

Democrat Matchman

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BELLEVILLE, PA.
Office in the Arcade, second floor.

JAMES H. HANSEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BELLEVILLE, PENN'A.
Office on the Diamond, one door west of the Post Office.
EVREN M. BLANCHARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BELLEVILLE, PENN'A.
Office formerly occupied by the Hon. James Burn

J. S. LINGER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
BELLEVILLE, CENTRE CO., PA.
Is now prepared to wait upon all who may desire his professional services.
Rooms at his residence on Spring street.

AMUEL LIND WILLIAM F. WILSON
LIND & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Allegheny street, in the building formerly occupied by Hume, McAllister, Hale & Co., Bankers.

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Taken daily (except Sundays) from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
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In his splendid Saloon, in the Arcade Building, Belleville, Penn'a.

CWES T. ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BELLEVILLE, CENTRE CO., PA.
Office at his residence in the stone building formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnside, on door below Tomer & Steel's Store.

ISA C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BELLEVILLE, PENN'A.
Will continue the practice of the profession, in the office heretofore occupied by him, and will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to him.

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AUCTIONEER.
BELLEVILLE, PENN'A.
Will attend to all business in his line with punctuality. Office at his Store, on Allegheny street.

DR. G. S. POTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
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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J. D. WINGATE,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
BELLEVILLE, CENTRE CO., PA.
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.

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Bills of exchange and Notes discounted. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest paid on special deposits. Exchange in the eastern cities consistently on hand for sale. Deposits received.

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J. S. BARKHART,
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BELLEVILLE, PENN'A.
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 monies promptly remitted. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language.

J. & W. F. MACNEANUS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
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James Macneanus has associated with Wm. F. Macneanus Esq. in the practice of Law. Professional business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. They will attend the several Courts in the Counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

W. F. GIBBS,
DRUGGIST.
BELLEVILLE, PA.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varieties, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trussels and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds.

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Select Poetry.

Deeds of Kindness.
Suppose the little cowlop
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny dower,
I'd better not grow up,
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell?
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell?"
Suppose the listening dew-drops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away,
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun."
Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way,
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they make a great mistake
If they were talking so?

Beauty, Wit, and Gold.
In a bower a widow dwelt,
At her feet three lovers knelt;
Each adored her widow much,
Each owned her heart to touch;
One had wit, one had gold,
One was cast in beauty's mould;
Queen which was it won the prize,
Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes?

Miscellaneous.
CONSEQUENCES OF GAMBLING.
The Marquis Angelo Foscarini was the last of his name and title—one of the oldest families in Naples. He had been traveling for his health for the last three years, when his physicians recommended Diempe to him as all other places had failed in restoring his strength. This occurred in the month of July some few years since.
His daughter accompanied him: the most beautiful of Italy's daughters, where there are so many competitors for the prize of loveliness.
Olympia was an only child; yet the marquis had been married four times.
Devoured by ambition and pride, he could not even from her conceal his annoyance about her sex; for now his name, which had been handed down in the direct line for four centuries, would perish with himself. He would freely have given his immense fortune twice over, his life, his child's life all, to have possessed a son who would hand down his name to posterity.
At sixty he was the widower of two Roman ladies of high descent, and of a German princess and all three had died without his being accompanied. He was old now, and worn by the intrigues of place and ambition. He felt himself going; death stood before him every moment more visibly, and to try to conceal the painful fact from his view, this last of the Foscarini endeavored by gaieties and pleasures to crown himself with the semblance of youth. He raised around him a rampant of debaucheries, orgies, and gambling; he flung millions away and when, by accident, a thought of his child came across him, it was in bitterness of spirit.
"A woman! a woman!" he exclaimed—"There will always remain a sufficient fortune for her, a child of eighteen! She would be frightened by the heap of gold which I had accumulated for a son! On, on, let us amuse ourselves while we may—I shall, perhaps, die to-morrow!"
Olympia knew why her father lived thus. He did not spare her the knowledge of why he was so reckless. Without pity towards her, he was constantly reproaching her as the cause of all. Cursing her and her dead mother, he cared not how much she who tenderly loved him, beheld the unnumbered wounds of his ambitious heart; and when he saw her in tears, his only resource was to leave her alone, to weep in the bitterest sorrow a child might know, arising from a father's cruelty. And yet Foscarini loved his daughter, not as a father should have done, but as something belonging to himself—something beautiful, the most exquisite of his possessions, a handsome piece of furniture—his own. That was the reason he always kept her with him, made her travel everywhere he went, and refused her hand in marriage to the wealthiest nobles of Austria and Italy.

Fact, Fun and Fancy.

The wheat harvest has commenced in Virginia, in the neighborhood of Lynchburg.
"What's in a dress?" asks a popular writer. Sometimes a great deal and sometimes a precious little.
"Slanders issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose."
"Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremost of a ship? Because it's a little far out of the main batch."
"I must leave in *dis gust*," as the darkey said when he bid his friend "good night" during a thunder-storm.
Heenan has issued a peremptory challenge to John Morrissey, to fight him for any sum from 5 cents to \$5000.
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"Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy (infancy) too much."
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"The Japanese prize desire to obtain American weapons, and tools for making them. When shown a musket or a cannon they say, "Very good. Keep Englishmen off. Very good."
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Something to Fall Back Upon.

If there is any one thing in the earth below calculated to make the angels in the heavens above look down and smile at, we think it must be the sight of the man who lives to get good enough together for his children to spend when he's dead and gone to grass.—Many a man thinks money-making has its curses extracted if there is a son or two to be blessed by the goodly heritage. So he works on, eating the bread of carefulness, living up yellow dollars and warrant deeds, till old age writes his face all over with wrinkles of care and privations, and death gives him his last land title to a dozen square feet in the grave yard. The boys generally feel sorry that the old fellow didn't last longer, but console themselves that the fashion of making pockets in shrouds has gone by, and that the bank account still survives. We have always noticed that the paper currency makes excellent blotting paper for the tears of grief. We have made close calculation of the time it takes a young man, who inherits a fortune, to make pro rata distribution of it between his horses, his harlots, and his heart's delights of faro and French brandy. The larger the fortune the quicker pace the man goes. You may be sure of nine out of ten fine fellows going to the devil with such a provocation. Nor has the old gentleman, who turns out into the world a bright lad, with all that "our best society," and our "best schools" can do for him, done quite the fair thing for him in our opinion, till he gives him something "to fall back on" in case he should find, on experiment, that a man can't always live on his wit, or "go on his grave," when the money and the old man are both gone.
Now there was an old Frenchman, Stephen Girard, who preached a very good sermon on this subject. It has a great deal more wisdom than his will had. Old Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said "the always intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty one, he expected to hear the *Gur* say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox (carefully avoided the subject) Ben ministered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my source. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, Yes, I know you're," said the millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the Cooper's trade."
This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest," and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room.—Old Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben. "As low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your bill!"
The bill was made out, and old Steve settled it with a check, for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story: "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will at all times afford you a good living." We should like to see all the old folks trying that experiment. It might spoil a barrel or two, but it wouldn't spoil the boys.

The Liberator of New York.

In one of the little villages in Westchester county lived an old fellow, somewhat fond of his glass of toddy and languishing around the bar-rooms of the village tavern, to hear the gossip, and occasionally "indulge," and sometimes to an excess of which he was afterwards very much ashamed. He went by the name of "Old Sam," and was really a very entertaining personage. He had seen Gen. Washington and was according to his own story the cause of the British evacuating the city. "Come Sam," some village tavern bouncer would say, "tell us about your driving the British out of New York?" "Well now," "Old Sam" would say, "I don't exactly say that I did it, but I'll give you the facts, and you can draw your own conclusions: You see, the fact was I knew the British was in New York; and I knew, and we all felt that they had been there long enough, and for one I was determined they shouldn't be there any longer. One night after we had been talking about it for some time before going to bed I said to our folks, 'I shall ride to the city to-morrow morning and be there before day break; and I shall go armed.' I went right out to the stable with a lantern, three hours before day break, saddled our old white mare, put two loaded pistols in the holster of the saddle, and took my father's sword, that he carried at Bunker Hill, and I got into New York early in the morning, and the British had left."
"They evacuated the city, do you mean to say?" "I mean to say they had retreated—gone—run away! Now, I don't mean to say that the British knew that I was coming, but I do say that it looked very much like it."
"A BAD CHARACTER.—We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following anecdote.
A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died, from time to time, into the sea. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the fore-castle a sick man, who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.
"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.
"Going to throw him overboard, massa."
"Dead I you scoundrel," said the captain, "don't you see that he moves and speaks?"
"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never know when to believe him."
DEODORIZING THE THAMES.—In 1850, during three months very dry weather, old Father Thames—that one classic stream famous in historic verses of English poets of the last century—became a huge sewer, sending forth foetid odors over all the British metropolis. A report recently presented on the subject contains the statement that £17,000 (\$88,000) worth of deodorizing material was thrown into the Thames during the months of June, July and August. The deodorizing agents employed were chiefly chloride of lime, of which 478 tons were used, and of chalk lime, 4,280 tons were used. These were chiefly thrown into the sewers, and while the temperature of the river remained high—from 69 to 74 degrees, the river retained proof against all efforts of deodorization. Great preparations have been made this year to provide a sufficient supply of the perchloride of iron to modify the pungent odors of Father Thames' stail box.

Two men there found words or movement.

These were Foscarini and Stephen. The former was searching in all his pockets for something more worthwhile to gamble, and he found nothing. Never before had a man in this world such a physiognomy as that one.
At last he advanced two flaming eyes close to the other face, and in a low voice, which seemed to roll in his bosom like distant and threatening thunder, he said:
"Monsieur, all that I possess is yours; what those other gentlemen have won is a trifle but you—at this present moment, you might say to me, 'Old man, leave my house!'"
"Marquis!" exclaimed Stephen.
"Let me continue?" the other cried, interrupting him. "We met at the waters of Pyrgmont; at the casino of Naples also. Young man, do you recollect that twice I told you that your attentions to my daughter were displeasing to me?"
"But, marquis—"
"You loved my daughter then, and I had the right of showing you the door. But you loved her, did you not?"
"Yes."
"Do you love her still? Say, do you?"
"I do, with my whole heart and soul!"
"Well, then, I'll stake her!"
At these horrible words all the other gamblers started up, electrified and speechless; but with clasped hands upraised towards Stephen, and by the expression of their faces imploring him to refuse. But he! A flash of heavenly joy lit up his countenance. He endeavored to clasp the hand of the marquis, but he was coldly pushed back, and seeing that play had made a mortal enemy of that man, he drew himself up with a nobility of feeling, to which his antagonist was a stranger, and said in a solemn tone:
"Quite blinded, the old man unreservedly yielded himself into the other's hands. He made him his companion and confidant, and he raised the curtain before him which had concealed all his past life, and revealed the horrors which had been hidden beneath the splendor and garlands of his *fetes*. Stephen however, knew it already; Olympia had concealed nothing from him. For two whole years he had followed in the track of Foscarini and his daughter. Thus Stephen passed almost every night at the Marquis's, and to meet his tastes, and, at the same time, if possible, keep him from going among strangers, he became a seeming gambler, to refrain the real one.
During a month he had played away all the money he possessed about him and all he could borrow, and the more he lost the better Foscarini loved him for the marquis knew no happiness but in dice, no pleasure save in winning.
But luck changed.
The marquis had a passion for a sort of loo called boulotte, which Stephen effected to like equally well. If had already cost him ten thousand louis; when one evening he arrived at the marquis's half an hour earlier than usual, with the fifty louis he could then command in the world, and firmly resolved that if he lost them, he would no longer carry on the fearful game he had been playing, but at once throw off the mask of hypocrisy and, demanding Olympia again in marriage from her father, endeavor by other means to win him from his love of gambling. If she were refused to him, he felt the desperation would seize upon him which was natural to a young man like himself, who had vainly sought the one he loved so long.
Stephen's motive throughout had been a good one. If he won all from the marquis, he hoped by a marriage with the daughter, then more than probable, to win the ruined gambler from his propensities; to peace in the bosom of his family.
Foscarini and Stephen were seated opposite to each other. At their low table there was a Parisian banker, an English naval officer, and two planters from Havana.—Stak a wren immense. Stephen commenced by ten louis, then ten more, again the same and the same. All were lost. He trembled, Foscarini laughed at the smallness of his stakes. With a hand which appeared instinctively to draw back, Stephen placed his last ten louis before him; he held three dozens in his hand, and gained a hundred louis from the Parisian banker.
At five in the morning he had won two hundred thousand pistoles, the banker eighty thousand, the naval officer twenty thousand, and the other two more than thirty thousand.
It was Foscarini who had lost all that.
The gamblers drank a glass of punch, and amicably gave each other rendezvous for the evening.
Evening came, and the play of the one proceeding had been that of a child in comparison with it. Angelo Marquis of Foscarini lost all that he possessed—all his palaces at Naples and Florence; all his villas at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and his property in the Campagna at Rome; his gold, diamonds, horses—all.
The day broke through the crevices of the shutters; through the double curtains the daylight cast its pale light, which made that of the expiring wax lights of the red glare which we fancy an emanation of the infernal regions.
Of the six intrepid players, four of them looked like statues.—The immense losses of their host, the piles of money and 100's never acknowledged who as my son-in-law.

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Now there was an old Frenchman, Stephen Girard, who preached a very good sermon on this subject. It has a great deal more wisdom than his will had. Old Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said "the always intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty one, he expected to hear the *Gur* say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox (carefully avoided the subject) Ben ministered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my source. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, Yes, I know you're," said the millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the Cooper's trade."
This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest," and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room.—Old Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben. "As low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your bill!"
The bill was made out, and old Steve settled it with a check, for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story: "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will at all times afford you a good living." We should like to see all the old folks trying that experiment. It might spoil a barrel or two, but it wouldn't spoil the boys.

A Grim Specter in the Forest.

On the 6th ult., near Valparaiso, in the skeleton of an unknown man was found hanging in the woods by a hunting party, suspended to a small black oak by a black silk neck handkerchief. The skull, part of the spinal column and ribs, were hanging, the remainder of the bones were scattered about, as they would naturally be by dogs. The bones were perfectly bleached, the hair, a fair Auburn, which had fallen off, the teeth, except three which were absent, were but slightly worn, showing that he was not more than 25 or 30 years of age. His clothes with the exception of his black handkerchief, were decayed fragments of a jeans coat, summer pants, a woolen shirt, and a chip hat, were scattered around. In one of his boots—a thick pair of stogies little worn—were part of the bones of the foot, the other was empty. One pocket contained his wallet, containing one gold dollar, one Spanish quarter, and small change enough to make \$1 44 in all. The other pocket contained a pipe, knife, plug of tobacco, and a piece of paper, supposed to be a wrapper from "homestead medicine. No one in that vicinity has yet been able to discover who the suicide was.
New Denominator of Foreign Stamps.—In order to facilitate the payment of postage on letters addressed to foreign countries, and to avoid the necessity of affixing thereto a large number of stamps, which would in some instances increase the weight so as to subject the letters to additional postage, the Department has ordered the issuing of new stamps of the denominations of 24, 30, and 36 cents respectively. The 24 cent stamps will be ready for distribution next week. The 30 cent stamps will be ready for distribution the following week. The 36 cent stamps will be ready for distribution the following week. The 36 cent stamps will be ready for distribution the following week.