

THE INDIANA AMERICAN.

BROOKVILLE, INDIANA

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1854.

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INDIANA AMERICAN can be had
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HOW JUDGE ANTHONY.

We can but admire the consideration and firmness of this individual. He was elevated to the bench from the dignified and responsible calling of tavern keeper and he promises to make himself known in his new calling. He is shrewd. At the Centreville court the opposing lawyers each drew up a charge to the jury and handed them to the Judge for his selection, but he deliberately gave them both to the jury for them to select for themselves.

At Newcastle the court met on Monday morning, but before proceeding to business, a member of the Henry co. Bar presented a petition, signed by every member of the bar in that court, asking, in most respectful terms, his Honor to resign his seat upon the bench.

The gentleman who presented the petition, stated however, that in case he would not resign, the petitioners had agreed among themselves that they would not do any business in the court so long as he presided. Another followed, expressing the high personal respect he entertained for the Judge as a gentleman and a *tavern-keeper*, but justice required him to say that he regarded the present incumbent of the bench as utterly unqualified for the place he occupied, and hoped he would resign. He was followed by another, and by another, and he by another, until every member had in plain terms expressed his opinion as to his incapacity, &c. With a nonchalance, peculiar to his Honor, he told the gentlemen of the Bar that he would think of the matter, and in the meantime would proceed to business. He called the cases upon the docket, and every case which had not been compromised, was continued until the next term of the Court. Court was adjourned for dinner, and in the afternoon a petition signed by the jury was presented to the Judge, asking him to resign. His Honor asked time to consider, when the lawyers proposed to him, that if he would agree in writing never to come to that county again for the purpose of holding court, and would send some one in his place, they would be content to drop the matter, so far as they were concerned. The Judge again took the matter under advisement, and we are told, finally promised never to come to that county again for the purpose of holding court, until he should be sent for, and would either send some other judge to hold the court, or permit the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, to hold court in his stead. So ended the master for present.

So much for electing Judges on the strength of party.

BARKING AT THE MOON.
A story is told of the late Judge Olin, of Vermont, father of President Olin, that he was once presiding upon a certain occasion in court, when a waspish little lawyer, full of ignorance and conceit, who was pleading a case before him, took occasion, in the course of his remarks, to address some very contemptuous language to the bench.

Everyone in the court turned instinctively toward the judge, expecting a severe rebuke would at once be administered to the insolent offender; but what was their surprise to see the judge sitting with braw serene and unclouded, quietly making his notes, as if he had not heard the language, or as if nothing out of the way had been uttered.

After the adjournment, as most of the officers of the court met around the dinner table of the hotel, a friend asked the judge for an explanation of his strange forbearance—why he had taken no notice of one who so justly deserved to be committed for contempt of court? “I tell you a story,” said the judge, the quiet humor beaming from his eyes the while: “my father once had a dog—a mere wifey of a thing—that had a strange fashion of going out every moonlight night and barking furiously at the moon!” Here the judge paused and went on deliberately eating his dinner, as if he had finished the story. “Well!”—“Well!”—said several voices—“what of that?” “Of nothing,” said the judge: “the moon went right on.”

HOW THE LAWS WILL BE ENFORCED.

Dr. Tyng, remarked in his speech at the Tabernacle, New York, not long since.

“It was often said on this subject, that it could never be executed. A large wholesale dealer had said the other day to him, (the Rev. speaker) ‘You cannot, possibly execute such a law.’ ‘Why,’ he said, ‘what will you do when the law is passed?’

“‘Oh,’ replied the old gentleman, ‘I shall stop selling at once.’ ‘And if the man next door persists in selling it, what will you do?’ ‘Why,’ he answered, ‘I’ll make him stop too.’

“The way would the law force in abiding dealers act as a power, cutting down all the rest.”

SALE OF STUDENTS.

We cannot resist the temptation to give the readers of the American the following incident:

Some of the students of the State University were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it was a mystery. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store the proprietor asked him how “that sick student, Mr. Carter, came on?” Smelling a rat, the Dr. answered it was an evasive manner and soon drew out of the Apothecary the fact that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter—that they said he was quite low and was kept alive by stimulants—that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This Carter was a fictitious character and the Dr. had the secret.

However he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd and satisfied himself that Carter’s *nurses* were all present. The devotions were duly conducted and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform—as President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student Mr. CARTER. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which he was only *kept alive by stimulants*, he had breathed his last!

But, Massachusetts is erect also, we gave last week the triumphant vote in the House, on the repeal of the Prohibition law. It is our privilege, this week to record the fact that the Supreme court has sustained every section of the law but the fourteenth, and the law without that section is very stringent. This section relates to seizure and confiscation, the things most dreaded by rum sellers. They care but little for a fine if they can only retain the means of renewing their business. On hearing the decision of the court, the rum sellers hastened away to the Commons and fired three hundred and sixty-five rounds of cannon by way of rejoicing over their victory. But the smoke of their guns had hardly dispersed when, to their profound mortification, they discovered that the decision sustained the principle of search, seizure, confiscation and destruction, and only condemned the s— use of the means of seizing the liquor was too summary. The legislature is already at work mending the section, which can easily be done, and will be done no doubt before the adjournment. Poor creatures, they wish they had saved their thunder for a more signal victory. One more such a victory and they are undone for ever—search, seizure, confiscation and destruction are constitutional in the old Bay State.

FAIRFIELD, IND.
We were much pleased in a recent visit to this place, to notice various marks of improvement. We dropped into some of the stores and found them well filled with goods and with customers. The fine brick building erected by the Odd Fellows is nearly finished—so nearly that they have moved the goat and nearly all his trappings into the third story which is said to be very splendid, and well adapted to the purposes of putting through. The first story will soon be ready for occupancy. We found Dr. Dutton in the second story, and we heard out side that the Dr. is likely to prove some remarks we made about him a few weeks ago, not exactly true, for they say he has made some powerful pretty pictures out of rather common material.

We were just going to tell how he did it, but we might raise another tempest in a tea pot—in other words that young blacksmith that we saw about one, P. M., as dirty and as—

Well the picture that the Dr. took about three, would never be charged to that son of Vulcan by those who know him only in his every day duds. But thank to Will Johnson or some other good tailor, his Sunday face, and Sunday fixings make him a right good looking young man. Now Jake don’t get mad at th is puff and show a line in the next Democrat. Please don’t. If you do get mad, be enough to abuse us over your own name, and in the American at that.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

The Peper Papers publish the death of a man from *delirium tremens*. How cruel! How little feeling they must have for the families of the deceased. True enough the poor victim had staggered around for years, and every body knew he was a drunkard, and nobody cared for him. But now that the work of death is finished, everybody is horrified that the manner of his death should be made public. We judge so, at least, from the castigation we received a few weeks ago in the doggeries of Brooklyn, for advertising to the death of two of their victims from this cause. While the poor men had money to get drunk with they cared more for the suffering wife and children than the wolf cares for the lamb he feeds upon. But when their victim died, it was cruel in the extreme to say that they were killed by drinking. Nothing should then be said about it, or their death should be attributed to a “visitation of God” or to a lingering illness.”

“*Tut!* We will tell the truth about it in plain English if we know it. From present appearance we will soon have to record the death of one of the murderers themselves from the same cause. He is in seeing snakes and devils not a few—

Poor man!

TOBACCO CHEWERS, BEWARE.

Besides the poison contained in the weed itself, many of our tobacco chewers are absorbing into their systems an oxyde of lead, the same which kills so many painters, and paralyzes others. Lead foil is cheaper than tin foil, and some of those who put up tobacco for chewing, use the former instead of the latter. The counterfeit may be known by its dark blue or bluish colour whereas tin foil is nearly white. Tobacco chewers who do not wish to absorb two poisons at once, will do well to profit by this caution.

CORRECTION.

A report has been put in circulation that the specimen of dentistry on which Dr. J. W. Keely took the premium last October, was the same that he took the premium on the year previous.—This is a mistake. It was an entirely different piece of work. The first specimen was on the ground, but it was in the mouth of the lady for whom it was made. Dr. Keely is ready and able to get up another premium specimen for any lady or gentleman who may call upon him.

WATCH LOST.

A silver watch was lost last Monday, between Bloomingrove and Fairfield. It had, at the time of disappearing, a ribbon and two keys, and one broken hand. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the store of F. Brown, in Fairfield, or with David Slaughter, in Bloomingrove.

President Locke will preach at Fairfield next Sabbath morning.

GLORIOUS NEWS

FROM MASSACHUSETTS AND MICHIGAN!!

The last hope of the opposition in these states has fled. In Michigan, the Supreme Court, which is composed of the eight circuit Judges, stood at first four for the law and four against it.—The result of this would have been the enforcement of the law in four circuits and otherwise in the remaining four, as there was no power to reverse the decision of either.

The rumites rejoiced over this as a great victory, thinking that half of the State was yet open to them. But the triumph of the wicked is short. One of the four who declared the law unconstitutional, on giving the subject a sober second thought, has reversed his opinion and agrees with the other four, that it is *constitutional* and must be enforced. The Supreme court now stands **FIVE TO THREE!** in favor of the law.

All hail, young democratic Michigan. That is pure, unadulterated democracy such as we love.

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—For sweet potatoes, go to Case’s on the Fairfield turnpike.

REMELIN ON NEBRASKA.

In answer to an invitation to attend an anti-Nebraska meeting, Mr. R. addressed the following letter to the committee:

DENT P. O. March 12, 1854.

Gentlemen.—Your favor of the 10th is just received. I am impossible for me to attend the meeting to which you invite me. I must attend to my farm business, and will not be able to go much outside of our own county.

I am uncompromisingly opposed to Douglas’s Bill. I am for territorial sovereignty as Jefferson meant it—implied by the Democratic progress of sixty years. Douglas’s Bill is a *coastal* Charter, a disgrace to our age. It repudiates popular rights in every line, and all its pretended freedom leads to Slavery.

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