

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil, Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil...

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust, Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just...

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION." Vol. 10. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1865. No. 11.

In 1861 and 1862, when oil sold at fifty cents and twenty-five cents per barrel, Their projectors abandoned them in disgust...

Perhaps I could not better illustrate the working and profits of the business than by giving here a brief history of the famous Hyde & Egbert farm...

FROM THE OIL REGIONS.

PETROLEUM CENTRE, VENANGO CO., February 20, 1865. TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATCHMAN...

The history of the discovery of Petroleum in Venango county must be known to every intelligent person in the country...

From the waters of the Alleghany to Titusville, the general appearance of that portion of Venango county which may be strictly termed Oil Territory...

The traveller entering Oil City, situated on the right bank of the Allegheny river, observes here and there a derrick; as he pursues his course up Oil Creek...

varying from eight to ten dollars per barrel, the purchaser furnishing the barrels. Passengers on the road experience difficulty in passing the thousands of teams...

I had the curiosity to learn the price of a farm lying due east of the Hyde & Egbert farm, and divided from the latter by one or two small narrow leases...

The society is superior to that commonly supposed to occupy the country by the denizens of our largest cities. However, it must be admitted that in more respects than one the general tone and bearing of the men who have "pitched their tents" in the valley of Oil Creek resemble in a strong degree the outspoke, hearty, informal western people.

In looking over the country and listening to the conversation of the oil prices—in view of the enormous amount of oil stored up and awaiting transportation, my surprise has been excited by the dilatory movements of our leading railroad companies...

Yours truly, I. JONES. VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

The editor of the New York Independent, Henry Ward Beecher, who was personally present in Washington during the inauguration, gives the following notice of the appearance of the Vice President on that occasion...

And now, concerning the Vice President and the humiliating spectacle which on that day he furnished to the world, shall we speak or remain silent? Perhaps there exists some good reason why the sad truth should be suppressed, but no such reason have we yet discerned.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining tanks to receive the vast amount of oil which has flowed from this wonder among wells, not a single barrel of oil has been lost, the assertions of various correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding.

A large meeting was held at Mobilio on the 15th February, at which resolutions were adopted with "Victory or death" as the watchword.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

ARREST OF P. GRAY MECK, Esq.—The Editor of the Bellefonte Watchman was arrested by the military on the 21st inst., without any specified charge against him, and no opportunity was given for a trial...

RELEASED.—P. Gray Meck, Esq., editor of the Bellefonte Watchman, whose arrest by the military authorities we noticed a few days since, has been unconditionally released. The charges brought against him were of the most frivolous character, and not deemed worthy of consideration.

ARREST OF AN EDITOR.—P. Gray Meck, Esq., editor of the Bellefonte Watchman, one of the oldest Democratic papers in the State, was arrested and sent to prison for some time on some sort of charge, referred by somebody, somehow, and it is said he is to be tried by some kind of military tribunal.

ARREST OF MR. MECK OF CENTRE COUNTY.—The arrest of Mr. Meck, of the Bellefonte Watchman, turns out to be from the first supposed of some of the shameful exhibitions of petty tyranny which is degrading our country, at home, and disgracing our people in the eyes of nations abroad.

ABOLITION OUTRAGE.—Mr. Meck, editor of the Democratic Watchman, Bellefonte, Pa., was arrested from a Lincoln Post Office that flourishes under the nose of Andy Curtis, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday last, where he had been held in duress five days, at the instance of some meddlesome Abolitionists...

P. GRAY MECK, Esq., Editor of the Democratic Watchman, Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa., was arrested on Friday last, and carried off to some dungeon by some agents of the despotism now ruling in this country.

P. GRAY MECK, Editor of the Bellefonte Watchman, was arrested by the military authorities at Bellefonte, on Thursday last, and taken to Harrisburg. No one who has ever read the Watchman will inquire the cause of this arrest.

ARREST OF AN EDITOR.—On last Thursday, P. Gray Meck, Esq., editor of the Bellefonte Watchman, was arrested by the military authorities, and dragged from his home from Centre county to Harrisburg, where he

has been thrust into the common guard house amongst disorderly soldiers and deserters, without even the common comfort of a bed to lie upon. Mr. Meck was known to us by name, however he has offended some of the minions of the despotism that now rules with a rod of iron over what was once a free people.

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P. Gray Meck, Editor of the Democratic Watchman, the organ of the Copperheads of Centre county, was arrested a few days since, in Bellefonte, on the charge of having used the columns of his journal to encourage the ignorant and factious to resist the Government. It will require little effort to substantiate this charge, as the columns of the Watchman, during the past four years, seemed with yeller abuse and false statements concerning the representatives of the national authority, civil and military, than could be found in the pages of any rebel journal in Dixie.

STANTON'S REPORT ON ARBITRARY ARRESTS.

Secretary Stanton's report to Congress on arbitrary arrests is a remarkable document. It is official, and a part of the history of this war. There is nothing alarming now. The people cannot be alarmed. They would have no fears for their liberties, were Mr. Lincoln to declare himself Dictator for life, by proclamation, backed by Congress and all the State Legislatures.

Mr. Stanton informs us that many of the arbitrary arrests have been made by the Governors of States and the provost marshals, without any orders from or knowledge of the President. This is remarkable—not alarming at all—but it is remarkable that the said Governors and Provosts undoubtedly got their "authority" from the extraordinary powers conferred by the Constitution in case of insurrection—powers so "extraordinary" that ordinary people have been unable to discover them in the Constitution, or to comprehend them as principles at all consistent with a republican form of government.

Mr. Stanton says that among other arbitrary orders, under the new and "extraordinary" powers, measures were taken to prevent the use of the post-office for treasonable correspondence. This is another remarkable use of even "extraordinary constitutional powers." To know what was treasonable necessitated the examination of all correspondence—all letters; and this certainly would be a very marked use of extraordinary power. The post-office, it is presumed, is sacred to all correspondence.

We recollect a case that occurred in this city, when the Hon. Gideon Welles was Postmaster. Officers were on the track of a criminal. They watched his wife or mistress, and discovered that she dropped a letter into the post-office. They immediately went into the office and demanded the privilege of looking at that letter and to open it, for the purpose of discovering where the criminal was. Mr. Welles coolly replied that the post-office was sacred to criminals as to anybody—no letters could be examined at that office, except by persons to whom they were directed, that to break over this rule would be to destroy the privacy of correspondence; and that it would be as great a crime to open the letter of the criminal as it would be to open the letter of any merchant in the town. The law made no discrimination, but provided for the punishment of anyone who should open a letter, or pry into its secrets—no matter who directed the letter, nor to whom it was directed. He would not permit the officers even to look at the letter. His decision was right; for the moment that he had assumed that one letter was for a criminal, and permitted it to be examined, he might as well decide that any other letter contained matter of evidence relative to crime; and all letters would thus be subject to his inspection or the prying curiosity of any constable of the town. But, beyond this, the law makes no discrimination, protecting "the secrets" of all letters, whether from originals or good citizens. But this sound law and correct principle have been abandoned under the extraordinary assumption of extraordinary powers.

But there is now a remarkable concession. The Secretary of War informs the public that "extraordinary" arrests hereafter are to be made only by the military authorities, and the executive department of the government gives notice to the judicial department that it may step aside when the military appear.

Dr. Martin W. Delaney, a full-blooded African has been commissioned a Major of United States colored troops and ordered to report to General Saxton.

Judging from the laws they are endeavoring to pass, the only business of this Congress is to force people to become soldiers who do not want to, and to compel the community to hand over their entire wealth to Mr. Lincoln and his agents. Their internal revenue laws amount pretty much to confiscation.

HANNER TIFLIN TO HER DEAR NEAMIRE.

(The following letter was presented to our own correspondent by an intelligent gentleman who said he found it on the field of battle.)—Freeman's Journal.

DARRENSVILLE, MASS., Feb. 10, 1865. My dear Neamire: Your last letter has just come to hand, and the ear-rings too. Keister says she's much obliged to you; she looks just like in 'em. I guess that southern gal felt kinder shabby when you took 'em out o' her ears. Serve her right, the cruel trol'p for livin' on the sweat o' the poor colored men's brows. Last week Capt. Bigelow sent his darter Janney—a splendid ryaner he captured from a gothic wandel woman down there. She had 'em impudence too ooll him, a brute and a thavin' Yankee; but he got 'em o' his men 'em set fire to her dress, and she got mung another tennie. Your brother John, he's got the handsomest pew in church. The Dilays and Metcalfs and Dwyllites, and a good many more o' our labors, has gone down to Savannah 'em got a holt o' confiscated property. Your father thinks they've went down a little into tea soon; for 'em 'em sent until they Southern confederates comes out and out experimentin', 'em calculates they'll preow' around o' the night and murder and set fire to the loyal masters folks in cold blood, and I fear, for by all accounts they're just as savage as wild Indians, and want stay confiscated, no matter what your great and noble president says. Keister says she wonders you ain't sent her any silk dresses yet; she says she's got some sweatshirt down there, she gives 'em 'em; but I guess that's only her fun, for she knows you wouldn't think o' takin' a shipe 'em any such gaudy randa. All the folks in this section goes for a vigorous prosecution of the war, but purty much all on 'em has ploded for Canada to git clear o' the draft. We've got a new minister here. He's only proscribed the low, last sabbath; he goes in strong for war and extermination. He says that if he had his way he'd speak the bull confederacy in Korean, 'em, and set fire to 'em, women, wimmen, 'em children, all but the colored folks. We like him better than any minister we've ever had in Darrensedale, he's so good. Debby Peabody has gin her little boy to a french yankee that was stayin' here 'em spell last summer. She made Debby some presents for lettin' her take little Enoch, and now the french woman has took him away 'em french Debby says the Add of Providence was inter o' 'em, 'em will save her all the expense of the clothin', schoolin' and provisions. There's so many o' the men folks gone away from here, it seems as if there was 'em nothin' left but 'em, and they're outin' up 'em with Stanton. I don't know what'll become o' the critters the southern confederacy ain't exterminated soon; so that their husbands and brothers can git home from Canada 'em see 'em 'em. General Buller has been makin' speeches on tea Lowell and Boston about axin' his squire, Old Staunhard, the pizen copperhead, 'em he guesses Buller acted more money than sojers, and he come in the giber night and showed a pizter (a earlecker he called it); it was a dog, with General Buller's minister for its head; it's got a collar o' its neck with "Slayster" wrote on it. There was three lin ties tied to the dog's tail, with "white bellies," "duch gasp" and "fort fishes"; wrote on the ketles, and there was a road-post with "Lowell" on it, and Mr. Lincoln was a standin' with a whip in his hand, a sayin' 'em the dog, 'em, and there was a pizter lookin' person on tea the pizter, 'em, 'em's abominable; your father told Old Staunhard after he seen it that he ort to be sent tea fort, warren. Most all the officers down south fryz these parts has been sendin' 'em pizter pictures and marble staters; but I think they's a good deal better send on silk dresses 'em jewelry, and let the gojers burn the staters and pizters. The pizters will dew well enough for the young folks tea pound outen, but the jewelry 'em dresses is just the same as cash. Your father says you must hurry up 'em git the South exterminated as soon as you can, for then 'em recomin' down tea confederates on locate, and so is the most of folks about here, and your father wants you to let him know the very minute they're exterminated and subjugated, so he can git down there ahead o' anybody else. Keister says don't forget some silk dresses for her; your brother Job says if you can capter a good gold watch or a diamond pin he don't mind allowin' you a fair second-hand price for 'em in petroleum stock, which he's the president of the company. Externalists, as many of the gothic vandals as you can, and capter all the property you can find, and don't forget tea read your bible steady, is the wish an' prayer of your affectionate mother.

HANNER TIFLIN.