The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1853. | VOLUME X., NUMBER 43.

Poet's Corner.

Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,
See ye not the falling leaves?
See ye not the gathered sheaves?
Farewell!

Is it not time to go
To that fair land ye know?
The breezes, as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves.
Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly;
See ye not the altered sky?
Know ye not that winter's nigh?
Farewell!

Go, fly in noisy bands,
To those far distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell
In books of travel strange,)
And range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows on your pinions glide
O'er the restless, rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide.
Farewell!

In the groves, far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray,
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands:
In bands,
Perched on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away;
And to each coming evil say
Farewell!

Yet, 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with troubles strive;
And I some day may tell
How they before me fell
Conquered; then calmly die,
And cry—
"Trials and toils, farewell!"

Autumn.

A SONNET BY LONGFELLOW.

Thou comest Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with bendictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain:
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine thy sheaves;
And, following thee, in thine ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

Miscellaneous.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged at worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. On no occasion to relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from me on political or religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than 70 years of age, nor with a woman, nor any enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and of those that are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.

THOUGHT.—Thought is the electricity of the brain; it shoots to the remotest periods of history, and touches the first link of life. It dashes through the elements of fire, air, earth and water. It penetrates to the depth of knowledge, and rises to the gates of Heaven. It is an infinite small ray of the Deity, bestowed on humanity; it returns to Him from a corruptible to a spiritual existence. Cultivate it, and you will be refined; neglect it, and you will be debased.—*J. R. Prior.*

☞ A lawyer, on his death bed, willed his whole property to the lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

FROM THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BOY HEROES; Or Early Western Life.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden down her forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River, in the Western part of the State, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the South bank of the stream, and, save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his axe, he was shut in the dense forest. Slater had but two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel, the former fourteen, and the latter twelve years of age. His older children had gone South. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple, from the effects of a severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the product of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs.—He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by the sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approach his hut.—He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he kindly asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, and unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the table. They represented themselves as travelers bound further west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks. But Slater took no notice of the circumstances, for it was not his nature to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and the quick glances they gave each other told of their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with his guests, but they were not very free, and after a while the talk dwindled away to more occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two boys, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fear had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was, that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was finished, the two boys quickly cleared off the table, and then went out of doors. It had become dark—or rather, night had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon, "two-thirds full," shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look back over his shoulder, "what do you think of those three men?"

"I'm afraid they're bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think he would laugh at us, and tell us we were scare crows."

"But we can watch 'em."

"Yes," returned the other: "and we will watch 'em; but don't let them know it."

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the dog-house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. Soon afterwards they re-entered the house. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and he arose to go out of doors to see the state of affairs without. The three men followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to bed. We may want 'em. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their brackets, behind the great stove chimney, and carried them up to their sleeping place, and then they hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the strangers had returned they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building being the old man's sleeping room, while the others was the large living room in which the company at present sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding reaching only half way over the large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the sleeping apartment of the hunter, a rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable-end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding, but was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travellers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour passed away, and they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep through the crack, and he saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat.—The man examined the meat by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces out to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boy thought this might be thrown to the dogs to attract their attention, but when the man laid down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was going to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the head of the boys' bed there was a dark window—a small square door—and it was directly over the dog-house. Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one, for the least noise would arouse the villians—the boy felt assured they were villains—and then the consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined upon a trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength in itself. Philip opened the window without moving from his bed, and it swung upon its leather hinges without noise. Then he drew off the sheet and tied one corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then he slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, but they drew back at the young master's beck, and Philip gathered the meat all up.—He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet.—There was a light ladder standing near the dog-house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and, with beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it might appear, at which many stout hearts would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back to their kennel; if the strangers heard them they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. An hour passed away and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men below moved again, and then Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and then lay perfectly still. The man came to the top of the ladder and held his light up so he could look upon the boys. The fellow seemed to be satisfied that they were asleep for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to his crack. He saw the men taking knives from their packs, and he heard them whispering.

'We'll kill the old man and woman first,' said one of them. 'If those little brats wake up; we can easily take care of them.

'But we must kill 'em all,' said another of the villains.

'Yes,' returned the first speaker, 'but the old ones first. If we touch the young ones first, they will make a noise and start the old man up.'

Philip's heart beat with horror.

'Down the ladder—outside! quick!' he whispered to his brother. Down and start out the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened! O, do let the dogs into the house as quick as you can. I'll look out for father while you go.

Daniel quickly crawled out through the window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the edge of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor, so that its light would fall into the bedroom as soon as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back and rested the muzzle on the edge of the board.

One of the men had laid his hand upon the wooden latch. The boy here uttered a single word of heart prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The villain uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for at that moment the outer door was thrown open, and the hounds—four of them—sprang into the house. With a deep yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them to the floor just as the old hunter came from his room.

"Help us! help us, father!" cried Philip as he hurried down the ladder. "I have shot one of them! They are murderous robbers! Hold 'em!" the boy continued, clapping his hands to the dogs.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and he sprang towards the spot where the hounds had the two men upon the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so maimed them that they were incapable of further resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed more some restorative agent, as the dogs had made very quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment on the body of him who had been shot, they then turned upon the two boys.—Philip told all that had happened. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole seeming dream through his mind; but he gradually comprehended. A soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he uttered, as he clasped them both to his bosom. "God bless thee for this. O I dreamed not that you had such hearts. Bless thee!"

For a long time the old man gazed upon his boys in silence. Tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with a most joyous and holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horses and started off for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the wounded villains in charge, while the body of the third was removed.—They were recognized by the officers as criminals of old notoriety; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of my readers chance to pass down the Ohio River, I beg they will take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensborough. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there, and he will tell you; "PHILIP SLATER & BROTHER, retired flour merchants." They were the BOY HEROES of whom I have been writing.

How they make Doctors.

Will the reader take a walk with us through a medical college? We can see there the machinery wherewith they make those useful citizens, the doctors. We may see, too, some other machinery, 'fearfully and wonderfully made;' deep arcana of nature, hid from the common eye. Don't be nervous about it!—Mystery is the first element of horror; things, once seen in their true light, grow less offensive, and, at last, we learn to look with pleasure on that we at first abhorred.

It is a large building of red sandstone, of a curious Romanesque style of architecture.—Here we are, in the lower hall. Two or three bright, rosy children are playing about, and in that large, cheerful room, busied in her household cares, is the Janitor's wife. We have the entree of the edifice, and this little pass-key in my hand will open every door. Let us go above.

Here is a fine, lofty hall. On one side is the library, on the shelves of which is piled much musty lore. But medical books are not the lightest of literature, and should be carefully opened, or we may see something designed for the initiated only. On this side is a lecture-room, in form of an amphitheatre.—The seats rise tier on tier, one above another, and are occupied by students, in all manner of *neglige* attitudes. Down at the bottom of this great well-like room, is a circular enclosure. Behind this, and separated from the lecture-room by folding doors, is the laboratory. The janitor opens the doors, and trundles out a large table, which runs on a railroad, and fits nicely to the concavity of the circle. This table is covered with spirit-lamps, receivers, air-pumps, Florence flasks, retorts, and sundry variously colored bottles; and the Professor stepping up to it, proceeds to discourse on the mysteries of chemistry. Before he commences, however, he bows acknowledgement to the hearty cheer which greets his entrance.—It is etiquette in a medical school to salute the lecturer with stamping of feet and clapping of hands, and silence would be as ominous as a hiss.

Here in the story above is the museum.—Ranged about the room in glass cases, are manifold skulls, skeletons of various sizes, monstrosities, plaster casts of huge tumors, jars neatly labelled, containing specimens of morbid anatomy, and there, grinning hideously from its pedestal, is a manikin; a kind of anatomical model, made of *papier mache*, detested by students, and bearing the same resemblance to the 'real thing,' that an old, worm-eaten herbarium does to the fresh and fragrant flower.

Look in at this door a moment. It is the anatomical theatre, and is, though smaller, constructed like the room below. Two or three brains lie on plates on the table, and the Professor is discoursing away very learnedly. What an unintelligible melange of lengthy words! Torcular herophili, hippocampus major, tentorium cerebelli, and other polysyllables, roll glibly from the teacher's mouth.—Most of the class are watching the dissection closely, but there, in that first seat, is one with mouth wide open, and despair written on his brow, swallowing insanely every word, but understanding nothing. Such a man will make a stupid physician.

Now, come through this passage, and up this flight of stairs. On the door is written '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,' which some scribbler has freely translated, 'Of the dead nothing is left but the bones!' We enter a long, lofty room, lighted from above and quite chilly; but little fire being allowed here. Why do you start back so hastily? These specimens of the defunct *homo* on these tables, are, to be sure, a novel sight; but these young gentlemen, in many colored dressing-gowns, and short pipes, seem to feel no uneasiness.—That quiet, good natured-looking gentleman at the black-board, is the demonstrator of anatomy. He goes about from table to table, explaining the relations of organs, and helping green students to repair the mischief done by some unlucky cut of the scalpel. He says, in reply to our questions, they very rarely manifest any great repugnance to the task of dissection, and that only at the outset of their labor. The integuments once removed, and they have before them a problem to solve; a congeries of bones, blood-vessels, muscles, and nerves, to be unravelled; their relations to each other to be ascertained, and their shape, size, and other tangible properties to be acquired. And the study of this problem, like that of a Chinese puzzle, becomes very fascinating. Students come early and go late; the interuptions of meals are a bore, and they sit quietly at their work, occasionally humming a snatch from an opera, or cracking a joke with a neighbor.

We ask an impertinent question, but which the demonstrators answer very readily:—'Where do we get our subjects? Oh, at a distance! We have no legal sources of supply, or, at least very insufficient ones. So we get them as we can, always taking great pains to avoid any outrage of public sentiment, and generally evading, rather than violating, the law. All these subjects before you, were procured in a manner which ought to be legal.—If it were nobody's feelings would be outraged, no surviving friends would be offended. They ought to give us the law we petition for every winter; but there are always Mohawk Dutchmen, and anti-renters, ignorant Van Schoonhovens and Vanderspiegels enough, in the Legislature, to defeat the bill. This is very unfair. The law for mal-practice punishes the surgeon severely for any disaster resulting from want of skill; or, in other words, from want of anatomical knowledge; and at the same time we are punishable by fine, and disgraceful imprisonment, for taking the only means in our power to acquire that knowledge. And frequent ruinous and unjust suits for mal-practice have made this so evident to surgeon, that it is something difficult to procure surgical attendance. I have known a man to lie for many hours with a broken thigh, before a surgeon could be found to assume the *legal risk* of reducing it. At the same time, no man is so poor or degraded, but that he can readily procure the best *medical* attendance; for there is no danger of a lawsuit. If they would give us this law—a law which would compel some of these scamps, who live upon the public charity, or support themselves by crime, and die in jails, to compensate the public, by post-mortem services, for all the trouble they give us before death—it would do away with those occasional violations of the sanctity of the grave, which outrage and shock every feeling of humanity.'

"What is the moral effect of dissection?—Does it tend to materialism or atheism?" we ask.

'The moral effect is rather good than otherwise, though principally negative. It teaches the habit of secrecy, (a very necessary accomplishment for the physician, who knows every body's peccadilloes, and, aside from its first great object of anatomical knowledge, it familiarizes the hand to the knife, and makes skilful surgeons. Sometimes I have amateur classes which clergyman join. *They* claim to fortify their faith, by the evidence of design displayed in this handiwork of God. Now and then, we have an infidel here, who looks upon the soul as a nonentity, and life as an effect of certain material combinations. Oftener, however, these men make electricity their God, and see nothing but a series of galvanic plates in the convolutions of the brain. It is curious, that such thinkers rarely stay long in the 'regular' profession, but soon run off into some kind of quackery; thus showing a natural proclivity to the irregular and fanciful. As to materialism, this room is worth a thousand sermons against that error. It is an unconscious materialism which gives us our natural aversion to dissection. When we come to segregate the soul from the body, as we do here, looking upon the latter as of no moment, we lose this superstition of materialism.'

The demonstrator has given us quite a lecture. Really, after staying here half an hour this is not so bad a place; and we feel tempted to don an apron, and do a little carving ourselves. We take a scalpel, and commence upon a neck, with what we regard as a very nice incision. A student rushes up aghast; 'We have cut the *descendens noni* nerve—we are raising the devil!' he exclaims. As it is a suspicious locality in which to 'elevate the ancient Henry,' we lay down the knife, and, albeit somewhat crestfallen at our rebuff, we leave the medical college with hearty good wishes for its prosperity! Long may it wave!—*Knickerbocker.*

POETRY.—The bee through many a garden roves, and hums the lays of courtship over; but when he finds the flower he loves, he settles there and hums no more.

Modesty is more becoming, and always esteemed more valuable than boasting. Beauty pleases, but modesty never decays.

Death of Mrs. Gaines' Mother.

A ROMANTIC LIFE.

Among the recent victims of the prevailing epidemic at New Orleans, was that of Madame Zulime Gardette, the mother of Dr. Gardette, of New Orleans, and of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. She died at the residence of her son, Dr. Gardette, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. The *Delta*, of the 20th inst. has the following notice of this remarkable woman:

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 Gipsey race, which, in the early days of Louisiana, settled along our sea coast, and whose lovely daughters were the special objects of the love and admiration of the gallant French cavaliers who established the first colonies, mingled with that of the Provençal.—From such a stock, it is not remarkable that Zulime Carriere should have derived remarkable 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 entered 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 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 and wronged 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 our courts, we must be understood as giving the version 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 their marriage secret until they could complete the proof of De Grange's crime.—They were married. Of this marriage but one witness was living when the suit 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 connexion was rested. After her marriage to Clark, in 1802, Zulime came 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 connexion. The object of this aspiration was the lovely Miss Caton, of Maryland, 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 again 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 away with those proofs, and 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 fortune with hers. From that period her life flowed smoothly on in the discharge of her duty as a 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, saw Zulime 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 degree sentiment. He sought to induce the abandonment of the marriage tie, and to the daughter, who was born in this of this secret marriage. This was Myra Clark. She was placed in charge of a friend of Clark, Colonel 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 as 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 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 those born on our sea-coast.

Katy Cowslip's Fancies.

Girls, listen to me! You all came into the world for a purpose; that purpose is matrimony, and the sooner all you that are elegible set about getting husbands, the better for yourselves and those who otherwise will continue to be cigar-sucking, toddy-drinking, miserable castaways. Winter is congenial to wedlock, and it is coming, with its long cosy fireside evenings, its bustling parties and the frolicsome balls, and any girl with her proper wits about her, need not see the spring flowers above ground, without an engagement on her hands if she but half embraces the chances certain to be offered her. 'Look before you leap,' is a good old grandmother's saying, but girls, don't throw the half of a good chance away; it may not offer again. When your fish is fairly hooked, don't play with him too long, or he may break your line; but wind away on the reel, steadily, with a will; when you have got him nearly to land, let mamma give a slight jerk, then slip your head-net underneath, and flop he finds himself in it. Cook him almost directly. Men are very like fish; they don't keep fresh long after being caught.

Have nothing to do with erratic bipeds with no fixed intentions. Such fellows there are who will loll on sofas, turn the leaves of your music books and your heads with silly nothingness, at the same time monopolize you for all the fancy dances, play waiter behind your chair after supper, be your humble servant at theatres and concert rooms, and serenade you through a two or three year's campaign—have nothing to do with him. Whistle such a dangler off. Cut them dead after taking them on trial for a winter and a summer, and being fresh on a novelty. If a man does not come to the 'popping' point after a winter's dancing, and a summer's riding, and ice creaming, he won't do it at all. He is not a marrying man and you had better, for your own sakes, hand such over to your younger sisters, just out of short dresses and pantalettes, smelling nice and fresh of bread and butter, who have the time to waste on trifles. You have none.

Mind, I don't say, don't wait for a man if you are sure of him. Never care if he is poor and worthy. Your father was a poor man, ten to one, when he married your mother. If you love the fellow, and he merits it, love on; wait until he is in the position to make the pot boil, and keep it boiling; and then some fine afternoon, when your father is happy in himself and at peace with the world, throw yourself upon his heart; wait until his dinner is digested, and then put dear Harry's love for you straight at him.

Procrastination is the thief of time. Don't let the men procrastinate. Make them clearly define their positions. 'To be or not to be, that is the question.' I admire a warm-hearted, strong loving girl, one who, when her love is well bestowed is not ashamed to let the world see her happiness; but I hate match making mammas, and I despise girls who spend four or five years of their lives in whitening with and knittingpurses and working slippers for a set of fellows whose hearts are in the tailors' pattern books. These are the men that are killing the purpose of your lives; they are stealing away that fresh goodness of heart and pure impulse of thought and action, which every girl should bring her husband as a dowry.—They will hang around you until you are thirty.—If you make up well, can bear the test of gas light and have friends in a set they cannot afford to cut, they will keep away from your plain, honest and sensible men, because the danglers cannot lay claim to, who would make your old age happy.

Look for one of this latter class; then you will preserve your pure, womanly nature; your love for him will spring up again in your children, and be perpetual in your husband's grateful heart. If you cannot find such man, and live on alone with yourself until you are world-hacked, why then victimize one of the daughters. When he is asleep and proved the vanity of all things, he will come to you; marry him and do the best you can with him, and think yourself well off.

But, marry, girls, marry; your mission is matrimony. Think of those live in spinsterhood with a cultivating coadjutor, chronic rheumatism—and shudder. Dream of this and then of a home fireside, dear Harry romping with Harry, Jr., you reading a copy of yourself her father, and [illegible] another mother in the cradle, and Mary