

Ink Slings.

No news as to the time of holding the State Convention yet.

Connecticut to the Radicals, is the "most unkindest cut of all."

Our devil wants to know if a slap from a cow's tail could be called a cow-lick?

Berks county has no debt. Neither has Centre. Both are Democratic. This makes comment unnecessary.

Our contemporary of the Republican has dropped the "moral young men" subject. We guess it 'went back on him."

Don't let anybody look for anything funny in this column to day. We have been fearfully jehannolic all week.

The Connecticut election has gone Democratic. This takes down some of our Radical gentlemen who were so sure of JEWELL'S election. Never crowd boys, until you are out of the woods.

One of our exchanges has the following account of a funeral: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length; and was also the prayer of Dr. FERRY, the chaplain."

It is funny now to hear Senator SUMNER and others of that ilk talking about the "Constitution." We should think that word, so long unused or unthought of by him, would stick in his throat.

Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK has had GEORGE BERGNER, of the Telegraph arrested for libel. The Judge wants to test a point of law, but we fear he is giving BERGNER a little too much importance.

The French minister at Washington has gone crazy. This is sad, but the troubles in France and the fact that he was compelled to associate with GRANT, were enough to turn the poor fellow's head.

The Lancaster Express called Connecticut "the first jewel in the Republican crown of 1871." It has, however, turned out to them nothing but a paste jewel. May their woolly crowns be filled with such.

In San Domingo, that land of promise so ardently desired by our great and good President, the climate is so delightful that the common people dress themselves in nothing but bracelets and ear-rings.

"Is the Democratic Party dead?" asks an exchange. We reply we guess not, or, if it is, judging by recent events in New Hampshire and Connecticut, it is about the livest corpse we ever saw or heard of.

It does sound so curious to hear Radical journals and politicians berating SUMNER and WENDELL PHILLIPS, after having followed their lead in blind and submissive obedience for the last twenty or thirty years.

The San Domingo Commissioner have sent their report to the President. Contrary to general expectation, it is said that they make no recommendation in regard to annexation. Can it be possible that old BEN WADE means to act honest in this matter?

President GRANT has finally made up his mind, in case the San Domingo scheme is rejected, and he fails to be re-elected president, to go and live in San Domingo city, with his dear BAZZ. We don't wish them San Domingo niggers any bad luck, but we do wish GRANT would go there.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE LEWIS.—The Harrisburg Patriot corrects some errors which the newspapers have made in noticing the death of the late Chief Justice Ellis Lewis. He was never Prosecuting Attorney of Dauphin county and never practiced law in that county except for a few months when he was Attorney-general under Governor Wolf. Another error in the obituary notice is that Judge Lewis commenced learning the printing business with Mr. Peacock, of Harrisburg, his first duty being that of a carrier in the office of the Pennsylvania Republican. The fact is that Judge Lewis, like the great Benjamin Franklin, was a runaway apprentice, having been indentured with the printing business to John Wyeth, publisher of the Oracle of Dauphin, from which apprenticeship he absconded, his minister offering the usual "six and a quarter cents reward" for his apprehension and return. Little did old John Wyeth imagine what honor the little runaway would bestow upon him.

What Eve said to Adam when she wanted him to assist her at her toilet: "Re-leave me."

Democratic Watchman

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The House Apportionment Bill

The House Apportionment Bill, which we publish in another place, is a sample of the fairness that actuates the Radical majority. After all the fuss which that party made over the Senate's bill, which was a model of impartiality compared with this one, we did have an idea that the Radical majority in the House would at least make a stagger toward a fair apportionment of the State. How our expectations have been realized, our readers can judge for themselves. The House bill, as they can see, is an enormous gerrymander, worse, even than the mighty fraud of 1864, and has been gotten up solely for the purpose of keeping the Legislature in the hands of the Radicals. They are afraid to trust themselves in the hands of the people by a fair apportionment. They see so plainly that Radicalism is on the decline—that the day of its power is waning—that all their hopes and schemes are coming to naught—that a great popular revolution has begun—that Democracy is fast regaining its hold on the affection of the country, that they are now existing in absolute terror of a popular verdict. Hence, their unwillingness to trust their party to a fair apportionment, and their eager desire to so construct Senatorial and Legislative districts as to give a preponderance of Radical counties in each one. Their whole salvation depends on their being able to elect a majority of the Legislature, and consequently we cannot so much wonder at their indecency as manifested in this contemptible and outrageous bill.

But the Democratic Senate will never agree to such an abortion as this, if it should be obliged to sit all summer. Its own bill was infinitely a better one—vastly more fair to the Radicals than this House bill is to the Democrats. But the Radical majority in the House refused even to consider that bill. They seem to want to dictate to the Senate, and this dictation the Senate will not allow. Hence there is a prospect of a long disagreement—a dead lock. Unless the two houses can appoint a committee of conference who will agree on a bill satisfactory to both branches and to both parties, there will be an indefinite extension of the session or an adjournment without any apportionment being made this year. The Democrats in the Senate and House will not allow themselves to be browbeaten or frightened into any measure not in strict accordance with their principles and their duty to their constituents. They are determined to secure a fair apportionment of the State, and on that line they will fight it out if it take all summer.

Should the session be extended, the consequent expense to the people will be strictly chargeable to the Radicals. They are so wrapped up in their desire to make their party permanently predominant in the Legislature, that they refuse to do their duty. In such a case, it behooves the Democrats to look well to the people's interests, and they are determined to do it. They propose to "hew to the line let the chips fall where they may."

Another Step Forward.

President Grant has sent a message to Congress, asking that extraordinary power be granted him for the ostensible purpose of enforcing the laws in the South. This is a request, or a demand rather, which no former President has ever wished or dared to make. As if by way of excuse, he proposes that Congress pass such a law as will expire with his own term of office—ipso facto, until it be decided whether by this means he shall be again elected as Chief Magistrate.

When it is considered that by the force of recent amendments to the constitution, by unjust and revolutionary reconstruction laws, and even by the power of the bayonet which he again invokes, nearly every Southern State is ruled by Legislatures and Governors who are subservient to Gen. Grant's will, this demand looks even still stranger. A wise provision of the constitution declares that the President may not interfere with the internal government of a State, except by request of the State Legislature, or during its adjournment, of the Governor. Yet the President thinks that the ad-

ditional power should be conferred upon him to declare martial law and bring armed soldiers into any State he designates as deserving of chastisement.

Senator Sumner in his speech makes the grave charge that President Grant has been exercising, and is still exercising a kingly prerogative in declaring war with the island of Hayti. Yet here is an attempt to exercise a still more dangerous prerogative than Mr. Sumner speaks of. For in the case of San Domingo he simply threatens a sister republic; but when he attempts to carry the bayonet into a sovereign State of the Union, without the consent of the lawful authorities, he threatens at once to break down the very bulwark of our liberties, and to do that which would cost any King of England his throne even to attempt.

We ask every fair-minded Republican in the land to think seriously of these things; and consider if in this time of peace, we are not standing on the very verge of a precipice, whither our President not only thinks so little of the Constitution of our fathers, but counts the Congress of the United States so truckling and subservient to his will, as to dare broach a project so infamous as this—to have the power conferred upon him of carrying civil war wherever he chooses.

Newspaperial.

The Pittsburg Post makes its appearance in a new and handsome dress, looking decidedly vigorous and healthy. Since the demise of The Paper, the Post is the only Democratic daily in the smoky city, and is one of the best in the country.

The Gettysburg Compiler comes to us also fitted out in a complete new dress. Brother STARR is prospering, and we are glad to see the evidence of it in his excellent paper.

The Record is the name of a neatly printed monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the printing business, issued by T. C. EVANS, Boston.

Somebody has sent us a copy of Le Monde Illustré, which purports to have been printed in Paris, without suspension, during the whole of the great siege. It is all French, so that we can't read a word of it, but is finely illustrated. We presume the back numbers can be furnished from New York to any one wanting them.

WOODRUFF & CLARK'S Weekly still hangs on to the woman question. It is ably edited, and commands respect.

The last Republican seems to be greatly exercised over our article of last week on "Independent Representatives." We are glad we gave the poor fellow a chance to say something. It is so seldom he sees an honest editorial in any of his own party papers, or writes one for the Republican, that it is no wonder he makes a big fuss over an honest Democratic leader, up an honest Democratic paper. But he must bear in mind that these things are common subjects of discussion with Democratic editors. As for his charges that the present member from this county is exalting himself for the purpose of securing his own re-election—that he is the tool of BRAX & Co.—that he is fattening off the state, &c., &c., they don't amount to anything. Were they really true, the fact that they came from Brown would be their greatest weakness, and lead all honest people at once to suspect them to be mere inventions. Besides, a man who has been a defaulting office-holder and the swindler of an honest and confiding people, is the last man in the world to prate about honesty.

Some weeks ago it was announced that the NATHAN murderer had been discovered, and that his name was FORESTER; only he was still at large. Since then, we have had accounts of the arrest and imprisonment of the criminal in a number of places but on inspection the suspected fellow didn't prove to be the man that justice was after. We doubt very much whether the man that killed NATHAN has yet been discovered. It may have been FORESTER, and just as likely it may have been somebody else. Whether the real murderer will ever be found out remains to be seen.

THE RESURRECTION.

Twice had the sun in mournful gloom gone down,
And twice in feeble light o'er Judah's vale
Arise, and now thick darkness once again
Had wrapped the world in slumber, while
Still held his scepter o'er the Son of God.
The guards, by fiends incarnate placed
around
The grave where lay the suffering Savior,
shain,
A sacrifice for sin, kept faithful watch,
And by their posts in silent vigils stood.
At length, gray dawn, appearing in the east,
In accents mild, announced the approach
of light,
But ere the orient sun, with golden hue
Bedecked the landscape with its genial rays,
Lo! suddenly the earth begins to quake;
The mountains tremble, and the rocks are
Peyaled all nature at this solemn hour
With horror and amazement seized, the guards
Shrink back, and trembling fall upon the
ground,
The Angel of the Lord from Heaven descends,
He rolls away the sack, placed o'er the Tomb,
Which holds its sacred treasure, Heaven's
choicest gift
To man immortal. And now, triumphant
and hail,
Arises. He bursts the bars of sin and death,
And triumphs over all his deadly foes.
Yes, 'tis He! with garments dyed in crimson
blood,
The vine press He hath trod alone, behold
His sacred hair is and feet, riven and pierced
With huge dull spikes which nailed Him to
the cross
On Calvary, till, in agony and grief,
He cried, "Tis finished!" and gave up the
ghost.
But now forth comes the mercinate Savior—He
Of whom the Angels sang, when, veiled in
flesh,
Appeared the God head, lying in His humili-
ous crib,
A babe, in swaddling clothes, at Bethlehem
"Glory to God most high" and on the earth
Peace will come to men." Full pardon now
Is offered, and atonement free, and man
With God, offended, reconciled; through Him,
Salvation, life immortal, proffered all
That yield obedience to His Father's will,
Who—wondrous love!—had not decreed to
leave
His soul in hell, nor that the wounded flesh
Of His anointed should corrupting see
Oh! glorious morn that saw the Savior rise;
Day of all days, that witnessed his return
From death to life and immortality
Day of all days, that saw of olden time,
And prophets of past ages, longed to see,
But only saw through faith's beclouded eye
The Omnipotent Father, from His throne on
high,
Looks down complacently. He beholds His
world
Restored, regenerated and saved from sin's
Accursed thralldom and delusions vile
Back into his hideous den the arch fiend
skulks,
Who, for a while in captive chains, had bound
The anointed, sin-atoning Lamb of God.
Till He the fetters burst—captivity
Led captive, and triumphant o'er the grave,
He draws the Son of God, for well he feels
His head now bruised by him whose heel he
bruised.
His power, 'tis, true not utterly destroyed,
For still he tempts mankind with subtle
 snares,
Yet sin and death, his two great arms of
strength,
Now broken, Satan shall prevail no more—
shall never learn God's own elect, heirs of
salvation, purchased by redeeming love,
With joy explaining they, who shall condemn
"The Christ that died, you rather that is risen,
Who even at the Father of God,
And made an intercession for His saints"
Bellefonte, April 4, 1871

VALEDICTORY.

The brief, bright dream is over now,
And we must go our separate ways,
Yet will I never forget it,
Through coming years and months and days,
But this remains for us to say
A long farewell forever more,
And to forget, we cannot we may,
The brightness of the days of yore
For life holds shadows, dark and deep;
We cannot always see the sun,
Yet in my heart I am would keep
That fairy time—the days of yore
Add thou, oh, do not thou forget,
In coming days, the sunny past
Think of it oft with fond regret
And say, "It was too bright to last"
"A summer day of the past,
Born of the balmy breeze and flowers,
They do not, and therefore not last—
Farewell ye long, bright, joyous hours"

There is considerable commotion among the Pennsylvania Radicals in Washington, with reference to the State nominating convention which meets in Harrisburg, next month, to name candidates for Auditor-General and Surveyor-General. The offices alone are not so important, but the election which takes place next fall is looked upon by them as a preliminary fight to the Presidential contest which takes place the following year. A Radical official from Pennsylvania said the other day in Washington: "We must do something and promptly, for such is the feeling of discontent in our State, that if an election were held tomorrow the Democrats would carry the State by ninety thousand majority."—Ez.

When is a chimney like a chicken? When it is a little foul.

The "Independent" on the President.

In evidence that the Sumner-Grant imbroglio is having its influence upon the situation, we extract the following from an article published in the Independent, the proprietor of which journal is a known and warm friend of the President:

A reaction from enthusiasm has fallen on the administration. The glory which Ulysses Grant bore from the battle-field has grown dim in the council chamber of the White House. This was inevitable, and scarcely his fault. It is the logical consequence of temperament, training, and circumstances. Stripped of all military glories, what he is? A kind hearted man, who loves his wife and children, and his own way. A man of common intellect, striking everywhere against limitations set by a narrow arc of thought; of a clear but unexpanded vision, seeing but one point, aiming at that at all hazards, and generally reaching it. He is a soldier who has attempted to make the discipline of the army take the place of the statesmanship in the most delicate decisions of the highest executive. With neither the mind nor the training of a statesman, he simply fails to be a statesman. He is a soldier; and if he had persistently remained one, his laurels would not have faded. He has not the brain to compel fate, nor to create opportunity; but, both favorable to him, he has the will and the perseverance to reach the prize that they proffer. This quality made him successful in war, above men as brave and greater than himself. Exceptionally poor and unsuccessful as a man, till war lifted him to prosperity, men who have amassed for years through the facilities which make money have a powerful fascination for him. Thus men famous for wealth alone, unintellectual men, without knowledge of diplomacy or statecraft, are the most intimate friends of the president, have a powerful influence over him, and have probably had more power in his administration than such men have ever had in any other. While it is a fact that the men in congress who are the confidential advisers of the president, with, perhaps a single exception, are not the men of the highest statesmanship, prudence, or honor—not the men above reproach, either in the senate or house. Not that any one accuses the president of their vice; but, like all men of stubborn prejudices intense will, and common intellect, he instinctively dislikes his intellectual superiors, and finds it much more enjoyable in the administration of government to execute military discipline than to take political advice. A successful general, he was never so great as his successes made him seem; an unsatisfactory executive, he is yet an able man than his actions often make him appear. He only affords another proof that a trained soldier, true to his antecedents, if no more, is not a statesman, and by no opportunity of power can he be transformed into one.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SCENE.—As Senator SUMNER was emerging from the capitol the other morning he was confronted by an aged fifteenth Amendment and screeching remarked: "I believe in Massa Sumner?" "Not air—there are no masters in this land, I am Senator Sumner." This nearly squelched the old darkey, but he rallied with the remark, "You's done a heap for de culler'd race." "I am proud to hear you say so," responded the insignificant Chawles. "De niggers all speak of you in de highest elevation." Sumner bowed and smiled his acknowledgements. "What I was coming at, Boss, is dat de winter's hard and de times pretty rough to de old woman and I, and if you could spare de old darkey half a dollar—"

Sumner stopped no further, but with a majestic wave of disapproval from the Senatorial hand he moved on while the venerable colored brother muttered something about "don't appear to keer much for de nigger 'cept to vote and git der names up." Just then the Hon. Sam Cox came along and gave the poor old darkey a dollar. Cox is called a copperhead.

There are twenty pages employed in the House of Representatives, their appointment being made by the door-keeper at the instance respectively of the Republican delegations from the States according to the custom established by members. On Saturday on the recommendation of Messrs. Porter, Platt, and Stowell, of Virginia, the white page from that State was superseded by the appointment of a colored youth from Virginia. This is the first time a colored youth has been appointed a page in the House.

It is rumored that on the receipt of the news from New Hampshire Grant, attempted to commit suicide by swallowing a toy balloon, but it proved to be false, as the doctor said he only had wind on the stomach from natural causes. "Natural causes" is the latest name for it, but distillers are constantly inventing new names for their whisky.

Spawls from the Keystone.

Four months now for trout fishing.
Any woman over twenty-one years, may now be elected to the position of school director.
There are three circuses advertised for Harrisburg already, and Reading is booked for one.
Dr. Gleason, who created a sensation, some time ago, was recently arrested in Reading for practicing the medical science without license.

The other day a bill was introduced in the State Senate to prohibit the growing of white daisy in Mead township, Crawford county. This will be rough on the flowers.

An old lady in Corry, Pa., has taboored candles, and is now burning gas, because the latter is cheaper. She says she can get four feet for a cent, while candles are four cents a foot.

The post offices of Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Carlisle and Columbia, are all presided over by mistresses instead of masters, and to the satisfaction of the citizens of the various places.

North Cententry township, Chester county, boasts of a baby that only weighed three pounds when two weeks old. What a wee bit of a thing it must be. Its mother, Mrs. Minnield, died soon after its birth.

The statement that the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia had announced that it would hereafter admit students, without regard to sex or color, is pronounced by the Faculty to be a malicious falsehood, originated by some enemy of the school.—Jerome Keeley, M. D.

The Philadelphia Age mentions a singular comment. Twenty-one years ago, March 7, Daniel Webster delivered a speech in the U. S. Senate, which caused a rupture in the Whig party. Another Massachusetts Senator—Sumner, this March, celebrates the anniversary with another sensation.

Hay in Montgomery county is selling at \$15 per ton. The farmers of that section have been accustomed to bale their hay and send it into Schuylkill mining regions for a high market and ready cash. The suspension of work has stopped their operations to a very great extent, and they are praying for an early resumption of work.

A resolution was offered in the House last week, requesting the committee of ways and means to provide the members with straw hats and white pantaloons. Whether intended as a joke or otherwise, at the present rate of doing business down there, we should think the members will need such articles before they get through. Its bully fun being a "legislator's" Globe.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Jos. Myers, of Pine Creek township, Clinton county, while in the act of "hauling a raft" at Smith's Eddy, a short distance below this place, on Saturday morning last, his right foot was caught in the coil of rope and so broken and tangled that the physicians, Doctors McKinney and Straus deemed it necessary to amputate the limb four inches above the ankle in order to save his life, which was successfully performed.— Jersey Shore Herald.

A few days ago a little five-year old boy got lost returning from school and was not found till after dark. He explained as follows:

"I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school I went part of the way home with Mary. At the corner of a street where she left me, I kissed her and she kissed me, and then I found I was lost."

Just so, and that is the way many an older boy has been lost. It is true this young gentleman has commenced at rather a tender age to get lost in that way, but then, he will "never learn younger."

ROBERT CAROL.—On the morning of the 16th instant, Mr. Josiah J. Thomas, residing in Roaring creek township, discovered his smoke house on fire and hastened to extinguish the same. The smoke house was provided with a double door, which closed on him as he entered, and could not be opened from within. He having fallen against the door, strangled by the smoke. His son, who heard his cries, came to the rescue, but could not open the door from without until he procured an axe and forced it open. In the meantime Mr. Thomas was so much burned, or rather scorched—for his clothing had not even taken fire—that he died after lingering in agony for a few hours. He was aged 54 years.—Republican Bloomsburg.

According to the Northumberland county Democrat a stool pigeon was some time ago introduced into the jail of that county to "pump" two "birds" named Snyder and Elias Shadel. His story is to the effect that an organized band of thieves exists, whose operations extend all over that and adjoining counties away up into New York State. Also that "the notorious Jimmie Stone, (who had his neck broken at Pottsville by falling out of his loggia) was the president of the band." At the last court this Elias Shadel was convicted on two counts of larceny and sentenced to 30 fine and three years' imprisonment. Gabriel Shadel, for burglary and larceny, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment. Josiah Shadel, along with Daniel R. Snyder, Seneca Erdman, and John A. Klinger, was indicted for conspiracy to counterfeit money and steal and bound over for future trial. Klinger and Snyder were also sentenced to two years each for larceny. They have evidently a bad lot over in Northumberland county, but the stool pigeon's story is probably a wee bit exaggerated.

THE GENERAL LICENSE LAW.—The following are the principal requirements of the general license law of the State, the publication of which may be of use to persons wishing to engage in the hotel or restaurant business:

Every person applying for license to keep a hotel, inn or tavern, or eating house, shall file a petition with a certificate signed by at least twelve reputable citizens of the ward, borough or township in which such tavern is proposed to be kept, setting forth that the same is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers or travelers, and that such a person is of good repute for honesty and temperance and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travelers.

No person shall be licensed to keep a hotel or tavern in any city or country town which shall not have for the exclusive use of travelers at least four bed rooms and eight beds, nor in any other part of the State without at least two bed rooms and four beds for such use.

Persons before receiving license shall give bonds conditioned for the faithful observance of all the laws relating to the business of the obligor and a warrant of attorney to confess judgment—the district attorney to enter judgment and institute suit thereon whenever the obligor violates his bond.