

For the Democrat.

A History of the Great Struggle in America between Liberty and Despotism.

A Republican paper, a few months ago made the following statement respecting the policy of President Johnson. It says:

"Andrew Johnson used to profess a great reverence for the Revolutionary fathers who framed the Declaration of Independence, and especially for the opinion of Abraham Lincoln, but now he throws them all overboard and hoists the flag of Jefferson Davis—State Rights and no interference in favor of the oppressed. We do not believe he can carry out his plans without a war. The Republicans are almost a solid phalanx against him, and rather than let the rebellion accomplish its ends, they will go into another four year's war. We tell the President that his faith is leading to blood. The only hope of the black man is in the ballot. President Johnson denies him this, and orders the Southern governments to be composed entirely of white men. He has always professed to be a Democrat, but now he wants to establish an aristocracy. Some have laid the basis of aristocracy in wealth; others in ancestral titles; but President Johnson thinks skin aristocracy will be the best. In some States the blacks are a majority of the people. They have just as good a right to the chief control of those States as the Caucasian races have to the chief control of the others. President Johnson nullifies at a blow all that President Lincoln has done."

Now we shall prove that every man who believes the above doctrines and acts upon them, is a traitor to the government of the United States. We shall prove that those principles are the identical principles of the French Revolutionists, and that they were abhorred and condemned by every founder of the American government. We shall prove that in their determination to carry out their principles, the French revolutionists—Robespierre, Danton, Brissot and Marat—instigated the negroes in St. Domingo, a colony of France, to murder every white person on the island, and that from that day St. Domingo has been governed by negroes, and that from a Republic it ended in a despotism.

We shall prove that the "massacre of negroes in New Orleans" was caused by the teachings of men with the same principles as those of the French revolutionists, and that the "massacre" was in self defense; that is, if the whites had not mastered the blacks, they themselves would be long either have been enslaved or exterminated. DeToqueville, the author of "Democracy in America," was a witness to the horrors of the French revolution, and he says, in treating of "The present and future condition of the three races inhabiting the United States":

"Hitherto, whenever the whites have been the most powerful, they have maintained the blacks in a subordinate or a servile position; whereas the negroes have been strongest, they have destroyed the whites; such has been the only course of events which has ever taken place between the two races. I do not imagine that the white and black races will ever live in any country upon an equal footing. But I believe the difficulty to be still greater in the United States than elsewhere."

The reasons he offers are too lengthy for this number, but he gives it as his opinion that there "will come a conflict of races in the South, or that the fate of the white population will be similar to the Moors of Spain; after having occupied the land for centuries, it will be forced to retire to the country whence its ancestors came, and to abandon to the negroes the possession of a territory which Providence seems more peculiarly destined for them, since they can subsist and labor in it more easily than the whites."

There is the opinion of a man whose work quoted above has been universally admitted to be the best, if not the first systematic and philosophic view of the great principles of our Constitution which has been presented to the world, and was worthy to be introduced as a text book in some of our seminaries of learning.

His view of Constitution of the United States, as will be shown hereafter, coincides in every particular with that of President Johnson, and he gives it as his opinion, after a careful penetration into the working of parties, during his visit to America, that "if the administration of the Democracy ever brings about a revolutionary crisis, that the Federal (now Republican) party would endeavor to establish a monarchy."

the pen of John W. Forney. On the 28th of September, 1865, he says:

"No statesman who watches the progress of public affairs, fails to ask himself whether, had Abraham Lincoln lived, he would have pursued the course which is unquestionably the settled policy of President Johnson. It is instructive as we trace the career of the departed President, to see how little of the partisan pervaded his action, and how much of the indulgent and forgiving philanthropist. He did nothing in anger, and was disposed to treat the arrogant offender with mercy rather than respond to the loud cry for vengeance on the part of many who were his true friends. It is not unjust to either side to say that Abraham Lincoln never really came up to the expectations of what are called the 'earnest men,' and that his very last public utterance was an unconscious criticism of their counsel, and an undoubted difference from their policy. This utterance was his speech from the window of the White House on the evening of the 11th of April, three days before he was assassinated. A single extract from this speech will show how irresistibly the motives and necessities that brought Abraham Lincoln to this belief have modeled the deliberations, and affected the measures of Andrew Johnson."

Before we copy this speech of President Lincoln, we will analyze the remarks of Col. Forney in relation thereto. Here he pays a tribute of respect to the departed President, and eulogized those virtues in him which are now considered as vices when possessed by President Johnson. He was indulgent and forgiving, doing nothing in anger or revenge, and was disposed to treat the Southern people with mercy rather than respond to the loud cry for vengeance on the part of many of his party.

In the next number we will give some specimens of the "loud cries for vengeance against the people of the South," to which President Lincoln gave no response. They were the same outcries as those which issued from the torch-and-turpentine party, to which President Johnson refuses to respond. Mr. Forney says Abraham Lincoln never came up to the expectations of the "earnest men"—that is, he never came up to the expectations of the men who were earnest for revolution—earnest in overturning the government and establishing a despotism; and the very last speech which fell upon the ears of a listening audience, was an undoubted difference from their policy.

What clearer proof is wanting than is given in these confessions of Mr. Forney, that the policy of the radicals is different from the policy of Abraham Lincoln, and that Andrew Johnson, instead of his predecessor, is pursuing the path marked out by his predecessor? Does not Mr. Forney acknowledge that up to September, 1865, President Johnson had remodeled his acts after the pattern set by President Lincoln, and that all his measures were affected or influenced by the policy commenced before he was called into the Presidential chair?

After quoting the last speech of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Forney continues thus:

"There is not a word in this plain statement of a knotty question that may not be used as a key to open some of the difficulties that surround the present political situation. Recollect, Abraham Lincoln spoke before all the armies of the rebels had yielded, and in advance of many of the other gratifying results of the surrender of Lee. He could not know how rapidly the whole Southern people would submit to the national authority, and that there would have been so much rivalry on their part to rush back to their duty. It was scarcely within the scope of his argument to suppose that the obstacle to the restoration of the Union would come from without those States; from those who had been contending to bring them back to their proper places, and to restore things to their proper status. Will not the refusal to admit the reconstructed States cover their territories with new disorders and new distresses, and afflict the whole nation with new vexations?" And he adds that "not one among the Radicals ever denies that President Johnson is following the exact policy of President Lincoln in his measures for reconstructing the Union."

In the next number we will show how these Radicals turned with disgust from the farewell address of Abraham Lincoln and clamored for Butler; and prove that all the disorders and distresses which afflict the nation are directly attributable to the doctrines of the Revolutionists of America who are treading in the footsteps of the Revolutionists of France.

It is rumored that information has been received in very high quarters that Maximilian displays the same symptoms of insanity as the Empress Carlotta did in her recent visit to Europe.

The proposition of Mr. Wade of Ohio, that the limit of the term of the President of the United States, shall be four years, and that he shall not be eligible to re-election, has undoubtedly been offered with a view of making President Johnson ineligible.

What a Post sees on the Missouri River.

B. F. Taylor writes in the Chicago Journal:

The Missouri lurks behind that heavy curtain of timber. It is five miles of ready meadow; as rich as anything Father Nile ever gave the Pharaohs, then two miles of woods, and then the Mad River.

You strike out into what is rather a deep, damp grove than a road—a grove through the rankest of grasses—and straight across the plain. Millions of tall sunflowers, standing as thick as they can grow, border the way, and enough of them thrust their East Indian faces into the carriage to cover you with their tawny dust till you resemble the symbolical rat that is always under the meal. The stems of the grass just suggest the old fashioned yellow, and make you think you are surveying the field through a couple of microscopes. Here and there a dozen acres have been mown, and the windows lie trailing about in the sun, but nothing obliterates the wild, untamed look there is to everything; the amphibious air of the whole landscape, hinting very distinctly at Missouri's capabilities. No bowlders about you; no bluffs before you, but one broad lap of uttermost fitness. Lonely cottonwoods, and mighty, oaks stand silently about. Great black oaks shafts with their leafy capitals, begin to show gaudily. Elms spring into the air with their graceful sculpture of arches. The road grows rugged; you go into the eddies; the shadow of the woods comes down as Homer's God of silver bow came—"like night"—and you wonder at the magic of the earth that can thus persevere a tree at every pore. If any body thinks that figure violent he can soothe it.

Sprinklings of walnut, ash, elm and Linden among the oaks and cottonwoods—the great fellows you feel like taking off your hat to. They are the bassoon, clarion and trumpet pipes of a mighty organ. Grape vines are climbing, and as you follow, hilly and frolic, about. Sweet Williams and tribe after tribe of flowers, fresh and beautiful, smile out at you from bush and briar. Gooseberries, mulberries, raspberries, tempt you in their season; mosses, three ply and all velvet, cushion the logs along the way as if somebody had expected you. It is all the true barbaric magnificence of forest. A crocodile crawling out of some oozy bed would not surprise you much, nor the crash of one of Job's sea horses through the Jungle. There is nothing fiercer here than troops of turkeys that the envious leaves conceal. The woods are still, and you faintly hear rush as of hurrying waters, but clearly over it the hoarse, rough snort of a steam saw mill on the river bank, that, day and night, with short and feverish breath, rives out the ties from the cottonwood for the railroad across the continent. Look round again upon the great columns of this first temple, for no man shall behold them long. Here for centuries they have been silently growing, to lie at last on the road bed of the New World's thoroughfare. Listen again and you shall hear the tick of the axes that, like so many solemn clocks, are timing the minutes of the dying woods. At last the bewildered road makes a sharp turn, and out you come upon the river's bank.

And that is the Missouri, that narrow, half mile breadth of dirty water, tumbling along the Gulf. That is the stream you have longed to see, even as saints the Jordan. You have known the word, "Missouri" since early childhood. You have traced its course a thousand times, with a small forefinger, from the dim and mystic shadows of the Rocky Mountains, as that broken row of five tooth combs upon your map was named; traced it down the clear white field of paper, that wriggle of ink they call "Missouri." Pictured groups of shaggy trotted buffalo, clothed with taurine terrors, lowered at you upon the map, far eastward of the river. Peaked wigwags, like so many stark and stiff night caps, dotted the blanks between the lines and parallels, and pictorial bears stalked unrebuked. It was beyond "the Genesee country," beyond "the Ohio," beyond Lake Michigan. You wondered how anybody could have gotten there without dying, and having died, how he could ever come back to tell it. It was as inaccessible to your thought as the river that runs hard by the great white Throne. And now, fresh from that same home three days ago, you stand upon its brink.

You do not look across where the bold and breezy hills of Nebraska, relent, and creep gently down in meadows green to the river's edge. You do not see that steamer creeping around the bend with its "cloud by day." You only see that tiberish looking water, the hue of strong meal gruel, turbulent with the current and catfish. What can your lavender laid poets of the "blue Mizzelle," and the arrow Rhone have to say of this monstrous outpouring of porridge? To sum it all up, it was a sharp disappointment I felt, as I scrambled along the slippery bank and sat down, damp as a bull-rush, to wait for a boat. Lord Ullin's daughter would have fared ill in her diting had she attempted the passage of the river here, with her "Oh, boatman, do not

tarry, and I'll give you a silver pound to row me o'er the ferry."

It is high noon and no boat, and I sit disconsolate—but why? At my feet is the great artery of the continent, I name to see. If I stop I can lay my fingers up on its pulse, and feel it beat. The stream is neither blue, crystal nor silver; it is no Ohio, "the beautiful river," and yet it is not without its grandeur. The lyrics—those larks of poetry—have nothing to do with it. It belongs to the stately, sustained, far flowing epic. Nebraska, has not been born long enough herself to be a mother. She has produced no Anglo Saxon, full grown man. But, it is honor enough that she has cradled a river that, like the Missouri, rolls down the world; that drains almost five hundred and twenty thousand square miles; that drops down its foot a mile, over the parallels of latitude as if they were so many rounds of a ladder; that receives all the great rivers but one that slide down the eastern declivity of the Rocky Mountains; that has three thousand and ninety six miles of independent existence; that has two thousand five hundred and forty miles of navigable waters; that sailed to the Mississippi stream, like a comet train, four thousand five hundred and six miles across the planet to the Gulf, and is furrowed by steam three thousand nine hundred and fifty. Winter drifts around its head waters, and summer lies asleep at its mouth. It is the snow of the Arctic at one end and the snow of the cotton field at the other.

Now, spread wide your atlas, and get as far west as you can in the New World without wetting your feet. Trace back the Columbia until it sharpens away into the Lewes, the Clark and Multnomah, a grander river than Greek or Roman ever gave to Neptune, the god of salt water, trace them back till you find that the birth place of the Columbia and the Missouri is one; that three fourths of a mile, a distance that you could travel on the Sabbath without sinning, divides the cradles of the two; that the Missouri is a draught of water from the Missouri in the hollow of your hand, and empty it to the Columbia without straining a muscle or spilling a drop, and you will begin to think that been porridge, though it is the Missouri is the grandest of rivers. Braid it in with the Mississippi, and then thipk of the million and a quarter square miles they drain; think of the blended waters surging up the world toward the equator, two and a half miles further from the center of the Globe at the Delta than at the place of beginning; fairly, risen to the dignity of a distinct recognition by the great centrifugal law, that away, the universe, and you will be almost ready to bare your brow and put off your shoes, and thank God you have lived long enough and traveled far enough to see the Missouri River.

Uses of a Dead Dog.

The following will explain why a certain Frenchman is anxious to obtain from the Board of Supervisors a monopoly of all the dogs that may die in San Francisco for the next twenty years.

What use can be made of a dead dog? It can be used for a multitude of useful and luxurious purposes.

Name one. A part of it may be put into a lady's smelling bottle.

Under what form? Either as delicious perfume, or as smelling salts.

How can it be converted into a perfume? Glycerine is largely used by perfumers for their choicest perfumes.

How is glycerine obtained from a dead dog? By mixing soda with the boilings of the fat and bones.

What does this produce? A great substance called glycerine, or the sugar of fat.

How can the putrefying flesh of a dog be turned into smelling salts? Merely by adding to it a little hydrochloric acid.

What further use can be made of a dog? You can wash your hands and face with a part of it.

How so? Part of the glycerine may be used for scenting soap or made up into glycerine soap.

What other use can a dead dog be put to? A lady going to court may put a little on her cheeks or lips to improve their hue.

How can this be managed? Part of the glycerine may be mixed with carmine, and sold for lip salve or delicate tint for the cheeks.

Name another use that can be made of a dead dog. It may be brought to the table as a delicacy and eaten with much relish.

How can this be done? From the skin, tendons and bones, gelatine can be obtained; and this gelatine can be made into jelly.

What other delicacy can be made of it? A part of it can be put into omelets or coffee, thus, of pudding. How can this be done? The bones may be boiled in water.

Sugar may be refined by being strained through its burnt bones.

What else can be done with a dead dog? A gentleman can appear in a party frock at a ball or promenade.

How so? Part of the skin may be made into boots and part into riding gloves.

What order was made in Paris about

dogs some few years ago? That all dogs without an owner should be immediately shot and thrown into the Seine.

How many dogs were so destroyed? Several thousands.

Who found out that these dead dogs could be turned into money? The refuse pickers (chiffonniers).

What did they do with them? They got them out of the river, skinned them and boiled them down.

What was done with the skins? They were made into kid gloves.

What was done with the boilings? They were made into soap and candles.

The following general rules are worthy of preservation.

1. That which is originally void does not by lapse of time become valid.

2. A personal right of action dies with the person.

3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

4. No one shall be twice vexed for one and the same cause.

5. The greater contains the less.

6. The law favors things which are in the custody of the law.

7. The husband & wife are one person.

8. Every act shall be taken most strongly against the maker.

9. When two titles occur the elder should be preferred.

10. Agreement overrules the law.

11. He who derives the advantage ought to sustain the burden.

12. No man shall take advantage of his own wrong.

13. When the right is equal, the claim of the party in actual possession shall prevail.

14. He has the best title who was first in point of time.

15. A right of action cannot arise out of fraud.

16. It is fraud to conceal fraud.

17. The law assists those who are vigilant, and not those who sleep over their rights.

18. Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

19. Who does not oppose what he might oppose seems to consent.

20. When contrary law comes in question, the inferior law must yield to the superior; the law general to the law special; an old law to a new law; man's laws to God's laws.

A French Solon.

A sugar refiner at Lille generously fitted up the room adjoining his engine room as a steam bath and allowed all persons in the town seized with cholera to be brought thither. Not one of the persons exposed in this steam bath died of that disease.

One woman, a factory girl in a cotton manufactory of Lille, was so scalded during a bath as to be unable to work for two days, and with singular ingratitude she brought suit against her benefactor to recover the two days' wages she lost.

The judge, summoning all his gravity to his countenance, thus addressed her: "Madame, I should not hesitate to sentence the defendant to pay you the wages of the two days you have lost could I find the same time force him to restore you the cholera which you yourself confess you lost in his house; unable to strain my power so far, I must dismiss your case." The audience approved by great laughter the judge's decision, and the woman, covered with confusion and pursued by jeers, quitted the court house.

Profiting by a Speech.

During a recent political campaign in the state of Massachusetts two orators set out together for the purpose of rousing a certain district to the spirit of the times. One (whom we will call Davis) being well known in this capacity, was to speak last, as it was feared, if he spoke first, that his colleague (Pratt by name) would be left minus an audience. They had charge of a very extensive district, and at each little town and village Davis delighted his hearers with the same speech until Pratt lost all patience. Finally, this repetition became a source of such annoyance that he set seriously to work to devise a way to put a stop to this method of speech making.

Being a fellow of some wit, he finally hit upon a plan which he thought might prove successful, and resolved to put it into execution at the next meeting. Accordingly, when the appointed hour arrived, and he was called upon for a few remarks, he rose, and, without the slightest hesitation, repeated Davis's speech, word for word. Poor Davis was utterly at a loss what to do; he rose in embarrassment, mumbled off a few words, and ended by saying that "the gentleman who had preceded him had exhausted the subject."

The olive branch which the President holds out to Congress is stout enough to be used as a cudgel if necessary.

A gentleman yesterday advertised in our columns "a dog lost." This morning the dog went home of his own accord. He thought it no use to attempt to run away if the newspapers were after him.

The vast expense of the President's Bureau is quite too much for an impecunious people to pay for an impecunious nuisance.

Who They Were.

They tell a good story on the early appearance of Dr. Bethune in a church then located on the outskirts of the city of Rochester. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large square or park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the green aisle carpets appear like the continuation of the grassy lawn outside.

At least so the matter appeared to a half dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquence, and was quoting the lines—

"Who are these arrayed in white?" &c.

A green, half grown country boy, who supposed the question to eloquently propounded required an answer, at once replied, in a bashful whisper: "Them—them there's geese!" The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was alight, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the audience.

An exchange says the name of Illinois originated in the following manner:

A party of Frenchmen set out upon an exploring expedition down the river which they afterwards named, providing themselves with bark canoes and relying chiefly for their sustenance upon game. They found at the confluence of this river with the Mississippi, an island thickly wooded with black walnut. It was a season of the year when the nuts were ripe; and this party of explorers, encamping on this island, greatly enjoyed the luxury of this fruit. From this circumstance they called it the "Island of Nuts"—or, in French, "l'île aux Nuts"—which name was given to the river, which they explored, and thence to the Territory and State.

Washington and pure Air.—Anaximenes taught that air is mind. Some one else says that air is the hidden food of life. Plutarch seems to incline to Anaximenes' opinion, remarking that perhaps the reason why there is sympathy of feeling on various subjects arises from breathing the same air. Air is an exhalation of the minerals of the globe; the most elaborately finished of all the works of the Creator; the rock of ages disintegrated and fitted for the life of man. All classes of men affirm this; Sydney Smith says, to public speakers, that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking they would never break down. In English universities, boat races, horseback rides and ten-mile walks are a part of the educational means for physical development. Plato says a walk in the open air will almost cure a guilty conscience.

Mr. Greeley of the New York Tribune, and probable successor of Mr. Harris in the Senate of the United States, has of late, in an extensive correspondence, advised the members of the radical party to modify greatly their demands upon the South; and to forgo altogether their attempt to govern the States and nation by a system of proscription. He also reminds them of the utter impracticability of a minority governing an intelligent majority merely by fraud and force, for any considerable time, and instances the results of the election in Maryland as conclusive proof of the infallible correctness of his position. These facts, coming from a war-scarred veteran in the Republican ranks, will be pondered.

Bleeding at the Nose.—A scientific paper says that to stop bleeding at the nose, it is only necessary to put a piece of paper in the mouth and chew it rapidly.

Another plan to produce the same result is, "place a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and press upon it; it will arrest the bleeding by checking the passage of the blood through the arteries leading to the nose."

A young man from the country, who visited Cleveland, Ohio, the other day in search of employment, was asked by a man to whom he applied if he could ride horseback, and eagerly replied in the affirmative. His prospective patron told him he had an opening for a young man—a business that necessitated a great deal of traveling. The applicant declared that he should like nothing better than to travel for a living, and a bargain was soon struck between the two; but he was somewhat chagrined at finding that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse in a circular track for the laudable purpose of grinding tan-bark. He declined the proposition.

Henry Ward Beecher in 1844.

The following resolution of Henry Ward Beecher was offered in New York on the 22d day of May, 1844:

"Resolved, That it is the duty of Abolitionists, South and North, to agitate and re-agitate until they effect the overthrow of the Federal Constitution, and effect the dissolving of the American Union."

Drinking one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

What should a man do when his boat leaks? Take to his pumps, of course.

Why is a washer woman the most original person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.