The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL--DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors. | Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, March 30, 1854. | Volume 11, Number 13.

Selected Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM J. PEABODIE, ESQ.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land— [shore
With broad arms stretched from shore to
The broad Pacific chafe's her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunset oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm Content and Peace abide;
For Plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land;
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank Thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the Free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of Liberty;—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvest wave, her cities rise;
And yet till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise.

Miscellaneous.

Stage Coaches.

"STAGE-COACH. [*Stage* and *Coach.*] A coach that runs by stage; or, a coach that runs regularly every day, or, on stated days, for the conveyance of passengers."

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

READER, do you ever wonder what has become of all the stage-coaches? You recollect them; I know you do; but you have not given them a solemn thought for the last five years. Somehow, they slipped away from you so quietly and gradually, like a man in consumption, that you cannot now positively say when they drew their last breath. You recollect, away down in that village where you was born, and went to school, and played ball, and went in a-bathing ten times a day during the summer-solstice, there used to be a stage-coach—a daily coach; and you recollect, that every time it came thundering and rocking down the mountain-gorge, in a cloud of dust, how it overwhelmed your young imagination. You can hear, *now*, the long crack of the driver's whip—the heavy shuck of the wheels—and you see yourself running, don't you, with a whoop and a hurrah to the tavern, just to see what kind of folks could afford to ride in such veichles?—and when the nine passengers alighted, you recollect how you followed them around to get a good look at them, that you might inform your mother, when you went home, that you had seen and touched the passengers in the stage-coach.

You recollect all this, I know. But if you do not, just sit down an hour alone; dig through the cares and troubles of manhood; heave aside the facts and figures, the bills payable and bills receivable, that lie like a mountain on your heart—the same heart, rather worse for wear, that you wore when a boy—and you will.

There were no two men who engrossed so much of my boyish thought as Throp and Sprague; for their stages ran through our village. There it stood, glaring at me, on the door-panel of every coach—"*Throp and Sprague.*" I could never see Throp nor Sprague; but their coaches were ever-present. They seemed to be ever withdrawn from public gaze. I could hear, too, about Mr. Throp and Mr. Sprague; they actually lived somewhere. I repollect, I thought they were two very large, corpulent men; that no one had any right to run, or possibly could run, if they had stages, but they; and that it either of them should, by chance, appear in the village, they would, of course, be a public reception tendered. When I grew older, I grew wiser. In fact, I became quite a stage-coach traveller.

And this suggests another thought. Where are the persons that used to travel in stage-coaches—when passengers paid fare from Buffalo to Albany? That was travelling; there were passengers then. There is no body to *be found* in a rail-road car, who has any right to call himself a passenger. No man has any individuality in such a place. He is so many pounds of flesh and blood, to be delivered at exactly such a time, at such a place. Every man's mind is fixed upon the place of his destination, and what he will do when he gets there. His points of character never break out for the amusement or instruction of the crowd; it is impossible; against the philosophy of steam and speed. Just coolly think of a jolly load of rail-road passengers!—is it not absurd?

But there were passengers, then. When we loaded at Buffalo, we felt as if we were putting out to sea, amid storms and breakers. It was important to know who manned the ship. We were to become a family in spite of ourselves, and 'sink or swim' together. And in all this, we had no agency; we were sorted and packed by another. We were to be jostled and ground, until all the sharp corners of our dignity and formality were smoothed. We knew, beforehand, that every person abroad must either develop himself or submit himself to be developed.

I just now see, in my imagination, one of those cargoes—myself among the number—made up of a judge, a fop a countryman, two ladies, three dare-devils, and a preacher. The judge was dignity itself, for the first ten miles—a perfect Lord Coke; spoke in a heavy, sententious way, as though he were speaking to something out of the window; gave, now and then, a solemn and impressive cough, as if he drew the sound from his boots. The fop seemed overpowered with heat, and amused himself with a scented cambric, brushing particles of dust from his face; the countryman whistled to himself; and the preacher said nothing; but the stage took a cant, over we went, and there we were, piled in the mud that oozed through the window. We were all introduced to each other from that moment. The judge swore; that spoiled his dignity. The fop's clothes were ruined, and he immediately sank down into a piece of dejection and insipidity; the countryman became knitted to us, from his aid during the disaster; the preacher convinced us how providential it was, that things were no worse; and the ladies said they owed us a debt of gratitude, for rescuing them from the ruins, that should never be forgotten.

This overset broke the crust. You know, reader, that almost every man who travels, puts on a kind of crust, like a mantle. Some look oppressively profound in a stage-coach or car, whose wisdom is only ridiculous at home. Others disguise themselves in a shower of words, and talk on stilts, but topple over and come down as soon as they are detected. Others affect the languishing mood; others, the scholastic; as I said, travellers put on a crust.

This overset broke the crust, however.—When the judge righted himself, and reviewed the disaster, he began at once to soften.—The fop was as completely destroyed, as an exploded bottle of small-beer. A man who chooses to put his whole capital in his breeches, ought to be very careful how he exposes it or them; don't you think so? The countryman brightened up, and shone like a diamond. Friction did him good.

You begin to see the philosophy of stage coaches, I dare say; because I wish it to be distinctly understood, that this is a philosophical article, with here and there a transcendental dash. We travelled together, and at night slept together; all in that stage-coach. Now, there is a familiarity in such a scene. The judge snored like a trumpet, and more than once plunged headlong into a lady's lap. Do you suppose any person ever heard the judge snore in the village where he resided, except his wife, or supposed a judge could do such a thing, ever saw the judge's head in a lady's lap? Such an infirmity, if known, would have destroyed his decisions; because dignity on the bench decides almost as many cases as law. We in the stage-coach saw that the judge was mortal, after all; we took a peep into his 'inner life.'—The ladies snored, too—Gracious!—and dashed their bonnets to pieces as they rolled around, and fairly knocked all the starch and manners out of each other; and when the sun arose, they were soft and subdued, like goodness in affliction.

The next day the judge became as mellow as the Vicar of Wakefield. He unravelled his whole life; his trials in boyhood; his struggles in manhood; his courtship and marriage. The preacher and countryman followed with their autobiographies; tearing up from the past, tender passages that had lain dormant for years. The ladies furnished their histories; and I recollect now—it was thirty years ago—that when the evening light fell aslant the trees, we were slowly climbing a mountain-road, amid the cool dash of waterfalls and the distant whistle of quails, singing in full chorus, with rapt heart and soul, "Auld Lang Syne," the judge, all the while, piling in the bass as though he were performing his last.

Now, the point lies here: what else but a stage-coach could have drawn out the little weakness of the judge's life; could have made him sing—for he assured me that he had not sung before since he was a boy; could have put the young ladies so much at ease, as to induce them to communicate facts to strangers, they had probably kept secret from their neighbors? What else? Bless the old stage-coaches! There is nothing like them left in the world.

Do you know, reader, that I have wondered about, and inquired after the persons who composed that load, a thousand times since. I have even felt an interest in the fop, upon the same principle that a person shakes hands with a loafer in a strange land, who would not speak to him at home—that is, association of ideas. True, I have become engrossed in the cares of life, and so they; "and what are they to me?" as the world says: but I cannot help it. Awake at midnight, I have seen the same old coach—the same faces, just as they were then—all winding up the mountain; and could distinctly hear, "Auld Lang Syne" ringing through my memory, amid the same dash of water-falls and whistling of quails.

Reader, there was something rural about stage-coaches. They were for ever passing through lawns, threading streams, ascending slopes and rugged mountain-sides; and they looked as natural on the landscape, as the trees about them. The birds all knew them, and looked down upon as they passed, with pleasure. Yes, there was poetry about them—poetry of the Wordsworthian school.—There was a dignity, too, an ease, a repose of manner, a never-in-a-hurry kind of confidence, that suited well the limbits of the age. They were, for instance, the men who kept the stage-houses; some of them in cities, and some amid the Sleepy Hollows of the country. Just find me one of those men now, if you can. You recollect, they were large, corpulent pieces of flesh; carried faces of great benevolence; wore heavy double-chins, and a very merry twinkle in the eye. They were prompt at the door, in person, when the stage rumbled up—didn't send a subaltern; bowed out and shook hands with the passengers; kissed the babies; were anxious about, and sympathized with every body. And then they gave you all the news of the day, and talked in a free-and-easy kind of way all the while, as if they knew you, and had known your father and grand-father before you.

These men were landlords. There are no landlords now. Nobody could be a landlord in good old stage times, unless he weighed over two hundred; and laziness and good nature were absolutely indispensible. Now, we have a diminutive, waspish, weasel-faced class of beings, who only look at the business of tavern-keeping; who wriggle and twist the coppers out of you, as coolly and maliciously as a Jew in Chatham street; who calculate how great an imposition you will stand, before breaking out into an uproar; who will not give you even "what's in the bond;" who never smile, because they are under no obligation to; who act as though they owned all the human flesh under their roofs—as if they had a perfect right to train men around, like a platoon of soldiers, according to their arbitrary will.

All this, reader, is entirely owing to the decease of stage-coaches. When stage-coaches died, the good old landlords gave up the ghost. Where they have gone, I do not pretend to say; probably, with the lost jack-knives. There have been a great many of both, but they have silently slipped out of sight.

Another incident that belonged to stage-coaches, was the inn. You can see one of them now, reader, perched half-way up the mountain-side, its faded brown sign swinging lazily to and fro. There was a horse rampant on that sign; a horse that had reared at the public for three quarters of a century. This house was the home of one of these self-same landlords. It had been in the family for three or four generations, and one child was born and bred by each successive landlord, to follow him. This was a stage-house. You knew just what you could have cooked there. The peculiar relish of the meats you could taste before you got in sight of it, because that was an art that went through the family with the descent of blood. You recollect the dish of speckled trout, the broiled chicken, and rye-bread. You even remember the three loungers that you always found sauntering round it: a good-for-nothing looking fellow, who was always attended by a fish-pole and box of bait, and who supplied the tavern in that line; the blacksmith, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and smoking a pipe, and continually asking questions; and a large bull-dog, that lay out in the dirt, lazily snapping at the flies.

If you do not recollect any such inns, nor any such landlords, in stage-coach times, I do. I got shipwrecked once, on a turnpike, in a mountainous part of New-England, and our stage-coach was entirely demolished among the boulders and breakers that lined the road. We finally drifted into one of these very inns, kept by one of these very landlords. There I remained a day. The old man was as gentle, and mellow, and as full of soul, as one of the Gold-smith's essays.—He looked as simple and child-like as though he had fished and blown a flute all his life. He put himself and his household to our service, at once. He went away in the hills with us, where we sauntered with our guns and poles until night-fall. All this he seemed to regard as a kind of duty, imposed upon him by his character of landlord. He gave us his history, and informed us that he was at the battle of Bennington. He knew Molly Stark; lived next door to 'her and the old Gin'ral;" and said she was one of the most remarkable wim'n with 'arbs in times of sickness, he ever see'd." (This took down the sublimity of the old lady's revolutionary memory some.) That he was born, and expected to die, in the old tavern. We concluded the day with a game supper, quickened with cider-brandy; and felt as tall as the chills about us, before we retired to bed.

Well, what has all this to do with stage-coaches? What to do?—a good deal. If you are one of those mathematical geniuses, reader, that cannot endure anything that does not march along, step by step, with the precision of a problem in Euclid, you had better stop right here; for I say to you, frankly, that I do not intend to demonstrate a single thing in this article.

How is it, now? You don't see any of those men, any of those beautiful landscape-pictures that lie away off, nestled in the by-places of the world. Rail-roads cannot reach them. You hear one everlasting fiz-fiz; a heavy rumble; see two or three swamps, as many forests dancing a hornpipe around you, with a few cattle and sheep laying round after them, and—that's all. Bless the stage-coaches!

But I must not forget the stage-drivers.—They certainly did belong to stage-coaches. Here was a whole class of men swept entirely out of existence when stage-coaches died.—They are buried with the jack-knives, too. You know they never lived any where in particular; except on a stage-box, and the whole race of them seemed to belong to all the stage-companies in the Union. "Where can I find Mr.———?" "Can't tell you, Sir, he is a stage-driver!" That settles the question. I am sorry to say, that they never did much for the morals of the age in which they flourished; but, as they are mostly gone—the genuine specimens, I mean—I ought not to speak ill of them. Did you ever have one of your mid-night dreams in a stage-coach shattered into pieces by a stage-driver's oath—an oath that cracked like a rifle? You have; I thought so. Do you recollect how his face looked—one side of it swelled out with half a paper of tobacco, like a wen, so that it appeared really painful? You do? Those are the characters I mean.

Taverns to them were just so many ports: they dined with the servant-girls, and slept with the horses; that is when they did sleep. They were all famous singers, and they sang the old out-of-the-way tunes that had been banished from politer circles: "Black-Eyed Susan," "Bay of Biscay," "The Mistletoe-Bough," and a host of others, all the way down to melancholly ballads about executed criminals, and lovesick Betties. Their lives were made up of drinking, singing, swearing and driving horses. They are gone; let them go.

What has become of all the stage-coaches? To confess the truth, reader, I do not know. I met a mile out of my way, a short time since, to see a pile of them, where they were stacked up under an old shed. They looked very forlorn, just as every discarded thing does look. They had evidently seen great service. They assumed, in my imagination, a mass of thought; a kind of wooden history. They had listened to so many stories, anecdotes, and songs—had made the acquaintance of so many people—had seen so much of the world, that I wondered why they didn't talk. I recollect, too, of seeing one not long since, timidly skirting along the woods in an out-of the-way place, as dejected and heart-broken as a solitary Indian in a city. They are not all gone, yet; but the few that still linger, only make the picture more gloomy.

There was a moral about stage-coaches; a something that forcibly reminded me of the journey of life. I have no doubt you have felt the same lesson, reader. Don't you remember, a great many years ago, that you entered, somewhere, a stage-coach; that you had nine passengers in all? There was a grey-headed old gentleman, with an ivory topped cane and a bosom full of ruffles; a mother, and two blue-eyed children; a maiden or two, young and joyous as spring.—You recollect that it was a May-morning, and all was freshness and life. The swallows were sweeping and chattering over your head; there was a great stir and bustle to put you under proper headway. There were 'good byes, and 'farewells,' and shaking of hands, and messages; and, with a blow of the horn, and "all aboard," a slapping-to of the door, and a crack of the whip, you were off. You travelled over hill and dale, on and on; but alas! the number grew less. First, one of the maidens was missing; she had stopped by the way-side; then, the mother and children were no where to be seen; their seats were vacant. The dew was hardly off the grass, and the voices of the children, so loud and joyous, were no longer heard. Then, the old man passed away; and then another, and another, until you found yourself in silence, amid the twilight shadows of evening—alone—listening to the rumbling of the wheels, that were carrying you still on. Is there a moral here? Bless the good old stage-coaches!—*Knickerbocker.*

From Putnam's Monthly for March.

Anecdotes of Gamblers.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VERON.

It was during the Consulate and Empire that the gambling houses of Paris were in their hey-day. As none of our readers, fortunately, have seen those theatres of terrible and absorbing passions, we quote the account M. Veron gives of them:

The first day of the month, I found myself richer than usual: I had sold a very excellent skeleton for twenty-five francs; and I was able to invite two friends to dinner.—Rousseau (one of his school comrades) was one of my guests. He was anxious to return me the dinner; the day was appointed; the rendezvous was at six o'clock, at the Cafe du Roi. There were three of us, Rousseau, I, and a young medical student, who was fast dying with a galloping consumption, which had been brought on by fatigues in the hot sun during the revolution of July. All of us were punctual at the rendezvous. Our host was sad and embarrassed. At last he said to us, I have invited you to dine with me; but my purse is empty. In this alarming situation, the young physician said, it is probable we are both (looking at me) in the position as Rousseau, he spoke the truth, *eh bien!* there is but one thing to be done; I'll go and borrow twenty francs from the keeper of the cafe. I doubted very much whether he had any credit there; but he came back with a gold piece in his hand. We started off to dinner. We crossed the garden of the Palais Royal. Suppose we go up stairs, said one of us, and risk at the rogue-et noir half of our fortune—say ten francs! The proposal was unanimously accepted. Rosseau was sent off to try our fortune; he soon returned;

. . he had lost. Our situation became a bad one: we met, feeling all the pleasures of hope, one of our comrades, the tall G. . . a charming young fellow; and the son of a grammarian. We told him our story; unfortunately he could add to our purse only three francs and a half, and he gave us to understand, by a gesture, that his watch was at the pawnbroker's. We soon induced our new comrade in misfortune to club his money with ours, and to go and risk the thirteen francs and a half at the rapid chances of the roulette. Our player did not return; it was past seven o'clock; shall we dine or not? Our friend appeared; he showed us 60 francs. We gaily went to Vefour's for our dinner. I scarcely know why, but all resolved to dine very economically. . . . . We knew not what else to do, but to return to a gambling house. Our friend G. . . . , was charged to play all that remained in our common purse; and we would share the profits. In a very few minutes our friend G. . . . had won eight hundred francs at roulette; the share of each of us was two hundred francs. G. . . . and Rousseau boldly played their two hundred francs, and in a few minutes, they each had fifteen hundred or two thousand francs, of winnings. Rousseau was greatly indebted at the Cafe du Roi and at the Cafe des Varieties; we tore him, so to say, from the gambling house, and by paying a large sum on account, he opened a new credit at both of the cafes. Head and ears in debt, without a cent of money in his pocket, and without credit in the morning, in the evening he was rich, and esteemed. Such wonders easily turn one's mind.

The next day, after leaving the hospital, I returned alone to the same gambling house, to risk the hundred and odd francs which remained to me, after the division of the evening's spoils; I won some twelve louis d'or; it seemed like a dream! The next day, I was at noon at the same place; I had taken the precaution to have it retained for me. For nearly three months, I won in this way, never less than a hundred francs a day, and often much larger sums. I still continued to perform my duties as an *interne* in the hospitals; but on ill terms with my books, leading what is called a "fast" life, frequenting the restaurants, and the theatres, having for the first time gold coins in my pocket, and, for a student, large sums in my secretary.—The *tailleurs* and the *bout de tables* praised my game. A *ponte*, a professional gambler, whom I had never seen, stopped me one day about dinner time, in the arcades of the Palais Royal.

"Monsieur," he said, "I have nothing to ask from you; but I saw you play this morning, allow me to shake hands with you; it is impossible to play with more good luck, and more good sense."

I knew how to stop in my winnings, and so I often had the chagrin of playing only a quarter of an hour a day. How heavily the time hung on my hands during the rest of the day! Roulette winnings excite all sorts of immoralities in the heart, and nothing more brutalizes the mind; nothing sooner extinguishes all love of labor and of study; nothing inspires greater contempt of all business, a greater loathing of all duty, than those riches of an hour which fortune gives you, that she may have the pleasure of despoiling you of them. I would speak only of the player who wins; what would I have to say of the player who loses! In this intoxicated Idleness, fevered and disquieted by constant winnings, I had daily greater difficulty to keep within limited winnings. Had I played higher, I said to myself, I would won a large fortune. I had resolved never to stake more at first than ten louis d'or; and during two or three days I daily won some fifteen hundred or two thousand francs. Then I determined never to stake more at first than five hundred francs; for two days that *montante* was completely successful. Although during three months I had lived like a *millionaire*, and like a generous *millionaire*, I still had in my safe (for I had a safe) some 9 or 10 thousand francs in gold or in notes, which I had won. I again determined that I would never stake more than a thousand francs at first. From the first thousand franc note I staked I doubled, I still won.—But soon the strangest *coups*, two and one, nine a forty (I played only at trente-et-un,) appeared against me on the *tapis vert*. I went home to get more money. I returned a second, and as I had invited several friends to dine with me that day, I left in my safe only some louis d'or, persuaded that I should conquer fortune with courage and large forces. There was not even a combat! I lost every time. A gambler's idea suggested itself to my mind! I visited that day every gambling house in Paris; at six o'clock I had scarce money enough to pay for the dinner I had ordered.

Rich with nine or ten thousand francs, and a great many castles in the air in the morning, in the evening I had not a cent nor an illusion. We gaily buried at table my fortune and my gambling luck, and the next morning I awoke with my heart and my mind free, almost glad to resume my past life of labor and of study, and to end that care-worn and agitated life of professional gambler. I did not, however, open my books again without feeling my mind wander. The gambler reappeared; I reproached myself bitterly for having failed to play well—for having run after my lost money. I no longer laid the blame on fortune; I imputed it all to myself! I even thought it would continue to protect me. I found means, for the first time in my life, to borrow a thousand ecus, and notwithstanding all my vows, notwithstanding my evening's experience, I lost these thousand ecus all in one day. Behold whither a friendly dinner, and the sale of a skeleton may lead one! Happily these rude adventures restored me to my senses, and I felt alarmed at the dangers I had run. During these three months of dissipation I have at least witnessed all the madness of gamblers; I have met in these gambling houses, artisans, fathers, young men, grey-beards, soldiers, literary men, some physicians, and more than one public functionary. Every house had its regular frequenters; we were all equal in the eyes of the "Bank," and perhaps the ruined gambler with disordered clothes, and a thin and pained face, was the most respected.

I often met at No. 129, a literary man, powdered hair, advanced in years, and who in his lucky bets would rejoice over his winnings in latin. He was a poor wretch, whom the least loss would make penniless. One day he touched me on the shoulder, and he led me out into the hall: see here, said he, take this Persius and this Juvenal, and give me forty cents. I refused to pay less than a dollar for these two Latin poets. His joy was excessive; but in a half an hour he returned to me, putting his hand in his pocket: see here, said he, take that pair of black silk stockings, and give me what you please. I had consented to diminish his library, but I could not agree to wear his old clothes. One day I had forty louis d'or on the black of trente-et-un. I left it there to double. An old frequenter of the house came up to me. Do you want to win? said he; I have a disease, promise me ten francs that I may purchase a bandage. I won, and he soon lost his bandage at roulette. I have been obliged in the course of my life to study and console a great many sorrows; I have never seen any anguish more poignant than that of the player who has lost. Some unfortunate players bear their fate without uttering a word of complaint. I saw an Englishman, sitting next to me (our elbows touched,) lose at the trente-et-un, a hundred thousand francs without opening his mouth, and without a gesture of impatience or of anger; reduced to his last five hundred franc bank note, he took gold; reduced to his last gold piece of twenty francs, he took silver; reduced to his last ten francs, he played only at roulette and with forty-cent pieces. Other players on the contrary insult fortune, and even the *tailleur*, and at the sight of the card which makes them lose they break the rakes. The clerk, who loses at rouge-et-noir another person's money; the speculator who seeks at the gambling table to re-establish his fortune, may, after ill fortune, commit suicide, but the professional gambler lives a long while. Fortune has very unexpected turns of favor; its caprices are unlimited, and it often takes pleasure in making the gambler's ecu the source of his largest winnings. I have often had pointed out to me, fathers who have voluntarily exiled themselves from Paris, far from the gambling houses, that they might no longer play, but who, every two or three months returned to see again the roulette and the trente-et-un. They remained in Paris only a few hours, just long enough to exhaust the contents of their purse; sometimes fortune retained them here by enormous winnings. The *pontes* would instance in my day, with pride and with joy, a young countryman, who, about being married in his province, came up to Paris with fifteen hundred francs to purchase his wedding gifts; and who returned home only at the end of a week, and who carried back with him his wedding gifts and ninety thousand francs of winnings. They adduced also a Strasbourg coffee house keeper, who, at the end of a month, returned home with more than two hundred thousand francs of winnings. The names of the fortunate alone were mentioned; the list of the ruined would have been too long. Every gambling house had its celebrated men; we often met at No. 129, a roulette player whom they called Massina; he played only a quarter of an hour, and these fifteen minutes he either lost two or three thousand francs, or won twelve or fifteen thousand francs. It is justice to say that the gambler need fear in the public "Hells" no irregularity, no surprize nor error; the Bank alone was exposed to pay twice, and it was not completely protected from swindling. Two young men entered Frascati's one evening; one staked on the rouge fifty louis d'or in double louis; the other staked on the noir the same sum in similar coins. The rouge won, and fifty louis were paid to the rouge; the stakes and the money were immediately taken away. A banker took up the stakes lost on the noir; but he soon perceived that these double louis were merely forty cent pieces well gilded.—The player who had won, had instantly disappeared, the other was arrested. He was at no loss for arguments; I did not say, said he, that I staked fifteen louis; I have not given you counterfeit money, nay I lose an hundred francs. It was your business to be more careful before paying the opposite to me. The affair ended here, and the bank lost its nine hundred francs; the lesson was worth it. A celebrated general invented a trick which still bears his name. One day, during the Empire, he staked at the Cercle des Etrangers, at rouge-et-noir a small *rouleau*, sealed at both ends, and which looked exactly like a *rouleau d'or* of a thousand francs; if he lost, he took up his roll, and gave the banker a thousand franc note; he won, and he said to the banker, who in turn offered him a thousand francs; I beg your pardon, I staked more than that. He opened his roll, and he drew out of it, in the midst of some gold pieces, fifteen or twenty notes of a thousand francs each. The general was paid; but the lesson was not forgotten, and no one was allowed to play except with his money open, and with limited stakes. During the Hundred Days, a trick was played on the bank, and which still bears the name of its inventor. One of his accomplices allowing a piece of money to drop on the floor, pretended to hunt for it on the floor, and while he was apparently so engaged, he placed there an infernal machine. At a given moment, another accomplice acted as this one had just done, and when he stooped, he fired the powder. In the midst of the general fright and confusion, the authors of this explosion alone were calm; they screamed "Save the money!" and they ran off with all the gold and silver on the table. After this *coup de main*, the money of the bank ceased to be exhibited on the table; it was inclosed in copper boxes, whose ample interstices, however, sufficiently tempted the gamblers' eyes. All the gamblers are inconsolable for the suppression of the gambling houses. A marriage was recently proposed to a young man, and in my presence, to a well born and elegant young man, who in his life of gambling had many a time astonished the spectators by his audacious game, and his enormous winnings; the lady's fortune, her friends said to him, is two hundred thousand francs. Ah! said he sadly, such a marriage would be possible only if the gambling houses were re-opened. In 1849, while travelling on the Rhine, I visited all the gambling houses in Germany; I found there a great many of the persons I had seen here in the gambling houses in 1818; The same *tailleurs*, the same *bouts de tables*, the same *Messieurs de la Chambre*, and, especially, the same old players. The passion of gambling, like avarice, almost places the human heart beyond the other miseries of life; the gambler and the miser live on chimeras, their pleasure is the only one which fears no satiety; their unmixed passion is always lively. Let us remark, for the honor of justice and morality, the durable joys of the avaricious cost privations and sorrows to none but himself. The very fugitive pleasures of the gambler may cost the honor and the ruin of families, and may lead by an insensible declivity a heart born honest, to the profoundest calculations of dishonesty and of crime. While I gambled, I was often the neighbor of a well bred young man of a good family and a very agreeable face. He played a game which was long successful, the *montante* and the *descendante*. Meeting recently a lady who had been one of his friends, I asked her what had become of my gambling companion; she turned pale, tears rolled down her cheeks, she leaned forward and whisper in my ear: He was hung in London for forgery.

Saturday Night.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing memories in the trampling march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garnish glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautifully through the shadows and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the bush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old arm chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday night makes people human; sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into wardrums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoo.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him, the world is shut out. Shut out!

Shut in, then rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible.

A Recipe for Happiness.

One of the wealthy merchants of our city, whose death the past year was universally mourned, often told his friends an anecdote, which occurred in his own experience, and which was recommended to all those who wish to enjoy a serene old age, without allowing their wealth to disturb their peace of mind. He said that when he had obtained his fortune, he found he began to grow uneasy about his pecuniary affairs, and one night when he was about sixty years of age, his sleep was disturbed by unpleasant tho'ts respecting some shipments he had just made. In the morning he said to himself, "This will never do; if I allow such thoughts to gain the mastery over me, I must bid farewell to peace all my life. I will stop this brood of care at once and at a single blow." Accordingly, he went to his counting room, and up on examination found he had $30,000, in money on hand. He made out a list of his relatives and others he desired to aid, and before he went to bed again he had given away every dollar of the thirty thousand.—He said he slept well that night, and for a long time after his dreams were not disturbed by anxious thoughts about his vessels or property.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ An excellant method of rectifying our judgments, would be always to put ourselves in the place of our neighbor, and our neighbor in our own. Have you received an injury? Imagine that it was you who done it. How will you abate your complaints! Have you grieved your brother? Enter into his feelings whom you have offended, and you will understand what reparation is due to him.

☞ Modern law may be divided into three parts—supposition, proof and debial.—Supposition is nothing; proof is next to impossible; and to deny everything is the main point.

☞ A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering."

☞ We ought not to isolate ourselves, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation.—Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and others.

Susquehanna County Teacher's Association.

Pursuant to notice, the Susquehanna County Teacher's Association held its fourth session in the lecture room at Harford on Saturday, March 11th, 1854.

The President not being present the Vice President called the meeting to order, and the Rev. A. Miller was invited to open the session with prayer.

The Rev. Lyman Richardson then proceeded to address the Association at length in an eloquent and able lecture upon the "True mode of conducting the education of youth." The entire lecture was a collection of gem-thoughts, rich and rare, gathered and treasured up by the lecturer during a long and useful life. We cannot do justice to the lecture by giving an epitome, and as it is impossible for us to give anything more, and that very imperfectly, we refrain from attempting any report of it whatever; but would merely remark that those who heard it can alone appreciate it.

No miscellaneous business being before the Association the President proceeded to the appointment of committees. S. U. Hamilton, C. W. Deans and S. W. Tewksbury were appointed a Business committee. A financial committee being called for the President appointed E. McKenzie, C. R. Palmer and S. J. Northrop.

On motion the President then invited the Rev. Willard Richardson to address the Association, which he proceeded to do in a clear and happy manner. His remarks were of practical nature, expressing clearly the character of what he conceived to be the accomplished teacher; and also the weighty responsibility resting upon him. He demonstrated the necessity of a change in the present mode of teaching in some respect, and congratulated parents and teachers upon the opportune organization of the Association and the flourishing condition of education generally.

Altogether it would have been fortunate could all parents and teachers in the county have been present to listen to the words of wisdom that fell from the tongue of the "old man eloquent," and to the lucid and practical arguments and demonstration of the younger scholar and teacher, by whose character the profession of teaching is so much elevated in standard, and purified in practice.

The discussion being next in order, the question how long should the common schools be kept open annually, was taken up and discussed with much ardor and interest by Moses Tyler Brewster, Edwin Tingley, Joab Tyler, Rev. Willard Richardson, Ira Stevens, S. U. Hamilton, John Blanding, B. F. Tewksbury. The discussion lasted several hours and much spirit was evinced by those present to take hold of the work in earnest; and place our common schools in that position which the interests of the people imperatively demand. After the question had been laid over indefinitely the topic of school or text books, was, on motion, taken up, but owing to the lateness of the hour was not discussed.

On motion a committee, consisting of Rev. Willard Richardson, S. U. Hamilton and S. J. Northrop, was appointed to make a formal report at the next meeting on the subject of Text books in the common schools in this county.

The *where* and *when* of the next meeting of the Association was then discussed and after some consultation it was agreed to meet at the school house near D. Burrows, in Gibson, on Friday the 31st of March, 1854 at one o'clock P. M.

It was also agreed that there should be an afternoon and evening session; as the amount of business before the Association would render it highly necessary.

The people of Harford seem fully awake to the true interests of popular education, and aware that, notwithstanding they have done much for the good cause, much more remains to be accomplished.

The thanks of the Association and the friends of education generally are due to the Rev. A. Miller for his kindness in securing accommodations for the Association during its meeting; and also to the generous trustees who permitted it to occupy the building in their charge.

The attendance at the meeting was beyond the expectation of its most sanguine friends; and nearly half of that attendance was ladies. Twenty five new members were added to the list of members of the Association and a *valuable* share of them ladies.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet as above stated.

S. T. SCOTT, President.

B. F. TEWKSBURY, Sec'y.

MEN WEARING SHAWLS.—A correspondent directs our attention to a most unbecoming article of dress worn by some of the young bloods about town. These young exotics, finding the apparel of manhood unsuited to their effeminate nature, have adopted the *habits of woman*. They are seen strutting about with their dandy shoulders covered with shawls, and looking like half-breed Indians or Mexican "greasers." Where the exquisites got the fashion from is a matter of conjecture, the general impression vague conjecture—the general impression being that the shawl wearing man belongs to that class of bipeds of whom it is said,

"The dandy is a man who would
Be a young lady if he could;
But as he can't, does all he can
To show the world he's not a man."

☞ The inmates of the San Francisco city prisons are now furnished every day with real mock turtle soup, in addition to the regular fare of bread, beef, and vegetables. Good living for prisoners.