





NEW YORK  
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T. S. Waring's Dry Goods Store, No. 234 Bowery.

# THE FREE PRESS.

T. S. Waring's Dry Goods Store, No. 234 Bowery.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY OCTOBER 12, 1850.

[Free to Customers.]

## WHY MEN DON'T GET RICH.

Of one hundred men, it would be safe, we think, to assert that at least seventy-five have a strong desire to be possessed of worldly goods and prosperity; in a word, to be rich. Of these seventy-five, in our active and ready-witted American population, it would rarely happen that one was entirely wanting in faculty or diligence—and yet few, up to middle age, acquire a competency, or, in respect to fortune, accomplish their wishes. Can any man give us the philosophy of this frequent result? It appears to us to lie in a very narrow compass. There are in every community a number of persons determined not to labor, who lend their whole inert energies to the reversal of the order of scripture, "By the sweat of thy brow shall thou live." They resolve, and maintain their resolution with calm and stubborn uniformity to the end of their days, not to *sweat*; but to 'keep cool'—and let others do the hard work in the heat of the day—characters of this stamp are to be found in every town, village, city and district in the country.

And how do they live?—Simply by using others. Either by getting possession of their property, without paying for it, on a false credit, or by bringing others in, by way of loans and endorsements to pay their debts. In a word, diligent Americans fail to grow rich, at least, to secure a competency—by not collecting the debts they have earned in their calling, or by having to pay the debts of other people. These are the two fruitful sources of all the failures of the country:—Do we argue, therefore, against loans and credits.—In one form and another they are the bond and basis of all modern society—the point we seek to get at, is this—that men who have small means, should live on small means: that no man has a right to launch into splendor on the expected profits of his business—and to make his creditors contribute to his extravagance and that of his household—in other words no man has a right to spend a dollar, before he has earned a dollar.

Call him by what name you will, whoever does it, is a criminal, as much as the poor creature who dips his hand into another man's pocket for his pence, and goes to Blackwell's Island for it.

## THE LOVELY ISIDORE.

We have received at the office of the Free Press the following communication, which we publish for the benefit of the world at large and "all Bowery in particular."

*October 3d. 1850.*  
*To the Editors of the Free Press.*—In one of your papers you remarked that many of the proprietors of stores being very anxious to display their goods, placed about half of them on the sidewalk. Which do you think the most desirable, that the goods, or the clerks, should be placed outside to draw customers to the store?  
ISIDORE.

We are sorry to learn from this tender little epistle that the fair Isidore is not that profound admirer of manly beauty, for which we had always given her credit. The Free Press are all exceedingly good-looking young men, and nothing, we should imagine, could be more agreeable to their gentle neighbor, than to have such constant opportunities afforded her of studying their manly beauty. Now we ask her, in all sincerity, is not a 'nice young man' a more agreeable sight on the side-walk than a pile of heavy flannels, or a great lumbering show case? Would she not rather see a pair of fine blue eyes, than a glass box any time of day? We hope she will reconsider her hasty question, and let us have her mature views on the subject in time for our next number.

What do you think of our DOUBLE NUMBER, readers? Compare our *Free Paper*, this week, with any of the old Journals, which cost three dollars a year!

IMPERFECT EDUCATION.—Leigh Hunt, in his fascinating autobiography, states that he never got through the multiplication table when a boy, and does not know it yet, though he is now sixty-three years of age, and one of the most delightful authors, in Christendom. Hunt also states another remarkable fact, which is that the early education of the celebrated West, President of the Royal Academy, had been so sadly neglected that, at the zenith of his fame as a painter, he scarcely knew how to read!

Everybody ought to know that fruit stains may be readily removed from linen or cotton simply by immersing the article before being wet in suds, in clear, boiling water,

## News of the Week.

—Preparations are being made in Paris to erect a bull-ring in the Champs Elysees; and it is stated that the chiefest of *matadors*, Montez, will be amongst the athletes on the occasion.

—A political zealot has thrown himself from the column of the Place Vendome, Paris, and was dashed to atoms at the base; the falling madman narrowly missed a young French girl.

—The hawkers of journals in Paris, says *La Patrie*, the sale of which in the streets is prohibited, resort to numerous tricks to evade detection. Many of the men wear very large trousers, lined with journals; others make false calves with them, and some increase their natural rotundity. Yesterday a female hawker, who appeared to be in an advanced state of pregnancy, was arrested. She was searched by a woman, and safely delivered of forty-eight copies of the *Republique* and the *Evenement*.

—A dog lately appeared in London covered with advertising placards, and perambulated the Strand and Fleet-street, attracting particular notice, and exciting much amusement. The quadruped, adds the *Daily News*, appeared to be fully conscious of the importance of his office, and marched along the street with great dignity and gravity.

—Judges Johnson and Wood, and the Rev. Mr. Edwards, are the Whig, Loco-Foco, and Free Soil candidates for Governor of Ohio. The three met at Cleveland a short time since, and it was found that they measured nineteen feet.

—The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed the 26th day of November, as a day of general thanksgiving, in that State.

—Valuable and extensive mines of iron ore have been discovered in Rusk county, Texas. The ore will yield 60 per cent. pure metal.

—An anti-rent trial in Sullivan county, N. Y., to test the title to 105,000 acres of land, has been decided against the anti-renters.

—Father Mathew arrived at St. Louis on the 21st ult., and is the guest of the Catholic Archbishop. He delivered an eloquent Sermon the Sunday after his arrival, and will administer the temperance pledge in the course of the week. It is stated that, since his arrival in America, upwards of a quarter of a million have received the pledge, including 14,000 at New-Orleans.

—There are in the prisons at Naples, at present, no less than 40,000 political prisoners; and the opinion is, that from the crowded state of the jails, the greater number of these persons will go mad, become idiots or die.

—Nine more convicts from the hulks of Bermuda have recently arrived in Boston, in the schooner Sir Robert Sale, but were fortunately arrested through the vigilance of the police, and prevented from landing. The British authorities at Bermuda are systematically practising this outrage.

—In the late Massachusetts Whig Convention, for nominating Governor and other officers, Jenny Lind received one vote as Lieutenant Governor. Very complimentary to the Queen of Song.

—A large meeting assembled in this city on Monday night last, to celebrate the overthrow of cat and colt, or the abolition of flogging in the United States Navy.

—The Baltimore correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says that a party from Maryland are now the North, in pursuit of the famous fugitive slave, Frederick Douglass. The owners of hundreds are also on the alert for the same object.

—M. Philarete Charles, in an obituary of M. de Balzac contributed to the *Journal des Debats*, gives the following anecdote. In M. de Balzac's library, some years ago, there was found by a visitor, a *statuette* of Napoleon in plaster, with a strip of paper wafered to it *en bandeau*, and on the strip of paper was written, "*That which Napoleon left unfinished with his sword, I will complete with my pen!*" Honore de Balzac."

—The Coroner of London praises gin as his best friend, as it adds to his salary ten or fifteen thousand inquests annually, of persons who die of drinking.

A LONG NAME.—"I want to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to the clerk in a shipping-office. "Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "What's your name." "It is Hans Vanansmahanderdannevaneymendeymitei tenschiupf elutmidt deschupvondromp!" said Dutch gravely, spitting out his old quid, and taking in a fresh one. "Heavens!" said the astonished clerk, "I can't write that. Look-a-here, mister, what is it in English—do you know?" "Yaer, Ich does. It is Von Smidt!" The poor clerk fainted.

NATIONAL CURRENCY.—10 Loafers make 1 Grog-Shop;  
1 Grog-Shop makes 50 Drunkards;  
50 Drunkards ruin 50 Families;  
50 Ruined Families fill 1 Poor-House and Jail;  
1 Poor-House and Jail makes 1 Great Bill of Costs;  
1 Great Bill of Costs makes 1 Poor Town;  
1 Poor Town drains the County Treasury;  
1 Bankrupt County is a Great State Tax;  
1 Great State Tax drains the National Funds.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS.—A lady wrote to her son requesting him to look out for a young lady, respectably skilled in the languages, a proficient in music, of a gentle disposition, and, above all, an unexceptionable moral character; and to make her an offer of £40 a year, for her services as governess. The son's reply was:

"My Dear Mother: I have been looking out for such a person as you describe; and when I have the good fortune to meet with her, I propose to make an offer, not of £40 a year, but of my hand, and ask her to become, not your governess, but my wife."

The following, from Southey's "Gridiron," now first published in his memoirs, ought to be set to music for the Beef Steak Club:

Now the perfect Steak prepare!  
 Now the appointed rites begin!  
 Cut it from the pingid rump,  
 Not too thick, and not too thin;  
 Somewhat to the thick inclining,  
 Yet the thick and thin between,  
 That the gods, when they are dining,  
 May commend the golden mean.  
 Ne'er till now have they been blest  
 With a Beef Steak, duly drest,  
 Ne'er till this auspicious morn,  
 When the gridiron was born.

—:O:—

### Joy after Sorrow.

BY DR. BOWRING.

As when the deluge-waves were gone,  
 Hills, plains, and vales in freshness burst,  
 And nature's earliest rainbow shone  
 On scenes more lovely than the first:

Loosed from the ark, a heavenly dove,  
 The promised branch of olive bore,—  
 Pledge of returning peace and love  
 That beamed more brightly than before:

So when affliction's waters glide  
 From the enfranchised soul away,  
 More peaceful, pure, and sanctified,  
 The soul emerges into day.

And then, as with the olive bough,  
 The heavenly dove of old drew near;  
 Some gentle words of truth will flow,  
 In holy music on the ear.

O'er all the transient things of time,  
 The oblivious foot of years hath trod;  
 But all that's sacred and sublime  
 Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

—o—

**THE TEST OF LOVE.**—All that Albert Durer's wife cared about, was her husband's love, and of that she wished to be certain. She concluded, therefore, her honey-moon in this way. One night she became very ill, and the artist was alarmed. She desired some tea. The servant was called up. Susanna appeared. And now sat the good husband, and held the little tea-pot over the flame of the lamp to boil, till it became too hot for his fingers, and then Susanna held it by the handle till it was too hot for her; and willingly the master took his turn. Thus they both sat, talking in an under tone, and looking at each other with anxious countenances till it boiled. When, however, Susanna was gone, and Albert carried the tea to his dear, beautiful Agnes, there she lay laughing under the coverlet. She flung her arms around his neck, and said, "I only wished to see whether thou really cared for me. Now drink thy own tea to cure thy fright!" And he drank, while she blew upon his smarting fingers, kissing, meanwhile, the points of them. Whether every husband would be pleased after such a deception, we cannot undertake to say.

Who can tell us what kind of wood the beard of health is made of? *Knotty* in the extreme.

**A BRIGAND STORY.**—A body of soldiers had pursued a band of mountain robbers, in Calabria, and hemmed them in so effectually that, with all the passes guarded, escape seemed impossible. This dilemma the chief determined to relieve his men, as they had refused to surrender, although promised pardon if they would give up their leader. The only way of escape was by crossing a deep chasm, so wide that even the supple chamois could not make the fearful leap in safety. To reach this point, it was necessary to go along a narrow pass, near which sentinels had been placed. The movement was made at night. The chief of the robbers had a wife, and she had a babe at her bosom.

For days they had been without food, except such roots as they dug from the ground, and the want of nourishment had dried the fountain of life in the mother's breast, and the babe pined and fretted with hunger. As the band moved silently along the narrow path, in which, if discovered by the soldiers, their destruction would be inevitable, the suffering babe began to cry.

Instantly it was seized by the father, swung in the air and its brains dashed out against a tree. For a moment the mother stood like a statue of horror, then gathering the mutilated remains of her murdered babe in her apron, she followed the retreating party.

Safely, through the skill of the chief, the chasm was passed, and they were beyond the reach of danger. All, then, after procuring some food, lay down to sleep, except a sentinel and the mother, who dug a grave with her own hands, in which to bury her child. This sad duty performed, she returned to the spot where her husband and his companions lay in deep slumber. It was not difficult for her to persuade the tired and sleepy sentinel to let her take his place, and soon she alone remained awake. Then stealthily approaching the spot where the father of her dead babe lay, she placed the muzzle of the piece she had taken from the sentinel within a few inches of his breast, and pulled the trigger. The ball passed through his heart!

Here we have something of the reality attending the life of a "bold brigand."—A lawless robber and a murderer is incapable of such a sentiment as the true love of a woman.

**A PERSECUTED MAN.**—The Boston *Pathfinder* learns that Mr. Smith, whose unfortunate habit of snoring had expelled him from every hotel in the country, and who finally hired an old schooner, intending to sleep in Boston harbor, had met with a difficulty—the patients of Deer Island having remonstrated against his being there on account of his keeping them awake of nights.

**MOCK MODESTY.**—A lady took umbrage of the use, by a gentleman, of a very common word, of which the primary and most obvious sense was unexceptionable, while its most remote and unusual signification was indelicate. "I beg pardon," said the offender, apologetically, "I certainly did not mean *what you were thinking of!*"—a retort which was as philosophical as it was just and severe.

**THE WHALE.**—Capt. Andrews, whilst in pursuit of a whale, a few days since, took the place of the harpooner at the bow of the boat. On closing with the whale, he struck home, and the monster flew immediately downwards like lightning; but by some means, the bight of the rope caught the ankle of Capt. Andrews, and whirled him overboard. His sensations at this moment may be imagined, but cannot be described. Descending rapidly into the depths below, he had presence of mind to retain his hold of the knife; but the pressure of the water was so great, that both his arms were drawn over his head, and he found it impossible to get them down to release himself. Happily, the whale, from some cause or other, ceased to run, and Capt. Andrews was enabled to sever the rope below his ankle, and ascended to the surface, totally exhausted. The depth to which he descended must have been from fifteen to twenty fathoms, from the time it took him to bring himself to the surface again. He found his ankle cut to the bone, and otherwise severely injured. Probably an accident like the one here noticed has never occurred before, in which the sufferer escaped with life; and had not Capt. Andrews, happily retained his hold of the knife, he most certainly would have perished.—*Ceylon Times.*

The Irish Boots at a certain hotel placed one morning at the door of a lodger an ill assorted pair of boots. One was of fine calf-skin, of delicate proportions, the other a coarse cow-hide affair, a treasure for a Californian in the rainy season. 'Here!' exclaimed the lodger, calling after the boot black who was hurrying off, 'Here! how's this? These boots are not mates.' 'Be Jaburs, and that's what bothers me again,' replied Boots; 'there's a man in the room below that's a bully-raggin me about the same thing! Bad cess to him, I didn't make his boots, nor yourn 'ther. I blacks 'em, that's what's my business!' Could there be a more forcible illustration than this of menial stupidity? Not convenient.

**TAKE AWAY THE FOWLS.**—A certain reverend gentleman, of the city of Edinburgh, dining with a friend, the Lady of the house desired the Servant to take away the dish containing the *fowls*, which she pronounced *fools*, (as is sometimes done in Scotland.) I presume, madam, you mean *fowls*, said Mr. R—, very pompously. "Very well, be it so," said the lady; "take away the *fowls*, but let the *fool* remain."

**A POOR PROSPECT.**—Many years ago, in Connecticut, a certain justice was called upon to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth five pounds. "Well, Johnny," said the Justice, as he entered, "can you swear that you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?"

"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount just at present."

"Well, well," returned the Justice, "I can swear to the rest—so you can go."

**ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.**—In the Senate on the 21st ult., Mr. Badger having stated in the course of a debate, on the subject of the mileage of Senators, that the mileage he received did not compensate him for the loss he sustained by the consequent abandonment of his private business; nor was his per diem and mileage sufficient to defray his actual expenses—

Mr. Clay recommended the Senator from North Carolina, if his compensation was not sufficient, to practice a little economy. He was reminded by the Senator's remarks of an anecdote. When the compensation bill, which passed Congress some years ago, was under discussion, he said a few words in favor of allowing a larger sum than was proposed by the bill, and incidentally remarked that, with the sum he received, he was scarcely able at the end of a session to make both ends meet.

Some time after, when on his way to Washington, he stopped at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, with his carriage, not a very showy one, but to which was attached four pert and spirited horses. He had brought the carriage along for the convenience of his family. His brother-in-law was in company, and he had a very stylish carriage. After they had stopped at the hotel, he (Mr. C.) stepped into a confectioner's to get some things for his children, and while there the two carriages were driven past the door. The boy in attendance in the store, not knowing who his customer was, said, 'Look there, did you ever see anything like that before, up in these mountains? No wonder that fellow can't make both ends meet.' [Laughter.]

The attention of a little girl being called to a rose bush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother— "See, Willie, these little buds have just awaked to kiss their mother before she dies."

Don't say you will become rich until you have asked your wife. Of all spendthrifts that nature ever invented, a thoughtless woman is the most so. We care not how much money a man may make, if his wife does not second his endeavors, he is just as sure of dying poor as if he kept a grocery store and trusted everybody.

**MUTUAL INFORMATION.**—I say, Bill, 'ave you seen Wotd'yecallum?"

'Wot, do you mean Wots'isname?"

'Oh, no, not 'im—that ere tother.'

'Oh, ah, I seed him fast enuff!'—*Punch.*

The following sign has just been put up in front of a new Livery Stable, on Locust-street, St Louis:

"HORSE BOARDING HOUSE, by T. P. Warrence."

**LONG HAIR AND SMOKING.**—The Archbishop of Lemberg has prohibited his clergy from wearing long hair like the the peasants, and from smoking in public "like demagogues and sons of Baal."

## EXPLOSIVE MACHINES.

We suppose it is not the intention of any sane persons to keep in their houses, in readiness for daily and hourly explosion, something in the nature of a gunpowder mine. And yet there are, under our daily notice, hundreds of these contrivances artfully devised to destroy life, to maim, disfigure, and utterly to destroy all peace and hope of happiness in this world. We refer to the Camphene Lamps, another example of whose murderous power has been chronicled during the past week. We have raised a voice of warning before—against the household use of an article which requires a skill, care and judgment, which belong only to, and could be properly acquired by a person whose entire time and attention were given to their management.

We trust that our city authorities will take these instruments of danger in charge and place them under the same restrictions as poisons and gunpowder. We cannot see why any class in our community should be privileged to vend at large, and another class to use indiscriminately—a machine which endangers life and safety wherever it appears. To visit safely at a house wherever camphene is used, we should be careful, first to have our lives insured, secondly to institute a scrutiny into the character of the servants, and thirdly to take a final leave of wife, family and friends. The abuse has gone by enough without public notice, and we hope this emphatic protest will have some effect in placing suitable restrictions on this domestic engine of discomfort and destruction.

**CURIOUS STATISTICS.**—It is computed that 156,474 persons circulate daily in the streets of Paris, in 27,938 carriages, either public or private, making during the year a total of 57,113,010 passengers. Besides these 27,938 carriages are 32,321 teams, making a total of 60,259. The streets of Paris extended in a continuous line would extend 125 leagues (375 miles), and the carriages and teams form a procession 75 leagues or 225 miles in length.

A Raftsman who had drunk a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother plunged in to his relief, seizing him by the hair; but the current was strong and the brother, nearly exhausted, was about relinquishing his hold, when despairing, the brother raised in the water, and said, "hang on, Sam!—hang on; I'll treat, I swear I will." His words were stimulating, and the brother at length saved him.

Why are two "t's" like hops? *Ans.*—Because they make beer better.

The return, says the Paris correspondent of the *London Atlas*, of Madame de C— from the East, whither jealousy and debt had despatched her for awhile, has filled with dismay the marble halls and panelled chambers of the *Élysée*. It is said that she has twice received notice from the police to leave the capital, and thus restore peace to the troubled soul she had been bent upon disturbing, but she laughs to scorn the ordonnances of M. Carlier, and begs to know what harm she does by gazing at and following the green carriage wherein, not long ago, she used to take her seat, announcing her intention, however, of following the injunctions of the prefect so soon as ever the green carriage itself shall have left the capital once more. It was known, the other day, that the lady in question would exhibit her performances at the Hippodrome, and crowds of the lions of Paris, of both sexes, were assembled to witness her performance. She appeared as usual, radiant and fearless, mounted on an Arab charger, the gift of the Pasha of Damascus, her costume far more dazzling than that of the ladies of the Hippodrome, against whom she condescended to try her talent. She scorned to accept of the least advantage, but started in the steeple-chase, sharing the chance with her professional competitors. The race was hot, the first course decidedly in favor of our fair countess; the second left no doubt of her triumph; when, alas! just at the conclusion of the third, the Arabian, which bore her with the speed of the wind, unaccustomed to run in a circle like that in which he was confined, apparently grew giddy and fell, throwing the lady right over the balustrades into the arms of a spectator more terrified than honored by the distinction. For a moment there was a serious alarm amongst the thousands of spectators gathered there, for the head of the fair Amazon had struck against the balustrade as she took the involuntary leap, and she lay senseless for some time in the arms of the gentleman who had received her in her fall; but, to the great amusement of the company, on hearing the smack of the whip with which the grooms were pursuing the fugitive horse, she started up, exclaiming, "Don't hurt the horse, it is worth 500,000 francs, and belonged to the Pasha of Damascus," and vaulted once more over the balustrades, seating herself again on the saddle, amidst the laughter and applause of that immense multitude, who cheered and encored with the most perfect good humor, while the lady, in spite of the distressed state of her apparel, her disordered hair, and ragged finery, stood up in the stirrup and bowed with all the grace and presence of mind imaginable.

A boy who was sent to inquire how an old lady named Wilkins was in health asked her servant, "Please marm, my missis wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is to-day;" to which the latter replied, "She is just seventy-four to-day."

**A HARD LAW.**—At Sparta, a man was liable to an action for not marrying at all, for marrying too late, and for marrying improperly.

**A CAMEL RIDE.**—The animal I got was a common baggage camel—very savage and stubborn crying loudly and running backwards when beaten; so that my first experience was not a very pleasant one. He knelt down for me to get upon him, but even then it was a long stretch to cross his back. Subsequently, in Egypt, I learned to vault on to the saddle; if, indeed, the package of old carpet, straw, and wood-work could be called one. In front there is a high pommel, which you clutch hold of when the animal rises. If you did not do this, the pitching forwards and backwards is so violent, that you would inevitably be thrown off. You have only a simple single halter to guide him with, and the end of this is sufficiently long to beat him. I will own to having been in a terrible fright all the while I was on his back. With his uneasy rocking motion I had the greatest difficulty in the world to keep on, and the fall from my elevated perch—for such it really was—would have been no joke; and when he trotted, it was enough to bring the heart into the mouth. If I were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel ride, I would say—take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it will go, put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel. To make him go fast, you cry "Su! su!" and also make a noise with your tongue, something like the word "thluck!"—and to get him to kneel down, you pull his neck sideways and downwards, and produce a crepitating sound by pressing your tongue against the back of your teeth. At first, a very short journey is exceedingly fatiguing, and gives one the lumbago for a week; but afterwards a see-saw motion becomes so little cared for, that I can well understand folks going to sleep on a camel. Once in the desert, on a very hot day, I nearly dozed off myself.—*Albert Smith's Month at Constantinople.*

**THE MONKEY AND THE WATCH.**—A distinguished lord, going from home, left his watch hanging beside his bed. A tame monkey, who was in the habit of imitating the actions of his master, took the watch, and, with the aid of a band, fastened it to his side. A moment afterward he drew it forth and wound it. Then he looked at it, and said, 'This goes too fast.' He opened it, put back the band, and again adjusted it to his side. A few moments passed, and he took it in his hand once more. 'Oh!' said the imitator, 'now it goes too slow. What a trouble it is! How can it be remedied?' He winds it again with the regulator, then closes it, and applies it gracefully to the ear. 'This movement is wrong still,' and he wound it with the key in another way; then bent to listen to it. 'It does not go well yet.' He opened the case; looked at and examined every part; touched this wheel, stopped that, moved another; in short, injured it so much by altering and shaking in his hand, that it at length ceased all motion. Guard us, O propitious Heaven! from quacks that perform among men, as did the monkey with the unfortunate watch.

*The Door Printer;*

OR, THE BROKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

(CONTINUED.)

What an old goose she must be. Mr. Raymond is loved and respected by all who know him. Several of our oldest, most wealthy and influential citizens have clubbed and raised funds enough to buy a press and types, and have engaged him to edit a newspaper they design to publish. He is the famous author of the thrilling sketches published over the initials of G. R.

'Miss Clara says she would n't touch him with a pair of tongs, and that he is a low fellow, fit only to go with the vulgar.'

'Pshaw! that's all moonshine. The time may come when she may be glad to be in his company. There is an accomplished and pretty young lady boarding here who gave the mitten to Mr. Fitzgammou, but she would be delighted to have Mr. Raymond accept her hand, her heart, and her fortune.'

As John surmised, that very evening there was a grand soiree at the house owned and occupied by the haughty, homely, Mrs., and that hard-fisted Mr. Mullins.

At an early hour, the washed, combed, brushed, curled, dressed, perfumed and decorated Mr. Fitzgammou might have been seen ascending the flight of granite steps, and after spelling out the name engraved on the door-plate, pulled the bell with such violence that the lap-dog howled with the ear-ache, and the servants started with alarm, and the busy old mistress wondered what on earth was the matter.

He was escorted into the pleasant room which was handsomely furnished with the most fashionable furniture. After being introduced to the company present, he made a low bow; tried to smile, scraped his feet upon the carpet, and then awkwardly tumbled like a bale of drygoods upon the sofa; after which, he looked up with an air of wondrous wisdom and great importance, which seemed to say, 'What think ye of this imported specimen of gallantry?'

He was really a remarkable looking object.—His coarse hair was oiled, curled and scented.—He stared at every person in the room through his quizzing glass. He wore on his intellectual face face, moustaches, whiskers, imperial and goatee, and looked like an ass that had swallowed a horse and left the tail sticking out of his mouth. His red carrot fingers were hooped with huge rings, and a brooch large enough for a looking-glass stuck upon his ruffled bosom.

Most persons could have seen at a glance that he was one of those nondescript creatures who know but little of themselves externally, except what they learn from the looking-glass, and who know nothing of themselves internally, except what they feel from the liquor-glass. The following conversation between the parties will afford an idea of the mental calibre of the distinguished gentleman.



'It is a beautiful evening, sir,' remarked one of the company.

'Very foine.'

'How do you like our climate, sir?'

'Very foine.'

'What do you think of American scenery?'

'It is very foine.'

'You have seen the Falls of Niagara, I am told. What do you think of that sublime and beautiful water wonder?'

'It is very foine?'

'I think I saw you at the meeting which was recently addressed by the Hon. Daniel Webster; what did you think of his eloquent and magnificent speech?'

'It was very foine.'

'How do you feel, sir, when excited by the thrilling, electrifying eloquence of our Demos-thenes?'

'Very foine.'

'The sensation must be akin to that occasioned by the trumpeting of the storm when the winds and waves do battle. What are your sensations during a storm at sea?'

'I am sick at the stomach, at such times, but when we have a smooth sea and a fair wind, I feel very foine.'

The conversation was then interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Mullins and her daughter. They were richly dressed and gorgeously bejeweled, and Clara, notwithstanding the unmistakable lines which ill-temper had traced upon her countenance, was beautiful to look upon. The moment they entered the room, Mr. Fitzgammon arose from his seat and squeezed the hand of Miss Clara, telling her she looked 'very foine.'

In the course of the evening he ventured to say that she was a charming girl, and fit to be the wife of a lord, and he meant all he said upon honor.

Maria was present at the party, and her aunt availed herself of an early opportunity to ask how she would like the attention of such a man as Mr. Fitzgammon.

'Best at a distance,' said she. 'I could not endure such a band-box dandy, whose head is as empty as his hat.'

'You rude thing, how dare you speak so disparagingly to me of my company in my own house.'

'Why aunt, he has been winking at me most impudently through his quizzing-glass. He is not a gentleman, and ought to be requested to leave the house. If he does not leave by your permission, I will retire to my room.'

'I suppose you are anxious to see the journeyman printer, but if he dares to show his face within the reach of a poker, I will drive him into the street. I have a will and a way to punish upstarts who do not know their own place, and have no regard for the higher order of society.'

At a late hour that night, or rather at an early hour the next morning, the party broke up; but the unfortunate Mr. Fitzgammon had partaken too freely of wine, and sober John was nominated and appointed a committee of one to lead the eminent stranger to his lodgings.

The next day it was rumored in different parts of the city, that a lord, knight, duke or earl, or something else had fallen in love with Miss Mullins, the broker's daughter. Maria received a severe scolding from her aunt, and ditto from her cousin, because she spoke so contemptuously of Mr. Fitzgammon.

Miss Mullins' jealousy induced her to believe that several ladies were not only smitten, but dead in love with the golden calf she worshipped, and in order to make sure of the idol of her affections, she and her parents went to work in good earnest to bring about a match, and have the parties united in matrimony.

The landlord to whom Mr. Fitzgammon was indebted for board and borrowed money, did not press his claims for fear he might lose a customer.

In a short time arrangements were made for the wedding. Milliners, tailors, shoemakers and confectioners were busy at work. The day was selected, the guests were invited, and all the interested parties were on the tip-toe of anticipation, when an event occurred, which is related as follows:

'Wife, did you see this new paper?'

'Yes, I saw it, but you know as well as I do that I have no time to read newspapers. Clara is to be married next Monday, and I shall have to be busy as a dress-maker, or cut a sorry figure at the wedding.'

'But here is a fist pointing to a paragraph about Mr. Fitzgammon, the distinguished foreigner.'

'Do you read it, papa,' said Clara, smilingly. 'I knew he would make a noise in the world. A man of his rank in society, having such a princely fortune and a variety of accomplishments—such fascinating manners and superb talents, cannot fail to make a great sensation among a people competent to appreciate his genius. Let us hear it, papa.'

'We have received the London Times—'

'Hear this, ma, the news is from England.—Now, I suppose my envious, jealous saint of a cousin, who told me she believed somebody was an impostor, will see her mistake.'

'Do let me read without interruption, if you please.'

'We have received by last night's mail, a copy of the London Times, which contained the following startling and unexpected announcement—John Gammon, who was a servant in the service of William Fitz, Esq., has robbed his master of considerable jewelry and clothing, and it is supposed has sailed for America. He is about 30 years of age, of medium size, has dark eyes and coarse curly hair, and a scar on his left cheek, which he received by a watchman, who arrested him in the act of whipping his wife. One hundred pounds will be given to the person who will secure the thief.'

'Early this morning, one of our most efficient police officers read the announcement, and at once put the Fitz and the Gammon together, went to the hotel, where he found a sleeping beauty, with a scar on his left cheek, and the name of Fitz on some silver spoons in his trunk. He awoke and

arrested Mr. Gammon alias Fitzgammon, and escorted him to jail.

Clara fainted when she heard the sad tidings, and after she came to her senses, she exclaimed, 'O, ma! O, pa! what shall I do? My dresses are made, our friends are invited, everybody will laugh at me. I wish I could be shut up in a nunnery.'

'What a villian he must be,' said Mr. Mullins. 'He has a wife now living. He has been stealing spoons. I would n't wonder if he had stole that silver cup off the mantel-piece, for I missed it the day after he first called here. I hope the authorities will hang him by the neck until he is choked to death.'

'Mr. Mullins, who is the editor of that paper?'

'Mr. George Raymond.'

'I wonder if that is the young man who galanted Maria to meeting that Sunday?'

'I suppose it is,' said Mr. Mullins.

'Well, go and ask him concerning the particulars of this singular and most unhappy affair.'

Mr. Mullins went to the office, and inquired if Mr. Raymond was in.

'No, sir,' was the answer, 'he has gone to the State House. He has recently been elected to the Senate, and consequently spends much of his time in the Senate Chamber.'

'Is this Mr. Raymond the young man who used to work in the brick block across the way?'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'When he returns, give my compliments to him, and say that my name is Mullins, and that all the members of my family would be happy to see him.'

'Mr. Mullins returned, and informed the family that the journeyman printer had become not only an editor, but also a prominent member of the Senate, and that the news also respecting Mr. Fitzgammon was also too true.

The intelligence spread like wild-fire through the city, and afforded a rich feast for the tale-bearers, and scandal-mongers, and those who carry the devil's mail-bag from door to door, had their hands, hearts, and mouths full for the night.

The Hon. Mr. Raymond, the low-born journeyman—the plebeian printer who belonged to the vulgar herd—called frequently to see the charming and beautiful Miss Sedgerland; and although Clara set her cap for him, and tried all the skill of an experienced coquette, she failed to win the heart of the printer, who became the happy husband of Maria Sedgerland. Clara improved in wisdom as she improved in years, and finally became the contented wife of a worthy and respectable man who worked as a pressman in Mr. Raymond's office.

—o—

"Is there anything really the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "I don't know how it is," was the reply, "I eat well, sleep well, and have a good appetite." "Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something to take away all that."

**NARROW INTELLECT**—Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said that 'he had never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind.'

'You labor overmuch on your composition, doctor,' said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine. 'I write a sermon in three hours, and make *nothing of it!*' 'So your congregation say.'

**BASHFULNESS** is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance—and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.

## T. S. WARING

Has just received by Steamer Pacific, (which has made the quickest trip ever known across the Atlantic to New-York,) from the house of Waring, Lamont & Co., Paris, a large and splendid stock of Silk Cashmeres, Satin Turks, Sostemeto De Ponde Shriornes, Castilian Stripe, Antarctic Del Zephyr 'Ese Tizerinokteese Merino De Laines, De Le Roy Scarlet Palm Leaf Shawls, manufactured expressly for this Establishment, which cannot be found at any other store in the city. Also the largest stock of French, English, and American Prints, a yard wide, for only one shilling per yard. Ladies will do well to call early and examine for themselves, and be satisfied of the foregoing statement.

Respectfully,

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# THE FREE PRESS.

Published at T. S. Waring's Dry Goods Store, No. 234 Bowery.

No. 8.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

[Free to Customers.

## BARNUM.

It is a peculiarity of this country that the moment a man rises in any way above the level of his fellow citizens, he is made the mark for the numberless shafts of enmity, malevolence, and all sorts of detraction. They hate a man for being what they cannot be. Every one who assails Barnum, for instance, would give his ears to be Barnum, if he could. It is only because that energetic manager has outgeneralled them in the grand fight for cash and popularity, that they wish to 'cut him down.' We but reaffirm an opinion we have often expressed before, when we say that Mr. Barnum, throughout his whole career, has shown a genius for entertaining the public. Strike out Barnum from public amusements for the last ten years, and a big blank would be left. His engagement of Jenny Lind, is, thus far, his crowning achievement. Searching the world over, he selected the most powerful and popular attraction it furnished, and has brought it to our doors. For our parts it will not disturb our sleep if the enterprize should put a Million of Dollars in his pocket. We engage he will make quite as good a use of the money as nine-tenths of his detractors, be they who they may. The great secret of Barnum's success, in general is, that he understands the American public and has gone to work after the American fashion in supplying its wants. Whoever else is, Barnum is *not* behind the age—he may be a little in advance of it—he certainly is a step or two ahead of the busy bodies who denounce him, and makes it a part of *his* business to keep them in a lively trot at his heels. It will be some time, we imagine, before they overtake him! A hundred to one on Barnum!

Books are as necessary, in the present season, to cheer the soul as blankets for the body. Among the announcements by the book-sellers, we find a pleasant work entitled: 'THE MANHATTANER IN NEW-ORLEANS,' to be issued by J. S. Redfield. A book of capital Sketches, with a sharp-pointed pencil, by a talented Member of the N. Y. Bar. Also—'CHANICLEER, A THANKSGIVING STORY OF THE PRABODY FAMILY,' which should be on every

table alongside of the Thanksgiving Turkey. Besides a great store of excellent books from Harpers, Putnam, Dewitt & Davenport, Phillips, Sampson & Co., Tjcknor, Reid & Fields, and others.

## News of the Week.

We have heard, with pleasure, of the marriage of our friend ALBERT RICE, at Burlington, Vt., and wish him a double portion of happiness for the rest of his life.

—The British Baronet, who, out of amusement, has devoted himself to the stage as an eccentric Comedian arrived here on Wednesday in the Glasgow. The London press styles him the 'Gutta Percha Buckstone.' He appears at the Broadway Theatre, we hear, in a few days.

—On one day over 400 couple applied to the municipal authorities at Paris to be married. Those learned in such matters calculated, that before the same day next year there will be 250 separations.

—The whole number of passengers which arrived at this port from foreign ports, during the quarter ending September 30th, 1850, was 933.

—A singing mouse, with notes like a linnet, has been trapped at Rochester, England.

—The Roscommon Journal says that grouse are so numerous this season that scythes are used for mowing them down.

—We have been informed, by a Committee of Hatters, that they will close their stores hereafter at 8 o'clock, P. M., until the 5th of March, Saturdays and Holidays excepted.

—M. Poitevin made an ascent from the Hippodrome, Paris, mounted on the back of an ostrich.

—A excursion from Burlington, Vt., on foot for attending Jenny Lind's concert last night. Six hundred seats (the whole second tier) engaged and by an arrangement with the steamboat companies seven dollars paid the whole expense.

—The new locomotive Kentucky yesterday brought to this city 25 cars, containing 969 bales of cotton, 56 bales of domestics. This was her first trip on the road, and the conductor informed us that she had brought the load with ease. The Kentucky was built by the Boston Locomotive Company. We believe this is the largest load ever brought over the Central Railroad.—*Savannah Georgian.*

—It is said that Edward Bulwer Lytton has a play in preparation for the Princess.

### Bridal Quarrels.

A trifling disagreement about a trifling matter may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that when the married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable they are ashamed to think of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink, discolored a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole life. Just as

A pebble in the streamlet scant  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dew-drop on the baby plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever.

We find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas, in an English publication, for the truth of which the author pledges his word:

A young couple had passed the first weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene occurred:

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what *she thought* was the wrong end. 'How strange it looks,' she said, 'to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear. No one else does so; and it looks so odd.'

'O, I think it's quite as good, in fact better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end the egg runs over the top,' replied the husband.

'But it looks so very odd, when no one else does so,' rejoined the wife.

'Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way that you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end,' retorted the husband.

'I am quite sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using the fork; and you always eat up the syrup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so,' added the wife.

'The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie, and why should I send it away in the plate?' asked the husband.

'No well-bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved,' said the bride, with a contemptuous toss of her little head.

'Well, then, I am not a well-bred person,' replied the bridegroom angrily.

'But you must be, if we are to be comfortable together,' was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

'Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup.'

'Then I will not have either fruit pie or eggs at the table.'

'But I will have them,' petulantly exclaimed the husband.

'Then I wish I had not been married to you,' cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

'And so do I,' added the now incensed hus-

band, as he arose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others, equally trifling in their origin, and disgraceful in their character; until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other, that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

Now, I doubt not, the reader is ready to pronounce this quarrel about opening an egg, a foolish affair. It was so; and yet I seriously question if the first quarrel between a newly married pair ever had a much more elevated beginning. Little things do great mischief, and are to be watched with suspicious care.

Boston, Oct. 11, 1850.

A lady friend of yours is quite indignant, Mr. Post, that you should make the *little* peculiarities of ladies' dresses public, by such insinuations as were in your paper yesterday. She declares it libellous, and thinks you must do her sex justice by publishing her three verses in connection with the others. She says she will never read the Post again if you don't.

#### "Then—and Now."

"Sir Knight clad in arms, to my lady vowed love,  
And invoked on her blessings from earth and above,  
But the haughty one scorned him, with breast as of steel,  
Too hard and too cold his love's ardor to feel."

Templars' Song.

"Though ladies' breasts were once of steel,  
And then resisted all concessions,  
Yet these are only cotton now,  
And freely yield to slight impressions."

#### THEN—AND NOW.

Impressions must be slight, indeed,  
When made by those degenerate dandies;  
Who daily promenade our streets,  
And patronize cigars and brandies.

A knight of yore was clad in steel,  
His lady's love oft donned his armor;  
But who would doom his padded vest  
To close inspection of his charmer?

The vests are soft and warm they say,  
And softer heads oft rise above them,  
But they must show more manly worth,  
Ere constant hearts they find to love them.

An Oregon paper, dated the 21st March, gives the following account of Volcanic eruptions in Oregon:

'We are informed by a gentleman that both the mounts (St. Helen and Baker are sending forth volumes of smoke, giving undoubted evidence that their volcanic fires are not yet extinguished. The craters from which the smoke was issuing in St. Helen were two in number, and low down the north and northeast sides; while in Mount Baker, which is a perfect cone, the smoke was issuing in dense masses from the centre of the summit. It is probable that these are the only living volcanoes in Oregon.'

An exchange paper from Ohio says, 'A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed.'

## A Tale of Real Life.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

'I AM going round by Broad-street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall.'

'Lucy Wendall! who is she?'

'She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a little dwelling, that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of a many lot within it; but they had been out-bargained and out-witted till they were reduced to this tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State-street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva, (the goodness of wisdom should have known better,) used to scrub the house weekly, from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday; the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say, it must be hard to think of 'turning to dust.'

Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never "went out," excepting on Sunday to church; and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the cragged, bare stems of cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so dearly. My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last there came to this obscure family, what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; for, though we had never exchanged a word together, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross' glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and

to the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend he had promised to board her in his own family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor.—I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross' to make inquiries about her.—My story has brought us almost to the shop; 'John Ross, Glove Manufacturer.' This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is, an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well, nothing truer than the trite old couplet—

'The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.'

'The old customer is coming out; now we have a clear field, let us go in.'

'Mr. Ross, I believe.'

'The same, ma'am.'

'I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas.'

'I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am.'

'The old man's humor requires me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall.'

'Ay, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time.'

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name, that might betide good, and might betide evil of Lucy. I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you?

'Was you a friend to Lucy Wendall, ma'am?'

'I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents.'

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf.

'You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiry. I am afraid some accident has happened to the poor girl.'

'Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened her?' He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about to begin a story.

'Certainly, I would.'

'Well, you know, when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and so tidy, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of the old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the workshop, as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You know what a parcel of girls are, ma'am, dinging away from morning to night, like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different; she made herself neat

and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers, and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their joke about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman at her needle. I never had a match for her since I began business; but (you know there is always a *but* in this life,) she gave me a great offence. She crossed me when I could least bear to be crossed.

'Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross.'  
(*To be continued.*)

### Courting.

An old paper says: This is a subject which is always important, is becoming peculiarly so, and we design to call the attention of young people to it occasionally, in hope of arresting an alarming and destructive evil. Young ladies are bound to fall in love as soon as possible, and bound to get a partner for life as soon as the necessary preliminaries are made such as getting a lover, fascinating him thoroughly, being courted, having the question popped, getting the wedding garments in array, and having friends to see them prettily married. The young man is bound to be gallant and polite, and to admire without any stint, all the pretty girls, known or unknown, to doff the beaver, offer his arm, invite to ride, or a pleasant saunter, in short, to all and sundries; indeed, to show his devotion and gallantry towards the sex, until some enchantress throws her spells around him, and he sinks, subdued into a commouplace, indifferent, careless Benedict. Now out of these things grow difficulties. A young man admires a pretty girl and must manifest it; he cannot help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like the vine tendrils for something to cling to; she sees the admiration, is flattered, begins soon to love, expects some avowal, and perhaps gets so far as to decide she will choose a white satin under a thin gauze, at the very moment the gallant she loves is popping the question (good! ha!) to another damsel ten miles off. Now the difficulty is, in not precisely understanding the difference between polite attention and the tender manifestations of sighing love. Admiring a beautiful girl and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same, and therefore, it is necessary that a girl should be on the alert to discover to which class the attention paid her by a handsome and gay young gentleman belong. First, then, if a young fellow greet you in a loud, free, hearty voice—if he knows precisely where he puts his hat or his hands—if he stares you straight in the eye with his own wide open—if he tells you who made his coat—if he squeezes your hand—if he eats heartily in your presence—if he talks very kindly to your mother—if he sneezes when you are sighing, or criticizes your curls, or fails to be very foolish in fifty ways in every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world; he only admires you, let him do or say what he will.

'Great age' this we live in. People don't laugh now-a-days—they indulge in merriment. They don't walk—they promenade. They never eat any food—they masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting the girls—they pay attention to the young ladies. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house—they erect it. So we go.

A little girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed without returning the civility. 'What,' said he, 'do you courtesy to dead hogs?' 'No, sir,' replied the little miss, 'I courtesied to the *live one.*'

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