American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

Let's Sit Down and Talk Together.

Let's sit down and talk together
Of the things of Olden day,
When we, like lambkins loosed from tether,
Gayly tripped along the way,
Time has touched us both with lightness,
Leaving furrows here and there,
And tinging with peculiar brightness
Silvery threads among our hair.

Let's sit down and talk together;
Many years away have passed,
And fair and foul has been the weather
Since we saw each other last.
Many whom we loved are living
In a better world than this;
And some among us still are giving
Toil and thought for present bliss,

Let's sit down and talk together;
Though the flowers of youth are dead,
The ferns still grow among the heather,
And for us their fragrance shed.
Life has thousand blessings in it
Even for the aged man;
And God has hid in every minute
Something we may wisely scan.

Let's sit down and talk together;
Boys we were—we now are men;
We meet awhile, but know not whether
We shall meet to talk again.
Parting time has come: how fleetly
Speed the moments when their wings
Are fann'd by breathings issuing sweetly
From a tongue that never stings!

Miscellaneous.

THE WINDOW IN THE FOREST.

BY GEORGE L. ALLEN.

The inmates of a little tavern in a secluded valley in Germany, gathered without the door, awaiting the approach of a horseman, the distinct sound of his horse's tread having apprised them of his coming.

He rides rapidly up and springs lightly from his saddle, giving his horse in charge of the hostler, who, after receiving his instructions, leads him away to the stable.

The new comer observed the looks of wonder cast upon him, and was at a loss to account for the curiosity he excited. He was a man of about thirty five years of age, of medium heigth, well proportioned, and tolerably good looking. He was attired in the uniform of a dragoon in the German service.

'Well, my good people,' he exclaimed at length, what do you see in my appearance so surprising that it makes you gaze upon me with open mouths?'

'Is it possible that you are alive?'

The astonishment of the host caused the some what singular interrogation to escape from him.

'Faith to the best of my belief, I am so,' replied the dragoon pleasantly. 'Do I look like a dead man.'

'No, no—I mean not that,' said the host, as he seemed to be revolving some matter in his mind, which puzzled him. 'You come by the forest road?'

'Certainly, and gloomy enough it is too; a lonely path to travel when a man has no companion but his own thoughts.'

'Better have your thoughts than the fearful companion some have met in the forest.'

'Indeed! What sort of a person is he?'

'We know not; none that have seen him lived to tell of their encounter.'

'This is a strange affair that you are telling me.'

'Did you see nothing in your way through the forest?'

'Nothing; yet stay—now I bethink I do remember noticing in the forest, a short distance from the road, a small cottage window—'

'Ah! a window.'

'Yes; I thought it singular that a cottage should be situated in such a particularly peculiar nighborhood.'

'You did not approach it?'

'No; I should not have observed it but for the glimmering light of a taper which betrayed it to my eyes. I was too hungry to stop to examine it; I knew of the locality of your inn, and hurried on, as I wished to pass the night here.'

'Ah! I remember you now, is it not Capt. Ernest?'

'The same.'

'You stopped here on your way to join the army for the last campaign?'

'Yes; the war is over now, the Emperor has concluded a peace, and I am on my way home. But come, serve me up something in the shape of a repast, and while I satisfy the cravings of nature, you shall narrate to me the particulars of this story—What little I have heard has greatly excited my curiosity.'

The host led the way into the principal apartment of the inn. A hasty meal was soon spread upon a small table, and Capt. Ernest commenced a vigorous attack.

'You must know,' commenced the host seeing that his guest was prepared to listen 'it is nearly a year since that window was first seen.'

'Then I presume that the cottage was built about that time,' replied Capt. Ernest.

'Cottage! there is no cottage.'

'What, no cottage! oh, but my good fellow, I saw the window myself.'

'True, yet still there is no cottage.'

'Well, I have heard of houses without windows, but I never heard of a window without a house.'

'Yes, it is the fact. Traverse the road by daylight—carefully examine every portion of it—penetrate a short distance in the forest on either side, and you will find no vestage of human habitation.'

'There is some mystery about this.'

'Ay, and a deep one; for as soon as the shades begin to fall, the traveller beholds the light shining with sickly lustre amidst the dense foliage around.'

'Ah, I have it, this is nothing more nor less than a Jack o'lantern—a Will o' Wisp.'

'You're wrong; the window has been seen—the very number of panes counted; there are six: my boy Heinrich, there, has seen it.'

The host pointed to a stout lad of eighteen, who had been attending to the stranger's wants.

'Ah, that alters the case, though I must say this light in the window is rather a strange affair. But how chanced it he could approach this dangerous object and not be the worse for it, when I understand you to say all others have perished?'

'You shall hear it, it must have been through the mercy of Providence. One evening, as Heinrich was returning from the town, some twenty miles beyond here, he got belated in the forest. It grew so dark he could hardly see his way by the time he got within five miles of here. Feeling somewhat tired, he stopped to rest by the roadside, when looking into the forest, he beheld the light gleaming from the window'—

'What! five miles from here?' interrupted the captain, 'why, where I saw it to night it must be all of ten miles from here.'

'I have no doubt of it—it is seen at all distances along the road, but he saw it five miles from here, and on the right hand side of the road.'

'The right hand side? it was on the left hand when I saw it.'

'Oh for the matter of that, it is seen on either side by different persons, in fact, no two ever saw it in the same place.'

'The duce! but go on.'

'The moment that Heinrich beheld the light, feeling thirsty, he determined to approach the cottage and request a draught of milk; mind, this was before it had become so noted—naturally supposing that he was near the cottage of some woodman.—He made his way through the underwood towards it wondering at the taste of a man who could build his house amid a thick wood of brambles. It seems he miscalculated the distance, for when he thought he should have gained the light it was as far off as when he first saw it. He continued to press on for about fifteen minutes, yet the light maintained the same distance. He paused, bewildered; for a moment it grew more distinct—he could count the panes of glass, he almost saw a strange gaze gazing out upon him, and he turned and fled. That terror saved his life; had he followed that fearful sight an instant longer, he would have been lost. He reached home more dead than alive, and it was more than an hour before he could find breath to relate what I have just related.'

'So you think the fiend has something to do with this travelling window.'

'I do not know what to think. You know this inn of mine lies between the towns of Waldburg and Moritz. Many rich travellers leave one of these towns for the other, yet one out of every two never reach their destination. They are missed between this place and Waldburg.'

'Robbed and murdered by some ruffians who infest the road.'

'Their bodies are never found.'

'Have the police ever investigated these mysteries?'

'Yes, but without discovering any sign of a band of robbers. We told them of the window; they watched for it, but as they could never see it, laughed at us and told us our light was nothing more than a fire-fly.'

'It was strange that it did not appear to them.'

'It was so: after they left the neighborhood the window again became visible, and the travellers disappeared as before.'

'Was there anything singular connected with the disappearance of these travellers?'

'Yes, one thing; all that were missed journeyed alone. Strange to say, those who travelled in parties of two or three invariably escaped.'

'Well, my worthy host, do you know that a strange desire has seized upon me to penetrate the mystery? It seems that I am the only solitary traveller who has escaped the danger of this mysterious window, that is a prestige of success. I have passed through some scenes of danger, and may be allowed to remark that I am no coward. This is a promising adventure to a soldier who finds it somewhat hard to settle down into a quiet life after the bustle and strife of a long campaign. So, if my stout Heinrich, here, will bear me company, I'll even undertake a solution of this enigma.'

'With all my heart, Captain,' said Heinrich, promptly.

'Then let us set forth at once.'

'Aye, to night,' replied the captain; 'it is scarcely ten o'clock, and I am in excellent trim; so prepare my lord, and we will set forth at once.'

The captain examined the priming of his pistols carefully, and then thrust them into his belt; he then buckled on his sabre. Heinrich was ready armed with a stout cudgel. In this manner they sallied forth.

After proceeding a few paces up the road the captain paused to give his companion a few instructions.

'Heinrich,' he said, 'a skilful commander always conceals the number of his forces, for the furtherance of my plan of action it is necessary that we should pass for one man.'

'You are the guide—consequently you must go first; I will 'lock step' with you; tread lightly, and our mingled footsteps will sound like the tread of a single man. In this manner—ah, you understand—not a bad soldier for the beginning. Now what ever you see or hear, keep your tongue between your teeth, if you wish to call my attention to any hing, nudge me with your elbow; if on the right, why with the right. Now then, forward—march!'

They proceeded in silence for over an hour, and Heinrich's right elbow was thrust gently into the Captain's ribs; at his wispered halt, they both stopped. Amid the trees they saw distinctly a faint twinkling light, having the appearance of a taper in a cottage.

'Now, Heinrich,' said the Captain, 'if the devil owns this light, he has no power to harm us; if it belongs to mortal man, we shall see which is the strongest. Keep a bold heart in your breast and press steadily on.'

They entered the forest; the Captain still keeping close behind Heinrich, so governed his movements that they seemed as one man. As they proceeded, the light almost imperceptibly retreated. To the eye of an unsuspecting person, the movement would have had the effect of miscalculation in distance, but the keen senses of the captain were not to be deceived; he beheld the light receding slowly but steadily as they advanced. He strained his eyes to discover the cause, but in vain. As they treaded the mazes of the wood it would suddenly disappour, and after proceeding a few minutes without beholding it, they would pause, thinking it had vanished entirely, when again its light would glimmer before them, as if inviting them to proceed. Ong thing the Captain had discovered; they were pursuing a beaten path through the forest, and he felt a slight shudder thrill even to his stout heart, as he reflected that it might have been worn by the feet of unfortunate travellers who had fallen victims to this mystery.

A quarter of an hour had passed since they had entered the forest, and yet they were no nearer the light than before. Again the light disappeared, this time it seemed to be gone in reality, they walked steadily on—all was dark. The Captain was about to relinquish the pursuit, when lo, there was the light quivering as before.

Heinrich stepped briskly forward; there was a cracking sound, as of breaking twigs. The Captain drew back and grasped an overhanging bough.—There was a sound of a heavy fall, a cry of pain—then all was still. The captain was standing on the brink of the pit into which Heinrich had fallen. By the aid of the bough he had seized he drew himself back from his perilous situation. Scarcely had he regained a firm footing before he saw the light rapidly approach the pit. With a painful effort he repressed his breathing. As it neared him he perceived that it was nothing but a frame work in which a taper was placed, in the hands of a man of wild ferocious aspect. The truth instantly flashed upon the captain's mind, he understood the devilish artifice which the monster had used to entrap the unwary.

The robber placed his window by the side of the pit, and sinking on his knees, peered curiously into the depth, a long knife which glittered in his hand told plainly what awaited Heinrich, if he survived the fall.

The captain drew forth one of his pistols and cautiously cocked it, slight as was the sound, the robber's ear detected it, and he sprang to his feet, the captain fired as he rose. The aim was true and fatal, with a loud shriek the ruffian fell to the earth, a few convulsive struggles shook his frame and he lay perfectly motionless.

The captain moved cautiously around the pit and gained his side. He was quite dead. He examined his person; he found that his garments were of the roughest kind, and much worn, his feet were protected by a covering made of felt, which prevented the footsteps from being heard. He then turned and examined the window, it was nothing but a common frame that he had obtained from some cottage, the taper was backed by a small green board, which served to throw the rays of light straight forward, while it concealed the person of the bearer.

Feeling anxious for the fate of Heinrich the captain called loudly upon the name, but received no answer. Fearing the worst, he retraced his steps to the best of his ability in the direction of the inn. By pursuing the path he had before noticed, he succeeded in reaching the road without much difficulty and arrived at the inn before day break.

The host, though anxious to ascertain the fate of his son, advised a short delay to procure assistance from the neighboring villagers; the captain acceded.

In about two hours after, a strong party proceeded to the scene of nocturnal adventure. The captain found all as he had left it, and his heart was considerably relieved by hearing the voice of Heinrich shouting lustily for help. He was soon relieved from his unpleasant situation; though stunned by the fall, he had received no other hurt than a few bruises. This pit was the robber's burial place as well as trap: they cast his body among those he had slaughtered, and filled it up with earth.

The place was soon deserted. Captain Earnest, after a hearty good-bye exchanged with the host and Heinrich, proceeded on his journey. The circumstance became known, and the government rewarded his courage with a pension.

Heinrich had the window placed in the front side of the inn, where it may be seen to this day by the curious traveller.

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST."—A FACT.

About two years ago a young mechanic, a resident of this city, fell desperately in love with the daughter of a widow lady, reputed to be rich, and he was made to believe that his ardent attachment was fully reciprocated by the young lady—but her mother would not have her daughter marry a man of no fortune. Seeing how matters stood, and not wishing to place his love in a position below that which she had always held, he resolved to seek his fortune in the golden regions of California. With an ambitious spirit and almost broken heart, he bid adieu to the idol of his soul. She assured him that on his return, let him be successful or not, she would still be his, and his alone. That she was satisfied of his devoted love for her—and as that was all she asked from the man she would give her heart to, she would marry him if he returned in rage.

He had not been in San Francisco more than two months, when he received a letter from an intimate friend, which almost crushed his ambition, and set him on a rock. The letter stated that the lady whom he loved was a heartless coquette—that she was at all the balls and routes of the season—and intimated that a certain young merchant of Beaver street was a favored swain at the house, &c. Her letters to him, however, showed no falling off of attachment on her part, but breathed the sentiment of honest and pure love. Still he was resolved to try her faith and be fully convinced of her love for him, and satisfy his mind as to whether it was the wealth he was accumulating there, that was to lead her to the alter, or whether she loved him for himself alone.—He commenced writing home despairingly, complained of bad losses, illness, and assured his beloved and anxious mamma, that California was not the El Dorado that many supposed it to be. He spoke of his undying love, of his inability to stay from all that was dear to him on earth.

Her letters grew like angels' visits, few and far between, and one even hinted that New York was even worse than California, and advised him to stay until as Macawber says, something turns up.

This rather convinced him how affairs were, and in a few months after he returned. His looks betrayed care and sickness, and his friends were sorry to see him return so broken in health and so poor in pocket.

On his arrival, he visited the house of the woman who had pledged herself to be his wife, in wealth or in poverty—but alas, his reception was anything but but a lover's. He felt it, but urged his suit—spoke of honorable competence being obtained by hard labor and economy—and after assuring her of his unaltered love offered her his hand, and implored her to remember her promise to him, and become his wife. She refused! Begged him to think of her no more, and told him to find one more worthy of him than her, and in conclusion sent her mother to talk to him. The mother pleaded ignorance of ever knowing that he aspired to her daughters hand, and contended that the match was preposterous, and she felt certain that he could find girls enough in his own sphere of life that would jump at his offer. He left the house fully satisfied at the heartlessness of the world, and the women in particular. It was a sad reality to him but he proved himself a man under the trying circumstances.

'What was the name of the young man who had such a notion after Caroline, who went to California two years ago, and returned by the Ohio? He was a tall, fine looking fellow, with blue eyes and light hair, rather florid complexion, ain't he?' asked the young lady's uncle, a broker in Wall street, one evening, while paying a visit at his sister's.

'Why, what of him, the low fellow—to think we wanted him—rags and all!' answered the mother.

'I don't know,' returned the uncle, 'if it be the man or not, but I was told rather sneeringly it was. His name if you please.'

'Cornelius B———,' said Miss Caroline.

'That's it, you've made a pretty mistake here, upset a nice kettle of fish!' said the uncle warmly. 'Why he's rich—he's worth two hundred thousand dollars, and I have invested nearly a hundred thousand for him myself.'

They were not as gay as usual at Mrs. F———'s for the rest of that evening.

He did wisely to test the heart of her with whom he was to share life's joys or sorrows.—*New York Picayune.*

The Love of Home.

It is only shallow minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacfirice to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

DITTO.—An honest old farmer, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation, went to a certain store with which he did his trading, to make his annual settlement.

On looking over, he occasionally found charges like the following: 'To 1 lb Tea,' 'To 1 lb ditto.' Not knowing the meaning of the term 'ditto,' he concluded the account was not correct, and posted off home to inquire into the affair.

'Wife,' said he, 'this is a pretty business, there is Mr. ——— has charged me with pounds and pounds of ditto. Now I should like to know what you have done with so much ditto.'

'Ditto, ditto?' replied the old lady, 'I never had a pound of ditto in my house in my life.'

So back went the farmer in high dudgeon that he should be charged with things he had never received.

'Mr. ———,' said he, 'my wife says she never had a pound of ditto in the house in her life.'

The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the term, and the farmer went home satisfied.

His wife enquired if he had found out the meaning of ditto. 'Yes,' said he, 'it means I'm a d——d fool and you are ditto.'

From the N. Y. National Democrat.

COFFEE—CURIOUS HISTORY OF ITS USE.

Coffee is of Asiatic origin, and brought to the Occident by the Turks. They call it *cahveh*. Yemen, a province in Asia, is generally considered a place where the coffee sprung up. Certain it is that Arabian herdsmen of the desert of Al-Dshesira, approaching one evening the shores of the Euphrates, were the first to discover the enlivening power of coffee.—Worn out as they were, after a tiresome journey through the desert, they were reclining beneath a coffee tree, and for pastime commenced chewing the coffee beans. They soon observed that their weariness passed away, and left them fine spirited during the night. Next evening they repeated their pastime, and it had the same effect. They were convinced that there was hidden and refreshing power in the coffee beans.

It was then introduced as a kind of medicine for relaxation, for which purpose it was roasted, ground and boiled in hot water, in the manner we prepare coffee now. Consequent on the prohibition of wine drinking by Mahomet, the use of coffee, soon became in extensive demand all over Arabia, Turkey, and Persia. From these countries coffee was introduced by the Venetians, in the year 1591, into Italy, to be used only as an enlivening medicine, at first they tried it with the leaves of the coffee treewhich was, however, abandoned, and they resorted to the coffee beans, and prepared them in the same manner as the Arabians. After a while it became a favorite beverage for dainty persons, and its importation from a foreign country rendered it, in the eyes of the aristocracy of that period, desirable.

From Venice, coffee was introduced into England, France and Holland. The first public coffee house was opened in London in the year 1652, a few years after the second appeared in Paris, and a third in Amsterdam. Not, however, until the year 1692 was coffee known in Germany, it was imported from Holland already roasted. The first public coffee-house was established in Leipzig, in the year 1720, which, no doubt, is the oldest coffee house in the world, as it is even at the present day a place of public amusement. Two circumstances contributed principally to make coffee a general beverage in Germany: firstly, that coffee was exempted by the government from the taxes laid on beer and wine: and, secondly, the powers of coffee to produce an agreeable excitement without intoxication. These qualities made it the most agreeable beverage to ladies and business men. The Jews in Germany, known to be the most active merchants, became exceedingly fond of this enlivening beverage, and also the poets. It is a well known story that the French poet, Rosseau, once on a visit to Voltaire, remarked to the latter that coffee was a poison. Voltaire replied: 'True; but a poison which effects the health very slowly, as I have been drinking it for sixty years.'

The greatest opponents to coffee drinking are the homœopathic doctors, who consider coffee as most injurious to the health. Indeed it is to nervous people, particularly strong coffee, also to dyspeptics it may prove not digestible, but in the latter case its ill digestion arises from the impure milk which is mixed with it.

The French and Germans drink more black coffee than white, and take soon afterwards a glass of pure cool water, and that custom is one which it would be useful to adopt in this country, as in this manner coffee is not even injurious to plethoric people, if they drink only a small quantity of it. It serves under this condition to aid digestion and enliven the spirits. To young people it is not so wholesome as beer-soup, which is used for them in Germany. And young ladies who wish to become as fleshy as the vocalist Alboni, must refrain from drinking coffee, and had better imitate the German in the use of beer soup. There is often added to coffee roasted roots, as that of succory or carrot, for instance, which diminishes its flavor. Roasted beans of cocoa, on the other hand, are most healthy and palatable, if mixed with coffee. The Turks add different spices, and the French pour rum in it, so do also the Italians and Germans, and they use sometimes the yolk of an egg instead of cream, which is commendable where there is no good milk to be found. Particular care is everywhere taken, except in this country, not to roast and grind the coffee before it is wanted for immediate use, otherwise it loses by exhalation the volatile oil which imparts such an excellent flavor to it.

The smoke of roasted coffee is one of the most powerful disinfectants. Coffee is also an antidote to poisons of opium, cherry laurel, and *intoxication.*—It is also a preventive of costiveness. The consumption of coffee is from year to year increasing—In Europe, alone, for instance, the importation in a period of ten years, that is, from 1817 to 1828, increased from one hundred and sixty millions to two hundred and twenty five millions of pounds.

The coffee tree reaches a height of eighteen to twenty feet, has with its branches a pyramidal form, evergreen leaves, and is considered one of the most beautiful of trees. In the third year it yields three pounds of beans. In highest estimation, concerning the quality, stands Mocha coffee from Arabia, next to it St. Domingo, Java, St. Jago de Cuba, and then Rio, of Brazil and Cuba. However, one kind is found more palatable in one country than another, and different nations give preference to different kinds of coffee.

'Why don't you strike one of your size?' said the tenpenny nail to the hammer.

The clergyman who 'came to a head' in his discourse, was much disappointed to find no brains in it.

The young lady who was lost in amazement, was found by means of a 'multiplying glass,' and dragged out with a fire hook.

Do not sit dumb in company. That looks either like pride, cunning or stupidity. Give your opinion modestly, but freely, hear that of others with candor, and ever endeavor to find out and communicate the truth.

When young ladies put roses upon their cheeks, for the purpose of inducing corduroy to go a kissing, are they not guilty of obtaining *goods* under false pretences?

Whether you are playing on the stage of the world, your characters should be well dressed. Broadcloth is generally received with smiles though covering a rascal, while linsey wolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

'I say Sambo, does ye know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it.' 'No, I don't know, hardly, 'cept it makes de groun' stronger for de corn.'

'Now I gist tell ye. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so it hurries out ob de ground' an gits up as high as possible, so as not to breathe de bad air.'

An eminent physician has recently discovered that the night-mare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced "from owing a bill to the newspaper man."

He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.

The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling, and he still remains a snake.

The vulgar mind fancies that judgement is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure, and yet there is no judgement so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

Justice is the great, but simple principal and the whole secret of success, in all government, as absolutely essential to the training of an infant, as to the control of a mighty nation.

Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that, even where its own claims are not interested, in indirectly seeks the ailment which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others.

From the N. O. Delta, September 20.

A ROMANTIC LIFE.

Obituary notices have nearly monopolized our pen of late. There are few eras in our history which have been marked by so many deaths of prominent individuals, as the last three months.

In our obituary columns, to-day, will be found another addition to the list of remarkable deceased, in the death of Madam Zulime Gardette, the mother of Dr. Gardette, of this city, and of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. She died in this city, at the residence of her son, Dr. Gardette, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. This lady was the heroine of that intensely interesting romance in real life, which was developed in the celebrated lawsuit of Mrs. Gaines.

Her maiden name was Zulime Carriere. She was born in the old French colony of Biloxi. Her parents were emigrants from the land of poetry and romance—the favorite home of the Troubadours—Provence. The blood of the Gipsy race, which in the early days of Louisiana, settled along our sea-coast, and whose lovely daughters were the special objects of the admiration and love of the gallant French cavaliers who established the first colonies, mingled with that of the poetic Provencal. From such stock, it is not remarkable that Zulime Carriere should have derived extraordinary personal beauty. The charms of herself and her three sisters were universal themes of admiration in the colony of Louisiana. The warm and genial climate, and luxurious atmosphere of the sea-shore, ripened these charms into full maturity at a very early age. Zulime had hardly emerged into her teens, before her hand was sought by numerous suitors. The successful aspirant gained his point, as Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's play did—by holding an imaginary coronet, or other insignia of nobility before the eyes of a beautiful but unsuspecting girl of thirteen. She was caught by the glittering bait. The French nobleman soon dwindled into a confectioner, and, what was worse, a married man, who had never been divorced. He was arrested and tried by an ecclesiastical court in this city, for bigamy—was convicted and sentenced to be punished, but afterwards escaped, and was no more heard of. Thus ended Zulime's relation with Jerome de Grange.

Pending this proceeding, and after the discovery of De Grange's previous marriage, there grew up an intimacy between Zulime and Daniel Clark, then a leading man in this colony,—a dashing, whole-souled Irishman, reported to be very wealthy of very popular character and agreeable manners. Clark was just the gallant, chivalrous man to espouse the cause of an unprotected woman. It is said—but as from this point starts the protracted litigation which has recently engaged so much of the time and attention of courts—we must be understood as giving the verdict related by the deceased lady herself and her friends, that Clark having met Zulime in Philadelphia, and satisfied himself as to the existence of De Grange's bigamy, and the consequent nullity of his marriage with Miss Carriere, promptly offered her his hand and heart, but suggested the prudence of keeping the marriage a secret, until they could complete the proof of De Grange's crime. They were then married. Of this marriage but one witness was living when the suite was brought by Mrs. Gaines, and that was the sister of Zulime. But there were corroborating circumstances, upon which the proof of the reality of such a connection was rested.

After her marriage to Clark, in 1802, Zulime returned to New Orleans to take further legal proceedings to invalidate, or rather authenticate, the illegality of the marriage with De Grange. A suit was brought for this purpose in the civil courts of the Territory, and judgment was obtained against De Grange. In the meantime, Clark had advanced in years and honors. The gallant youth of 1802 had become the ambitious politician and millionaire. As the popular man of a powerful party, he was sent a delegate of the Territory to Congress. Here he soon forgot the poor Creole girl, and began to meditate a more brilliant marriage connection. The object of this aspiration was the lovely Miss Caton, of Maryland, a grand-daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who afterwards became the Marchioness of Wellesley. She was a great belle, and Clark's fine manners, distinguished position, and great wealth, no doubt, rendered him quite a desirable match for so brilliant and accomplished a beauty. They were engaged; but some stories of his enemies caused a sudden termination of their relations. On hearing of his courtship of Miss Caton, the unfortunate Zulime went to Philadelphia to procure proofs of her marriage with Clark. But alas! Clark, it was alleged, under the influence of a reckless ambition, had made way with those proofs. Poor Zulime again found herself the victim of man's treachery. In a feeling of desertion and helplessness, alone among strangers, whose language and habits were foreign to her, she accepted the hand of Dr. Gardette, who generously and magnanimously, relying on her truth and sincerity, united his fate and fortune with hers. From that period, her life flowed smoothly on in the discharge of her duties as a loved wife and mother.

Shortly after her marriage with Gardette, Clark had suffered his severe rebuff from the lovely Miss Caton. In a spirit of true penitence he hurried to Philadelphia, and declared his determination to proclaim their marriage. But it was too late.—She informed him that she was Mrs. Gardette.—Clark was deeply distressed at this, and exhibited a sincere penitence. He sought to atone for his desertion of the mother, by kindness to the daughter, who was born in 1806, of this secret marriage. This was Mary Clark. She was placed in charge of an intimate friend of Clark, Col. Davis, who raised and educated her as his own daughter. It was not until she had reached maturity that Myra discovered the secret of her history. Since then, as Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Gaines, she has prosecuted her claim to the property of Daniel Clark, as his lawful heir, with a zeal, earnestness, and energy, which have rarely been equalled in the annals of litigation. The difficulty has been to establish the marriage between Zulime and Daniel Clark. Certainly, a mystery has long hung over this case, which only the dead could rise from their graves and satisfactorily determine.

The once lovely Zulime, passing through so many reverses and misfortunes, returned, in her old age, to New Orleans—her old home—and passed a peaceful and happy life, in the family of her son, respected and beloved for her many virtues. She died at the age of seventy-eight, the youngest of her family—two of her sisters having attained their ninetieth year, a longevity common to the old inhabitants of Louisiana, and particularly of those born on our own sea-coast.

The author of a late book of advice to young men, strongly recommends matrimony as a means of getting on in the world. The "expense" he regards as a secondary consideration. "Be determined to put a stout heart to a steep hill, and go ahead anyhow. All you want to begin with is a room or two, a young woman, and a cooking stove."

Impulsive people make very good soldiers, but bad generals. It is not going ahead but going ahead properly, that converts the sergeant's shoulder-knots into the major-general's epaulettes.—Remember, time converts the mulberry leaf into satin.

☞ Jeemes says, the quickest way to reach the 'seat of war,' is to set down on a hornet's nest.

Odds and Ends.

Remember—purchase from those who advertise.

The noisiest lady in existence, is said to be Pily Ticks.

One half of the world does'nt know how the other half lives.

The true cure for one half of the human maladies, is employment.

A mathematician being asked by a stout fellow, "if two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" he replied, "jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."

Going down; the price of flour.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Action has been commenced in Jersey City, to stop all liquor selling on Sundays.

Marrying a lady for her beauty is like eating a bird for its singing.

How to lose your appetite. Take your meals.

If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and "take the trick."

The man who lives in vain, lives *worse* than in vain. He who lives to *no* purpose lives to a *bad* purpose.

Perhaps the greatest charm in books is, that we see in them that other men have suffered what we have.

Some start in life without any leading object at all; some with a low aim, and some with a high one; and just in proportion to the elevation at which they aim, will be their general success.

If conscious of having given offence, we should be humble and prompt in our acknowledgments; if no offence was intended, a kind and candid explanation may set all to rights.

Wm. Thompson, a colored resident of Indianapolis, Ind., for the past few years has been gradually turning white. He was born in Pennsylvania.

The State of Maine says the best "sewing machine" in the world is one about 17 years old, that wears gaiter boots and a pocket to put her wages in.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

To be happy—be honest.

Order is Heaven's first law.

For drunkenness—drink cold water.

To have a good conscience—pay the printer.

To make money—be economical and advertise.

Wisdom is the practical application of knowledge.

Should not our intentions, as well as our actions, be good?

Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee after this fashion—10 a C.

True love is of slow growth, mutual and reciprocal, and founded on esteem.

Woman is a beautiful flower, that can be told in the dark even by her (s) talk.

The only motive for uniting the Atlantic with the Mississippi is the loco-motive.

If a body hear a body, telling what ain't true, should a body kick a body 'till a bodys blue?

In whatever shape evils come, we are apt to exclaim with Hamlet, "Take any shape but that."

Happiness is very easily acquired. All that is necessary is a contented disposition and a clean shirt.

Profane swearing dishonors God, degrades the swearer, and corrupts the whole moral nature.

Charles Lamb wondered once why people made such a fuss about children—"they were so very common."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

Seek not proud wealth, but such as thou may'st get justly use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly.

Man is a true epitome of the spiritual world, or world of mind; and to know himself, is the perfection of wisdom.

Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel thou canst get a sight of Heaven.

Some people sink all enjoyment of present comfort in the foreboding apprehension of future evils, which may never happen.

To love in order to be loved in return is man; but to love for the pure sake of loving is almost the characteristic of an angel.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards Burgundy.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabel whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for the bee is not a busier animal than the blockhead.

Exquisites have such a "howwor" of every thing common, that they utterly refuse to possess common sense.

Roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make most any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

A cotemporary thinks that wives would make excellent compositors on the morning newspapers, as they are in the habit of sitting up late for *steamers.*

When an Irish girl was asked, a few days ago, where her mistress was, who had gone to a water cure establishment, she replied that her ladyship had "gone to soak."

Common sense is an excellent article, although there are but few men of women either who use it, except in homœopathic doses.

The man that was "fired with indignation" has been extinguished. The fire department was called out.

"A young man, a member of an Evangelical Church," advertises in a New York paper for board "in a pious family, where his Christian example would be considered a compensation."—Who will open the door for this pious youth?

It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit.

The true order of learning should be first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement, is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.

Fortune favors the bold, and abandons the timid.

The higher we are raised, the more eminent are our errors and infirmities.