

Ink Slings.

The first warm Spring rain greeted us last evening.

The weather for March has thus far been quite "chill-like and bland."

Six million dogs in the United States. No wonder there is a ki-ying.

The Legislature will probably sit till the last of April or the first of May.

The German army has entered and withdrawn from Paris. The war, thank goodness, is over.

It is now positively asserted that Senator Mearns will shortly succeed Gov. Fish in the State Department.

Nice young men in Huntingdon amuse themselves at night around pigsties in the alleys, making negroes drunk.

Gen. ANDREW PORTER WILSON, of Huntingdon, distinguished militarily and politically, died of the 28th ult., aged 65 years.

The NATHAN murderer has at last been discovered. His name is Billy FORESTER. Chief KRISO, of New York, has strong hopes of soon apprehending him.

It is reported of PENDLETON that he had become a Capital mover for the first time, since seeing how wild the Washington people went over such a thing as the Carnival.

The Republican is down on the WATCHMAN'S Ink Slings. That is because that editor is incapable of getting off a good thing himself and too stupid to enjoy one gotten off by anybody else.

The friends of GRANT are making strenuous efforts to get SENNER removed from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. JOHN H. BLYDEN is GRANT'S man for the position.

Here is what happened to that man and his wife who were traveling together through a forest.

They were traveling through the woods, and were caught by the tangled form of a massive timber tree.

The 17th of this month will be Good old St. Patrick's day.

It is twenty years in this world that I was the jolly old gentleman who drove the "snags" out of the river.

Here is to "the day we celebrate." This office is in receipt of another card from Dr. HARRISON, who is announced as the nation's choice for President.

The doctor is certainly a king of advertisers, and, in case of next year's election, we might have a President.

How comes it that the Bellefonte correspondence of the Tyrone Herald and the Republican's account of the Masonic hall and supper, are one and the same thing—exactly word for word. BRAINSBERG played this off on Johnson, and the latter was too sleepy to notice it.

We learn that the unfortunate Editor of the Tyrone Herald got another sweet political licking at the Radi- cal Senatorial Conference on Tuesday, at Huntingdon.

We understand that some Centre county feller went back on him. Who was it, BRAINSBERG? Tell us, that we may weep with you.

"Sunset" Cox, Democrat from New York, offered a resolution complimentary to speaker BRAINE, at the close of the session of the 41st Congress. Against this resolution, Mr. MORGAN, the irrepressible Democrat from Ohio, voted. We expect MORGAN did right. "Sunset" is a good Democrat, but he is sometimes a little too polite.

Says the Huntingdon Globe: "The Bellefonte Watchman is eagerly sought after by the prisoners in jail at that place. How true that like loves like." Not exactly, in this instance. Seven out of the nine prisoners here are Radicals. Your own inference, however, explains why it is that the scum of Huntingdon society have always had such an attachment for the Globe.

Hearing some charge against a certain hotel in Philadelphia, the Junior editor of the Lewistown Gazette, undertakes its defence by telling of the pleasant experience he had in that same hotel about a year ago. It turns out, though, that this young editor had just been married at that time, and was spending the first day or two of his honeymoon there. Under such circumstances, how could it have been otherwise than pleasant—delightful, in fact? But we should think the young fellow's face would burn to tell about it.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 16.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1871.

NO. 10

The Local Option Bill.

The bill, commonly known as the Local Option Law, passed the Lower House of the Legislature on Monday night last, and is now before the Senate. The bill may, upon first view, appear to many of our readers as an eminently fair measure. Doubtless there are plenty of people in this Commonwealth who think the House of Representatives did right in passing the bill, regarding it as a strictly Democratic measure. With those, there are persons, who, having carefully considered the matter in all its material bearings, are inclined to differ. The bill, when carefully considered, presents questions of great moment to us as a people affecting both minorities and majorities in a manner which must tell upon us not only in a moral but in a political point of view. But of these in their order.

It is claimed by the advocates of the bill that it will go far toward the suppression of the liquor traffic. That it will bring peace, contentment, joy and happiness untold to thousands of families in this broad Commonwealth where disorder and misery now have an abiding place. That under its provisions a curb will be placed upon the terrible monster whose dark visage is now to be seen as well in the palace of the rich as in the hovel of the poor. That it will wrest from the grasp of Intemperance thousands of debauched, degraded mechanics, and restore them to the places in society the God of Nature designed them to occupy. That under the provisions of the law the machine of Temperance will soon eradicate the dark stains, the foul blot Intemperance has inflicted upon the once happy home of many a miserable wretch who has fallen a victim to the selective lurags of the social glass.

Indeed, we would be led to suppose, after reading the speeches made by some of the advocates of this measure, that we are tottering upon the verge of moral destruction and could only be saved by the passage of the Local Option Law. That if it failed to pass the cause of Temperance would go down forever. That the sturdy ship of Temperance whose sides have been lashed by the surging billows for years and whose masts have endured the storms so long, must either be safely anchored upon this Ararat or be bilged and lost, a hopeless wreck, over which the tide of Intemperance will ever remorselessly surge and roll, while the friends of Temperance will stand afar off and weep over its destruction.

All that the friends of the measure claim for it cannot be concealed.

The bill does not propose a total prohibition. The question of license is every three years to be submitted to a vote of the people by wards, boroughs and townships. This leaves it entirely optional with the voters of a borough having two wards to determine the question of license or no license by wards. Suppose a case of this kind. In ward number one the majority of votes are against license, in ward number two the majority pronounce for license. What is the result? The wards are divided by a street. The business of liquor selling is monopolized, concentrated in ward number two. There, liquor is sold as though no "Option Law" had passed. Will the man desirous of indulging have his appetite crave long when he has only to cross a street to procure the means of gratification? Certainly not. Will the votes of his fellow citizens restrain and correct an appetite, which he has indulged for years, when he has a mere imaginary line to cross to meet boon companions and at the same time find the wherewithal to satisfy his craving? It is absurd. The practical result of the bill, if it shall pass the Senate and become a law, will be rather to increase than diminish the use of liquor. In cities and boroughs having several wards, the sale of liquor will be confined to particular quarters. There will be opened all kinds of establishments, from the guided saloon of the aristocratic tippler down to the miserable den where the degraded out-cast will pawn his clothes for a dram. To these places will of course resort the parties who indulge. Sociability conduces to the spread of the evil. Men who are addicted to drink are proverbially social and liberal. To

concentrate the sale of liquor concentrates the drinkers, and the old adage, among them is "the more the merrier." The party "treated" must in turn "treat" and the result is, all get drunk.

But aside from this, the "Local Option" is of a class of legislation inimical to our Democratic institutions. This bill is but the first step toward summary regulations, dependent upon the whim and caprice of a mere majority controlled by hate, passion, caprice or demagoguism.

In this free land we have always claimed that minorities have rights—rights that majorities must respect. That we have the right to eat, drink and wear what our appetite craves or our fancy requires, if we have the means of procuring the same. We have only to open the door to the enactment of summary legislation to utterly destroy these rights and privileges, the present boast of our people. To allow the majority to dictate to the minority in these matters, is to crush out liberty.

In the passage of this bill we have begun, and perhaps the next bill will be to submit the question whether merchant shall sell his those ornamental head gear they so graciously wear, or whether grocers shall sell that vile Indian weed, tobacco. The principle is precisely the same. Should we, then, plunge fearlessly into a maelstrom whose vortex may swallow up our privileges and at last dash our free institutions into the dark abyss below, never again to be resurrected?

We have drawn this article to a greater length than at first designed, but we regard the subject as one highly important to the people, and desire them to carefully consider it. If we are right in our view, the bill is a highly pernicious one and the Senate should refuse to pass it. It is now before that body and we hope it will act wisely.

Accomplished!

During all the long conflict between Radicalism and Democracy, we repeatedly warned the people that the object of the Radical party was the social and political equality of the negro race. The people would not listen to us. Our remonstrances were unheeded—our warnings disregarded. Year after year, the people, under a strange hallucination, went to the polls and voted the Radical ticket, and thus secured the accomplishment of the very object desired by that party. In proof of this, we have now a little evidence to offer which we think will not be disputed.

On the 4th instant, the 41st Congress adjourned at 12 o'clock M. Immediately thereafter the New Congress was called to order, and the members sworn in. Among the recorded proceedings of that body, on the first day, we find the following:

The swearing in of five colored Representatives produced a great sensation. As they stepped forward to take the oath a murmur ran through the galleries and members springing to their feet with the usual spectacle of the five colored new members. Ramsey of South Carolina, being elected Dr. Large, successor to C. Bowen, is a fine looking man, while Elliot of the same State is nearly a full-blooded African. Turner of Alabama, is a portly colored man, with a frame equal to John Morrissey's and a stomach like Butler's. Walle, of Florida, is a medium-sized mulatto.

There it is! Five darkey Representatives in the United States Congress! Do the people believe it now? Did we tell them the truth or did we not? Isn't it a nice spectacle? The Radicals denied for a long time that it was their intention to enfranchise the negro. They denied it until they thought they had it all secured, and then they admitted it. But even then the people doubted, and kept on voting with them. Now we have it in black and white. There is no longer any "ifs" or "buts." It is an accomplished fact. Negro Congressmen now strut about the Hall of the Representatives, the equals, so far as Radical enactment can make them, of the proudest white Senator or Representative in the land.

Such is Radicalism! Such is what we told the people it would be. Who is to blame that it is so? Not us, certainly.

The bill of fare at a large dinner party in New York, recently, were of different colored satin, painted in various beautiful designs and framed in mouse-colored velvet.

Tyrone.

On Friday evening last we went to Tyrone, and there had the pleasure of hearing PETROSKI V. NASBY, in his "Man of Sin" lecture. NASBY is a better lecturer than we expected to find him, and really got off some pretty good things. He had rather a numerous and stylish audience, and we believe gave pretty general satisfaction. After the lecture, we had an opportunity to become better acquainted with him, and found him a jovial, good sort of a fellow, with a decided penchant for story telling. We should hate to be asked to believe all the yarns he told that night. BRAINSBERG'S house was headquarters for a couple of hours after the lecture, and there, seated around the festive board, a small circle of friends, including CARROLL and RAY, enjoyed the flow (?) of the humorist's wit and sentiment.

In the morning, at 8:50, NASBY departed for Johnstown, and we spent the day with our genial, accomplished, talented and erratic friend of the Herald, WILLIAM HENR HARRISON BRAINSBERG, to whose courtesy and general goodness we are indebted for a most pleasant and enjoyable time. He took us to every place that was worth seeing, and made us acquainted with lots of people that are worth knowing. Among other places visited, was the building house of D. C. CARROLL & Co., one of the neatest, coziest and best arranged institutions of the kind in the State. The general and gentlemanly "Dave" was not in when we called, but the cashier, whose name we have considerably forgotten, received us cordially and treated us kindly. The rooms are handsomely carpeted, and everything neatly and tastefully arranged. The upper apartments of the building are particularly attractive, and ornamented with pictures and all sorts of valuable and useful articles. Mr. CARROLL has a handsome library, of the benefit of which we propose to avail ourselves if we ever visit Tyrone again. This book does a large business and is one of the most substantial and reliable in the State.

The Tyrone post office is just what a post office should be. Every box is under a lock and key, and no two keys are alike. It is, we believe, the best arranged and most convenient country office in Pennsylvania. Mr. HOLLERS, a crippled soldier is the post-man, and is assisted by a couple of good looking young ladies, as clerks. He is a polite and attentive officer.

We visited a number of stores and drug-stores, but have no time or space to mention them now. We intended to interview RAY'S tannery, but didn't get a chance. At the Herald office, we met BRAINSBERG'S partner, Captain JONES, a most agreeable companion and one of the best printers to be found in the Commonwealth. The captain is a model gentleman. He neither drinks, chews, smokes nor swears, and is universally respected by all parties and people in Tyrone and vicinity. He it was who introduced Nasby, in remarks that were neat and words that were plain. Captain JONES is yet quite a young man, and undoubtedly has a life of usefulness before him. The Herald office is well arranged, has an excellent assortment of type, and is doing a large amount of job work. It expects to have a power press in about three weeks—a Montague—like FRANK KIRZ'S.

Tyrone is a growing, thriving town, with good schools and numerous churches. But they want to tear down that old and uncouth bridge over the Juniata, and put up one that will look like it had been built in modern times. It seems to us that if we were the editor of the Herald, and it obstructed our range of vision as it does his, we should be tempted to hire some fellow to let it down into the river some night. It is an unsightly nuisance and spoils the view of the town from the railroad.

But we must stop here. Much as we would like to gossip a little more about our up the country neighbors, time and space forbids. And another occasion will answer just as well.

The West Virginia Publishing Company are about to print the initial number of a magazine with the singular title of The First Magazine. The publication office is at Clarkburg, West Virginia.

Judge Woodward on the Bayonet Election Law.

Judge Woodward, of this State, delivered an able speech last week on the bayonet law, from which we make the following extract:

The prophetic soul of the President already discerns the living resemblance of nascent empire to that which King William and Bismarck are building up to bless the Germans, and very soon, if the people continue power in the hands that wield it now, the resemblance of the two empires will become so palpable that common and unimpaired men will not only see but will feel what the President bids in the future the blessings of a military despotism. All our legislation points this way. The bill now before us is one of the steps in the downward road. It would be more manly and fair if it bore its real purpose upon its frontlets. Why not call it a bill to destroy the State right of regulating suffrage? Or, a bill to prevent white men from voting? Or, a bill to continue the Republican party in power? Why christen it with the grim sarcasm of a "bill to enforce the right of voting"? It is not my purpose to analyze the details of the bill.

That has been sufficiently done by those who have gone before me. The effect of it will be to take the control of the elections out of the hands of State officers, acting under State law, and deliver it over to irresponsible Federal supervisors, who are armed with the power of the posse comitatus; of the army and navy; of the arrests without warrants, challenging voters, inspecting ballots and supervising returns, and they will be very awkward agents of the ruling power, if with all these appliances, they cannot produce any result that may be required. That is, that all this machinery is thrust to elections, for Federal officers; but as most States elect their officers at the same time and place at which Congressmen are elected, the practical working of the machinery will give to Federal officers the same control over election for State officers that they will have in the choice of Presidential electors, and Congressmen. And if the State to escape this intolerable tyranny should fix State elections on other days, and after the fashion of former times, should choose their officers untrammelled by Federal bayonets, what would it avail in the presence of the high and unconstitutional powers, which Congress has already arrogated to itself?

What State right has not been already denied and shamelessly trampled upon? What cares the mad spirit of fanaticism for State rights, State protests or State legislation? With the Supreme Court packed and gagged, with four hundred millions of tribute money annually wrung from the people, with an army to collect revenues and control elections, with a navy to absorb twenty millions of money annually for doing nothing but to make itself a laughing stock of the world; with corporations enriched with a public domain, with legislative power stretched to every object which ambition or avarice can covet, what does a ruthless party, so clothed and entrenched, care for the checks and balances of the Constitution and the reserved rights of the States? What will they care in the future? Literally nothing now, and nothing then? If, therefore, State elections shall survive the shock of this legislation, they will survive to no purpose. There is but one remedy for the evils that are upon us, and the greater and more appalling evils that threaten us in the near future, and that is to cast out the men who have power, and bring back the administration of the government to its true constitutional basis, and keep it there.

A Shocking Accident.

The Cincinnati Gazette of Thursday says: A chronicle of daily events is seldom called upon to inform the public of a more terrible death than yesterday befell Captain Thomas J. Barry, a worthy government storekeeper, at the distillery of Fleiselman & Co., near Sealsville.

How the heart rending accident occurred is now conjecture, possibly it will always remain so. After dinner he was seen sitting by an open window of the distillery reading. Below him, on the outside of this apartment was an open tub, containing the wort. Frequently the water contained in this vessel became boiling hot from the heated vapor within. It was so yesterday. Later in the afternoon Captain Barry was needed in the line of his duty as storekeeper, and was sought about the premises. Not being found, a messenger was sent to Sealsville, with no more success. This awakened apprehension, and a more careful search about the distillery was made. At last the hat of the unfortunate man was discovered near the tub, and the terrible thought came flashing into the mind that the storekeeper might be in this vessel. With fears for the worst the contents of the tub were examined.

There the body of the officer was found literally boiled. Whether he had sat in it, or had fallen asleep and tumbled in, or had fallen in unawares while looking into the vessel, is left entirely to conjecture.

Spawls from the Keystone.

— Erie and Titusville are infested with burglar.

— Carry employs its vagrants cleaning the streets.

— Columbia county has 2,586 dogs assessed at \$1,191.

— The Germans of Scranton, Pa., had a grand celebration in honor of peace.

— Of the thirty-eight furnaces in Lehigh Valley nineteen have suspended operations.

— Centerville has a boy two years old that smokes five pipes full of tobacco daily. Next.

— Lloyd Britton the murderer of Jacob Bay, is to be hung at Williamsport, on the 22d of March.

— Weston walked twenty-five miles in Johns' town recently in four hours and forty-nine minutes.

— Arthur Beebe while out hunting in the woods near Carry on the 25th, was accidentally shot and killed.

— The receipts of the Caroline Richling's English opera entertainments at Titusville on Monday and Tuesday evenings last, amounted to over \$1,000.

— Pennsylvania thinks it can claim the Democratic nomination for President, and presents the names of General Hancock and Chief Justice Thompson.

— Mary Ann Gross, of Chambersburg, aged over ninety-seven years, died recently. It is thought she would have lived many years longer had she not met with a painful accident.

— Jacob Goehle, who killed John Deritt at Erie several months ago, has been convicted of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary in Allegheny city.

— Governor Geary has appointed Henry Southard, Esq., of Elk county, the additional law judge of Schuylkill county. Mr Southard was formerly a member of the State Senate and served a term of three years.

— The Somerset Democrat and Waynesburg Messenger favor Hon. Jeremiah S. Black for their next Democratic candidate for President. The Democrat says he possesses the honesty of the Washington, the capacity of a Jefferson and a will of a Jackson.

— Hugh Muir, of Sugar Grove, Warren county, a fellow of exceeding loyalty, who has been interesting himself late in behalf of a new pension bill for the soldiers, has disappeared, leaving notes to the amount of about \$2,000 for outstanding endorsees to pay.

— A man living in Columbia and owning the house he lives in, lately refused to bury his father, who died suddenly, but turned the body over to the coroner to be buried as a pauper, signing his name to a paper which read as follows: "I hereby refuse to take charge of the corpse of my father or pay for his burial."

— Information is desired of William Thompson, a native of Wales, who left Raymond, Youngs county, in an insane condition last August. He is about five feet five inches in height, of slender build, spare, light complexion, light brown hair and about twenty-five years of age.

— The Erie Democrat says: We understand that the wife of a prominent citizen of Erie has taken steps to prosecute liquor dealers selling to her husband under the statute that forbids the sale of liquors to persons of known intemperate habits. If the case comes to trial it will cause a sensation.

— The long talked of introduction of Colfax into the coal regions of this State, it is said, is about to become a fact. It is reported that a contract has been made for the importation of a number of engines to work a Schuylkill county colliery, and the first batch will arrive about the first of May.

— Michael Mast, because of family infelicity, on Thursday threw himself from a bridge over the Allegheny river, near Pittsburg. He was rescued, but during the night died. Before attempting the suicide he wrote the following: "My wife is the cause of this. I'm a bad man. May God have mercy on my soul."

— Benninghoff, who was robbed of \$200,000 or more a year or two since, offered the district judge fourteen per cent of all the money he recovered and \$1,000 for each of the robbers convicted and agreed besides to bear the expenses of the prosecution. Benninghoff the robbers have been convicted Benninghoff refuses to pay, and the detectives are going to sue him.

— Thomas Goodman, a laborer in the Lehigh Valley Railroad shops at Hazleton, was found lying dead on the street corner in that place on Monday morning of last week. He was subject to fits, and it is supposed he was attacked late at night with a spasm and overcame by the cold. He formerly resided in Allentown, and while there worked at boiler making.

— Price Ingram, of Harrisburg, whose arrest we noticed some months ago for personating Mr. Daniel McKees of Southumberland county, ingoing on the last band of John Morgan, we learn has been convicted of the charge before the United States court at Pittsburg and sentenced to pay a fine of \$2,000 and undergo an imprisonment in the penitentiary for five years.

— A fearful railroad accident occurred near Watsontown on the 21st ult. Adam Ferrinco, of Milton, was instantly killed and 19 other passengers were wounded. The Watsontown Record, from which our information is gathered, says the cause of the accident was a broken rail. Two cars were rolled down an embankment a distance of 30 feet, and several other cars were thrown from the track.

— Among the Chronology events of Milton, published in the Miltonian, we find the following very singular occurrence related.

— 1222 Lightning strikes the Harmony church on an almost cloudless day and tips the plastering out of its northeastern wall, from the comb of the roof nearly down to the floor, making a long, rough hole in the wall about as thick as a man's arm. The only cloud then visible was a very small one over near the White Deer mountain and there was but one flash of lightning followed by this stroke. A very strange occurrence.

— A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—A rumbling noise which no one can exactly illustrate or describe, was heard by a number of persons in different parts of town on Sunday evening about six o'clock. The atmosphere at the time was quite heavy, and it might have been the passage of a meteor (through the air beyond the range of vision, or the muttering of an approaching earthquake. We noticed it distinctly in our rooms, looked around to see what had produced the sound, but failed to discover it, and were afterwards much surprised to learn that others at a distance had received precisely the same impression of it as we had. It was so common, and it could not therefore have been the reverberation of a running train—sometimes heard at a great distance. Queen'sville.—Lewistown Gazette.