Daily Evening Herald

AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

No. 112. ST. LOUIS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1835. Vol. 1.

DAILY EVENING HERALD,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
R. M. TREADWAY.
Locust St., Saint Louis, Mo., 2 doors west of Jno. Riggin's Store.

TERMS.

Daily Paper, - - $6,00
Weekly Paper, - - $2,50

400 Lbs. Eng. and Am. Calomel in store for sale at the sign of the good Samaritan,.
june 22. JONES & BACON.

100 Lbs. Carolina Pinck, for sale at the sign of the Good Samaritan. june 18.

9 Bbls rectified Whiskey, landing from steam boat Friendship, for sale by EADS & BUCHANAN.
june 22

PURE SPIRIT.—10 bbls 4th proof, for sale by
july 3. EADS and BUCHANAN.

BLACKING.—150 gross superior shoe Blacking, for sale low by ju:3. EADS and BUCHANAN.

BREDENS' CIDER VINEGAR—16 barrels received per s b Flora, and for sale by
aug 13 VAIRIN & REEL.

JUST received, and for sale by B. L. TURNBULL, 1000 pieces Wall Paper, assorted patterns, with border to match; also, a large lot of the newest Music for the Piano Forte, with an assortment of Stationery, &c.

A CARD.—For the convenience of the sick, persons can be accommodated with medicines, at all hours, of the night, by calling at Apothecaries Hall, 75 Main street.
june 12 J. H. & M. Y. JOHNSON.

LEATHER.—A large and valuable lot of Spanish Sole Leather, just received and for sale by
june 20, J. F. COMSTOCK.

CALF SKINS.—A fine lot of Eastern tanned, just received and for sale by.
june 20. J. F. COMSTOCK.

COGNIAC BRANDY AND PORT WINE.—6 pipes Cogniac Brandy, J. J. Dupuy's brand; 5 qr casks Port Wine, landing from s b Majestic and for sale by june 29 VAIRIN & REEL.

CANDLES, STARCH, &c.—25 boxes dipt candles; 10 do starch. For sale by
sept 29 EADS & BUCHANAN.

Jones & Bacon,

HAVE just received at the sign of the "GOOD SAMARITAN," by steamboat Claiborne and Boonslick, a full assortment of fresh

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also, Glass, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, and are now prepared to fill orders, *cheap* for cash or *approved credit.*
june 8 3

SELECT ACADEMY.

THE subscriber, for many years engaged in the instruction of youth, and for the last eleven years Principal of ERAMUS HALL ACADEMY, Flatbush, L. I., one of the oldest and most reputable institutions in the State of New York, now offers his services to the citizens of St. Louis, in the capacity of Teacher.

He has taken rooms at the corner of MARKET and MAIN STREETS, for the present, where he solicits a share of patronage.

Instruction will be furnished in the various departments of *English*, including *Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetoric, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy*, with the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages.

Youth of both sexes will be received, as, if successful, he intends to introduce his family, and establish a first rate *Boarding* and *Day School*, in which all the branches of a finished male and female education will be taught, including instruction in *Singing*, and on the *Piano Forte*.

For the satisfaction of such as may be willing to support him, he has liberty to refer to the President and Professors of Yale College, New Haven; the President and Professors of Rutger's College, New Brunswick, New Jersey; to J M Matthews, the Chancellor of the University of New York; Dr. Miller, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton; to E S Ely, of Marion College, and very numerous patrons, for more than twenty years, in New York, and to J W Paulding, J S Pease and D F Lee, Esqs. St Louis.

N B The Exercises have already commenced.

TERMS OF TUITION.

Spelling and Reading, - - - $5 00
With Writing and Arithmetic, - - - 7 50
English Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetoric, &c. - - - 10 00
Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, - - - 12 50

☞ All payable in advance.

J. W. KELLOGG, A. M.
Of Yale College, Conn.

St Louis, Sept 1, 1835.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That the undersigned has obtained from the Clerk of the County Court, of St. Louis, letters of Administration upon the estate of *James Granan*, deceased, bearing date August 24th, 1835; that all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment; and that all persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if said claims are not presented within three years, they will be forever barred. aug 25. THOS. TUMELTY, Adm'r.

25 Boxes Tobacco, just rec'd and for sale by
Sept 12th THOS. WARE, Water-st.

STONE PIPES.—20,000 gross stone pipes, just rec'd and for sale by THOS. WARE.
Sept 12 Water Street.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale, at reduced prices, a few pieces Cloths, Cassimeres, and Cassinetts. Country Merchants, and others, are particularly requested to call and examine them 2 doors above the Union Hotel, Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Oct. 7. SMITH & YOUNG.

BLANK CHECKS, of the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati; at St. Louis. For sale by
july 10 B. L. TURNBULL.

MISCELLANY.

MY NEXT HUSBAND—A SKETCH.

Lady Grace Gayton was—I should say is, but that would be adopting the style unhistorical; she was, then, a charming young person whom one could not help loving. She has been copied for the heroine of a score of modern romances, just as Charles Lamb sat a portrait painter for a series of the British Admirals: readers of books seldom know whom they are admiring. Lady Grace was as good natured as she was beautiful. I am certain that, like uncle Toby, she would not willingly have harmed even a fly. All the world knew Lady Grace's good nature; all the world, therefore, were astonished at her treatment of Frank Mildardour.

Poor Frank! I never knew a man so deeply in love: he existed only in her smiles: he would have attempted any exploit to gratify the slightest of her whims; a word from her would have made him fight a windmill, travel to Timbuctoo, or study German metaphysics. Frank had never loved any other woman than Lady Grace; his love had all the zeal and sincerity of a first attachment, all the intensity and devotedness of an absorbing passion.—Poor Frank! I say again; every body sympathised with him, and declared that if he could not command success, he certainly "studied to deserve it." However, let us defer moralising till we come to the end of the story.

Frank and Lady Grace had been on familiar terms for many years, it was utterly impossible for the heart of the young lady not to respond to the passion of so ardent a lover—a passion that had grown with his growth, and strenthened with his strength. In plain terms, she positively loved Frank; how could she help it? she had so good a heart, and so sweet a temper! They were certainly destined for each other, and every body pronounced that nothing on earth could part them, for Lady Grace bestowed her sweetest smiles upon Frank, and Frank became the shadow of Lady Grace—but, every body was somewhat mistaken. I don't know, by the way, a less infallible personage than that same every body.

Never was an enterprise so promising as that of Frank in making love to Lady Grace. She had a decided *penchant* for him at the very beginning, and her esteem for him did but increase on every moment's acquaintance; for Frank was one of the best of men. Never did a courtship promise a more happy consummation; nearly every thing was settled, and Frank was only waiting for Lady Grace to name the happy day. "Well, my dear Lady Grace," said Frank, with the utmost impatience, at his next visit, "when is the hour to be that shall make me the happiest of men?—Thursday, I hope, or Friday—or next week at farthest."

"My dear Mr. Frank," replied she in some confusion, "I am the most unfortunate creature in the world; you are certainly one of the best of men; it is so unlucky.—I am shockingly grieved on your account: but it is so unlucky that you did not make your proposals sooner."

"What do you mean, Lady Grace?" said Frank in the greatest alarm."

"Dear me! Mr. Frank, I am afraid that you never will forgive me," replied the lady, with the sweetest smile imaginable;—"but the truth is, I have already promised my hand to Sir Billy Rattle."

"Sir Billy Rattle!" said Frank in unfeigned amazement."

"Yes, Sir Billy Rattle; you know Sir Billy; he is the most amusing creature in the universe; positively I think he'll make me die with laughing, one of these days: however, 'tis a pity for your sake that it has happened so, and I have the most sincere esteem for you, Mr. Mildardour; but Sir Billy has such a fascinating way that he absolutely won my consent before I was aware of what I had promised him. La! me! 'tis a most awkard affair—I know what you will say, but it can't be helped: Sir Billy insists upon the promise; he is a strange creature."

Frank could hardly believe his ears while listening to this astounding recital. In any other case, he would have exploded with a torrent of reproaches and imprecations; but lady Grace had such a sweet and affable manner, displayed such a charming affability while condoling him on his ill luck, and expressed such real regret at the occurrence, that it was impossible to feel the smallest anger against her. In spite of all, therefore, Frank loved her as strongly as ever.

"Ah! my dear lady Grace," said he with a deep sigh, "I must submit, since destiny will have it so; but to live without you is impossible—I will live no longer."

"Nay, my dear Mr. Frank," replied she, smiling upon him in a manner not to be resisted, "you must on no account hang or drown yourself—you must not, for my sake—because Sir Billy, who is a great hunter, may break his neck some day, poor man." Here Lady Grace put her handkerchief to her eyes, which, however, Frank thought never looked so bright as at that moment, and then," continued she, "Frank, you will continue to love me—you shall be *my next husband.*"

There was a drop of consolation at least in this assurance: but Frank took the disaster terribly to heart. When the matter came out, every body predicted that the disappointment would be the death of him, and perhaps it was only Lady Grace's prohibition that with-held his hand. But lady Grace married, and Frank lived on. Let a lover never despair, Sir Billy Rattle broke his neck at Melton within a year; 'twas nobody's fault but his own, though his lady did predict it.

Mr. Frank Mildardour was thus, when he least expected it, raised from the depth of despondency to the summit of confident assurance. His first impulse was to rush to the presence of the fair widow, with protestations of his unabated attachment, but a slight consideration convinced him that he ought not to intrude his vows of love upon the sacredness of grief. He allowed therefore, a few weeks to pass, at the end of which time he ventured to approach her with a condolence on her loss, and assurance of his unaltered love. "'Tis melancholy," added Frank with as deep a sigh as he could put forth on the occasion, "this domestic calamity of yours—poor Sir Billy! But you may yet be happy, my dear lady Grace, you know your promise?"

Lady Grace was as beautiful and engaging as ever. "I'm sure, Mr. Frank," said she, "I shall ever feel the deepest obligations to you; you are so good, so constant, and the most sincere lover I ever knew. I would rather a thousand pounds it had never happened so; but must I tell you the truth? I have promised my hand."

"Promised your hand!" exclaimed the astonished Frank—"what! a second time! Oh! Lady Grace."

"My dear Mr. Frank!" returned she, I knew you would be concerned to hear it, but I hope you will not be angry—no, I know you are too good natured to be angry. 'Tis an awkward affair, and I wish with all my heart it were not so; but I promised this very morning to marry Colonel Flashdagger; he loves me to distraction, but no matter for that, I wish you had been so fortunate as to have seen me somewhat earlier. A few days earlier—only a few days—would have totally altered the affair."

"Earlier! my dear Lady Grace, Sir Billy has been dead but three or four weeks."

"True, true, Mr. Frank—he died very suddenly, poor man—I always predicted it. However, I am sorry for this disappointment of yours; but the colonel has been so assiduous in his attentions, how could I refuse him!—These military gentleman have a way with them indeed! Dear Mr. Frank, I shall remember you as long as I live; I know how devoted you are, and if the colonel should ever get killed in the wars, why then, of course, you are *my next husband.*" Frank could not restrain himself from starting up and vowing to challenge Colonel Flashdagger, but Lady Grace protested in the most positive manner that she would not hear of a duel. His next vow was to love Lady Grace no more, but this was as ineffectual as the first; he soon discovered she had more power over him than ever, since his love continued unabated through circumstances that seemed calculated to inspire a far different feeling. Frank thought it the strangest conjecture of events in the world, but he was convinced that Lady Grace loved him—how could he help it! Lady Grace had such a bewitching smile, and such an engaging air, and talked so charmingly, and manifested so deep a regret for his misfortunes, and was so polite, and good natured, and sincere. 'She is the most beautiful, tantalized creature in the world,' said he, "and the colonel is not bullet-proof, so——"

With this assurance, therefore, that Lady Grace was an angel, and that Colonel Flashdagger might be killed, Frank shrugged his shoulders, and let the second misfortune pass. The colonel went to the wars, and had his head shot off by a cannon ball. "Now," quoth Frank, "my time is come: nobody shall anticipate me by having less scruple in wiping away a widow's tears!" So without losing a moment's time, he hurried to Lady Grace, and claimed the fulfilment of her promise.

Lady Grace received him in the most obliging manner possible, and Frank thought her a great deal handsomer than ever. "I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Mr. Mildardour," said she, "but there is a circumstance which I cannot control. I would it were otherwise. You are the man of all the world I most esteem; but the colonel, poor man! has laid a solemn injunction on me, by his will, to marry his second cousin, Tom Starling, on pain of forfeiting his whole estate. What can I do my dear Mr. Frank, 'tis such an awkard affair!—Do you know Tom? he is a queer creature—sings a splendid song, they say—but I am sorry for you with all my heart."

"Oh, Lady Grace! Lady Grace!" exclaimed Frank.

"Really Mr. Mildardour, I feel quite as much grieved at it as you—I do indeed; you are such an excellent man. But you wont deprive us of your company; we shall have such delightful concerts—quite charming, I assure you."

"My dear Lady Grace," said Frank, wringing his hands, "what *will* become of me!"

"Oh, Mr. Frank, you know I have the greatest regard for you; and if Tom, who is a fiery, choleric fellow, should ever be shot in a duel, why then, positively, Mr. Frank, nothing can prevent it——you *must* be my next husband."

Frank ran away from her in despair, and made another vow not to think any more of Lady Grace; but he only thought the more of her on that account. She was such a sweet creature, indeed, that the hope of possessing her might have supported a man through a thousand mishaps. But Frank began to think himself doomed irrevocably to disappointment, and fell into a desperate melancholy. He set off for the continent, traversed France and Italy, and got to Naples in a fit of the most doleful dumps that ever clouded the brains of a hapless lover. He was just about to throw himself into the crater of Vesuvius, when he received intelligence that Mr. Tom Starling had died suddenly of a surfeit, at a harmonic celebration of the Anniversary of the Sons of Thunder.

"There is still a chance left," said Frank, as he ordered post horses for his return. "Ye Gods! annihilate both space and time!" But the Gods refused to do any such thing, and Frank arrived too late. Lady Grace had given him up for lost and was engaged to Mr. William James, late of the city, a rich banker, just retired from business.

Poor Mr. Frank Mildardour!—there seemed nothing wanting to overwhelm him. He did not wait upon Lady Grace to extort a renewal of her promise, but abandoned himself to his melancholy, conceiving his case to be utterly hopeless.

When things are at the worst, however, they are sure to mend. Passing along Oxford street one afternoon, he saw a great crowd collected before a new building, and by dint of inquiries soon learned the particulars of the accident that had assembled it. He flew like lightning to Lady Grace.

"Lady Grace," said he, "you are once more a widow!"

"It cannot be, Mr. Mildardour. How a widow? Mr. James walked out in perfect health not half an hour ago."

"Exactly, my dear Lady Grace—I am sorry to be the bearer—ahem!—of such ill news; but I will tell you just how it happened. Mr. James was walking along Oxford street, arm-in-arm with Sir Harry Wildgoose."

"Ah! the very man; Sir Harry he always is here. Sir Harry is quite a friend of mine—but go on Mr. Frank, with your relation."

"Mr. James, I say, my dear Lady Grace, happened to pass near the scaffolding of a building just as the workmen were hoisting a huge stone, when a horse in the street taking fright, ran against the scaffolding; the stone fell—and oh, Lady Grace!—Mr. James was killed on the spot!"

"Dear me! Mildardour! you don't say so!"

"Positively true. I saw him with my own eyes."

Lady Grace put her handkerchief to her eyes, and there was a dead silence for some time; at last Frank thought it time to remind her of his purpose by saying—

"Lady Grace, you know your promise?"

"My dear Frank, there is only one obstacle in the way—I have a promise to Sir Harry Wildgoose—it was only last week; 'tis an unfortunate thing—but if Sir Harry dies, then upon my honor, you shall, truly and positively be my *next husband.*"

"On your honor!"

"On my honor."

"Then, my dear Lady Grace, I am the happiest man in the world, for the same stone has killed both of them!"

Lady Grace started with surprise; her feelings I need not attempt to describe, for how few can guess what it is to loose two husbands at a single blow? "I am the happiest man in the world, repeated Frank. Lady Grace look-