

# Democratic Matchman

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Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public.

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

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Parents and Physicians on the country are invited to examine my stock.

**CHARLES H. HALE, ADAM HOY,**  
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Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Office in the building formerly occupied by Hon. Jas. T. Hale.

**A CARD.**  
Messrs HALE & HOY will attend to my business during my absence in Germany, and will be as diligent as I in the trial of all causes entrusted to them.  
JAMES T. HALE.  
December 15, 1860.

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STATES UNION HOTEL,  
606 & 608 Market Street, above sixth,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
G. W. HINKLE, Proprietor.  
Travels—\$1 25 per day.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Interesting Story.

"Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes fretfully, as her husband arose from the table, and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore. I shall be in early; have a light in the library. Good night," and with a careless nod William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon the sofa, "out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we've only been married about two years. No man has a more orderly house. I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh! dear, why is it? I wasn't rich, he didn't marry me for money, and he must have loved me then—why does he treat me with such neglect? And with her mind filled with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure and a pretty face. The hair which shined by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, "it was such a bother to curl it," she said; her cheeks were pale, her whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat, light wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves; "what's the use of dressing up just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily, at the prospect of the long interval to be spent before bed time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears: it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied Lizzie Hayes, so pretty and loving, could have changed into the fretful dowdy she now is? If she wants to be at home to hear his wife winning all the evening about her trouble some servant, and her headache and all sorts of troubles? She's got the knack of that drawing when so pat, that 'pon my life I don't believe she can speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening at home, with only William to admire. She arose and went softly to her room, with bitter and sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and then, his love regained, to keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a smile came to his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty child with a pretty color and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her, while the bluish her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek, did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but on glancing about he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

"It must be cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side; and Lizzie's lovingly, as she recognized the old lover's tone and manners.

Not one fretful speech fell upon William's ear through the meal; the newspaper, his usual solace during the hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gay on every pleasant subject who could think of, warmed by his grateful interest and cordial manner.

"You will be home to dinner?" she said as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie; I have business out of town, but I will be home early to tea. Have some substantial for I don't expect to dine. Good bye, and the smiling look, warm kiss and lively whistle were a marked contrast to his careless, lounging gait of the evening previous.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie in a low whisper. "Oh, what a fool I have been for the last year! A 'fretful dowdy'—William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with real wife's devotion, and her lip would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend M., but like a brave little woman she stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The good piano, silent for months, was opened and the linen covers taken from the furniture. Lizzie thinking—'He shan't find any parlors more attractive than his own, I am determined.'

Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure in a tatty, bright silk dress, smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome him in; and tea passed as the morning meal had done.

After tea there was no movement, as usual, towards the hat rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering and chatting till Lizzie also arose. She led him to the light, warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting her again as he watched her fingers busy with some lacy needle-work, and listened to the cheerful voice which he had loved so well two years before.

"What are you making Lizzie?"

#### One Way and the Other.

"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes—If you want them, get them."

"I don't know who should, if you can't," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state.

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#### A Funny Editor.

The editor of the Kentucky Whig, published at Mount Sterling, having set out on a journey, the gentleman left in charge of the office thus announced to the readers of the journal his temporary investiture with the robes editorial:

We are happy to announce that the editor—the responsible editor—the fighting editor—has gone away, to be gone three weeks. He has not, however, left the paper in the condition of a Western exchange, which comes to us head 4. The editor gone, the devil (the hell) is—has left US in charge. Perhaps you don't know us. Sorry for you! But bring a box of cigars and a bottle of old Bourbon along, and we will "blow you the honor of our acquaintance!" We don't use in the usual editorial sense. We are not exactly, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "three gentlemen in one," but there are two of us. The editor knowing our Breckinridge propensities, has coupled us with a Douglas man. "Set a thief to catch a thief!" We commend his wisdom.

He has left us to fulfill all his duties. We shall, therefore, besides securing the election of Bell and Everett, demolishing Breckinridge and nudging Douglas, drink all the editorial whisky, smoke all the editorial cigars, and visit the editorial sweetheart at least three times a week. The public will perceive that we labor under no doubts as to our ability to perform properly all editorial functions, but we cannot help feeling a sense of devout thankfulness at the unmarred condition of the editor, as otherwise, being both bachelors, we might find it difficult to fill his place.

If any enthusiastic admirer of the editor wants to present him with a suit of clothes, we would suggest that now would be an appropriate time. If anybody owes him an article now he may be availed of a correct "balance" on the books and gub rona, a small discount, as we are out of change, and the editor has exhausted his credit for fluid refreshments.

Any bouquets or pound cakes prepared for the editor by the fair and gentle sex, and which would be likely to spoil before his return, may be sent to us with one positive assurance that the editor shall never know anything about them. Should we hear of any that are sent, we shall not fail to advertise severely upon the circumstances in our next.

Finally, any young ladies in the habit of receiving calls from the editor, by leaving their names at this office, will be properly attended to during his absence.

P. S.—We don't know who keeps the best hats in town, but we should know if we were to find a new seven and a quarter lying on our table some day.

#### A Chinese Wedding.

The following description is given in a letter, sent to the Paris Patrie, by a correspondent at Shanghai: "I was lately invited to attend the wedding of a young Chinese, a relative of a high functionary of Shanghai. You are aware, perhaps, that polygamy is not sanctioned by the laws of China; no man can have more than one legitimate wife, but he may have as many of what are called 'little' wives as his means enable him to keep. The position of these inferior wives is little better than slavery. All the females of the upper classes are kept in complete seclusion till their marriage; which is invariably settled by their parents, and generally through the medium of a mei-jin, or kind of female matrimonial agent, whose profession is considered respectable. This agent makes all the preliminary inquiries respecting the fortune and position of the parties, and then consults a soothsayer as to the advisability of the match. This person casts the nativity of the young couple, and if he declares the stars to be propitious, the future bride and bridegroom are introduced to each other in the presence of their families, but the lady is always closely veiled till after the marriage ceremony is performed. On arriving at the residence of the bridegroom's father, I found all the family assembled in the ancestral hall, an apartment consecrated to religious festivals. When all the ceremonial functions, but we cannot help feeling a sense of devout thankfulness at the unmarred condition of the editor, as otherwise, being both bachelors, we might find it difficult to fill his place.

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#### A Little Romance about Garibaldi.

CAUSE OF THE DICTATOR'S DISLIKE TO FRANCE.

The London Athenaeum says that a bit of romance about Garibaldi may help to explain the hostility of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies to France, and that of the Emperor of the French toward the Liberator of Italy. The family of Garibaldi, like the family of Bonaparte, is, Corsican, and the name of Pozzo di Borgo, or of Louis Blanc, is evident with what fiery hate a Corsican may pursue his vendetta against that lucky race. The Dictator's grandfather, Joseph Baptist Maria Garibaldi, was one of those patriotic Corsicans who gave the count to Count Von Fernhoff. Enjoyed Theodore the First, of Corsica; and being sent by the new king on a message to his mother, Madam Von Fernhoff, who lived at Pedeneth, near Ruggerberg, in the Mark County (now part of Westphalia), Garibaldi there fell in love with the king's sister, Catharina Amalia, and, with his sovereign's consent, married her.

The registry of this marriage, we read in a Rhine paper, is still to be seen at Ruggerberg. In the same year Garibaldi took Catharina home to Ajaccio; but fortune falling the patriots, Theodore fled before the Genoese to England, where he became the idol and butt of Walpole, who traduced his character, and wrote the inscription over his monument in St. Anne's Church—'betraying the fortune which he bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.'

Joseph Baptist Maria Garibaldi fled from Corsica to Nice, where, after the French conquest and occupation of the island put an end to the last hopes of independence, he forgot politics and practiced as a physician. His grandson in the Dictator. Meanwhile the officers of Bonaparte against the Garibaldis have grown in bulk and atrocity—Corsica has been made French. Nice has now been made French. The old country, the new country, are alike gone. More, the very last home of the hero is menaced. Capri, the lonely green rock in the Straits of Bonifacio, which he had bought with his gains and peopled with his pigs and asses, belongs to the island of Sardinia, and must follow its path should a new 'recovery' of territory to France take place.

Thus, the Bonapartes seem to chase the Garibaldis like an evil fate, leaving them no foot on earth on which the soles of their feet can rest in peace. Who can wonder at the Dictator's doubt, suspicion and dislike. A romantic speculation may be allowed to close the record of these romantic facts.—Theodore King of Corsica, left no lawful son. An illegitimate son, known as Louis Napoleon, was kept up till he reached the lady's residence, where every body slighted and entered the court yard as soon as the bridegroom's arrival had been formally announced his father-in-law, leading the bride by the hand, came out to receive him. I happened to be in a favorable position for seeing the lady, who wore a long cloak of blue silk, ornamented with colored embroidery. She had on a pearl necklace, bracelets and a necktie. Her head was covered by a veil but I could distinguish her features, and plainly saw that her cheeks had been painted white, and her lips tinted with carmine. After a short prayer the bride was conducted to her parlor, the bridegroom to his, and the whole cavalcade was soon in movement. As the bride crossed the threshold there was another fearful outburst of guns, trumpets and fireworks. Her parlor advanced in the midst of the lusterns and a crowd of persons carrying lanterns and flags. On reaching her future home, she and her husband knelt down in the ancestral hall, while the marriage contract was read; the bonze then performed the religious part of the ceremony, which terminated with a prayer repeated in chorus by all present. The newly married couple were then conducted to the nuptial chamber to receive their friends. The day concluded with a grand banquet. The first act of the newly married couple, at table, was to drink out of the same cup. The bride merely touched it with her lip, the bridegroom then drank off the contents and broke the cup. After partaking of a great variety of dishes, the company withdrew, and I returned home well pleased with what I had seen, but stunned and stupefied by the horrid din, which had assailed my ears with but little respite for so many hours.

#### THE OTHER WAY.

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"Cross creature!" cried little Joe, putting and pulling off his shoe, which for mischief or not knowing what else to do, he slung at the cat lapping her milk. The shoe went the cat one way and the cup another, and the milk in a puddle.

"You mischievous puppy!" cried Sally, giving little Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting room.

Joe, in a terrible pet, fell upon his little sister, who was playing with a waddy dog, a little toy her Auntie gave her, making it bark in a wheezy tone no dog was ever guilty of.

"Give it to me!" cried Joe, snatching it from her hand; whereupon Sally burst into an angry cry; "Joe! my mother struck him for it, and he set up a howl equal to any young cock in a hen's den; so that by the time breakfast was ready, the family sky was dark and equally as it could well be: for crossness is catching, and—the beginning of strife is as when one leecheth out water."—Prov. xvii: 4.

#### THE OTHER WAY.

"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes—If you want them, get them."

"I don't know who should, if you can't," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state.

"Sally!" she cried, "why in the world is not breakfast ready? The mornings are long enough."

"This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who, until now, had been doing her best, but catching her mistress's tone, she quite lost her temper. "The wonder is breakfast is got at all," she muttered; while her mistress went out, and little Joe came in from the woodhouse.

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