(For The Press.)

GORGEON.

A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH OF EDMOND ABOUT.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I.

Having taken the second prize in tragedy at the "Conservatory", he soon made his *début* at the Odeon. It was, if I remember aright, in January, 1846, when he appeared as "Orosman", and was hissed by every student from the left bank of the Seine.

None of his friends were surprised: it is so difficult to succeed in tragedy, when one's name is *Gorgeon*. He ought to have taken a *nom de guerre*, such as Montreuil, or Thabor; but the poor fellow stuck to his name as his *sole inheritance*. However, his fall made but little noise, for he had few friends, was only twenty, and was *protégéd* by none of the journals. Poor Gorgeon!

No director would engage *him* for tragedy, but an old comedian friend got him into the Palais-Royal, and he took his lot philosophically. "After all," thought he, "comedy has more of a future before it than tragedy, for there will probably be no more Racines, while it is quite possible to write better vaudevilles than Clairville."

He was soon discovered to have talent in his new *role*, possessing a pleasant voice, a natural fund of wit and mimicry, and great command of countenance; and the public took him into favor; so that the name of Gorgeon was passed from mouth to mouth, as that of an actor with the combined merits of Sainville and Alcide Tousez.

This metamorphosis of Orosman into Jocrisse occupied some eighteen months, and, at twenty-two years of age, Gorgeon was making ten thousand francs a year, without counting benefits. His good fortune at this juncture turned his head a little, it must be owned, but we don't know what we might have done in his place. The sight of pretty furniture in his rooms, and louis-d'ors in his pockets, lifted his chin to such a height that he fancied himself a young man of fashion, and learned to play *lansquenet*, which *unfortunately* is not difficult: *I* fancy, indeed, that if every game were as complicated as chess, there would be fewer ruined by play.

1849 therefore, surprised him, surrounded by a small regiment of creditors, to whom, in the mass, he was astounded to discover that he owed twenty thousand francs. "How is this?" soliloquized he; "when I made nothing, I owed nothing; now, the more I make the more I owe: have lucrative engagements then the virtue of contracting debts for their recipient?" His creditors came every day to see him, and he was very sorry to cause them so much inconvenience, and regretted sincerely the happy days when the baker and milkwoman refused Orosman any credit.

One day, when he was sadly philosophizing on the troubles of wealth, "Happy are they," cried he, "who have just the necessary means of life! If I only made exactly enough for my actual wants, I should commit no extravagances, contract no debts. It is this cursed *superfluity* that ruins me. I have no use for more than five hundred francs a month. If I had aged parents to support, sisters to dower, brothers to place at college—very good! but I am alone in the world—ah! suppose I marry!"

And, for economy, he married the veriest coquette in the theatre—and in Paris.

None of my Parisian readers, I am sure, can have forgotten that pretty little Pauline Riviere, whose wit and beauty were the success of many a vaudeville. Her eyes, though small, were so sparkling they seemed to flash over her whole face, and her hair, so black and so long, that the *rôle* of a Swiss girl was created purposely for her to display it. Her figure was charming; and as to her hands, they were absolute curiosities, and Jouvin invented a glove number for them—5¼. At seventeen, with no fortune but her beauty, no ancestor; save the chief of the *claque* of the Theatre Palais-Royal, she *just missed being a Marquise*. A descendant of the Round Table Knights, and bitten by Marquis, and unmitigated Breton, took it into his head to marry her. A couple of dowager-aunts were the only obstacles; but, alas? "The anger of dowagers," saith *Solomon(?)* "is *terrible*, especially of *Breton*-dowagers;" and Pauline remained Pauline. At this crisis came Gorgeon to kneel at her shrine. She received him at first with that *impartial grace* which she accorded to all her suitors alike, for he was good-looking, dressed well, and had an agreeable voice and *style*.

He began the siege, then, under favorable auspices, and at the end of a month Pauline liked him. (This was in February, 1849.) In March she liked him better than all the others; in April she loved him and let him discover it. He waited for her to dismiss his rivals, but Pauline was in no hurry, and the preparations for marriage went on amid a crowd of amorous besiegers whose attentions gave Gorgeon the shivers. He was happy neither at his rooms nor at *Pauline's*, for at his were his creditors, and at hers her beaux; and he finally asked her, one day, plainly, if these gentlemen could not find another divinity to sigh to.

"*Bah!*" said she, "are you going to be jealous? You know I love you, for I tell you so; and, to prove it, I am going to marry you. Besides, jealousy is somewhat ridiculous, always, but in our profession, it is absurd?"

The marriage came off the last of April. Two benefits paid Gorgeon's debts and the wedding expenses; the first at the Odeon, the second at the Italian. Indeed, all the theatres *in Paris wanted to take part; for Gorgeon and* Pauline were liked everywhere. They were united at Saint Roch, gave a grand *déjeuner* at *Pestel's*, and left for Fontainbleau in the evening.

The first quarter of their honeymoon was shedding its radiance over the old forest when they arrived—Gorgeon as proud as the son of an Emperor, and Pauline gay as a hummingbird. The next *morning*, the 1st of May, was the *fête des Sablons*, which is kept up till the ensuing dawn, under the giant beech trees, and all the youth of the neighborhood was there: all admired Pauline, and took her for the lady Bountiful of the neighboring chateau, coming to patronise their festivities, in which she joined heartily, and danced away till three o'clock in the morning in spite of the gravel getting in her little Paris boots.

Gorgeon was not jealous. When they returned to the Palais-Royal, he made no ill-natured remarks about his fellow-actors *fulsoying* his wife, as they had always done. She was almost their *adopted* daughter—they had known her *an* infant behind the scenes, and she remembered being dandled on their knees. But what did worry Gorgeon slightly was, to *notice Pauline's quondam admirers ogling her through their opera-glasses*, and this nearly caused him to forget *his cue* on two occasions, for which he was laughed at by his comrades who discovered the cause, and one joker told him he was going down hill to the "third roles." (They call the third roles,* the villains, jealous husbands, and splenetic old men). He took the jokes in good part, however, *though he couldn't digest the gentlemen of* the opera-glasses, and he read with an emotion of pleasure the notice on the green-room door *forbidding all outsiders* entrance into the mysteries of the *coulisses*. He also took care to accompany Pauline home, and to the theatre every time she played without him; but Pauline didn't object to this, for though she was a little of a flirt, she loved *her husband*.

The summer passed pleasantly enough; the members of "young Paris" were at the various watering places, and Monsieur de Gaudry, the Breton Marquis who wanted to marry Pauline, passed the season at his chateau; so that the *honeymoon* didn't ferment. But in December Paris came home, and the dramatic society posted their bills for a grand artist's ball on the first of February, of which Gorgeon was secretary, and his wife a patroness. All the young men, à la mode of theatrical life, rushed for tickets to the patronesses, and the prettier they were the greater the demand. Gorgeon saw that he could not close his door; his staircase was in a constant commotion; his bell-rope was worn out by innumerable yellow kids. M. de Gaudry came to buy a ticket; then lost it and returned for another, which he gave his brother, and was forced to come again for a third, and the next day for a fourth for a friend of his, and again for one of his club—up to at least a dozen. Gorgeon was one of Bertrand's best pupils; he could tip the button nine times out of twelve with the pistol; but what was all that? M. de Gaudry had not insulted him; on the contrary, he was *the mirror* of kindness and courtesy; if he quarreled with De Gaudry the world would not only make him in the wrong, but would say he was cracked.

Pauline loved him as well as ever, but she liked company and compliments, and played with the fire like a woman who was sure of not burning her fingers. When Gorgeon proposed tartly to shut the door in the face of her admirers, she stopped him at once.

"*I don't want to make you ridiculous,*" said she; "*don't be alarmed*; if any one of these gentlemen outstep propriety, I shall know how to show him his error; but if we make a *scene*, all Paris will know of it, and you will be pointed at in the street."

He had the impudence to allude to these annoyances in the presence of some of his artist companions, and the consequence was a constant series of jokes and puns at his expense (not to his face, but where he would be sure to hear of them), which ended by souring his temper, and *destroying his domestic peace*.

He accused, and quarreled with his wife, and she, confident in her innocence, gave him back tit for tat.

In the midst of these disturbances, the anniversary of their marriage slipped by without notice by either. The next day each one recollected it, and Gorgeon said to himself: "She can't love me much to have let it pass unregarded;" while Pauline thought her husband repented of his match. But M. de Gaudry, who was never far out of the way, sent her a bracelet. *Gorgeon wanted to take it back to him, with an expression of his sentiments.* Pauline insisted on keeping it. "Because you didn't think it worth while to make me a present," said she, "you find fault with my friend's attentions."

"Your friends are asses, whom I intend *to chastise*," *cried Gorgeon*.

"*You'd better correct yourself. I thought* up to this moment that there were two classes of men superior to the herd—noblemen and artists; but I know at least what to think of *artists now!*"

"*You may think what you like*," *said Gorgeon*, seizing his hat, "but you shall not take me as a text of comparison any longer."

"Are you going?"

"Good bye!"

"Where are you going?"

"You'll know one of these days."

"When will you return?"

"Never!"

II.

Pauline waited four months for tidings of her husband, in vain. They searched for him everywhere—even in the river. The public regretted him, and his wife wept sincerely at his loss, for she had never ceased to love him. She closed her door to every one, sent back the Marquis's bracelet, and refused all consolations—tearing her hair, and exclaiming, "I have killed my poor, dear Gorgeon!"

Near the end of September a rumor spread that Gorgeon, instead of being dead, was coining fame and money in Russia.

Eight days after, an anonymous friend (no other than M. de Gaudry) sent her the following slip from the St. Petersburg Journal:

"The 6th (18th) of September, the celebrated Gorgeon, the rival of Alcide Tousez, *made his début at* the Theatre Michel, before the imperial court and a brilliant audience, in 'La Sœur de Jocrisse.' His success was complete, and he was enthusiastically applauded. *Gorgeon* is engaged for the season, at four *thousand* silver roubles, (16,000 francs.) &c."

Pauline wept no more. She entered the *list of forsaken wives*, and all Paris sympathized with her, and invented a *hundred* stories of Gorgeon's cruelty—such as leaving her without cause, without resources, without a home—while, in truth, he left her every cent he had, and all his furniture and jewels, and she drew five hundred francs a month from the theatre beside.

Her misfortune inspired her former admirers of the orchestra-box (M. de Gaudry especially) with renewed devotion, of course, but she permitted no patent leather boots to bring their *condoleres* to her *domicile*. Shutting herself up with a cousin, who served her both as domestic and companion, she brooded over futile plans and contradictory resolutions. Sometimes she determined to go to St. Petersburg and throw herself into her husband's arms; at others she felt it would be more just and conjugal to scratch his eyes out. Then she resolved *to remain at Paris*, and edify the world by a widowhood which would earn her the name of the Penelope of the Palais-Royal—*and so forth, ad infinitum*.

Gorgeon, a short time after his *début* in Russia, wrote her a letter full of tenderness and contrition. His anger had cooled, his rivals *were no longer before his eyes, and he* pardoned and asked pardon. More: he asked his wife to join him; he had found her an engagement. But, *unfortunately*, this letter arrived at the crisis of an indignation paroxysm, and Pauline threw it in the fire without opening it. Gorgeon, obtaining no answer, was again ruffled, and *wrote* no more.

In November, Pauline, her resentment *still* carefully fanned by her friends, was one morning dressing herself before the glass, for a rehearsal. Her cousin had gone to market, leaving the key in the door, and the *comédienne* was unrolling the last curl-paper, when she perceived in the mirror a small, extremely ugly man, enveloped in a fur cloak, standing in the doorway, and with a scream of terror she turned round: "Who are you?—what do you want?—go out, sir! You can't enter here! Marie!!!" cried she, the words following each other so rapidly that they seemed to fall in a stream from her lips.

"I am not in love with you—you do not *please me*," *replied* the little man with visible embarrassment.

"Love! Is it I who love you, then?—go out of my chamber, sir!"

"*I am not in love with you, madam*—you do not pl——"

"Madman!" almost shrieked Pauline. "Leave me, or I shall call for aid—I will cry *robbers!*—I will throw myself out of the window!"

"*Forgive me, madame*;" said the little man in a *supplicating voice*, and joining his hands; "I have travelled seven hundred leagues to make you a proposition. I have this moment arrived from St. Petersburg, and speaking French very poorly, I had prepared what I wished to say to you before-hand; but you have so intimidated me, that I——" He sat down and wiped his brow with a *costly embroidered* handkerchief, while Pauline seized the moment to throw a shawl over her shoulders.

"Madame," resumed the stranger, "I am not *in* I——, excuse me, and don't get angry again—I mean, your husband has played me an infamous trick. I am the Prince Vasilikoff; I have an income of a million, but never having served in the army, am placed in the fourteenth class of nobility."

"That is nothing to me, sir."

"I know; but I have prepared what I have to say to you, and—I go on. I am, as you see, no beauty, and I have, besides, a slight *nervous disorder*, which has been somewhat a subject for wit in society. This, however, has not prevented my loving a charming lady, demanding her in marriage, and being accepted by her parents (on account of my fortune;) which marriage was on the point of consummation, when your husband had the infernal idea of caricaturing me *on the stage*, and amusing the whole city at my expense. After the first representation, Vava (her name is Vava) dismissed my suit; after the second, she engaged herself to a little Finnish *colonel*, without a hundred thousand francs in the world. Therefore, I vow to be revenged on Gorgeon, and if you will assist me, I'll make your fortune. I am not in love with you in spite of your beauty, and the propositions I am about to make you are *perfectly* honorable, although they may appear rather extraordinary. *Thus*, in brief: If you will leave here, instanter, for St. Petersburg in an excellent travelling carriage, you will find Place St. Michel, a few steps only from the theatre, a luxurious hotel, which I present you, completely furnished and filled with servants who will obey you blindly in everything. You can take two lady's maids with you, and two carriages will be at your orders. I have hired, at the theatre, a stage box on the first tier. My steward will come to you each month the sum you demand, and before leaving Paris I will deposit with your banker two hundred thousand francs to your credit. Do not become alarmed too soon: you are not to give me love, friendship, or even *gratitude for this*; I promise never to put foot inside your abode. *You will receive whom you please, except* your husband, and come and go as you like. All I ask is—a seat at your side in your box at the theatre, for eight performances. Gorgeon has turned the *laugh against me; I wish* to have it on my side now."

The young wife knew her husband's peculiar temperament well enough to feel how cruel such a vengeance would be to him, and what terrible consequences might ensue.

"You are mad," said she to the Prince. "There are many other ways of punishing my husband. Send him to Siberia for a winter."

"Very difficult: I am not *influential* enough."

The conversation was prolonged until Marie's return, when Pauline obtained a week *for reflection and decision*, which she employed in consulting her female friends, who were unanimous in advising her to accept; some because they were glad to get rid of a rival—others because they would rejoice at her reputation compromised by such a scandal. They earnestly heightened her husband's ill-treatment and scorn of her, and *the sweetness of* revenge, all of which she heard dreamily, and finally (what will you think of the paradoxes of woman's heart when I tell you?) *accepted only* because she was *dying of the desire to see* her husband again. And proof of her disinterestedness was, that she refused the Prince's two hundred thousand francs.

She left Paris the 1st of December, and arrived in St. Petersburg on the 16th, in a magnificent sleigh, emblazoned with the coat of arms of the Prince. Vasilikoff had arrived two days before, and the whole city, Russians, French, *and Gorgeon*, knew of *the expected* event of Pauline's entry.

The next evening Gorgeon played Machavoine, in "Le Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat," admirably! *Brasseur* never did it better! *The French audience* had brought wreaths and crowns of laurels and roses, and the Russians were furnished with crowns of vegetable leaves and other absurdities, all of which rained together on poor Gorgeon, while some poor wit shouted (as he left the stage) "my compliments to Madame." Gorgeon wept with rage as he entered his dressing room, and *finding* on the table a new letter from Pauline wet with tears, he tore it savagely up and threw the fragments in the fire.

After these two horrible evenings, Pauline *besought* the Prince to dispense with the other six. Gorgeon was more than sufficiently punished.

Vasilikoff was amiable enough to drop half his vengeance, and decided that after two more nights Pauline should be free. "Gorgeon," he said, "had played *him* off eight times, but he thought *his* comedy ought to count double, and four performances would heal his wounded honor."

They were to play the two succeeding nights, an amusing vaudeville of Messrs. Xavier and Varin, called "*La colere d' Achille*." The hero of the piece, *Achille Pungolin*, is a modern "Syanarelle," who finds in everything a cause for suspicion and jealousy. If he discovers a cane in his entry he thinks it was left by a rival, and breaks it to atoms without recognising it as his own. He *forgets his hat in his wife's chamber*, and *returns for it; finds it; seizes it*, and crushes it furiously up, looking savagely around at the same time, in every possible corner, for the owner of the cursed hat. Finally, in a climax of despair, he resolves on suicide, and loads a pistol to blow out his brains; but a scruple arrests him: He wants to destroy himself, to be sure; but he does not wish to give himself pain. So, to conciliate his horror of existence with his tenderness for his flesh, he places himself before a mirror, and *suicides his image*.

The piece, on the first night, achieved an enthusiastic success. Two hours before the performance, Gorgeon had refused to receive a visit from his wife, and he played the part of the Enraged Achille, con amore. Unfortunately, the theatre-pistol was a venerable relic, which would not go off until after the third attempt. But Gorgeon said to the manager, as he made an excuse after the performance: "Never mind; I've got an excellent pistol at *my rooms*, which I'll bring for to-morrow's performance, and which I'll promise not to fail." Sure enough, the next evening he brought a double-barrelled pistol of admirable *workmanship*. "*You see*," *said he to the* manager, "if the first barrel fails, I can fire the second."

He dressed with a force and spirit beyond his happiest antecedents.

At the last scene, instead of firing into the *mirror, he turned* the barrel of his weapon rapidly round and shot his wife *through* the heart; then, before the spectators had recovered their presence of mind, he blew out his own brains with the second barrel!

The *performance* was, of course, *interrupted*, and the tragedy made a great hubbub in Saint Petersburg. It was Prince Vasilikoff who related it to me.

"Would you have believed it?" cried he, *as he finished the tale*. "*Gorgeon* and Pauline had really married for love! That's the way with you people at Paris!"

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Saturday.....Dec. 5	Saturday.....Dec. 26

Price of Passage—First cabin, $100; second cabin, $50. Specie delivered in London and Paris. For freight *or passage apply to* D. TORRANCE, Agent, No. 5 Bowling Green, New York. Letters for England and Europe, pre-paid, 25 cents each half ounce, (by enclosure of postage stamps if from other cities,) will be received at No. 5 Bowling-green, New York, up to 11½ o'clock on the *morning* of sailing. oct10-tf

FOR ENGLAND AND FRANCE, 1857.—New York and Havre Steamship Company.—The United States Mail Steamships ARAGO, 2,500 tons, Capt. Lewis; FULTON, 2,500 tons, Capt. James A. Wotton, commander, will leave New York, Havre and Southampton, for the years 1857 and 58, on the *following days*:

LEAVE NEW YORK.

1857.		1858.	
Fulton, Saturday,	Aug. 22	Arago, Saturday,	Jan. 9
Arago, do.	Sept. 12	Fulton, do.	Feb. 6
Fulton, do.	Oct. 17	Arago, do.	March 6
Arago, do.	Nov. 14	Fulton, do.	April 3
Fulton, do.	Dec. 12	Arago, do.	May 1
		Fulton, do.	May 29

LEAVE HAVRE.

1857.		1857.	
Arago, Tuesday,	Aug. 25	Arago, Wednesday,	Aug 26
Fulton, do.	Sept. 23	Fulton, do.	Sept 23
Arago, do.	Oct. 20	Arago, do.	Oct. 21
Fulton, do.	Nov. 17	Fulton, do.	Nov. 18
Arago, do.	Dec. 15	Arago, do.	Dec. 16
1858.		1858.	
Fulton, do.	Jan. 12	Fulton, do.	Jan. 13
Arago, do.	Feb. 9	Arago, do.	Feb. 10
Fulton, do.	March 9	Fulton, do.	Mar. 10
Arago, do.	April 6	Arago, do.	April 7
Fulton, do.	May 4	Fulton, do.	May 5
Arago, do.	June 1	Arago, do.	June 2
Fulton, do.	June 29	Fulton, do.	June 30

PRICE OF PASSAGE: From New York to Southampton or Havre—First Cabin, $130; Second Cabin, $75. From Havre or Southampton to New York—First Cabin, $100; Second Cabin, 60 francs. For freight or passage, apply to MORTIMER LIVINGSTON, Agent, 7 Broadway. WILLIAM ISELIN, " Havre. CROSKEY & CO., " South'ton. AMERICAN EUROPEAN EXPRESS AND EXCHANGE CO. " au6

THE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.—The Ships composing this Line are: *The ATLANTIC*, Capt. Oliver Eldridge. The BALTIC, Capt. Joseph Comstock. The ARIANTIC, Capt. James West. These ships have been built by contract, expressly for Government service; every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines, to ensure strength and speed, and their accommodations for passengers are unequalled for elegance and comfort. Price of passage from New York to Liverpool, in first cabin, $130; in second do., $75; from Liverpool to New York, 20 and 20 guineas. No berths secured unless paid for. The ships of this line have improved water-tight bulk heads.

PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday, June 20,	1857	Wednesday, June 24,	1857
Saturday, July 4,	1857	Wednesday, July 8,	1857
Saturday, July 18,	1857	Wednesday, July 22,	1857
Saturday, Aug. 1,	1857	Wednesday, Aug. 5,	1857
Saturday, Aug. 15,	1857	Wednesday, Aug. 19,	1857
Saturday, Sept. 12,	1857	Wednesday, Sept. 2,	1857
Saturday, Sept. 26,	1857	Wednesday, Sept. 30,	1857
Saturday, Oct. 10,	1857	Wednesday, Oct. 14,	1857
Saturday, Oct. 24,	1857	Wednesday, Oct. 28,	1857
Saturday, Nov. 7,	1857	Wednesday, Nov. 11,	1857
Saturday, Nov. 21,	1857	Wednesday, Nov. 25,	1857
Saturday, Dec. 5,	1857	Wednesday, Dec. 9,	1857
		Wednesday, Dec. 22,	1857

For freight or passage, apply to EDWARD B. COLLINS, No. 56 Wall street, N.Y. BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO., Liverpool. STEPHEN KENNARD & CO., 27 Austin Friars, London. B. G. WAINWRIGHT & CO., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof expressed therein au4-tf

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF CEMETERY LOTS. The Glenwood Cemetery Co. have determined to sell the lots in their Cemetery at ONE HALF THE PRICE. The present prices for cash. By this reduction some of the most eligible lots will be sold at TWELVE DOLLARS. Only 300 lots will be disposed of at these rates, and the opportunity is offered until January 1st, 1858. Apply at the office, No. 434 WALNUT STREET, below Fifth. d2-1m

Hotels and Restaurants.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, NORTH FOURTH STREET ABOVE MARKET, PHILADELPHIA. au24-tf McKIBBEN & SONS, PROPRIETORS.

JONES'S ARCH STREET SALOONS, 727 and 729 ARCH STREET HOLIDAYS! HOLIDAYS! The Holidays are now at hand, and Jones's Arch street Saloon is prepared for the immense demand that will be made upon it for CONFECTIONS. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CANDIES IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE PRESENT SEASON! Every variety of Bon Bons, Pastiles, Bourbon Drops, new style of Gum Drops, Fan Sucre Drops, L'Anglaterre Bon Bons, and every variety rare and costly candies manufactured in Paris. *For Presents*, all sizes and PATTERNS OF Ornamental Boxes, Pyramids, Ribbon Ties filled with the choicest varieties of Confections, and varying in price from one Dollar up to Fifty Dollars. Some of these Boxes are the MOST SUPERB SPECIMENS OF FANCY WORK AND ARTISTIC DESIGN EVER OFFERED IN THIS COUNTRY. To the Ladies, as well as to the gentlemen of the public, Jones's Saloons are the most attractive in the City, and in splendor of adornment and finish are superior to any in the Union. *BREAKFASTS, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS*, Served up in the choicest and most expeditious style. *FRUIT OF ALL KINDS*. ICE CREAMS, JELLIES, GAME, AND OYSTERS, *Constantly ready for visitors in profusion.* *PLAIN, FANCY, AND ORNAMENTAL* CAKES AND PIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. *NEW YORK TEA BISCUIT*. And, in fact, all the VARIETIES, LUXURIES, and *DELICACIES of every clime and country.* DINNERS, PRIVATE PARTIES, Presentation Suppers, and Families supplied at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. A continuance of the patronage *hitherto so* liberally bestowed *by the public is respectfully solicited.* de5-1f R. B. JONES, Proprietor.

PETRY BROTHERS'S RESTAURANT, 237 South THIRD Street, opposite the new Pennsylvania Railroad Office. PRICES REDUCED. We continue to keep up our place as a first-class Restaurant, with every convenience in regard to private parties. We have also made arrangements to serve in our commodious Basement a variety of well-prepared Cold and Warm Dishes, at prices to suit and answer the exigencies of the times. Our Wines and Liquors are not surpassed by any in the city. no10-tuth&s-1m PETRY BROTHERS.

CAMPBELL'S RESTAURANT.—VENISON, Wild Ducks, Turkeys, Geese, Grouse, Fresh Salmon, Chincoteague, Opinchicque, Princess Bay, Absecom, and Cove Oysters, with every variety of GAME, wild or domestic, in season. Green Turtle Soup and Terrapin Suppers served up at the shortest notice, at JOHN CAMPBELL'S, No. 527 CHESTNUT street, opposite the State House. N.B.—No expense or pains has been spared by the Proprietor in fitting up this new establishment in the most sumptuous manner—the second story being for the accommodation of Private Parties for Dinners, Suppers, &c. ☞ Entrance for Ladies towards Sixth street. nov7-3m

WILLIAM HANNING'S CITY LAGER BEER SALOON, No. 232 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

McGOWAN'S RESTAURANT, SOUTHwest corner of BROAD and WALNUT.—Game and all other delicacies in season. Families supplied with Oysterson the shortest notice. sep7-3m

Express Companies.

THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., OFFICE, 320 CHESTNUT STREET, forwards PARCELS, PACKAGES, MERCHANDIZE, BANK NOTES and SPECIE, either by its own LINES, or in connection with other EXPRESS COMPANIES, to all the principal TOWNS and CITIES of the United States. *E. S. SANDFORD*, General Superintendent. au1-tf

15,000 BOXES OF AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS, of all sizes and qualities, for sale at lowest prices. Our assortment is complete, and are daily receiving fresh lots from the Kensington Glass Works. Sheets & Duffy's make, superior to any in the market as to brilliancy and regular thickness, *equal to French*. We are now receiving two-thirds of the Glass made at these works. 2,000 boxes French Glass of all sizes. 1,000 feet Rough Glass for skylights. 5,000 feet Engraved and Enamelled Glass, of all patterns. White Lead, French and American Zinc, Paints, &c. 100 600 lbs White Lead. 50,000 lbs French Zinc, (Vieille Montagne). 75,000 lbs American Zinc. Brown Zinc, a full supply. *Chrome Green*, a full supply. *Chrome Yellow*, a full supply. Prussian Blue, a full supply. Paris Green, a full supply. Address your orders to ZIEGLER & SMITH, Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturers, Sole Proprietors of the Penna. Steam Color Works Store *S. W. corner* SECOND and G