Democratic Watchman.

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Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
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HAS located permanently in Bellefonte, Centre County, where he proposes practising all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner, and at moderate charges.
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We take pleasure in recommending Dr. H B. PARRY to our friends as a thorough and accomplished Dentist. C. H. BRESSLER, M D, JAMES LOCKE, M. D
Bellefonte, March 25-13-'58

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TERMS.—$1 25 PER DAY

FANCY ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS for sale by GREEN & McKEEN

Original Poetry.

For the Watchman

Winter's Song.

I come The storm-king sends me forth,
From my home in the dark "rolling waves" of the north,
Where my Goddess her vigilant watch doth keep,
O'er streamlets locked in eternal sleep

I come and bear on my time-wearied wing,
A shadow o'er many a heart to fling,
Hope's radiant glow shall turn deathly pale,
'Ere I shall return in my storm beaten trail'

I come My airy-tongued prophetess flees,
When my coming is borne on the wintry breeze,
Soon soon I will lock the waves' fairy-leap,
In the chilling embrace of frozen sleep

'Ere I return many joys I will tell,
With rapture many a heart will swell,
And greet as a beacon of pleasures train,
My snow-clad brow, as *I come* again

MARY T

Original Essay.

(For the Democratic Watchman)

Stray leaves from a Country Girl's Diary

[No. 1.]

TUESDAY.—How sadly the chill breath of Autumn moans through the branches of the old trees. The sharp fingers of Jack Frost cut the foliage from the forest, and its members are whirling past my window, all stained by the tear drops of dying summer. The sweet flowers have all bowed their final adieu: except the late wild-ostino, which still blooms around our wild wood paths.

"The shadows of evening are falling." Ah! where are the wanderers? they who used to fill those vacant seats A western breeze is kissing the brow of one and another has touched her golden harp in the land of dreams, beyond the clouds A little mound covered with withered grass and dead rose leaves, tells us where she is sleeping "That blessed sleep, from which no mortal wakes to weep."

"'Tis sweet to look through twilight gloom,
When shadows fill the evening air,
And see hope's heavenly dews descend,
To bathe the soul" oppress with care

WEDNESDAY. How busy I have been today "To be a farmer's" daughter is to fill a position rife with anxiety. Churn butter, bake bread, cook dinner, iron linen, aye but a shadow of the regular routine of our daily duties, but if some of the *taper-fingered wasp waisted feminine loafers* who exist in the town of B——— will condescend to take a two mile walk out here, and then prove themselves neither too proud to learn, nor too lazy to work, I will give them a short lesson in making buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and paling the cows, which I feel certain would do more for keeping them in perfect health, than remaining in the parlor while their venerable "ma's" prepare the repast

FRIDAY —To-day bade good-bye to my friends, and traveled through the romantic valley of E——. Autumn is here doing her work, for the tinted leaves came rattling against the coach window: and the distant mountain was clad in her showy robe of varied hue The silent yet measured tread of natures decay, filled my mind with thoughts so sublime that my imperfect language cannot express them However my pleasant feelings were exchanged for those of disgust upon arriving at my place of destination, where not less than a score of (*gentlemen* I was going to say, but I forbear the mockery,) *ourang outangs* were standing at the door of the hotel watching to see who might alight from the coach Some were puffing at cigars which were situated between fool and fire Some chewing the "delicious weed" and spitting the dirty contents of their polluted mouths upon the pavement. Others appeared as though a slight push would send them to repose side of their adopted brother in the gutter

SATURDAY This evening called to see Mr S — Upon leaving young Miss S — accompanied me a part of the way to the house of my aunt. We had not previously met, but after a short conversation I judged that she possessed a mind of no inferior stamp; and though reared amid the scenes of a forest home on the Allegheny, she possessed in addition to great beauty, unquestionable manners. A sudden turn in the road brought the home of my friend in view, and Miss S returned leaving me alone to contemplate the beauties of an October sunset on the mountain. What a scene that would have been for the poet. The firey chariot was silently rolling down into the flood, and old Sol's beauty was mirrored in a thousand golden waves, which hung above him, and laved their brows in his mellow sunbeams. I heard footsteps behind me, and turned expectingly to see my fair companion, but she was gone, and in a moment a large deer bounded out of the thicket and across the path. WILD ROSE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PIECE OF NOAH'S ARK.—The Panola Star says that Mr. William W. Byars, who resides near Panola, left at the office of that paper a piece of petrified wood, with a screw perfectly formed in it which was taken from his well, now in process of digging, some hundred and twenty feet under ground. It is about two inches in length, and was imbedded in what appears to have been a block of hickory wood, some ten or fifteen inches square. It is supposed to be a piece of Noah's Ark

Teaching the Alphabet.

"The best method of teaching the Alphabet is what may be called the State method. Provide the child with a small slate and a pencil, then draw a letter on the blackboard and request the child to make one like it on the slate Commence with a letter that is easily made, as O: next take X, and to the left of it tell the pupil to draw an O, and it will have formed the word OX. Again at the proper time teach it to make the letter B, after which it can write O X, when it will have a new word—BOX. Thus, let every additional letter be one, which, when used with one or more of those already learned, you will form a word a name of something familiar to the child.

"There are several advantages to be derived from this method. You can draw a letter on the blackboard in a minute and leave your little pupils to "copy" at their leisure: and as imitating is the life of the child your A, B, C class will soon be deeply engaged. The very fact of being permitted to use a slate and pencil will be sufficient to interest even the dullest child In a few days it will know nearly all the letters in the Alphabet at sight, and what is better, it will have acquired a knowledge of forming letters and spelling some of the most common and popular words in the language. The slate and pencil will cost but little more than a 'primer' or a 'spelling book,' while the difference in the progress made will astonish both teachers and pupils"

The True Policy

The true policy of a town is to support its own mechanics and business citizens Permanent prosperity can only be secured in this way If our business men who pay our taxes, pay license, and keep the machinery of business moving, are neglected, and purchases made at other places we can never expect to have a home market worth anything Too many of our citizens are in the habit of buying articles of merchandize and mechanism in the cities which can be obtained fully as cheap at home Our mechanics cannot be excelled, and if we would prosper in business and wealth, we should make it a point to "support our own," and by so doing give employment to our people, and keep our money in circulation at home, instead of sending it abroad, to line the pockets of city merchants, and manufacturers, who contribute nothing to advance the prosperity of the "country towns" By patronizing the mechanics and business men in our town, capitalists do but contribute to their own interests as the prosperity of a place always embraces the value of property

CHESS MATTERS.—MORPHY TO PLAY BEFORE THE EMPEROR Young Morphy, whose chess playing has excited so much interest on the other side of the ocean, is expected home before the close of the present year, and it is understood that the chess players of New York and Brooklyn intend to give him an appropriate reception. What its nature will be has not transpired, but it will no doubt be worthy of the metropolis. Recent advices from Paris state that the Emperor Napoleon has requested Morphy to give a specimen of his blindfold playing at the Tuilleries, before the ladies of the Imperial Court, and has also consented to be beaten at chess by the young American at the odds of a rook There is now reason to believe that, before leaving Paris, Morphy will have a chance to contend with Herr Von der Lasa, the great chess analyst and player, who has recently left Rio Janeiro, where he has acted Ambassador from one of the German courts for some years past The meeting of these two chess masters will excite great interest among the lovers of the beautiful game.

MRS. LITTLES' CONFESSION The "last writings" of Ira Stout, says the Rochester Union, has made it advisable for his sister, Sarah E Littles, now in Sing Sing State prison to give a statement of her knowledge of the murder of her husband, Charles W. Littles On Saturday last she made and signed at Sing Sing, in presence of the prison officers, a full statement of the murder for publication. Her account of the horrid affair shows up Ira Stout in all his deformity, and fully fixes upon him all the guilt laid at his door by the public. It is even intimated that money was one of the motives leading to the murder.

THE SISTER.—There is something lovely in the name, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associates. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and brazing, in the noon-day sun; a sister, the gem of mildor light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

The keenest piece of irony we have met with lately is perpetrated by the Indiana American, a paper which says it is devoted to "sound morals, pure temperance, and rare fun," and which raises to its mast head the names of J. C. Fremont and J. W. Forney for President and Vice President in 1860. The idea of placing Forney on a platform of "sound morals and pure temperance," is "rare fun," indeed.

(Correspondence of the Boston Post)

An Eminent "Sportsman" Dead.

THE GREAT GAMBLING-HOUSE IN WASHINGTON—A SENATOR BREAKING THE BANK.

WASHINGTON, October 25.—One of the most celebrated and successful sportsmen of this or any other country was buried in this city on Sunday week. The occasion of his death affords me an opportunity of giving your readers a sketch of the man and a description of his gaming house. Let it serve as a warning, not as an example.

He had been a resident of Washington some fifteen or twenty years, during which period he amassed great wealth by gambling, or, to use the mild and honest language of the avenue, "he realized an ample fortune out of the successful operations of his house!" His "house" being the most elegant, and his bank the most weighty and substantial in the country, it has been for years the fashionable and fascinating resort of wealthy planters, fast congressmen, aspiring diplomats and ambitious sportsmen from every part of the world. For many years past he has lived in the most luxurious style, having, like a certain other rich man, "been clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day." In person he was above the medium size, fat and sleek, pleasing address and a generous disposition, exhibiting in his general deportment to strangers, the characteristics of a well-fed, good-natured clergyman, rather than those of a heartless, unrelenting gambler

His reputation for generosity was widely established! If a college was to be endowed, a church built, or private charities to be dispensed, his was sure to be among the most munificent of the donations His wife, now a widow, was of good parentage; a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, possessing social qualities which, combined with the dazzling allurements of wealth, insured her troops of admirers and courtezans Rolling along the avenue in her magnificent equipage, which far exceeds in richness and style that of the President of the United States, or that of any other gentleman in Washington, she looked a very queen being quite undisturbed by any thought that her presence sent a dagger to scores of hearts, whose patrimony, unlawfully obtained had contributed to her embellishment, in the same proportion that its loss had added to the woes and wretchedness of the beholder

His "establishment" was upon Pennsylvania avenue, between the National Hotel and the Capitol Let us approach and look at it

You enter by a door of variegated stained glass, which, by gas light, reflects all the colors of the rainbow Ascending a flight of stairs you reach a door, pull the bell, and instantly a small aperture opens, and you are greeted with a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory, set in black, which nominally belong to Sambo, but which in fact, are the property of the proprietor. A glance suffices You have filled Sambo's eyes and are deemed passable The door is at once opened and you are ushered into the anteroom—the vestibule of hell! This room is not large, but elegantly appointed—the chief attraction being the side board, which is of solid marble and white as Diana's breast.—Here are arranged in long and glistening columns decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliants, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host. The spacious "Sporting Hall" is now visible. The floor is covered with carpeting from the Orient of immense cost and marvellous beauty The walls are adorned with superb paintings of the old masters and the new, while pendant from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence; with mirrors of mammoth size reflecting your form and features from a score of gleaming embrasures Along the hall, at convenient distances, are ranged circular tables of polished rosewood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark-visaged men, who heed you not—their eyes having another and stronger attraction. One would naturally suppose this to be a theatre for jests, drollery and song, or bacchanalian revellings or pugilistic encounters. Far from it. On the contrary, all is hushed, silent, sepulchral.

"No real voice or sound,
Within those cheerless walls are found"

You are opposed with the fearful stillness and awful silence which pervades the place. A laugh, a joke, or even a curse, would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath or half subdued sighs is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of lungs and life.

An hour's inspection satisfies your curiosity, and you are about taking your departure when a soft hand taps you on the shoulder, and a low voice: "Please don't leave, sir, supper will be ready in a few minutes." At precisely half-past ten o'clock the doors of the dining hall are thrown open and "supper's ready," proclaims an immediate armistice between the combatants, and invites to a more healthy and rational duty. The long tables groan beneath their burden of gold and silver plates, and the heaps of delicacies which surmount and adorn them. Here are venisons from the brown forests of Maine, turkeys from the broad savannahs of the West, canvas backs from the placid Potomac trout from Superior, and salmon from the St. Johns; together with fruits, flowers and wines for every taste and from every clime.

The repast over, you are permitted, with a patronizing invitation, to "call again," to make your retreat to the open air, there to thank heaven that you are not a worshipper within this magnificent yet cheerless abode

One night's work, a few days previous to the close of the last session, made sad havoc among the coffers of his den. It is said that a distinguished senator won on that night one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which broke the bank and caused a temporary suspension. A new house, however was soon purchased by him, and was magnificently decorated, when the "king of terrors," the great unbeaten and unchallenged, stept in and closed the game of life forever FAUST.

Robber's Cave Near Clarion.

Our friends at Clarion have a "mystery" in their vicinity, which considerably agitates them. The *Citizen* says that about five miles form Clarion a singular discovery was made by Mr. Mason. While hunting bees, he noticed under some rocks a Buffalo robe and other evidences of the former presence of some animals less laborious and less honest than those he was in search of—Being somewhat frightened, he called others who, after some search, discovered jewelry of different kinds, worth in all about one hundred dollars. In addition to this, a pair of boots and pantaloons, a vest, cravat and fine coat, with the skirt considerably torn, pieces of which were found in different places, were picked up near the jewelry depot The circumstances induced ten of the adjacent citizens to repair to the spot and lie in wait that night for the return of the depositors but through the imprudence of kindling a fire in the after night, nothing was effected In dispersing the next morning, a sack of flour, three freshly dressed chickens and a blanket, were found unconcealed, as though they had been hastily left. Several other articles such as powder, caps, an old revolver, augers, a bottle of chloroform, &c were picked up

Medical Quack and Impostors.

The Harrisburg Telegraph has the following in regard to these adventurers, which is as applicable here as it is at Harrisburg

An exchange notices, as a lamentable fact, that people generally are ever ready to avail themselves, when sick, of the advice of quacks and imposters,—and the remark is peculiarly applicable to Harrisburg Itinerant quack humbuggery in medicine is perhaps more prevalent than in any other profession or calling. Persons, when sick or diseased, are and anxious to try almost anything They may hear of, that will be likely in the smallest degree to afford them relief. Hence these multiplied impositions If people will consult a physician of known respectability and standing, one of their own fellow-citizens, who has made medicine and the human system the study of his life, there would be more money saved; while they would at the same time, greatly contribute towards driving all pretending characters from their assumed calling, to some honest trade or business for a livelihood

BABIES.—The local editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery, which he has made, of great importance to mothers, it is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours. The *modus operandi* is as follows As soon as the squaller awakes, set the child up, propped by pillows if it cannot sit alone, and smear its fingers with molasses; then put a half a dozen feathers into his hands, and the young one will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes, more molasses and more feathers; and in place of the nerve astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable!

They do wonderful things out West, and there are wonderful people there. In Michigan a man pulled a snake three feet long, with his teeth measuring an eighth of an inch, out of himself, having previously killed the animal by strychnine, after he had been in his stomach for seventeen years. In Hardin county, Ohio, a young lady was relieved of a tumor which weighed one-fourth as much as she did herself; and in Cincinnati there is a double-headed girl whose digestive organs are consolidated, but who talks and eats with two legs and walks with two mouths—or *vice versa*, if the public prefer it.

THE WHEAT MIDGE George S. Woodhu'l, of Fenton, Mich., asserts that the midge does not leave the wheat until it is thrashed, and then it goes to the chaff and straw, and probably lies dormant till Spring, when it hatches into a fly and deposits its eggs.—He thinks this troublesome pest might be destroyed by burning straw and chaff of affected wheat for a few years

Treason.

Senator Seward says:

"Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. *It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation.* Either the cotton and the rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth, that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral"

These are the words of a Senator of the United States, gravely addressed to a popular assemblage, in the great State of New York, on the eve of an election, which is believed by many will determine whether or not at the election in 1860 the power of this great country shall fall into the hands of the Republican party, of which he is the recognized leader, and of whose purpose these words may be considered the undoubted exponent. Let every man read them and reflect on them, and know what they mean and then ask himself the grave question what will this Union be worth to the Southern people if the Black Republican government should come into power!

If the Constitution means any thing they protest against it If the Southern people have any rights under it, they declare war upon them The antagonism of parties is a war of institutions Life or death is the issue. With such a manifesto from the great Republican leader, subordinating everything to the isolated question of sectional ascendancy—what say our friends who have urged a conglomeration of all elements against the national Democracy? If this be Black Republicanism, do our opposition friends still think that nothing can be worse than the Democratic party? Do they still think the South as safe in Republican hands as in those of the Democracy? Do they still think all danger is past!

Do they still think that this Union ought to be maintained, though Seward should be President?

We speak for ourselves alone Valuing the Union as we do and believing always that the talk of disunion has been heard too often, nay, that threats of dissolution so recklessly and unnecessarily made, have had no small share in promoting the dangers we now meet, we cannot but think it is time to look about for means of security, and to calculate the value of the Union when in cold and unimpassioned moments such words as those above recorded fall from the lips of Senator Seward *Pittsburg Press.*

SHOCKING SUICIDE The New Orleans papers says the recent suicide in that city of Prof. R H. Chilton was the most determined ever heard of He had literally wounded himself from head to foot with his knife, in his desperate resolution to accomplish his purpose, and had at last inflicted two ghastly wounds on the left side of the neck a long the inner angle of the jaw, each dividing the integuments and all the vessels and either of which was sufficient to produce death within a few seconds so few, that it is remarkable that he should have had time to inflict the second Previously to these he had made a very deep and severe one in the bend of the left arm, not sufficient, however, to consummate his desire On the left side of the neck he inflicted no fewer than five wounds, one only, however, of any depth, and that still not calculated to cause death. On the anterior part of the instep of each foot he had inflicted another wound, and still another beneath the posterior part of the inner angle of the left foot. He had also taken both strychnine and laudanum

ROBBERY OF GEN JACKMAN. The Reading Gazette says Gen D. K. Jackman, of Lock Haven, Pa., lost or had stolen from him in the cars at that place, on Saturday evening, a porte-mannaie containing about $175 in Philadelphia city money, a number of valuable papers, several railroad passes, and a fire-proof safe key. He writes to us that this occurred at Reading, and he has no doubt that his pocket was picked as he passed from the rear car to the one forward of it. He was pressed upon as he passed out of the door by a man who appeared to be coming into the car, and who, he thought at the time, was an employee of the railroad company, coming in to give notice that the car was to be vacated. Gen. Jackman offers a liberal reward for the detection of the thief, and the return of the money and papers.

A family in New Bedford, Mass., consisting of seven persons, were recently poisoned by using dogwood for fuel Dogwood is generally known to be poisonous

A Remarkable Criminal Trial.

The Clayton (Ala) Banner has a report of a remarkable criminal trial, just concluded in Henry county, Alabama. More than fourteen year ago, in February, 1844, in Barbour county, John, a slave of Dr. Alexander P. Crawford, was most brutally whipped to death. The prisoner, who was then Dr. Crawford's overseer, being immediately after the whipping, and while John was yet alive, charged with it and threatened with a prosecution, fled from the neighborhood.—Two years after he was arrested by Mr. Thomas Cargile in the city of Montgomery, passing under the name of Boyd; and being brought back to Barbour county, the Grand Jury, at the Spring Term, 1846, found a true bill against him for murder. The venue was then changed to Henry county, where the prisoner had formerly lived, and where he had some relatives and many friends, and a trial being had at the Spring Term 1849, before the Hon Samuel Chapman, he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to the Penitentiary for ten years—the jury, however, omitting in their verdict to ascertain the degree of murder. On account of this omission, the judgment was reversed by the Supreme Court, and the prisoner remanded for another trial. Various continuances were had, sometimes at the instance of the State and sometimes at that of the prisoner In the meantime the defendant, having obtained bail, married in a respectable family, and had several children The protracted ordeal through which he had passed, the interest felt in the family to whose fate he had singularly united his own, and the influence of a prudent and correct deportment on his part, excited a sympathy in his behalf so strong as apparently to set at defiance, and, in the opinion of everybody, to put a conviction out of the question. The inevitable hour at length, however, rolled around, and on Tuesday morning, in the presence of an immense crowd the trial commenced. The jury, about 4 o'clock on Saturday evening retired, and having deliberated about 3½ hours returned a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree, with a unanimous recommendation of the prisoner to mercy.

"I Did as the Rest Did"

This tame yielding spirit, this doing "as the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit squanders property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy Other children in the same situation of life do so and indulge in this thing and that He indulges his own in the same way They grow up idlers, triflers and fops The father wonders why his children do not succeed better He has spent so much money on their education—but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble Poor man he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did"

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly They learn what others do to paint, to sing, to pray, to dance, and several useful matters In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness The poor woman is astonished "Truly," says she "I did as the rest did"

The sinner following the example of others putts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death He passes along through life till unawares, death strikes the fatal blow He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction because he was so foolish as to do as the rest did."

The Detroit Free Press says that a negro boy only nine years of age, just out of jail, where he had served sixty days for larceny, took a jackknife from a boy about his own age, and coming across a little child of three years, in front of Mr. William Drew, on the street in front of its parent's house, caught the little fellow by the hair, pulled his head over to one side, and deliberately proceeded to cut his throat The gash was four inches long, exposing from the windpipe around to a point just back of the ear. The knife was dull and did not effectually do its work before the father of the child came to the rescue.

Mail robberies have recently been committed in Maine. A bag, lost on the 21st ult, was found on the 1st inst, concealed under leaves and moss in the woods, about three quarters of a mile from Miller's house. All the letters had been broken open, and rifled of their valuable contents. The papers had been but little disturbed.

SEVERE DROUGHT.—The Norfolk Day Book states that so severe is the drought in that section of the State that the citizens of Suffolk are forced to send three miles to the canal for water to drink—an event that was never before known by the oldest inhabitants of that town. At Norfolk, also, the cisterns have become exhausted.

MAYOR SWANN is endeavoring to introduce some police reforms in Baltimore, for the better security of life and property. We hope he will succeed, for Baltimore needs it if any city does—especially about election time.