possesses the magic power to whitewash negroes, to cast a veil of grace the past, to consecrate in the eyes of the orthodox, and to preserve in the high odor of sanctity, that is made to the Democratic party, no matter what its antecedents may have been, and that Jacks Sanders as Mr. Buchanan's free father, and Manlius Fan Buren's affectionate grandson, will readily understand the absolute impossibility of ever being the servile political partisans of the Democracy of the Old Dominion that John Letcher ever could have been, gaudy of guard-house fashion.

The Virginia opposition, however, are not a mild description. In past resistance, and according to their lights, a pretty decent sort of exhibition. The candidates themselves followed by armies of their friends, relatives and subscribers, for through the whole making tour by long speeches at every cross road and court house. The press teemed with more than a usual allowance, hailing every word of Democratic acceptance, statement, address, interview and speech, to the end that there is no surprise that the Richmond *Examiner*, Letcher's own organ, and the *Enquirer*, which the other candidate is said to be making chronic efforts to get, engage in open and ranking combat to the knife. A tremendous fuss has been generated over the progress and will not at the ninth hour of the fourth Monday in May. Meanwhile and ever and eternally, night and day, week, month and twelve months, there is no surprise that the entire State, certain to be convulsed