thing in this town is so well fitting a Governor, His price is £900 of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare. I would give £20 to £30 out of my own pocket that it were thine-nobody's but thine,"

It appears that Penn's pecuniary embarrassments at that period were so great that he was unable to make the purchase. So the Slate-House passed into the hauds of Isaac Norris, instead, and by him it was bequeathed to his son Isaac in turn. The property remained in the Norris family until about two yerrs ago, passing from generation to generation, until at ast it came into the possession of Miss Sally Norris Dickinson, a grand-daughter of the younger Isaac Norris, and who continued to be the proprietor for many years. The history of the title subsequent to her decease will be found

Gov. Hamilton Resides in the Mansion. After the Siste-House ceased to be occupied by the Deputy-Governor of Penn, it was tens anted by different persons, some of them of great distinction in the colonial days. Among these last was Governor Hamilton.

Gen. Forbes is Buried from the Mansion. But for many years preceding the Revolution it was used as a boarding-house, in which capacity it obtained a great repute. In these days one of the inmates was General Forbes, the successor of the unfortunate Braddock, and the conqueror of Fort Du Quesae. Forbes died, and was buried from the house in 1759. His funeral was conducted with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The procession, in which the richly caparisoned horse of the dead hero, and a military array with arms reversed, found a place, is said to have surpassed anything of the kind which had ever been witnessed in the city at that time.

General Charles Lee is Buried from the

At a period long subsequent to this the Slate-House was the scene of the funeral services of an illustrious commander of far different character. This was Major-General Charles Lee, the eccentric and passionate, but certainly accomplished soldier, whom Washington rebuked so harshly on the field of Monmouth. He was spending a few months in the city at the time, when he suddenly died at a public house, and his remains were honored with a funeral from the historical old Mansion.

The Widow Graydon Establishes her Boarding-House in the Mansion.

But perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the establishment was when it it was kept as a boarding-house by the Widow Graydon, the mother of the author from whom we have quoted above. Speaking of this, Graydon says in his "Memoirs":-

"The lady who had resided here, and given some celebrity to the stand by the style of her accommodations, either dying or declining business, my mother was persuaded by her friends to become her successor; and, accordingly, obtained a lease of the premises, and took possess on of them, to the best of my recollection, in the year 1764 or 1765. While in this residence she had the honor, if so it might be called, of entertaining strangers of the first rank who visited the city."

Graydon then proceeds to give "biographical sketches of the various personages who, in the course of eight or nine years, became inmates of this house;" among whom "were persons of dis-Linction, and some of no distinction; many real gentlemen, and some, no doubt, who were merely pretenders to the appellation. Some attended by servants in gay liveries; some with servants in plain coats, and some with no ser-Wants at all.

Under Mrs. Graydon's dominion, the Slate House became a favorite resort for the others of the British army, some of whom were almost always among her permanent guests. At times it was nearly filled by those of the Forty-second or Highland regiment, as wel" as those of the Royal Irish.

The Baron De Kalb Lodges in the Mansion.

About 1768 or 1769 the Baron de Kalb, on his arrival in this country, took up his residence here. "The steady and composed demeanor of the Baron," says Graydon, "bespoke the soldier and philosopher; the man who had calmly estimated life and death, and who, though not prodigal of the one, had no unmanly dread of the other."

The Chevaller Badourin.

De Kalb was not the only guest of foreign extraction. Among others there was one individual by the name of Badourin, "who wore a white cockade, and gave himself out for a general in the Austrian service." The true character of this chevalier appears to have been open to suspicion, as one night, to the great surprise of his fellow-lodgers and the consternation of his worthy hostess, he suddenly left his quarters in the Slate House. The landlady was obliged to satisfy the general's unpaid score out of one old trunk which he left behind him, and which, on examination, was found to contain only a few old tomes in German and Latin text. From one of the latter kind-a ponderous, parchment-bound folio, by "the mystical Robert Fludd," printed at Oppenhelm in 1618, and treating of such dangerous topics as astrology and the art of divination-Graydon shrewdly surmises that "its quondam possessor, Mr. Badourin, might have been a mountebankconjuror, instead of a general."

The Family of Sir Henry Moore.

Among the lodgers at one time were the wife and daughter of Sir Henry Moore, one of the later British Governors of New York. The daughter is characterized by Graydon as "a sprightly Miss, not far advanced in her teens, and who having apparently no dislike to be seen, had more than once attracted his atten-

Lady Susan O'Brien and Her Husband. Lady Susan O'Brien was another notable guest; chiefly so on account of her husband, who had figured on the London stage as a comedian in the days of Garrick, Mossop, and Barry, and whom Churchill had admitted to "be a man of parts." The comedian, celebrated on account of "his easy manner of treading the stage, and particularly of drawing the sword," was likewise a lodger. Graydon's reminiscence of him sums him up "as a man of the middle height, with a symmetrical form, rather light than athletic."

Sir William Draper.

Still another titled celebrity was Sir William Draper, the "Conqueror of Manilla" in 1763, and one of the most skilful antagonists encountered by the relentless "Junius." Sir William was then on a tour through the colonies, where he was received with the distinction merited by his martial and literary achievements.

A Military Quartette.

The British army was still further represented by three majors-Etherington, Small, and Fell by name. The first of these was a noted recruiting officer of the Royal Americans, "a perfect master of the inveigling art," by the practice of which men were in those days enticed into the service of his Britannic Majesty. "He had a snug, economical method of his own," to which his unprecedented success in this military line was supposed to be owing. Major Small was a stout, burly individual; while Fell, instead of having the build and muscle to render his name at all appropriate, was characterized by a most insignificant personne'. General John Reid, at that time a colonel, was also a lodger. His fame appears to rest on his tact in the composition of military music, while he was also able to perform on the German flute in a fashion that put every other Englishman of his day to shame.

Captain Wallace. While the British army was represented at Mrs. Graydon's table by these very respectable and somewhat noted personages, the navy was less fortunate. A Captain Wallace was its sole member, and he appears to have been a rude and boisterous specimen of his class. The manof-war which he commanded was on the American station. His character at sea is described as "insolent and brutal beyond his peers," and on shore as being "altogether of a piece with it." An inquisitive Friend on one occasion aroused his wrath beyond all reason, by the inquiry:-"What makes thee drink so often? art thou really dry every time thou carriest the liquor to thy mouth ?"

Rivington, the Tragic Printer.

Rivington, a New York printer of note, was another and frequent guest at the Slate House in the days of Mrs. Graydon. This gentleman was "an everlasting dabbler in theatrical heroics," "Othello" appears to have been his favorite role. Time and time again he would address the company as "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," and then launch torth with his unvarnished tale:-"Her father loved me, oft invited me," etc.

A "Desdemona" to answer the theatrical printer's purposes was readily found in Mrs. Graydon, who gradually came to pass among her lodgers by that familiar title, contracted into "Desdy," for short. In the days when Rivington was a guest, the lodgers appear to have been a jolly set altogether. On one occasion Rivington, in company with Lieutenant Rumsey, of the 42d, and a Doctor Kearsley, two of his fellow-boarders, terminated their night's carousal in rather boisterous style. The Doctor, mounted on horseback, even rode fairly into the back parlor, and then upstairs, to the terror of the family, and the serious disturbance of the

cal rejoinder, which terminated with these words:-"For. Desdy, believe me, you don't become airs!" Such was a specimen of boarding-house life in

sleepy lodgers. Mrs. Graydon remonstrated at

this preceeding, when the Lieutenant, taking

his cue from Rivington, improvised a poeti-

our staid Quaker City a century ago. Washington, Hancock, and Adams.

During the period that the Slate House was occupied by Mrs. Graydon, both Washington and Hancock were at times her guests; but of these it is unnecessary to speak in this connection. Mrs. Graydon remained in the Slate House until 1768-9, when she removed her boarding establishment to Drinker's Big House, on Front street, near Race. It would appear, however, that the building continued to be used as a boarding-house, as John Adams, and other prominent members of the First Congress, had their lodgings there.

It was subsequently used as a fashionable boarding-school, over which a Mrs. Burdeau presided, with a daughter of "Mad Anthony" Wayne for one of her pupils.

The Mansion Becomes a Tailor-Shop.

But subsequent to this time the Slate House began to deteriorate. From being one of the handsomest and most commodious private residences in the city, it gradually fell into a lower rank and a corresponding disrepute. No longer eligible as a first-class lodging-house or a fashionable boarding-school for aristocratic misses, it came to be occupied, during the latter part of the century, by a Mr. Billington, who carried on the tailoring business within its historic walls.

About this time, but at what precise period s not now known, the open space in front, between the main building and the two projecting wings, was built up with frame, detracting much from the former quaint and attractive appearance of the structure.

Early in the present century, Mr. Billington became frightened at the fearful prevalence of the fever, and therefore he threw up his business, and abandoned the city for a suburban residence on Bush Hill. A relative of his, John Webb by name, succeeded him in the tailoring business, using the trame portion, even then described as rather worn and ricketty, for the manufacture and display of his wares. Mr. Webb resided in the dwelling portion as late as 1826, and for some time thereafter.

The Mansion Becomes a Shoe-Shop. The first floor of the northern wing was at this time used by William Reed as a shoe-shop. It was he who tore out the front window of this wing, which corresponded with the one still remaining in the southern wing, and replaced it with the door and shop-window which has since been a noticeable feature of its outward appearance. Mr. Reed likewise lowered the floor of the front portion of this wing by several feet, so as to give an easy entrance from the street to his shop.

The Mansion Becomes a Bake-Shop. When Reed left the premises, the northern wing was occupied by John Simons, a worthy German, who constructed a bake-house in the rear, and furnished his customers with the staff of life in the little front shop. That Simons found the stand a very good one, as far as business was concerned, is to be inferred from the fact that he flourished apace, and found his loaves in such demand that he was forced to keep two horses to sapply his more distant patrons. He continued to live in the northern wing of the house, and carried on his bakery there, until July, 1812, when he gave way to

one of the present occupants. The Mansion Becomes a Jeweller's Shop. In that month and year the corner shop was rented by Joseph Marshall and Robert Tempest. They established therein a jewelry store, and this business has been continued with various fluctuations until the present day. Some

and all about the about region to a contain the set appropriate any our affects about

the business of a dealer in fruit below. It has been but a short time since Mr. Walker removed, and when he did so, it was to enable the owners to tear down the antiquated structure-a fate which has not yet befallen it, but which cannot much longer be averted.

Nor are these the only changes which have been made in the exterior and interior. The rear windows of the northern wing have been replaced by larger ones, and this portion is now used as a saw manufactory, while on the second floor a doorway has been cut, to which access is had by means of an outside stairway. This upper story has for some past been used as a

Who Have Owned the Mansion.

For more than a century and a half the property remained in the same family-that of the Norrises. Notwithstanding its antiquity, it was always held at a high figure, and found no purchaser. In 1806, Miss Sally Norris Dickinson, at that time the owner, refused to part with it and the lot and building adjoining it on the south, for less than \$45,000. It remained in her pos. session until her death, about fifteen years ago, when it passed to her sister, the widow of the late Dr. Logan, of Germantown. On the death of Mrs. Logan, a few years since, this portion of her estate fell to one of her sons, of whom it was purchased in the spring of 1864 by Mr. Charles Knecht. A few months since this gentleman sold the property to the Chamber of Commerce of this city, and with them the title is likely to remain for years to come.

Efforts to Preserve the Mansion as a have been made from time to time within late years, but they have all miscarried for some reason or other. We believe that the subject has more than once received the attention o our City Councils. A short time since the Historical Society also took the matter in hand. A committee was appointed to make an investigation, but that was the end of it as far as they

were concerned. The Chamber of Commerce, in purchasing the property, together with several lots adjoining it on Second street, had in view the erection

thereon of a large and handsome hall which is intended for the use of the Corn Exchange. The old mansion in its present condition is any thing but useful or ornamental to the portion of the city in which it is situated. The only means by which it could be saved intact from the encroachments of business was by a removal to some more appropriate locality. The Chamber of Commerce, therefore, as soon as they acquired the property, adopted the following resolution concerning it:-

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce tender to the city of Philadelphia, as a free gift, the old William Penn mansion, situated on their lot. corner of Second and Gothic streets; provider the city will agree to remove the same, and place it for preservation on the grounds of Fairmount Park.

This was communicated to the Mayor of the city, and by him in turn to the two branches of Councils, who further disposed of the subject by referring it to the Committee on City Property.

The Mansion Must Come Down.

A survey of the building was then made, and the result must ever be a subject of regret to all who have any interest in the history and growth of our city. It was found, on examination, that the walls were much thicker than it is now the custom of builders to make them; and this, taken in connection with the fact that the mortar was prepared so carefully and skilfully that it has acquired the hardness of stone, and adheres to the bricks so tenaciously as to render virtually a solid mass, renders its remove either piecemeal or as a whole, an impossible achievement. The Mayor has suggested that enough material might be saved from the structure, when it is demolished, to construct of it in the Park a building smaller that the original, but on the same general plan. But even this measure has been deemed impossible or inconvenient, on account of its solid construction; and so the old Penn Mansion, with all the rich and interesting associations connected with its history, must be swept into the past.

The fate that thus awaits it is, indeed, to be regretted on more than one account. The spirit of our people is so intent upon present prosperity and future progress, that we seem to have lost all sight of the landmarks of the past. Places of historic interest, which in the Old World would be regarded as shrines that might not be profaned by commonplace and unholy uses, in this country are invaded in the thirst for material growth as ruthlessly as the primeval forests. The spirit which watches with jealous care over the spots made sacred by the lives and deeds of the illustrious dead, is one of the surest tokens of a deep and wholesome intellectual culture. Yet it is a spirit in which the American people, as a mass, are sadly deficient, and we fear that the time is still far distant when we shall be called upon to chronicle the evidence of a change in this respect. A more earnest and determined effort than has yet been made, either by our city authorities, or by our learned societies, to preserve for the beneat of posterity this rare old souvenir, would afford substantial proof that our hearts and souls and minds are not wholly given up to the grasping after wealth and pleasures that have but a momentary existence. We hope that such an effort will yet be made. One by one the old landmarks of our city are passing from our view, and if the old Mansion, in which Penn lived, and wherein Washington was a frequent and honored guest, is to meet the fate which has betallen so many of them, they will be lessened in number by one, and that one not the least interesting and sacred of them all.

The New Chamber of Commerce Building which is to be erected upon the site of the old SlatelHouse, will prove ornamental to that section of the city, as well as supply a necessity that has long been felt. The contract for its erection has not yet been given out, although the entire amount of stock has been subscribed, and the plans and specifications are under consideration. If these preliminaries should be completed, as it is expected they will be, within a couple of weeks, the work upon the new structure will commence without unnecessary

delay. The ground purchased by the Chamber of Commerce has a frontage on Second street of 110 feet, and extends eastward to a depth of 150 feet. The building, it is at present designed, shall be 96 feet by 125, thus leaving ample space on the south side for purposes of entrance and

resided in the upper part, while he conducted | most durable materials. The front will be composed of pressed brick, with facings of stone, and, taken altogether, it is intended that the building shall not be inferior in any respect to others in the city of similar size and character. On either side of the main entrance there will be a handsome officesuitable for an insurance company, having a height of twenty-five feet and a corresponding width and depth. Extending backward from the entrance will be a spacious spaceage-way, the space on each side to be devoted to handsome and commodious offices, about twelve feet in height, and about twenty in number. Over them will be situated the large hall which is designed for the use of the Corn Exchange, and which will be one of the most commodious and attractive in the city.

AMERICAN LOVE-MAKING.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF "COURTERS." From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury .

Counters are as varied in their views and aspects as members of Congress on the tariff

question, but not a whit more absurd. THE BASHFUL COURTER is generally some callow youth, who has thought it necessary to make love because it is a custom of the male sex, and not on account of any ardent desire that he is inspired with. He seems half afraid of the courtee, seats himself in a distant corner, and fidgets nervously when she comes too near him. He will often remain dumb for an hour at a time, while the courtee has to amuse herself in the best way she can. Callers come and go, rivals pop in and out, the fleeting hours of evening pass, materfamilias flits into the room to see if her daughter has company, but still the B. C. sits, uninteresting and uninterested, a sort of wooden Cupid, impressive from its very impassability and dead weight. When at last approaching midnight warns the B. C, that it is time he should go home to his mother, he mutters to the yawning courtee that he thinks it is getting late, searches for his hat that he has secreted on his entry in some out-of-the-way place, and glides like the ghost of Love past the courtee, who holds the door open for him. It is then only that he finds courage to pass a compliment on the courtee. who is so much startled by the unexpected event that she has been known immediately on

could possibly mean. The B. C. is quite an enigma to most young ladies. They do not understand him, he appears so odd and out of place. Consequently, their curiosity is excited, and, as a natural conquence, their interest. To the astonishment of en who would have thought themselves dis graced in being considered his rivals, the B. C. is found to have won the belle of a circle; though how the thing was done is one of those mysteries that society and old women can never fully account for in gossiping discussions; they are, perhaps, no more astonished than the B. C. himself, who is quite aware that he is a stick, and finds himself married he does not know how-though, perhaps, the courtee's mamma could enlighten him on the subject.

After marriage, the B. C. suddenly becomes

his departure to ask her ma what the B. C.

cheeky. The veil of mystery that enveloped the fair sex has been lifted, he has ceased to be awed, and becomes the most gallant man of his

THE CONCERTED COURTER is the laughing-stock of the courted sex. His too mantlest self-appreciation affords them immense amusement, and his self-importance they delight, after increasing, to sudde by annihilate with a blasting "No!"
When the C. C. hears the word of doom pronounced, he cannot believe in the courtee's sincerity; and consequently often has to have the sentence repeated by mamma, big brother, and a horsewhip or a boot. Still the C. C. is not brought to his senses. "Though you bray a fool in a mortar," the old proverb says, uns been refused a hundred times," say the courtees, "you cannot drive his folly from him." The C. C. is generally possessed of good looks, and a glib tonghe which iar outstrips his turtle-like judgment. He has possessed himself of all the stupid and funny little anecdotes of current literature, and retails them by the peck. He generally has some small musical ability, which he displays on all occasions. After being snubbed or rejected everal times, he cannot perceive why stupid fellows who cannot play, or sing, or tell stories, or repeat stereotyped compliments, are favorites or the fairest courtees, while he is looked on as a drug and a nuisance. At last, the C. C. becomes some old maid's or widow's victim, who

entightens him by the light of the honeymoon. THE EXTRAVAGANT COURTER is not necessarily rich, yet he lavishes expenditures of money on the courtee as if she were likely to be a pecuniary investment. Courtees of low instincts often pretend to be attached to the E. C., that they may receive his tavors. He is generally a little discretion, though sometimes he is an old bachelor, where long-repressed luxu-riousness is having its natural revenge. The E. C. is a most unfortunate individual. He is impelled to rum himself financially and morally by his insane desire to bind the courtee to hin with gitts. For this purpose, he often robs his employer's till, and has been known to pawn his own watch to buy a diamond ring for the courtee. His efforts at present-giving are viewed with uss picion, and sensible courtees are apt to hesitate before committing themselves with the E. C. though mercenary girls look at him as a harvest,

Large cities are generally infested with E. C.'s, and employers should oftener inquire into the style of their employes' court hips, than as to their relicious or political opinions. Certainly there is more pecuniary interest in the inquiry-for, as clerks say, "It is the boss who pays for the wagon" when the E. C. goes a riding with is Mary Ann. There is a vulgar idea that half of the young swells who delight their courtees with Sunday riding, have no stockings under their boots, and that an hour before the ride, the E. C. is in distress trying to borrow a suirt, as his own have been selzed by an exasperated unpaid washerwoman, in consequence of the bos looking 'too sharp" after the cash-box. Be that as it may, the E. C. often stands at the bar of Justice instead of the altar of Hymen. THE SHOPPIST COURTER is the gentleman who enlightens his courtee on the business transactions of the day. He never makes loye directly. By asserting that rice or sugar has advanced. and that he has a large stock on hand, he think he conveys to the mind of his courtee that he is soon likely to be in a position to marry, and or course she is knowing enough to discover who is the fortunate bride-elect. The S. C. is a great nuisance to the fair sex. Few ladies care to near dissertations on the stock market; and the ntricacies of the last trial case of the constitutionality of a law bewilder a young courtee, even when expounded by a handsome young lawyer; but when a dry goods merchant amorously informs his courtee that silks are rising, she must feel disgusted; or when a petty dealer fondly hopes that his courtee must sympathize with him in the fall of oil, paint, and putty, it must be expected that Love will rush out of the room for a scent-bottle.

THE JEALOUS COURTER IS an ill-conditioned dog who keeps up a growling and barking, to the disgust of all who have anything to do with him. How the courtee ever consents to wed him is, at first sight, a mystery. That many springed elliptic, the female mind, has peculia and startling methods of action, revealing its secrets only when pressed against and, when unexcited, appearing flat and uninteresting. A courtee, when she was warned by her friend against a J. C., and numerous sooths rented by Mr. William Walker, whose family proved and substantial manner, and of the if she did not give the J. C. the mitten, replied

that she felt flattered by the jealousy of her lever; it showed that he was on the watch, and telt interested; she would not have one of those tame men who did not care whether or no she flirted, for then there was no pleasure in coqueting; but to have a jolly row and a quarrel, and a slamming of the door, and looks of defiance on meeting, and notes of apology, and the bliss of reconciling huggings, these were pleasures indeed—it was like the delicious evening after a summer thunder-storm.

mer thunder-storm.

The J. C., after marriage, often astonishes all his friends by proving the least jealous of all husbands. It would seem that, having only just so much jealousy to expend, he had exhausted his stock during courtship, and left none to empitter the sweets of matrimony.

THE SEVEN-YEARS' COURTER is the horror of a

household. He is often the cause of butter re-criminations and utter desperation in a family. When quite a young man he visits very closely, and gladdens the heart of mamma, with a host marriageable daughter, who flatters herself that one of her live stock is soon to find a market. A year or two pass by, and mamma becomes somewhat fidgety, and is apt to receive the S. Y. C. with haughty looks and a little unaffected displeasure. The poor courtee, after her lover's departure, is subjected to all sorts of cross-questionings as to what he said and did, and it he expressed any intentions or even mooted any hints. Nothing is elicited. The S. Y. C. comes every day in the week, and stays all day on Sundays. He has evidently made up his mind to be one of the tamily, and does his best to make all consider him to be at home. At last, in utter disgust, and in sheer desperation, the mamma informs her daughter that she must find out what the S. Y. C. means, or she herself will. Then, horror of matroaly horrors to the impatient maternal ear! Luc; informs her mother that she has made with Charlie a long engagement. The loving maternal calls her daughter fool, goose, stupid, and other sweet endearing terms, and there is a weeping and wailing and firting of skirts. Mater rushes up stairs to disturb snoring pater's peace, and vent her bursting indignation on his night-capped head. He philosophically, though sleepily, asserts that it isn't as bad as it might This adds fuel to the fire of mater's wrath, and she makes up her mind that there shall be no sleep that night. Meantime a willowy figure has been slobbering and blubbering, and, after wildly resolving to commit suicide, run away, and work for a living, becomes more quiet, and sternly determines to stick to Charlie at all hazards—then mildly goes to bed. Next morning revives the maternal lecture; there is excitement in the house; entreaties, tears, slamming of doors, scoldings. Every one-the children, impudent brother Tom, even Biddy-knows that Lucy has made a long engagement. Her sisters jeer at her, and her brothers leer at her; worse, the servant offers her sympathy However, Lucy is firm. She will wait for Charlie though it were a hundred years. He comes every night. The other young ladies of the family meet him. He is in the way. He is always in the parlor. There is no privacy in the house. They cannot feel at liberty with their company, for he always looking on. However, they are martied, have children; christenings succeed weddings; deaths follow births; a new generation is sprouting up—and poor Lucy, seeing the marks of progress all around her, feels old and leserted, though she is still haunted by her S. Y. C. Nobody teases her now; she is severely let alone. The meekest of virgins can endure it no longer; she informs the S. Y. C. that he has worn out all the chairs in the house, and her mother can't afford to buy new ones for him. He considers the remark an insult; quarrels, leaves, vowing never to return. But the force of habit brings him back next night, when he sees mamma, who arranges that he will become a Benedict in a month from date - or after seven years of courtship. Months of courtship may be very sweet, but

years of linked sweemess long drawn out become like stale sausages, nauseous - and should be abolished by the Board of Health. THE ONE-MONTH COURTER, in these fast days, when there is no time for lagging or wasting on pretiminaries, is the beau ideat of couriers. In courtship, as in everything else, there is only just so much happiness. Long courtships are like weak tea, too much dilute i to be agreeable while short couriships are the highly-condensed while short courtships are the highly-condensed sip of pleasure—little in quantity, it is true, but what there is of them is the doubled distilled ficured failed, O. M. C. is generally an expethat he has no has his time so well employed looks on courtship to spare for dawdling. He and never as the introduction to marriage, whom he Youru ... I be united with. Being well

acquainted with his courtee before he pays her attentions, all the silly dilly-dailyings of less straightforward men are by him avoided. everything he says means something, he finds no affliculty in coming to the point of rejection or acceptance. Neither the courtee or her mamma are the least startled when he makes an offer after the short term of one menth's attentions, any more than they would be surprised to hear that a locomotive travelled as far in an

hour as a wagon in a day.

Strange, though the mothers are unanimously in favor of O. M. C., the daughters do not like such hasty wooing. They hesitate and deliberate; they have not had the time necessary to try their little feminine experiments, and they are as likely to resent over-hasty as over-tardy woolng. In the meantime, the O. M. C. is off to another market. His motto is, "Quick sales and sure returns." He does not know that, in every woman's disposition, as chicken-pie, there is so much venom, and that Nature provides court-hip as the hole through which the noxious vapors are to escape. Igno rant of this great fact, the O. M. C., crudities and acerbities which soould have been removed in a reasonable term of courtship, and the first year of his married life is apt to stormy one. But then, in affairs matrimonial, as in other matter-, wisdom comes by experience, and few are competent to act wisely rill they have buried "their second"—and some not

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Estate of WILLIAM MERS-DITH deceased The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, adjust the sixth account of ELI K. PRICE deceased and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on MONDAY, December 3, 1866, at 11 o'clock A.M. at his office, No. 717 WALNUT Street, in the city of Phila-delphia. (122)ths 115th JOHN CLAYTO N. Auditor. IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY
AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
Estate of MARY H. DAVIESS.
The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the secount of WILLIA & C. HOUS FOR guardian of MARY H. DAVIESS, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, white the parties in erested for the purpose of his appointment, on TUESDAY, December 4, 1855 at 4 o'closse M. a. his office, No. 717 W. LNUT Street in the City of I hindelphia.

Il 22 thstu5.*

Auditor.

LOST.

LOST - LAST EVENING, BY A YOUN; Chestut, and Evening and Arch, and Eighth and hunting-case GOLD WATCH, engraved on side of the case a sallor seating on an anchor, and on the other side a water scene, with a ship The fluder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it with Miss WHIGH?, No. 1301 ARCH Street.

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