

Terms of Publication. The Waynesburg Republican, Office in...
For the Republicans.
AN "INCLINED PLAIN."
The man that loves but beauty,
Is not the one I'd choose;
I've none to offer, if I had,
He'd get it, no one else?

The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS, FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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Terms of Advertising. For three insertions, and 50 cents for square...
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The printer of every kind in Plain and Fancy...
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Select Reading.

A GAMBLING SCENE.

In 1849, I was a passenger on the steamer "Star Spangled Banner," from New Orleans to Louisville. She was crowded with people; and, an hour after leaving New Orleans, found perhaps twenty card tables drawn out, and three or four scores of the passengers deeply absorbed in the mystery of the "old sledge," euchre, and poker. All that night and the next day the game went on. As fortune, however, soon singled out and made victims of the poor and less skilled players, so the more we gradually approached until the fourth day out, when only one table was running. Old Bob Brasher, a negro trader, and two planters from La Fourche, still held on. Although they played almost incessantly for four days and nights, yet luck favored neither party, and they were within a few dollars of even. The "bucking" had been principally between Brasher and Sanford; but henceforth they had kept themselves within the "gentleman's limit"—five hundred dollars. After leaving Memphis the game was renewed, and the bystanders observed, "that big play was on the tapis," as young Sanford was considerably under the influence of liquor, and when in that condition was known to be a heavy player. Late at night the two traders came together, both men "mucking nants," and Louisiana and Kentucky bank notes soon covered almost the whole table. The margin of five hundred dollars had been forgotten, and one, two, three, five hundred better passed between them. At last Brasher leaned back upon the table, unbuttoned his vest, and took from around his body a belt filled with gold pieces. Laying it down upon the bank notes he exclaimed, "Three thousand better!" Sanford became speechless; his face turned deadly pale; he called for a glass of liquor, which he drank, never once taking his eyes from the belt of gold. He had exhausted his means in the former bets; all his money lay upon the table. At last a thought struck him.

"Ben! here, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, massa," and Sanford's body servant, a fine athletic pure blood, came to his table.

"Get up on the table, sir!"

"Not daring to disobey—as he knew well in that moment of frenzy his young master would send a bullet through his brain did he refuse—the slave trembling stepped on the table, crushing the bank notes and gold beneath his feet.

"For the good Lord's sake, massa Ben, don't bet this nigger off! What will the old massa say when you go home! Oh, massa Ben, please don't!" groaned the poor boy, but in vain.

"Call you, sir!" shrieked Sanford, at the same time laying down four queens and an ace.

"An invincible, sir," said Brasher, with a sneer, "four kings and an ace!" And as Brasher reached for his belt of gold, young Sanford fell to the floor, the blood gushing from his mouth, nose and ears. With one spring the slave started from the table, dashing through the thin folding doors of the "Social Hall" out on the boiler deck, and, with a half-uttered prayer for the "old massa," he threw himself headlong into the dark waters of the Mississippi, and was seen no more. Death prevented Brasher from claiming his spoils. Sanford for weeks lingered on a sick bed, but at last recovered, and forever renounced the gambling table. He "made good," however, the money worth of the negro to his winner.

The latest political nomenclature in the South is curious. "Moss back" is a man who avoided the rebel conscription by hiding in the woods, until in popular parlance the moss grew on his back. A "sealawag" is a Union man of Southern birth, who has been disappointed in some ambition, and has gone over to the Union side. The "cotton bagger" is generally from the North, who turns up here and everywhere, ready to run for office or to do any other job that will pay expenses.

THOMAS C. MCCREARY was on the 18th inst., chosen Senator from Kentucky, in place of Hon. James Guthrie, resigned; or to speak more explicitly, forced out by disloyal opportunity and influence.

PROSPECTS.

We invite particular attention to the following, from that able and influential Journal, *Harper's Weekly*:
The Democratic leaders have lately been in council at Washington to determine when and where the next Convention of the party shall meet to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. The President seized the occasion to show his peculiar claims upon the nomination by a defiance of Congress; and to slieve one of his rivals by nominating General McClellan as Minister to England. The chiefs of the party, Mr. August Belmont at their head, doubtless compared notes upon the situation, and we will now take sweet counsel with them.

The last Convention of the Democratic party, as we all remember, and do not mean to forget, met at Chicago at the end of August, 1864. The campaign of Grant in Virginia had been long; the suspense was painful, and the general disappointment at the failure of the Petersburg mine had cast a gloom over the country. Sherman had not reached Atlanta, and when he was there, what was to follow? It was one of the dark epochs of the war; and the Democratic Convention resolved to make the most of it. Horatio Seymour, as President, made an anti-war speech. The resolutions were inspired by Vallandigham, a frank secessionist. They decried the war as a failure, denounced the acts of the Government, and demanded the surrender to the rebellion under the name of compromise. Upon this platform General McClellan and George H. Pendleton, the latter of whom had declared that the rebel States should be allowed to have their way, were nominated for President and Vice-President. The proceedings of the Convention were telegraphed with triumph through the country, and the organs and orators of the party in Chicago and elsewhere fiercely vituperated the Government and the war. The political campaign was short, sharp, and decisive. Every State that took part in the election, except Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware, declared against the Democratic policy of surrender to the rebellion and consequent national ruin; and of the 233 electoral votes the Democratic candidates received but 21.

Upon the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for his second term the organs of the Democratic party devoted themselves to denunciation of the melancholy spectacle of Vice-President Johnson's drunkenness. The New York *World* described his speech as "the swavings of a drunken booby," and the Vice-President himself as "this intemperate drunkard, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable." He was also this "clownish drunkard," "betrayed by his own beastly instincts and his boorish mind." Mr. Lincoln became murdered, and Mr. Johnson became President. From that time to this he has endeavored in every way to defeat the will of the loyal people as expressed by Congress, to surrender the late rebel States to the exclusive political supremacy of the rebels, and to abandon the freedmen wholly to the mercies of the late master class. In pursuing this policy, which undoes as far as possible the work of war, which, if successful, would engage the country in interminable struggles, and which is repugnant to honor, reason, and patriotism, the President has ceased to be, in the eyes of the Democratic party, a clown, an insolent brute, a man of beastly instincts, and a drunken booby, and has become a great constitutional statesman, whose words are no longer "swavings" but precious drops of conservative wisdom.

Under the necessary leadership of a man "with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable," the party is beginning its campaign. He is not yet nominated, and he may not be the candidate; but as his policy is that of the party, and as he commands the patronage, he is in the position of leader, whether the other chiefs approve or not. But just here begin the difficulties. It is easy to name a place for the Convention to meet—but who shall be the candidate? The West pronounces loudly and in advance for Pendleton—whose henchman is Vallandigham—and repudiation. The Eastern States, in which Democratic leaders are heavy bondholders, prefer Seymour, and as they have succeeded in calling the Convention in the city of New York, the chances of Seymour's nomination are increased. But the West will come full of hope and resolution for Pendleton and repudiation.

The great Generals of the war furnish no candidate, for they naturally have no sympathy with the party which in the hour of their peril and heroism declared the war a failure and its soldiers "Lincoln's hirelings." There is no man upon whom the party unites. When the candidate is nominated the party machinery will of course be put under high-pressure to produce a fictitious enthusiasm, but the bondholding Democrats will not all agree to the repudiating philosophy of Pendleton as amiably as Mr. Curtiss Belmont, and while they shout against the iniquity of not taking bonds, will do all that can be done to save their bonds from taxation. Indeed there is but one point upon which the great Democratic party is a unit, and that is, hostility to the equal suffrage

NEW YORK.

New York, March 2.—A fire broke out about twelve o'clock last night in Barnum's Museum, in the portion occupied by Van Amburgh's Menagerie. So rapidly did the flames spread that it was found impossible to save any of the larger animals. The vells of the animals as the flames reached them were appalling; and they bounded from side to side, or darted madly against the bars in their vain efforts to free themselves. A few animals among them a kangaroo, a small leopard, a few monkeys, together with the pelicans, and other small birds, were got out. The electrical machine was also saved. On the Mercer street side of the museum the police and others were more successful. The giraffe, two camels, a pair of Japanese hogs, a Burmese cow, a llama, and a variety of small animals. Many of them had narrow escapes, however, and a few were singed. The firemen were at work at another fire on Spring street, and when they arrived at the building it was wrapped in flames, and in a short time the interior was burned out, and adjoining buildings seriously damaged. The side of the Prescott House was on fire at one time, but was saved by extraordinary exertions. The thieves in the confusion, managed to appropriate a considerable amount of property. Several spectators were relieved of watches and wallets.

The loss on the museum side amounts, including Van Amburgh's Menagerie, will amount to five hundred thousand dollars; insured, but to what amount could not be learned. The basement of 539, occupied as a restaurant—loss of stock about two thousand five hundred dollars; insured. Several other parties loss heavily. All the people in the museum were saved.

Another dispatch says the loss will be half a million, which is only partially covered by insurance. Mr. Barnum's loss is very heavy in animals and curiosities, and it is said that he will not be able to start out his traveling menageries this summer. Some of the more rare and valuable animals were saved by the police and keepers, but the gorilla was badly frightened, and is not expected to live. The flames illuminated the whole city throughout the night, and the firemen suffered terribly from the effects of the cold. Quite a number had their limbs frozen and were removed to the station house for treatment. It is believed that the museum took fire from a gas burner which was left lighted by accident—probably not turned off fully. The watchman can give no other explanation of the origin of this catastrophe.

Felter's toy store on Spring street was burned last night. Loss thirty thousand dollars.

Hamilton's cotton and wadding factory, Brooklyn, was partially burned last night. Loss five thousand dollars.

New York, March 3.—It is supposed the losses by the destruction of the Museum last night will reach half a million. The insurance is not over half that. Barnum has announced the lots for sale, and will build on another site.

The Name of God in Forty-Eight Languages.

As Louis Burger, the well known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysees the other day he heard a familiar voice exclaiming:

"Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!"

He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed it to the man, saying:

"Take this to a printing office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of the Police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exposition, selling the following hand bill:

Hebrew, Elohim or Eloan; Chaldic, Elah; Assyrian, Elah; Syriac and Turkish, Allah; Malay, Alla; Arabic, Allah; Languages of the Magi, Orei; Aramorian, Teut; Modern Egyptian, Teut; Old Egyptian, Teut; Greek, Theos; Cretan, Thio; Adian and Doric, Ios; Latin, Deus; Low Latin, Diez; Celtic and Old Gallic, Die; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Portuguese, Deos; Old German, Diot; Provencal, Diou; Low Breton, Dous; Italian, Dio; Peruvian, Puchacas; Irish, Dios; Olala tongue, Dev; German and Swiss, Gott; Flemish, God; Dutch, God; English and old Saxon, God; Teutonic, Got; Danish and Swedish,

WHAT RECOGNIZES DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

To those who look merely at the numerical majorities in closely-contested States like New Hampshire and Indiana, it may seem that the war for right principles is a battle never won. But those who watch the constant change and advance in the principles on which such small and uniform majorities decide, will see that the battle for the truth is always winning. The stream remains at the same height, but its waters are never again the same. The vote does not greatly vary, but the principles and questions on which it is cast constantly change. And this change, during the past ten years, will be found to consist in the fact that the Republican party has done everything it set out to do, constantly advancing to new achievements, and constantly winning for its course the approval of the country, while the Democratic party vainly opposed every successful measure, and abandoned its opposition only when overwhelmed with defeat. The odds and losses in the last battles of the war were not greatly different from those in the first. But the grand peculiarity of the five years' struggle was that after nearly every battle the Rebels retired and the Union armies advanced.

It is so in our political contests. The Democracy could not be expected to gravely meet in convention, and open their resolutions by admitting that they abandon their previous positions. But year by year they do abandon their own positions of the previous year, and very frequently adopt in their stead a platform which would have been as Radical a year or two earlier. It is by this constant process of "accepting the situation" forced upon them by the Republican party, and tuning their platforms to adapt them to the victorious march of Republican principles, that Democrats are able to keep just about so close in the rear of the Republican march, and to maintain their formidable minorities or local majorities. They desire our music, but are compelled to fall in line and march to it. Thus, prior to 1860, the gist of Democracy was an indorsement of the right of Secession, as expressed in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1793, and of the constitutional equality of the right to own slaves with the right to own any other property. There is not a shred of either of these principles now left in any Democratic platform, North or South, in the country. On the contrary, the Republican doctrine that slavery was wrong and ought not to be extended into the Territories, and the subsequent expansion of this truth into the doctrine that having rebelled, it must be abolished by military force are silently accepted by the Democratic party. No Republican measure was assailed by the Democrats more vehemently than the Legal Tender act, but now they want the whole Government debt converted into legal tenders. In 1862, they denied that a State Government could be destroyed by its rebellion. But now they accept the State governments created by list of Andrew Johnson, and only deny that Congress could supersede them. In 1863, they proclaimed that if the blacks should vote, it would lead to universal suffrage. All the blacks in the South have voted, yet there is probably less miscegenation there than ever before, and now leading apostles of the Democratic party, like Senator Doolittle, and leading presses, like *The N. Y. World* and *Chicago Times* have advocated negro suffrage, either universal or partial. In 1861, 1862, and 1863, the Democratic party predicted that the Morrill Tariff would destroy the country; but in 1865 and 1869, they tacitly assented to the propriety of increasing it. When the State Bank circulation was taxed out of existence, they favored it as an "audacious invasion of the rights of the States and individuals," but now the most querulous Democrat raises no voice in favor of returning to the State Bank system. The Democrats opposed the draft for men to carry on the war so persistently and fiercely that it required fifty thousand troops to be withdrawn from our armies to enforce the measure in New York and Indiana. They opposed volunteering, and their leading orators and presses denounced the troops as "hiring mercenaries," and demanded that "no more men should be sacrificed in Lincoln's slaughter pens." Grant was denounced as a butcher, and Sherman as a lunatic. Yet they now vaunt the services of the Democratic party in suppressing the Rebellion, thereby receding from their position that the war was wrong. Their last National platform declared that the war for the Union was a failure. It is a singular comment on Democratic principles that as no National Democratic Convention has met since, this declaration is still the leading plank in the National Democratic platform. They will soon meet and adopt as a substitute that the laws of Congress for reconstruction are a failure! They boast themselves preeminently the defenders of the Constitution, yet their leading policy is the taxation of the National debt, which the Supreme Court of the United States has three times decided to be unconstitutional. This gradual change in the principles of the Democratic party is manifest in the first clause of the New Hampshire platform:

Resolved, That it has ever been a cardinal doctrine of the Democracy of New Hamp-

THE ABLESS ARTIST.

Cesar Ducrest was born in Lille, France, January 10, 1806. Born as he was, without arms, what was there for him to do, even in this busy world? Each foot had but four toes, but he early learned to use them to advantage. When very young he could walk with ease through a ball, cut with a knife, and draw lines on the floor with chalk, and could even cut figures on paper with his mother's scissors. He early became a good penman. From this he passed to drawing and naturally enough to painting, the wide space between his great toe and the next enabling him to grasp his brushes firmly. At the age of thirteen his progress astonished Watteau, professor at the school of design, in Lille, who received him as a pupil. Only three years later, he took the first prize for a drawing of the human figure from nature. After this he pursued his studies in Paris. He was of a lively temperament, and when in conversation he became animated, he was in the habit of gesticulating with his legs, as other persons do with their arms. Some one has described a visit to his painting room, which is interesting:

"Across the whole extent of the canvases ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of fire; and wherever the apparition passed along the canvases, he left the traces of his foot behind him. On approaching a few paces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvases, up and down across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to his body; and that each of his feet wanted a toe. By one of his feet he held a palette—by the other a pencil; in his mouth also he carried a large brush and a second pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted, in a manner more than marvelous! a voice musical; grave and sonorous, soothing us by name, invited us to be seated. Then the apparition glided down the whole length of the scaffold to the ground, advanced, or rather rolled toward us, and with a bound established himself on the sofa at our side. We watched him with interest and had a long conversation with him. He told us he had been born without arms, and had been a painter ten years, and was now making money by his art. He used his feet with almost as much ease as people do their hands, holding his palette in his left one, and his brush in the right, as though all his toes were fingers, changing them with the most perfect facility, and even thrusting his foot into his pocket, as another man would his hand. He wrote his name for us with great rapidity, and well, and told us he shaved himself."

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house, erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him, one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, Doctor,' he replied. 'I have got to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to any body.' What influence, then, has woman over the heart of man to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotion? Speak gently, then; greeting after the toils of the day are over coast nothing, and goes far toward making home happy and peaceful."

The excitement in London, occasioned by Fenian movements, still continues. The authorities are exceedingly watchful, and arrests are made every day.

THE IMPROVEMENT TRIAL.

The Pittsburgh *Gazette* of the 4th, says: The Senate having yesterday notified the House of its readiness to proceed with the trial of the President it is expected that the managers will take in the Articles to day, in which case the Senate will to-morrow resolve itself into a High Court of Impeachment and issue its summons to the President to appear at its bar on a day to be fixed, either in person or by counsel, and answer to the articles exhibited. When he shall have appeared in obedience to the summons, entering a plea of "guilty" or "not guilty," a day will then be designated for the commencement of the trial, which when so begun, will proceed from day to day until its termination. The summons will probably be issued forthwith, and the appearance-day may be fixed for to-morrow, but after a plea is entered, a reasonable period will be allowed to the President for the preparation of his defense. The commencement of the trial should not therefore be looked for before the next week.

"Who Moved That Well?"

Some years since a prompt business man in Northampton, Mass., who began "to sow his wild oats" when a boy, and hasn't got through yet, attended a colored ball at a house on Market Street, in that town. After each "breakdown" he noticed that a well near the house, which, by the way, was not a deep one was resorted to by the men to quench their thirst. Unobserved, while the dance was going on, he slipped out of the house and moved the curb a few feet beyond the well, and then awaited the result. Presently out came one of the dancers, and plump to the bottom of the well he went. Blowing and puffing he came to the top, and exclaimed, "By gorry! whose moved dis well since I's out here last?"

General Signs.

To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging with the left hand is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good-looking glass will be missed in that house.

If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed and the clock strikes a few times, at the same instant it is a sign of mourning.

To strike a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purs will be the consequence.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage, or if it isn't it ought to be.

To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

AMERICAN manners were discussed a few evenings since in a lecture, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. He addressed himself especially to conversation. In conversation no jokes should be attempted. True wit never makes us laugh. Loud laughter was a sign of vulgarity, and often several generations of cultivation were not sufficient to expunge this ugly enemy of manners. Of the social vices, talking sentiment was bad enough. The lecturer was suspicious of the people who speak much of the moon, and the flowers, and music, and of charity, and of virtue, dear virtues. They almost make beauty hateful with their praises. The warmer they get the more we shiver, till we are nearly frozen with the cold.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The Chamberburg Repository records the death of Mr. Jacob Immel, of Green Village, who attained the age of 82 years. He was a subscriber of that paper for 63 years.

of colored citizens. Upon this sublime principle it takes its stand, and who, upon the whole, so proper a representative of it as the Nashville *Messenger*?

But while the chiefs consult the battle begins. In New Hampshire, where the election takes place early in March, the spirit which is to inspire the Democratic campaign in the country is already manifested. One of the orators denounces the "miserable battle-flags" in the State House at Concord, and especially lates the memory of soldiers. "I do not know," he considerably suggests, "as I would hang one-legged and one-armed soldiers, but I would pray to God to get them out of our way as soon as possible." Mr. Henry Clay Dean, a representative Democratic patriot, seizes a cane in the midst of one of his speeches, and rushes at a dissenting auditor, threatening to beat out his brains. Mr. C. Chantoney Burr, another of the same kind, contemptuously asks of the men who served in the New Hampshire regiments, or sustained them, "Who are conquered— you or the South? I say you are conquered. You can never conquer the South, and I pray God you never may." This Democratic Ajax begins the campaign of 1868 precisely where his party began it in Chicago in 1864, but declaring the war a failure, and advocating to sue for terms. Mr. Franklin Pierce also takes an active interest in the election, and his activity naturally recalls his cheerful letter to Jefferson Davis in January, 1860, in which he wrote: "The fighting will not be along Mason and Dixon's line merely; it will be within our own borders, our own streets."

All this does not seem to be very promising for the Democratic party. To be sure Mr. Vallandigham is going to speak in Connecticut, and perhaps Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Brick Pomeroy can be persuaded to come over and help. But we remark with concern that the mass meeting of the "Prisoners of State"—that is, of men who were caught endeavoring to betray the country to the rebellion after the high Vallandigham manner, was indefinitely postponed. And amidst all this distraction and perplexity of the great party of reaction, of negro hate and of special privilege, how exasperating to see the great party of equal rights—the party that did not believe the war a failure, nor invite national ruin—the party of national justice and patriotism, warmly uniting upon the wise and magnanimous chief of the army of loyal citizens as their candidate for the Presidency, and calmly insisting upon maintaining the national honor and upon the consent of a now disaffected class but of the whole people, as their policy of reconstruction.

QUERIES.

The Philadelphia *Morning Post* puts the following relevant queries concerning Impeachment:

If a President is never to be impeached, pray why is there a constitutional provision for that extreme process?

If a President is to execute merely those laws which may happen to suit his convenience or to square with his convictions, pray what is the use of having a Congress at all?

If a President may with impunity make the Secretary of War his mere creature, pray what is the use of having a War Department at all, and why not do its business in some back office of the White House?

If a President may create a War Secretary or destroy the same officer at his pleasure, what is to prevent his dealing as he pleases with the whole army?

And if with the army why not with the Navy?

And if with the Navy, why not with the Treasury?

And if with the Treasury, why not with the State Department?

And if with the State Department, why not with the Post Office?

And if with the Post Office, why not with the Department of the Interior?

And if with the Department of the Interior, why not with the Attorney General?

And if with the Attorney General, why not with the Supreme Court?

And if with the Supreme Court, why not with the Senate?

And if with the Senate, why not with the House?

And if with the House, why not with the voters in all the congressional districts?

Thus the President is impeached because he has substantially claimed supreme and irresponsible control over the lives, and the liberties, and all the possessions of all the citizens of this Republic. The right to break our law implies the right to void the Presidential rheim upon the whole statute book—to imprison, hang, behead, banish, confiscate—to be the autocrat of the whole land, with nobody to question his authority or to dispute his personal will.

So we end as we began:

1. Is a President ever to be impeached?

2. And if a President is ever to be impeached, why not Andrew Johnson?

PROSECUTOR will run independent for the Presidency if the Democrats fail to nominate him.