

THE JACOBINS AGAIN.

The Jacobins have been haunting the brain of the editor of the *Idaho World* during his late illness. Frightened at the picture of modern democracy their history presents, he casts about for means to drive away the ghost but it "will not down." The well-known characters of their dearest friends are so plainly marked in the little sketches we gave from Scott that modern Marats begin to "see themselves as others see them." They see in the character of Robespierre the smooth hypocritical Pendleton, with his cold, exaggerated strains of oratory, attempting to beguile the ignorant and the vulgar by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding. They see the people listening to this modern Robespierre, as the lower orders did to his illustrious prototype, when, as Croly tells us, he "twanged out his apostrophes of 'Peuple Peuple, Peuple vertueux!'" We shall not have to go to Scott to learn that the portrait of the elder Pendleton was hung in all the haunts of vice in France and that it was rudely stamped on their bills of exchange, of which the greenback portraits of this modern Robespierre, still visible in parts of this country, afford a striking illustration.

They see also in Thiers' account of Daanton the rough Hampton "whose countenance was that of an ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules." The latter, like the former, occasionally melting to humanity so as to be approached with safety, when he would "laugh at the terror his declamation had excited."

Then in Rousseau, Buffon, Montesquieu, D'Alembert, Diderot and a host of the leaders of the crusade against law and Government may be plainly recognized the lives and characters of a Seymour, a Blair, a Voorhees, a Vallandigham, etc., who in the eighteenth century kept out of harm's way themselves, but urged their tools and minions to the perpetration of unheard of cruelties against the Government of their country and the loyal people who supported it. These parallels might be run on until the last Jacobin in France had found a counterpart in modern democracy in the United States, but our space is unequal to so elaborate an exposition, besides we have said enough to awaken an interest in the matter should the charge of Jacobin be again made against Republicans.

All we expect to accomplish is to induce readers to search out these characters themselves and see how vilely they have been attempted to be imposed upon by either an ignorant or wilful Jacobinical press. We cannot suppose the Marats of to-day to be ignorant of the resemblance they bear their elder brother, and therefore set the whole thing down as an intentional deceit.

The *World's* readers will observe that the only argument it has found against our position is abuse of Sir Walter Scott as a historian, whom it compares to Galliver, etc. Now we grant that so far as Napoleon or the French as a nation are concerned, Scott's views are taken with much allowance, but certainly he had no undue bias against the Jacobins who attempted to destroy that Government; nor has the *World* attempted to show any discrepancy between Scott and other historians on the points of resemblance between Jacobins and modern Democrats, but simply essays to divert its readers from the truth by ridicule and invidious comparison.

Christmas Incidents.—A beligerent individual commenced the pastime of pounding in doors and kicking up a row generally on Christmas morning and was marched off by Constable Sinclair for his pains. Later in the day we observed several crowds collected in the streets and in the principal saloons making violent demonstrations; sometimes a few blows were struck and in some cases blood drawn, but no serious damage done to any one. Noise and confusion was kept up until late in the night, but upon a survey of the field next morning we found no dead men and concluded it must be a "drawn victory." In two or three places we found the snow bloody, which is explained by several parties having had "a head" or "a nose put on them" while in pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. Judge Lynam, who naturally sleeps sound "o' nights," especially Christmas nights, awoke from pleasant dreams in the morning to find a bullet hole through his window and one through each of the two stove pipes in his office. The Judge takes judicial knowledge of the shooting in such cases and only requires identity as to persons for proof. These, with an occasional good natured case of hilarity, were about the incidents that occurred in the streets.

We find the following in the Democratic organ of Butte County, California, the *Excelsior*. It says:

On Tuesday evening we were honored by a visit from Mr. Eugene Semple, Portland, Oregon. He was on his way to San Francisco to purchase material for a first class newspaper, to be established at Portland. Mr. S. is a man of education and a Secessionist, the best proof that he is a true Democrat.

Perhaps Eugene will not thank his Secession brother for letting the cat out of the bag, so close on the heels of old Beriah's being kicked out of the *Herald* for Secession proclivities. The democracy of Oregon pretend great devotion to the Union, and even hoist the national banner over their public meetings as they do in Idaho.

We were shown into Geo. Gans' concert room the morning after Christmas, where evidences of rough fare, in presence of bullet holes through the back part of the bar, showed where the fight had been thickest. The proprietor informs us that the shooting was done, not for the purpose of murder, but to intimidate. A shot-gun in the hands of a member of the household cleared the ring, however, and parties who left their hats behind can obtain them by calling on Mr. Gans, who has some half dozen on hand.

An expedient was resorted to on Christmas morning by a well-dressed man whom we did not know, calculated to test human power of endurance in a new and novel way. It consisted in sitting down in a horse trough at Brinkerhoff & Rogers' Stable and enjoying a sound sleep with the body partly immersed. Whether it was with a view to hardening the system in prospect of a rough winter or adopted as a sanitary measure we are not advised.

Sam'l P. Fair, Sheriff of Siskiyou County, Cal., as will be remembered by many of our readers, left mysteriously in 1860, and was supposed to have been murdered in San Francisco. Strange to say, nine years have passed and no word from the missing man until very recently. We now find a statement in the Oregon *Unionist* that Secretary May has received intelligence that he is alive and in Chili.

Nog was the order of the day on Christmas. The principal saloons kept it on the bars free, and free use did the people make of it. We return special thanks to John Cassidy and Fielding Brown, for a pitcher full with cake accompaniment. Also to Frank Hunter of the Owyhee Exchange, for similar courtesy.

The severe illness of Thos. Ewing is a matter of most serious concern to his many friends in this place and will be heard with regret throughout Nevada and California, where he has hosts of friends in business as well as social circles.

The Foundry was engaged yesterday in finishing up the four large plates cast for the Rising Star drying furnaces at Flint. Each plate weighs about 330 pounds and are the largest and heaviest work yet turned out of the Foundry.

J. L. Hall will read the beautiful play of William Tell, to be followed by a laughable farce, at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, 30th, at Templar Hall. Seats free for all. Don't be backward, but come.

The most important item from the top of War Eagle, is that there was not a drunken man seen on the mountain on Christmas day.

Jeff. Howell, of Morestown, Boise Co., has been appointed Sergeant-at-Arms of the Assembly vice John Donovan deceased.

We were aroused from slumber about 12 o'clock, on Saturday night, by cries of "go in," "give it to him," etc., accompanied by shouts and hurrahs, which led to the supposition that men were fighting, but which proved in the morning to have been a dog fight.

In our hurry to get away to Flint, we rather mixed up Christmas and New Years on Friday morning. The intelligent reader will understand the mistake, and if the masses heed it no more than they did our admonition to keep sober, it will hardly be noticed.

Mr. Sweet, in the shavings of whose carpenter shop we were wont to sleep, in the Blackfoot country, was in town on Christmas, having been steadily employed on the Rising Star mill from foundation to completion.

We present another letter from Go this morning; he has promised to be brief and more frequent in future. The fact is the Wave can't stand these long letters very well and will have to insist on brevity.

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