

# Democratic Matchman

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Successor to Dr. Wm. J. McKim, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILLS and vicinity. Office at the "Bazaar" House.

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Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.  
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Residence door West of H. C. Humes & Bro. Store, on Allegheny street. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted.  
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**ADAM BOY,**  
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Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphans Court Practice and Servicing. His office is with the Hon. James T. Hale, where he can always be consulted in the English and German languages.

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Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County. All business entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to. Particular attention paid to collections, and all business promptly executed. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language.  
Office on High Street, formerly occupied by Judge Burnside and D. G. Bond, Esq.

**MITCHELL & WILSON,**  
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Ira C. Mitchell and D. G. Wilson have entered into a partnership in the practice of the Law, in the building formerly occupied by Humes, McAllister, Hale & Co. and will give prompt and proper attention to all business entrusted to them.  
Office in Reynolds' Arcade, near the Court House.  
Bellefonte, November 20-44-1 year.

**GREEN & HENNING,**  
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BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Var-nishes, Dry Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trussels and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds.  
Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.  
Prescriptions filled by Dr. J. P. Hume, M. D., and Dr. J. P. Hume, M. D., and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock.

**DENTAL CARD.**  
**H. R. PARRY,**—DENTIST.  
(LATE OF LANCASTER, PA.)  
HAS located permanently in Bellefonte, Centre County, where he proposes practicing all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner, and at moderate charges. Office and residence, Talbot Street, occupied by Mrs. H. Bender, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Burnside.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. H. D. PARRY to our friends as a thorough and accomplished Dentist.  
**C. H. BRIDGES, M. D.**  
**JAMES LOCKE, M. D.**  
Bellefonte, March 25-1858.

**DEPOSIT BANK,**  
OF  
JAS. T. HALE  
H. N. MOULTON,  
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INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS  
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COLLECTIONS MADE, AND PROCEEDS RE-MITTED PROMPTLY  
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS FOR THREE MONTHS AND UNDER SIX MONTHS AT THE RATE OF FOUR PER CENT.  
PER ANNUM—FOR SIX MONTHS AND UPWARDS, AT THE RATE OF FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.  
EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

## Original Poetry.

### Our Baby's Grave.

We have left the city of our birth  
Beside the Atlantic sea,  
We have journeyed—O, not far, 'tis true  
But strangers now are we.

We have left the roof which shadowed us,  
The garden where we played,  
When careless hearts beat in our breasts,  
Life's joyous serenade.

We have left the tender hands which led  
Us safely on our way,  
Ere we could read the light and gloom  
Which mark'd earth's changeable day.

We have left the vines which grew with us  
About the household tree,  
And all the way from dawn 'til noon  
Have twined so lovingly.

We have left friends—the old and tried,  
The trusted and the true,  
O they will miss us as we roam,  
And we shall miss them too.

We have left the dear streets where we walked,  
The Temple where we prayed,  
The hallowed scenes which built our lives  
Of mingled light and shade.

We have left—O, yesterday our tears  
The sacred spot did lave,  
What tender memories throng our souls—  
We have left our baby's grave!  
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. J. L. P.

## Miscellaneous.

### History of a Scolding Wife.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a small house—not more than large enough for "the twin," you would have thought—but there were some four or five flaxen heads bobbing about in the current and sweet briar bushes that grew thickly by the front yard fence; heads in which perpetual motion seemed to be well on its way towards perfect development, judging from the chattering of busy tongues.

There was a low door, with a wooden barred pantry window on one side of it, at the east end of the house, and in the sunshine of the June morning a tall, black-eyed, bustling woman went busily back and forth before it, stopping now and then to see, as she said, "what mischief the young ones were into;" administering a slight cuff here and a push there, to keep them in order and calling often to Hester, telling her that she "must take care of that baby—if she didn't!" and the rest would be lost inside the door.

But at last there was a cry that must have aroused the "seven sleepers," had they been in that vicinity—a cry that could come in such voluminous force from no lungs but those of a young, stout specimen of babyhood—and, in a moment, Hester came, carrying the boy, holding him, as one could see, with all the strength of her slight arms, and with a look of trouble on her face that would have been more becoming some half-score of years in the future, as down with him in the door; trying, in the time, with all the baby-plastering art she was master of, to quiet him. But no, baby kicked and screamed, and grew purple in the face by holding his breath; he was warm and tired, and hadn't any idea of laughing at the pink sun-bonnet which had put him in an ecstasy of delight an hour before.

"I never!" said Hester's mother, with a very unamiable frown over her black eyes, "why can't you keep him still! I don't believe you try."

"I do try," answered Hester, quickly, with a little quiver at the corners of her mouth, adding, in an undertone, as a pointing look took its place, "you never think I do, though."

"I never think you do," repeated her mother, sharply, "what a dreadful ugly mother you have got, haven't you? Here give him to me, and go where you please, there's no use in trying to have you help me, or in wanting to make a good girl of you, either."

The child went out, walking slowly, with her fingers pulling at her bonnet-strings, giving the lattice-gate a sharp slam as she closed it, and looking steadily before her at nothing and for nothing, yet with a light in her eyes half-wistful and half-angry. She was not handsome, nor even pretty. Her face was thin and her complexion dark, her hair parted and bound back tightly over her forehead, and her eyes, dark and deep though they were, you would say that they held scarcely more beauty than bane. She walked on, down the road that passed her home, into a foot-path that led through the forest, then, with a burst of passion, threw herself headlessly on the ground.

"I am wicked," she said with the sobbing breaking through her words; "wicked and naughty, and I never shall be good, for I grow worse every day. I know it, and God knows it, but I can't help it, He don't wish I was dead. I don't care if it is wicked to say so. Mother don't like me, she never did, she never will. It makes me mad to hear her fret at me, and I believe she tries to make me ugly. Oh, if I had never been born."

"Father, please don't, they won't hurt anything."

#### CHAPTER II.

"Don't what? do you suppose I'm going to have 'nuch flummadies' stuck up over the looking-glass?—want I should cut my throat don't you? I can't see to shave with the concern there, and you needn't think I'm going to encourage you to spend your time in such foolery."

"But I gathered them Sunday."

"So much the worse. You'd a sight better be reading your Bible than picking pine boughs to stick over the looking-glass. You spend time enough fussing with them playgy posies in the front yard, to earn your clothes. I shouldn't be sorry at all if the hogs got in and eat them up some night."

It was Hester of the winter-times—Hester who had dashed her hot forehead on the moss in the forest six years before, and you would have known her, much as she had changed, had you seen the fiery crimson flash over her cheek, and the more fiery rush of anger to her deep eyes. She was eighteen, and prettier than she used to be, though not happier. "A picture for an artist," you would have said, had you seen her then, at first with her hand laid pleadingly on her father's arm, then with a step that had in it as much majesty as scorn, and more anger than either, walking out of the room, down a path to the only corner where there were no curtains and sweetbriars.

There was a small but prettily arranged bed of common flowers here, and with the compression of her lips giving away a little, but no softening of the eyes, she bent over an instant, then gathering them in her hands, they lay, in another moment, where her father had washed them, on the nose of a couple of grunting porkers.

"Why, Hester Marsden, you've spoilt your pretty bed. What makes you look so?" said a boy who had bounded out after her as she left the house.

"Go off and mind your business," said she, curtly, "don't you come near me, or I'll cut your ears off."

She went in with as stately a step as she had gone out, and began setting the table, putting the plates down with a slam, and a disregard of all order that she had never been guilty of before.

"From the Boston Post"]  
**The Science of Brutality.**

Newspapers in all parts of the country publish details of the training of the two brothers, Morrissey and Hecan, who are putting themselves in the best possible condition, each with the ultimate purpose of placing his adversary in the worst. Countess and stappers, knooks at the bag or at Aaron Jones or whoever the trainer may be, breakfast lunches, runs up hill, cold baths, long walks, &c., are the daily programme of both the aspirants for the Champions' belt. The "Fistiana" journals sseze upon every available scrap of information about the bullies, the New York Herald puts the little preliminary boxing matches, the grand event, and shoulder strikers, hitters, maulers and short boys speculate after their peculiar style upon the result, supporting their favorite, and waging every bank bill they can beg, steal or borrow upon his gaining the victory. Were it not for its evil influence upon the public mind the fighting news and training details would be amusing enough. The literature of the ring, like thief language, is really ingenious, though it requires a high degree of practice as well as intelligence in order to use it properly, or, in fact, understand it at all. Its graphic, too. For instance, Mr. Hecan is described as gifted with a "light, easy, open, slashing action, accompanied by a cat-like agility that is rarely met with, &c.," and the consequence of such action is, Mr. Hecan is rapidly winning favor. A correspondent of a New York paper writes of Morrissey as "the celebrated conqueror preparing to maintain his pugilistic position, &c.," and is a greatly disappointed at finding him "a plain, outspoken, quiet man with a frank, open countenance, with so good right arm, &c.," &c.

The writer of this article on eo in California had the good fortune to observe Mr. Morrissey's bearing during a close fight in which that gentleman was engaged with a very black "bugger" as his adversary Mr. Morrissey's victory was an easy one, and he seemed exceedingly frank and open while lifting off various parts of the poor negro's countenance. Upon another occasion Mr. Morrissey, a prominent member of a political party, was the earnest advocate of some resolutions in a grand caucus. The opposition was strong, but after a great deal of noisy disputing the resolutions were adopted, and Mr. Morrissey, in the exuberance of joy, turned a double summerault on the speaker's platform, to the great plunger of the speaker himself, and then crowded like a cork in derision of his defeated opponents. He seemed very plain and outspoken upon that occasion surely. The lamented Poole rather took Mr. Morrissey's plainness out of him in a memorable encounter upon a wharf. Let us hope he will recover it at the great fight which is now near at hand. But, seriously, we would condemn this fighting, training, &c. We all know how degrading and how brutal it is. There is but one opinion about it, and of the literature it encourages. Only notice the style of communication which we clip from a "Fistiana"—columns and reflect how great and glorious an institution is a free press:—

"CHALLENGE TO CHARLES ROSS.—New York, September, 13, 1858.—Editor Clipper:—Sir: I have heard from several quarters that Charles Ross, a would be pugilist, has been boasting in various places that he could whip me easily; I take advantage of your columns to challenge him to fight me for any sum he may choose from \$10 to \$1000 a side. To prove that I mean business, I deposit \$20 in your hands, and which, if he is not a thorough cut, he will cover, and a match can be made up at once. I am ready and willing to fight him any way he may choose, whether a room fight, or one in accordance with the rules of the London ring. Yours respectfully,  
MICHAEL NORTON,  
Better known as 'Crow'."

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said—

"Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him with a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone.

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. You can not judge of a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell you one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened to day shall injure you. Your attention is still continued. Good morning sir!"

"The ladies of Iowa are decidedly 'fast.' On the 18th inst., a race of ladies, on foot, came off at Iowa City, for a prize of a silver cake basket. The prize was won by a Miss Handy.

We like the one-hour rule adopted by Congress. If a member has so much wind in his stomach that he cannot get it off in an hour, he had better send for a doctor to treat him for the cholera.

**Be polite to All.**

"Halloo, Lumpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up or we shall leave you behind!"

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage-master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro, with chests and valises, packages and trunks.—Men, women and children, were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive puffed, and snorted, and bowed.

A man carefully dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and stamped him familiarly on the shoulder, he called out:

"Halloo, Lumpy, better get aboard or the cars will leave you behind!"

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he remained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. "All aboard!" cried the conductor. "Get on, Lumpy!" said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in quietly took a seat.

The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here!"

"I don't pay," replied the lame man very quietly.

"Don't pay?"

"No sir."

"We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!" and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment; and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor, and asked him—

"Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?"

"No sir."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that sir?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been undignifiedly taunted with the injustice which had come perhaps through no fault of his, he could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When, a little orange-peddler, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him wasted curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The train of cars, swept on, as many a train had done before; but within a lesson had been given and learned, and the purpose of the lesson ran somewhat thus—DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

**Chinese Weapons.**

A correspondent gives the following ludicrous account of the weapons used by the Chinese at the storming of the forts at the mouth of the Peiho. The first sight of them shows the utter helplessness of this vast empire of 350,000,000 of population when it comes into contact with European science and arms and discipline on the battle field. They remind me of the scenes of my boyhood, when all the lads of the country village were armed with wooden locks and flints, which could snap if they could not fire. They are ignorant of the rifle and percussion cap, and even of the flint, once used in its place. The gun is a matchlock, and of such formidable dimensions and weight as to need wheels to carry it instead of their own shoulders. It is almost impossible to raise and level it, such is its weight; and often another man, kneeling before him who loads and fires, bears the end of the gun upon his shoulder, in the happy consciousness that, if the enemy chooses to kill him instead of the soldier at the other end of the gun, he is innocent of any man's blood, and could not but be. And those matchlocks they are worthy of a place in any antiquarian museum. Almost would the old Knight's Templar of Malta start up again should these matchlock guns be placed in the gallery beside their arms. The matchlock, in its cumbersome, is fairly in keeping with the barrel and stock; some inflammable material, which is kept burning taking the place of a flint."

The subject of the restoration of Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk is revived by the newspapers. But this cannot be done by the Diocese. The power of the Diocese Convention is exhausted when it formally passes a resolution naming a period at which it desires the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, to terminate the sentence of suspension, and restore him to the exercise of the Episcopal office. An effort to pass such a resolution is likely to be made at the approaching Convention, which meets in New York on Wednesday of this week. Its passage, however, is quite doubtful. Should it pass it will go before the General Convention (which meets but once in three years), whose next meeting will take place in Richmond, Virginia, in October, 1859.

**THE SAINT A BROWER.**—The richest saint met, and is, an humble beggar, at grace's door all his days; and Christ, the Lord of the house and the dispenser of the alms; and as the alms is too good and too great to be quarreled with, and never did a believer get any good complaining of him.—Complain to him, and pray and ask largely; but still with faith and patience. Knock at his door, but stay, and bless him that ever he gave you any crumbs of his grace; mix your prayers for new wanted graces with praise for his old dispensed graces. Christ loveth you, and hath proved it. Believe it, and bless him for it, and wait for his renewing his love to you, and in due time you will find that he will not only answer, but outdo your desires to him, and all your expectations from him.—[Trail.]

**Can't Paris old Maids.**

The editor of a country paper, having been taken to task by a female correspondent for not taking a receipt to prevent ladies from locking cold, viz: "to keep the mouth shut"—hits back as follows:

We never could make ourselves popular with old maids. Do what we would—squeeze 'em behind the door, which they dearly love—flatter 'em at parties—take 'em to sleighrides, and treat 'em to ice cream, oysters, "kisses"—in short, attend ever so gallantly to their wants save making them a direct offer—and the moment our back was turned they would turn to and show their teeth (false ones, of course)—"WELL, hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and we never blamed 'em."

A Chicago paper publishes a "calculation" concerning Thurston the iron-ore's fall. His elevation was thought to be three miles when he was last seen, and assuming this to be the distance he fell, it would only require thirty-one seconds and a half for him to reach the earth, a mean velocity of 405 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 60,800 pounds, or little more than 80 tons a power sufficient to shatter his body, bone and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the cauld.

**TO TAKE THE OATH OF LINNEN.**—Editors and clerks will learn with pleasure, that to take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow, the lumps may be washed, and the spot will disappear without injuring the linen.

No lady will be admitted to the next woman's Rights Convention who does not share and sing bass. The officers are expected to wear moustaches.

**A Clever Prisoner—A Clever Constable.**

It will be remembered that about six months ago a man named Thomas Bloxom, investigated a colored woman named Bloxom away from the city, on the pretense that he was a hotel keeper in Detroit, where he would engage her as cook. Upon reaching that city, Hat-cliff stated his intention of proceeding on to St. Louis; but Mrs. Bloxom, suspecting something was wrong, declined going further and expressed a wish to return to Toronto.

Before she left Detroit Hatcliff succeeded in rubbing her of her gold watch and a quantity of goods and wearing apparel, amounting in all to about \$300. Mrs. Bloxom returned to Toronto, and gave information to the police regarding the robbery. All trace was lost of Hatcliff until about a month ago, when a despatch was received at the police office to the effect that he had been apprehended in Montreal on a charge of larceny. The Police Magistrate having sent a telegram that he was to be discharged on Monday last, Constable Webster received orders to proceed to Montreal, with a warrant for Hatcliff's apprehension on the charge of robbing Mrs. Bloxom.

The prisoner being handed over to Mr. Webster, he was handcuffed, and both left by the 8 P. M. Grand-Trunk train for Toronto, on Wednesday evening. Hatcliff appeared restless, and seemed annoyed at the sharp look-out kept up in him by the constable. At Kingston, where the train waited a short time to allow the passengers to get some refreshments, Hatcliff wanted to get out also, but Mr. Webster would not allow him. The prisoner's wife had given him a supply of provisions, enough to last the entire journey. Being refused, Hatcliff endeavored to quarrel with the constable, and used very bad language toward him, calling the attention of the passengers to his condition.

Finding that is keeper was not to be thrown off his guard, he then pretended to be asleep, and continued quiet for about an hour. He then apparently woke up and complained that he felt cold, and was allowed to take a seat, still accompanied by Mr. Webster, in the vicinity of the stove, where he remained quiet for a short time. It was now about 4 o'clock in the morning, and very dark. The train was approaching Napanee station, and running at the rate of 25 miles an hour, when Hatcliff started up in a hurried manner and rushed to the door of the carriage, and succeeded in getting outside. Mr. Webster immediately followed and caught the handle of the door before it could be closed.

A struggle then took place, and Webster managed to pull the door open, but upon reaching the platform of the carriage, he discovered, to his great surprise, that Hatcliff had jumped off the train! With a zeal and courage perfectly wonderful, Webster immediately followed, and, falling on his hands and knees, fortunately received no injury, notwithstanding the rapid rate at which the train was going. He was soon on his feet, but could find no trace of his prisoner in the darkness. Listening attentively for a few minutes, however, he heard a slight groan, and walking to the place from where he imagined the sound had come, he found Hatcliff lying on his face on the ground. He turned him over, as he did not think that he would not only answer, but outdo your desires to him, and all your expectations from him.—[Trail.]

**SIXTH'S DEVELOPMENT.**—A gentleman from Virginia, brings with him a child, seven years of age, whose growth and appearance present a most wonderful degree of early development. His name is Walter W. Beyant, and he was born in Richmond county, Virginia. He weighs ninety pounds, and is forty-four inches high. His face is as large as that of a full-grown man, and his health exceedingly robust. He measures round the breast 33 inches; around the waist 27 1/2 inches; arm 15, and leg 18 inches round. His parents are of the ordinary size, and no reasons have been assigned by physicians for the singular and extraordinary early development of nearly mature powers in one so very young.

**Official War.**—The sheriff of Mariposa county, California, is quite an original in his way. He was directed by the Supreme Court of the State, to eject certain occupants of the Pine Tree vein, and to restore the vein to Colonel Fremont, "in its original state." He declines meeting the trespassers and defends his position in a written document, stating that as the shaft has been sunk a few feet lower, and has been made something wider, he cannot restore it "in its original state," and will, therefore, do nothing about it.

**Swapping Wives.**—The Danville (Va.) Transcript says: A friend informs us that an occurrence in Patrick county came to his knowledge a few days since, which we consider decidedly rich. Two of the citizens of that go-a-head State, having each about half a dozen children, concluded to make a swap of an unhard-of character. One proposed to exchange wives, but the other, thinking his wife the most likely woman, said he must have something to boot. It was finally agreed that the one should give the other two and a half bushels of potatoes, and the swap was made.

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