Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. — DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. — Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year

By M. Fields. — ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1860. — Vol. VI.—No. 11.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Dr. C. A. HARDING,
Practicing Physician,
NEXT DOOR TO THE "SENTINEL" OFFICE,
ROCKVILLE, Md.
mar 30—tf

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
ROCKVILLE Maryland.
PERRY TRAIL, Proprietor.

THE undersigned having leased the above establishment, which is now undergoing thorough repair, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon it. He assures his friends and the public generally, that every effort, on his part, will be made to contribute to the ease and comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage.

HIS TABLE will always be supplied with the best the market affords; and at the Bar will be found the choicest brands of Liquors and Segars.

THE STABLING attached to the house is large and commodious, and as none but attentive ostlers will be employed, persons stopping at his house may rely upon their horses being well attended to.

☞ His charges will be fert moderate.
feb 10—tf PERRY TRAIL.

GOOD EATING & CAPITAL DRINKING
—AT—
KILGOUR'S SALOON,
Rockville, Md.

THE subscriber returns his sincere acknowledgments to his numerous patrons for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him from the opening of his establishment, and respectfully solicits a continuance, assuring them that no pains will be spared, on his part, to merit it.

He would also inform his friends and the public, that he has refitted his establishment, which, for style and comfort, will vie with any house of the kind in the cities.

Lovers of GOOD OYSTERS will always find at his establishment the best the markets afford, and his Bar will always be supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors, Malt Drinks, Segars, Tobacco, &c.

☞ His charges very moderate.
feb 10—tf JOHN A. T. KILGOUR.

SERVANTS WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase any number of SERVANTS, of both sexes, that are young, sound and healthy, for which he will, at all times, pay the very highest market prices, in cash. Persons having servants for sale, will find it greatly to their advantage to give me a call before disposing of them.

☞ LIBERAL COMMISSIONS paid for information; and all communications strictly confidential.

Letters addressed to me at Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., will receive prompt attention. BENJ. COOLEY, Agent.
feb 10—1y

NEGROES WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase any number of likely YOUNG NEGROES, of both sexes, for the South-ern market, for which he will pay the highest prices.

Having purchased the establishment in Alexandria, VA., recently owned by Mr. George Kephart, is prepared to receive negroes in care at that place free of board.

Owners of slaves will find it to their interest to consult me before disposing of their negroes.

☞ W. T. HICKMAN, of Redley's District, this county, is my authorized Agent for the purchase of slaves.

CHAS. M. PRICE.
Rockville, Md., Feb. 10, 1860.—

CARPENTERING & UNDERTAKING.

THE citizens of Rockville, and the public generally, are informed that the undersigned still carries on the above business, at his old stand in Rockville, nearly opposite the Methodist Parsonage, in all its branches.

He will attend to all work pertaining to the CARPENTERING and HOUSE-JOINING Business, which he guarantees to be done in the best manner, and most fashionable style, and on terms that cannot fail to please.

He being furnished himself with a HEARSE, and the best materials for manufacturing COFFINS, he will attend to Funerals in any part of the county.

He returns his thanks for the patronage heretofore extended, and humbly asks a continuance, pledging himself that nothing on his part shall be left undone to render satisfaction.

WM. R. PUMPHREY.

WALLIS & CRIMES. B. F. CRIMES.
CARPENTERS,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,
Montgomery County, Md.,

TAKE this method of informing the citizens of Montgomery county that they are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line at the shortest notice, in the best possible manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

Orders left with Mr. M. COXELLY, Rockville, Poolesville or at their shop, near Darnestown, will be promptly attended to.

Strict attention to business, we hope to merit a share of patronage from the public.
mar 9—y

BUTCHERING.

THE subscriber having located himself about half a mile above Brookville, on the Frederick road, and erected a slaughter house, would inform the citizens of Brookville and the county, that he will always be prepared to furnish them with

Fresh Meats,

every morning, on reasonable terms, FOR CASH. He will bring them into the village every Tuesday and Friday mornings.

Persons having Beeves, Calves, Mutton, Goats, &c., for sale, will always find a market by calling at his stand, and the highest cash price paid.
THOS. J. GARDINER.
mar 16—

AUCTIONEERING.

W. W. ALLEN, Auctioneer, will attend to sales in any portion of the county, especially those in a share of the public patronage. His charges are moderate. All orders left at the "Sentinel" office, or directed to him, will be promptly attended to.
[dec 16—tf.

DISTRICT ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE! NOTICE!

I RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE LADIES of Washington and vicinity that from this day I will sell out my entire stock at the importing prices. The object of my selling out is, that I will leave for Paris July 1st, for the purpose of purchasing my Fall and Winter Goods, and wishing to open next season with an entire new stock of goods, I will sell all the articles mentioned below at astonishing low prices. My stock is complete at present, and consists mostly in—

Black Silk Mantels; Berege Mousseline Mantels
Dress and Mantilla Trimmings in great variety.
Cloak and Dress Tassels; Plain Black Fringes
Lace Mantillas at all prices; Traveling Cloaks
Cord and Tassels for Aprons,
Dresses and Mantillas.
Buttons of all kinds; Cotton Trimmings;

GUIPURE LACE BUTTON TRIMMINGS.

Swiss and Cambric Edging
Swiss and Cambric Bands
Embroidered Infants' Bodies
Do Marseilles and Mousseline Capes
Ladies' Night Caps
Swiss and Cambric Insertions
Embroidered Handkerchiefs
Do Infants' Dresses
Children's Pants
Ladies' Embroidered Underskirts

LADIES HOOP SKIRTS.

Valenciene Lace; Brussels Lace
French Lace; Imitation Blond Lace
Cambric and Swiss Setts
French Embroidered Mousseline
Sets in all colors; Crape Collars
Embroidered Crape Sets
Maltese Lace Collars and Sets
Point Lace Collars; Guipure Veils
French Lace Veils; Crape Veils
Pucher Lace Capes, with two Ruffles
French Illusion Sets, Capes and Sleeves
Black, White, and Colored Crape
Lace Coiffures; Bonnet Silks
Narrow and Wide Ribbons, in great variety
Large assortment of French Flowers
Elegant French Bonnets
Straw Bonnets of all qualities
Imitation Valenciene Lace
Black Point Lace; Guipure Lace
Coq de Plumes and Ostrich Feathers, for hats
Point Lace Sets; Children's Sets
Linen Sets; Cambric Collars; Swiss Collars
Honiton Lace Collars; Point Lace Veils
White Lace Veils, new style
Tissue Veils with Fluted Ruffles
Tissue Berege for Veils, all colors
Black Guipure Bertha Capes
Illusion Berthas, White and Black
White and Black Illusion
Silk and Thread Nets; Florence Silks
Black Velvet Ribbons, in all widths
Hand made and Machine Straw Trimmings
Real White Blond Lace; Black Blond Lace
Bobbin Edging; Ruches
Trimmed and Untrimmed Jockey Hats, Paris styles
Gold Nets, just received; Grecian Nets
Silk Nets, in all colors; Silk Braid Nets
Crochet Nets and Coiffures; Hair Rolls
Jet and Velvet Hairpins
Steel and Jet Buckles; Belts, in all colors
Chenille and Bead Nets, sewing Silk
Fancy Hairpins, all colors; Jet Combs
Lace Nets, of all qualities; Gold Bayadere
Chenille; Embroidered Braid, &c., &c.

I merely deem it necessary to caution that all these goods were imported by myself this season, and therefore are handsome and of the

Latest Styles.

The patronage of the public, so liberally bestowed upon me since I imported my own goods, has encouraged me to go to Paris regularly every year, and make arrangements to have new goods in by every steamer during the season.

☞ Ladies wishing to get any particular goods from Paris will please leave their orders until the 25th of June at my establishment, and from July 1st to August direct them *Monsieur G. Wehry, pour Monsieur M. Willian, F. Cite Trevise, Paris.* M. WILLIAN,
No. 32 Market Space, Washington, D. C.
june 15

LUMBER FOR SALE.

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER that are used for Building Materials, in this neighborhood, for sale on very reasonable terms, including—

White and Yellow PINE BOARDS;
DRESSED FLOORING;
JOIST & SCANTLING, different lengths;
TIMBER; Also, LATHS & SHINGLES.

A full assortment kept constantly on hand. Call, before purchasing, at

J. LIBBY & SON,
Office No. 27 Water Street,
July 13—1y Georgetown, D. C.

FRANK T. SANDS,
UNDERTAKER,
Northeast Corner of 6th and F Street,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Montgomery county, and solicits a share of their patronage. Calls promptly attended to at all hours.

He keeps constantly on hand all kinds and sizes of READY-MADE COFFINS. Will also attend to the removal of bodies from the old burial grounds to the new cemeteries.

Terms most reasonable. sep 16—1y

SUGARS! SUGARS! SUGARS!

Now is the time to Buy your Preserving Sugars.

WE NAME, IN PART—

10 Hhds	prime P. R. SUGAR	
20 Bbls	Refined C.	Do
10 Bbls	Crushed	Do
10 Bbls	Pulverized	Do
10 Bbls	G.	Do

With a great variety of lower grades, for sale, on the most accommodating terms, wholesale and retail, by DORSEY & WOOD,
No. 118 High St., Georgetown, D. C.
july 13

WOOL, SUMAC, &c.

RAMSBURG & EBERT, Georgetown, D. C., desire to inform their friends and others, that they still continue to pay the highest cash market price for Wool, SUMAC and SHEEPSKINS.

They also solicit from *Southern Manufacturers* orders for all grades of domestic FLEECE and Pulled WOOLS.

N. B.—*Buckskin Gloves, Gauntlets, and Mittens, constantly on hand.*
July 20-1y

NEW JEWELRY.

CORAL, Etruscan, Enamelled, Mosaic, and all other styles of Rich JEWELRY.

A large assortment always on hand, embracing every novelty in our line.

M. W. GALT & BRO., Jewellers,
354 Penn. Av. 4 doors west Brown's hotel,
mar 30 Washington, D. C.

Ribbons, Ribbons.

A LARGE lot of Bonnet Ribbons and Trimmings, for sale, at cost, for cash, by
JOHN W. JONES.
June 1.

Poetry.

I Do Not Like to Hear Him.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.,
For that I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent.
And in that book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
And sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
"On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour:
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy his luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath the humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be!"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's uttered for the "orphan's weal,"
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear him pray,
With face as long as any rail,
Who never means his debts to pay
Because he can't up sent to jail;
For caution asks the written bond,
But friendship trusts the word alone,
And he's a knave where'er he's found,
Who never comes his debts to own.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled curs and silken dress,
Whose washer-woman toils all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded hands and air demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel" eyes,
Then steal the earnings of the poor!

I do not like the soulless prayers;
If wrong I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from Heaven.
I do not like long prayers to hear,
And, studied, from the lips depart;
Out father bends a ready ear—
Let words be few—he hears the heart!

Selected Miscellany.

THE POISONED DRAUGHT.

BY W——.

"As surely as I speak this sentence, Antonio, so surely shall I wed her!" exclaimed a fiery-tempered Spaniard to his companion, at the conclusion of their interview one evening.

"You promise well, Alfo," responded his friend; "but it is one thing to threaten, and quite another affair to get rid of the wily and handsome American."

"We shall see, then," replied Alfo. And the friends separated for the night.

The American thus alluded to was the oldest son of a rich gentleman of Boston, who was then abroad making a tour of Europe. Henry Ellsworth was twenty-four years old, and had met the daughter of a wealthy Spaniard at Lisbon, some months previously, of whom he had become enamored at first sight. The lady's name was Estelle, and her father, Don Carlos Morelle, was the descendant of an ancient and honored family in Spain.

Alfo Croix was a high-strung fellow; valliant, determined, desperate in his likes and dislikes, and was a young man not easily turned from his purposes—albeit, he was extravagant and unreasonable in his follies. In the present instance, he had long been the favored acquaintance of the Morelle family, and was as deeply in love with the old Don's daughter as it was posible for such a tempered man conveniently to be. From the fact that he had known Estelle for many years, and had long intended, at some time or another, to declare himself, in the confident expectation that the young lady could not refuse an alliance with him; and, moreover, entertaining that no rival—much less a foreigner—should every displace him, he was not a little piqued, when he suddenly learned that Ellsworth had forestalled him in Estelle's favor, and was actually her accepted lover.

The threat made to his companion, Antonio, was a serious one, and he resolved to carry it out at any hazard. His first business was, however, to get rid of Ellsworth; then he believed he could execute his object the more readily with Estelle. But how was this to be accomplished?

He could challenge the American, he thought, for some trifling cause. He could insult him, and thus bring about a meeting, and slay the foreigner. This was promising, but for one simple reason. Alfo Croix was a coward; he feared lest he himself should be slain. No, that would not do. He might waylay him, and let the Spaniard do the work; but young Ellsworth seldom went out after dark, and when he did he was always armed.

While the envious and unscrupulous rival contemplated his chance of success with Estelle, he learned that the American was to be present at a supper on the third day afterward, at the residence of a friend of his own, where Estelle, too, was to be guest. Here then, was an opportunity for the certain accomplishment of his will—stealthily, surely, and unexpectedly. It was an easy matter in Lisbon to produce a subtle poison, and Alfo Croix went to the evening feast prepared to finish his rival, who had not the least suspicion of the Spaniard's feelings or designs against him.

The belle of the feast was the delightful and always charming Estelle, whose beauty and grace of manner had long come to be known in the fashionable circles in Lisbon. Since it was current that she was the affianced of the gentlemanly and generous American, more than one of the sons of the lordly nobles who had fitted about her had envied his enjoyment; but none were so bitter as was Alfo Croix, who had secretly resolved the foreigner's death, and the gaining of Estelle's hand subsequently.

The fair lady was not ignorant of Alfo's passions for her, and she was also thoroughly conversant with his desperate character. She was not aware that the hot-headed Spaniard could be present at the entertainment which she purposed to grace in company with her American friend, against whom she was aware that Alfo cherished an unqualified and vengeful antipathy. But she met him there, and she read in his settled *hauteur* and callous expression a dangerous threatening foreboding, which she did not forget for a single moment to watch with the utmost care and scrutiny, without affecting to observe either his appearance, or his conduct during the evening.

"A gallant pair, upon my honor," said young Croix to Antonio, as Ellsworth passed down the saloon with the lovely Estelle hanging gracefully on the arm of her affianced. "Live while you may," he added to himself as the handsome couple moved away. "Enjoy your present opportunity—it is brief. And you, my idol," he continued bitterly, "you, my scornful beauty, will yet be mine—mine!"

A moment afterward, Antonio approached him again.

"Estelle is monopolized to-night," said he. "She declines me in the waltz, Alfo. Twice have I ventured to solicit the pleasure, and twice has she refused."

"She has refused me, also," said Croix, sarcastically; "but not twice. I craved the honor once, and she was engaged. Look, Antonio, see how she skims the floor supported in the arms of her American friend! By St. Marc, this is too much!"

Before midnight, Alfo had wrought himself into a fury of determined revenge upon the unconscious Ellsworth, whose life he had resolved upon taking; and when the signal for supper came, the jealous Spaniard thrust himself as near to Estelle and her betrothed as possible at table. Amid all the enjoyments and hilarity of the occasion, however, Estelle kept her eye upon the movements of Alfo, whom she suspected of mischievous designs.

Alfo had provided himself with a subtle and fearful poison—a drop of which, once in the human stomach, would dispatch the drinker straight.

The feast was a rare one, and was now at it height; and young Alfo Croix felt that the time had come for the destruction of his rival. Drawing from his vesture a diminutive vial, he forced out the cork, to which was attached a small piece of sponge saturated with the fatal poison, and watching his opportunity when the guests were in the height of their merriment, he placed the sponge at the mouth of a bottle of choice Burgundy near him, pressed out the liquid, and as skillfully replaced the little vial and cork in his pocket again. The movement had been seen by the watchful Estelle, and she continued to eye the subsequent acts of Alfo Croix, with unflinching eagerness. He was too deeply in his cups to observe that he was noticed at all; and hailing an attendant, he handed him the bottle, partially filling his own goblet first from another source.

The attendant placed the poisoned wine at Ellsworth's elbow with the compliments of Signor Croix, when Estelle, as quick as thought, exclaimed to Alfo:

"Signor, to the right—see!"

Alfo quickly turned his head to ascertain what was at "the right" to cause this sudden remark of the lady; when Estelle as quickly changed the position of the two decanters, thus setting the poisoned wine in front of Alfo, and the other in front of Ellsworth, when Alfo turned his head back again.

"What is it, my lady?" inquired the Spaniard.

"Nothing, nothing, signor; it is passed now." And the Spaniard being intent upon his purpose, said to Ellsworth:

"Your health, signor."

Ellsworth filled his goblet, and drank it off, in acknowledgement of Alfo's supposed sincerity.

Five minutes later, the guests near the young Spaniard were affrighted at his sudden pallor.

"Air, Anto—air! I suffo—air!" yelled Alfo, and he was quickly borne out upon the piazza.

A physician was sent for, but when that gentlemen arrived, Alfo Croix was stone dead! It was clear that he had been poisoned, too. An active search was instituted forthwith, to learn how this occurred. In his vest pocket was soon discovered the empty phial. The liquid that still remained in the sponge was examined, and found to be a terribly active poison. It was clear to all that Alfo Croix had committed suicide!

Estelle had no wish to make matters worse by asserting what she knew of the affair. She contrived to keep the knowledge she possessed a secret for several years afterward; and within six months from the evening when her lover came so near his end through the treachery of her countryman, and his rival, she became the wife of Henry Ellsworth.

☞ Put this and that together. The Springfield Republican says, "We do not believe there is one case in a thousand of a fall from virtue, in married life or out of it, in which the man is not primarily and mainly to blame." Somebody else says, "A sour-faced wife fills the tavern." Much truth in both.

How Stewart Made his Fortune.

Probably the most stupendous success in a mercantile career, of no extraordinary length, has been that of A. T. Stewart, the present great wholesale and retail dry goods dealer.

A. T. Stewart is a countryman of O'Connell, Brien the Brave, Curran, the late Duke of Wellington, Powers the actor, Grattan, the Emmetts, and Teddy the Tiler. Forty-one years ago he landed on the western side of the Atlantic, alone and unfriended. He came from the county Tyrone, near the bushes.—When he reached New York in 1819, Mr. Stewart must have been twenty-four years old, and soon after he could have been found at No. 59 Rose street, directly opposite the Quaker church, where "he taught the young idea how to shoot," or in plain Irish kept a school. How long Mr. Stewart was occupied in a task that would have tried the patience of Job, I dare not say, but I have no doubt it was a most excellent preparatory school, to teach patience to the future immense favorite and successful waiter upon the caprices of lady dry goods purchasers.

Mr. Stewart is now about the age of sixty four having been born in Ireland in 1795 or '96. After the yellow fever in 1822, he opened a retail dry goods store in Broadway, in an old wooden tenement directly opposite to where his great marble palace now stands. His store may have been twenty-two feet wide, and about twenty feet deep. He was next door to the celebrated Bonafanti, now nearly forgotten. At that time Mr. Stewart was not a large or even a small dealer in dry goods. His store was not large enough. He kept hosiery, laces, silks, and the more costly fabrics. He attended the great auction sales regularly, and never missed a sale of dry goods.

He invariably upon these occasions bought what was called "tumbled lots," or, more properly speaking, "sample lots." At a great "shelf sale" samples would be flung upon the long table, before the auctioneer. The buyers would handle them, stretch, pull, try on the goods, if gloves, and tumble them in fine style.

It was curious to a philosopher to watch the rapid transition over Stewart's face. He always stood close to the auctioneer, and as he invariably bought the sample lot, his face expressed anxiety, his hands reached out and grasped as many of the articles as he could compass, especially laces, and drew them near himself to prevent more tangling. When a lot of goods was closed up, then the samples would be sold separate, and rarely brought half price. Then Mr. Stewart was in his glory. He bought all, conveyed them up to his little store, and as he was very expert in redressing up gloves, hosiery, laces, &c., he would soon make his sample lots equal to the original goods before they had been mussed at the auction sales. Then followed the triumph of the patient, humble little tradesman. He could undersell anybody in that trade, of course, and ladies of fashion were not long in finding out that fact. In this modest way he worked along, slowly but surely, from 1822 to 1828. Then he found his business greatly increased. He was the best judge of laces in New York, and he sold the best at the lowest prices—lower than the great dealers, Fountain & Co., Vandervelt & Flanden. Stewart, by practicing economy, industry, and absolute devotion to his profession and business, soon came alongside of his great and sometimes overbearing rivals. He was humble, attentive, sold very cheap, and the best of goods. He neither tried on dodges or gouges. He was regarded as a worthy young beginner, and very soon the fashionable Misses Mason, Jones, Jay, Hones, Stuyvesant, and others of their set, became his constant patrons, and he soon had all that profitable trade.

He was forced to move. Three stores had been erected in Broadway, between Warren and Chamber streets. Bentijack Weems moved in the corner store. Fountain & Co., moved next, and Stewart in the third store. His was only thirty feet deep. The rest were their present depth, and all only three stories high, but occupied above by families.—In this store Stewart continued until 1832. Then he moved down to a two-story store between Murray and Warren streets. His business increased so rapidly that he had to enlarge his store by deepening it an additional twenty feet, and raised it to three stories. In the course of five years more he was obliged to deepen it thirty feet more and put on two more stories, making a five story store.

About this time Stewart adopted the plan of employing as clerks the handsomest young fellows he could pick up in this country or even in England.—His customers were the most fashionable and dashing young women in the city.—Many of our readers will remember a partly bald-headed man who used to walk up and down the store, when it was opposite the City Hall. This walker was named Johnson. He had been brought up in a fashionable dry goods store. He came to New York, and offered to go into Stewart's store for no salary. He was accepted. The first year Stewart gave him $400; the second $1,200; the third, $2,500; and the next year gave him an interest in the business of one-eighth.—He left the concern of A. T. Stewart & Co., some ten years after, with $100,000, and went to England, taking $20,000 and leaving $80,000, which Stewart invested in Kentucky bonds. When he reached England he was induced to start a club house. He sold out his $80,000 Kentucky stock, and lost every dollar.

In the year 1837, when all was gloom and confusion in the commercial world; when failures were so common that the concern that did not fail was regarded with astonishment, Stewart was as lively in the crash of commercial elements as a stormy petrel in a wild hurricane. Everybody was breaking. What did the farseeing Stewart do? He reduced his stock to cost and sold for those prices.—Old women who had stockinged their gold and silver marched to Stewart's to take advantage of the awful sacrifice that unfortunate merchant was making; and though they did not want the goods, yet like Mrs. Toodles, they might "want 'em one of these days," when they could not be had at such low prices.

Stewart was overrun with cash. He took the same money received for goods sold at cost, went into the market, and bought the same style of goods that he had sold, for 40 per cent, less than he had obtained! During all that disastrous panic Stewart retailed every day $5,000 worth of goods. While others all around him were breaking, he was gaining money. He was the father of "Selling off at Cost." He was the originator of an idea among retail dry goods dealers that has saved thousands of men from ruin, and made fortunes for tens of thousands of humbugs, by "selling off at cost."

Mr. Stewart moved quietly and calmly among the tumultuous commercial elements of 1837.

In 1848 he moved to his present marble palace. He had bought Washington Hall of young John Coster for $50,000, and for a few thousand dollars more two additional buildings and lots on Broadway, corner of Chambers street. Upon this magnificent site he erected the present store. The whole cost of the ground and the palace erected did not reach $300,000. To-day it would sell at auction for from $800,000 to $1,000,000.

He paid Patroon Van Rensellaer $540,000 for the Metropolitan Hotel and outbuildings. It is now worth and pays an interest of ten per cent, on $1,000,000, and would bring at auction $800,000.—He owns nearly all of Bleecker street, between Broadway and his present residence, and in fact owns more real estate than any other man in New York, except it may be Mr. Wm. B. Astor. But Mr. Astor's income is not so large as Stewart's.

In January, 1859, he was worth fourteen millions of dollars! His sales at the store are $10,000,000 annually.—His profits exceed $800,000, of which he now, and ever has received, one half.

He lives moderately and quietly. His house was built by Depau, but cost Stewart only twenty thousand dollars.

He married Miss Clinch, a sister of Mr Clinch of the grocer firm of Townsend, Clinch & Dyke. They have no children. So unostentatious is Mr. Stewart in his religious opinions that few know whether he is a Catholic or Protestant.

Mr. Stewart lives plainly, and is very simple in his habits. He never splurges, and cares nothing for fashionable society, or for any but the set habit has flung him among. He now and then gives a great dinner party, and his guests are found among the substantial commercial men of his acquaintance. At Mr. Stewart's dinners the service is of solid gold. He can and does entertain splendidly.

Mr. Stewart is only sixty-four years of age. Girard lived to be ninety-two, and Astor was ninety. Mr. Stewart is more likely to live to be one hundred, than either Girard or Astor at sixty-four were likely to live to ninety.

In 1836, Mr. Stewart was worth one million five hundred thousand dollars.—He has averaged from that time to the present, a business of four millions a year, for twenty years past. His profits have been fifteen per cent; that is, six hundred thousand dollars per year, or fourteen millions dollars. His half share is seven millions two hundred thousand dollars; add the compound interest to that, and to his original capital in 1836, and it reaches fourteen millions of dollars. The rise of real estate owned by Mr. Stewart, over the price paid, is, in 1860, over five millions; and I do not believe that he is worth less to-day than eighteen or twenty millions of dollars, and a large portion of it is in real estate that is rapidly rising in value. I stated a few lines back that in ten years Mr. Steward would be worth one hundred millions of dollars. I will now prove it.

His business to-day is eight hundred thousand dollars a year profit to himself. In ten years at compound interest, ten millions. Add to that seven per cent., or twenty millions, and compound interest for ten years, and with the rise of real estate, and Mr. Stewart's wealth will reach pretty near eighty or one hundred millions of dollars.

If he lives to be ninety years old, he will be worth two hundred and fifty millions, and the richest man in the world—far exceeding the Marquis of Westminster in England—whose income is a million and a half sterling, or about seven millions of our money in dollars.

As three to three and a half per cent, is quite a good income from property in England, the Marquis may be set down as fairly worth two hundred millions of dollars, which, at three and a half per cent., gives him seven millions of dollars annually, or a million and a half pounds sterling.

The best thing that Mr. Stewart can do to earn an earthly immortality, is to buy Ireland before he dies from Great Britain, and set her up in business on her own account among the nations of the earth.

Maxims for Married Women.

The unmarried woman, says an exchange, who can read this without indignation, ought to be married:

Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family. The first is by the expression of that will which belongs to force; the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield. One is the power of a husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than those of gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say "I will," she deserves to lose her empire.

Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose it is to imbue the sweets of odor; we look for everything amicable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time, and whatever be her good qualities, is not easily destroyed.

Occupy yourself only with household affairs, wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him love it.

Command his attention by being always kind to him; never exact anything, and you will attain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to do more.

All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

When a man gives wrong counsel, never feel that he has done so, but lead him by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him: if he is abusive, never retort, and never prevail over him to humble him.

Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters.

Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, particularly with modesty; vary in the fashion of your dress, especially as regards colors. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they have more importance than is imagined.

Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence. Alway preserve economy, avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by this means he will find his house pleasanter than any other.

Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass yourself for a simpleton.

Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his own actions, to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad if she does not partake of it with him.

John Jacob Astor, Jr.

One who frequents Broadway, or any of our fashionable promenades, will notice the daily walk of a gentleman who saunters leisurely along, followed quite closely by a man, apparently bent under 70 years, and stooping so constantly as to seem almost to crouch as he walks. He follows his leader like a shadow, and goes into all possible places with his attendant. The feeble old man is John Jacob Astor, son of the famed Astor, whose name is identified with the Astor library. He was a bright and promising boy, and till seventeen years of age gave promise of much genius. Reports vary as to the cause of his mental decline; but the best accounts attribute it to the mental forcing system, and to the intense study that occupied his early years. But true it is, that he has been for years a hopeless imbecile, and has been as much more care than an infant as a strong athletic person can be. Ample provision has always been made for all the comfort he is able to enjoy. An elegant mansion on Fourteenth street is his abode. It is fitted up with elegance and taste. A yard comprising an entire square, secures all the privacy that is needed. Room for walking, riding on horseback, and for recreation is afforded. Horses, carriages and servants wait on his call. The gentleman who has the care of Mr. Astor has long devoted himself solely to him. He has such command over him that he can guide and control him at will, which no one else can do. Ample compensation is given to the attendant. He has the house and all the servants—the equipage and everything at his command. Besides a liberal provision for him in Mr. Astor's will, he receives above the house and living the sum of $6,000 per annum. But he is not alone an hour. Sleeping, waking, walking, at home, abroad or riding, Mr. Astor's attendant is with him, makes one at his table, is one of the invited guests at all places, and in all his movements follows him. The family of Mr. Astor are kind and tender to their relation, visiting him daily, seeing that all his wants are attended to, and in the most scrupulous manner carrying out all the wishes of the father in regard to one whom he called in his will "his unfortunate son."—*N. Y. Cor. Boston Journal.*

Senator Seward has completed his Western stumping tour, and has returned to his home, in Auburn, New York.