The Press.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1859.

FORNEY'S CALIFORNIA PRESS

Will be ready on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

This paper is published expressly for CALIFORNIA CIRCULATION,

And contains a complete summary of what has transpired in our City, State, and the Atlantic States, since the departure of the last steamer for California.

Price Six Cents per copy, in strong wrappers, and stamped, ready for mailing.

FIRST PAGE.—Notices of New Books; Choice Extracts from the Files of the New York Herald.
FOURTH PAGE.—Personal; Marine Intelligence.

The News.

A negro insurrection has occurred at Harper's Ferry, Va., particulars of which, as far as heard from, will be found under our telegraphic head. About 700 negroes and whites are under arms—many have been killed—the military have been ordered to the scene of the insurrection—and serious fears are entertained that many more lives will be lost before peace is restored.

Judge Lowrie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, whose coachman was recently fined $25 by the Mayor of Pittsburg for driving the family to church on Sunday, has paid the fine, and bows with submission to the sentence. He publishes a card in the Pittsburg papers, in which he acknowledges that he was caught napping. With remarkably good taste he declines carrying the matter further, as it is probable similar cases will be brought before him in his official capacity, and he wishes to avoid the embarrassing position of being pecuniarily interested.

A despatch from St. Louis announces the death at St. Josepha, Mo., of John Calhoun, ex-surveyor general of Kansas, and president of the notorious Lecompton Convention.

Yesterday, a young man who was going to the Chemical Bank of New York, to deposit $4,800, was robbed of the whole amount. The robber choked him and left him insensible.

The firemen's procession in New York yesterday was an imposing affair. It is said that the crowd in the streets to witness it was larger than ever before known.

[illegible] Brodrick is from the San Francisco *Times* of September 20th:

"Few people, even those who were on intimate and friendly personal relations with Mr. Broderick, were aware of the extent of his reading or his varied and thorough acquirements. The politician and the ambitious man of the world, as he appeared to most people, was the worst side of his character. His intellect was of the quickest and most comprehensive order, and his will was so powerful as to enable him to concentrate his whole mind on any given subject. Hence, in the midst of the most exciting political contest, he could at will withdraw his mind from it, and give the closest attention to whatever he was reading. His active intellect compelled him to read, for he had little relish for vulgar amusements, and his tastes always inclined him to be very much alone. He was almost an ascetic in his life and habits. His passions and appetites were as completely subject to his will as ever were Napoleon Bonaparte's. Accordingly he read immensely. Of classic English literature he had read everything, and what he read he analyzed, weighed, and considered. His nights were spent over the works of 'the grand old masters.'

"No one who did not know him intimately would have supposed, on meeting him in the street, that he had spent half the night previous in reading the most abstruse poetry. Yet very likely such was the fact. The works of all the great poets were as familiar to him as household words. His tastes led him to admire the vigorous, subtle, artistic, and mysterious. Of all English poets he especially admired Shelley; Tennyson, too, was a great favorite of his; so was Wordsworth. But how few of those who supposed they knew him well had any idea of his rich store of classic knowledge? He had an intense disgust and aversion to anything looking like pedantry or affectation, that only very few, and those his most intimate and trusted friends, were aware how extensive was his reading and how general his knowledge of books and men. He also felt his want of early education, and distrusted himself very much when books and literature were under discussion. Yet, as he grew older, and came more in contact with men, he more fully appreciated his own power, and had he lived, he would have attained a high position in other fields than that of politics.

"In speaking of the habits and tastes of the honored dead, we speak that we do know. We have been many months in California, and have looked upon the faces of nearly all the great men of this generation; and in all the qualities that make up the hero, whom men admire for courage, nerve, and unhesitating devotion to principle, we have seen none who equalled David C. Broderick."

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "It is understood that Mr. Broderick left behind him property to the value of from one to two hundred thousand dollars, and that by his will he gave $15,000 to be equally divided between the Protestant and Catholic Orphan Asylums, $10,000 to the Hon. J. O. McKibbin, and the remainder of all his estate to the widow of his late friend, James Estill, who, reputed wealthy at one time, left his family, a few months ago, in exceedingly moderate circumstances."

The New York *Times* says that, by common consent, the managers of the New York Central and New York and Erie have advanced the freight charges on flour from the lake to city five cents the barrel, and a more general moderate advance on low-class freight is not improbable as business improves from the West.

[illegible] of the West at New York, we have the following particulars of another fatal duel in California, which has been already briefly announced:

"At about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 16th September, a duel was fought at a place about five miles from San Andreas, between Dr. Preston Brodwin and Col. Wm. Jeff. Gatewood. Weapons used, rifles; distance, 40 yards. At the first fire Dr. Goodwin fell mortally wounded, and died about two hours afterwards. The Hon. W. T. Lewis and Major Gleason, for Dr. Goodwin, and Capt. Pope and Martin Bowman, for Col. Gatewood, acted as friends. The telegraphic despatch announcing the murder says that 'The principals displayed great bravery and gentlemanly deportment.' The preliminaries were all arranged, and the parties ready for position by 7 o'clock A. M.

"'The principals are reported to have both appeared cool, and to have exchanged courtesies at the moment of taking positions assigned by the seconds. The word was given thus: 'Are you ready? Fire—one, two, three.' At the interrogative part of the sentence, each answered 'I am.' At the moment that the word 'three' was about to be articulated, both sprung the triggers of their rifles. Dr. Goodwin's hung fire, and he took the shot. Mr. Gatewood's shot struck Goodwin in the abdomen, ranging obliquely and downward, passing out of the hip.

"Immediately upon Dr. Goodwin's fall, Mr. Gatewood advanced toward him, extending his hand, and exclaiming, 'Doctor, I am very sorry that this affair has terminated so—very sorry indeed.' To which the Doctor replied, 'I am glad to know that you acted like a gentleman.' Gatewood thanked him for his kind remark, and left the field in company with his surgeon.

"Both parties were Democratic politicians—the deceased a Lecompontonite and the survivor an anti-Lecompontonite. They quarrelled prior to the late election, and engaged in a melee. Goodwin was the challenging party, and he has paid the penalty of his act with his life. Both gentlemen were highly esteemed in the community."

The Montgomery (Ala.) *News* copies the last great prize-fight, and says: "We do not believe a crowd of Southern slaves could be induced to witness voluntarily such a scene as is described below. Yet on free soil there were seven thousand delighted spectators." Behind the age! Behind the age! Human progress has not yet got as far as Georgia.

Rev. Dr. Cahill, a distinguished Irish Roman Catholic divine, is about to visit America and to lecture on astronomy through the country.

Kossuth has written a letter to a friend in Glasgow, which begins thus:

"My Dear Sir: The fatal day of Villafranca prostrated my hopes at a moment when we had the deliverance of my country within sight—nay, almost within the reach of our hand, like a ripe fruit ready to be plucked; and here I am again, a poor exile, as I was four months ago, only deeper in the mire from the better range of disappointment.

"I say designedly 'disappointment,' and not 'deceit.' Of deceit I cannot complain—for I took good care to guard myself and my country against even the possibility of deceit—but I feel my heart nearly broken by disappointment, unwarranted by circumstances, unaccounted and unaccountable."

Archbishop Hughes is in Washington. He dines with the President to-day.

The Great Eastern.

The rumors relative to this vessel continue very conflicting. Her agent, who has arrived at Portland, intimates his belief. On the other hand, "Cain," the well-informed correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, writing from London, gives his opinion that if the real trial-trip of the *Great Eastern* (600 miles and back) should succeed, she will leave England for Portland about the 20th inst., and will, probably, thence be taken down Long Island Sound to the East River, near Port Morris, which is close to the north of the island on which New York is built. There she will be exhibited to curious visitors, at so much a head.

☞ Among our letters received from California by the "Star of the West," we find one under date of San Francisco, September 19th, from an intimate friend of the late lamented BRODERICK, of which the following is an extract:

"Broderick sent for me as soon as he received the preliminary message from Judge Terry, and at 12 o'clock, on the morning of the 8th, we repaired to the residence of Mr. Leonidas Haskill, in a secluded place, in the suburbs of San Francisco, where we remained until the final message was received. We roamed all over the adjacent hills, and talked over our distant friends. Broderick spoke a great deal about you and John Hickman, to both of whom he was very much attached. You will find enclosed a lock of poor Broderick's hair, and if you will be kind enough to send a portion of it, with my remembrances, to Hon. John B. Haskin, you will much oblige me."

ELEGANT PAINTINGS.—To-day is the last day of exhibition of the collection of choice paintings, now open at No. 807 Chestnut street, over Chickering & Son's piano rooms. They will be sold to-morrow (Wednesday) at 11 o'clock, by T. Birch & Son.

"The Loves of the Angels."

Presuming that our readers are satiated with politics, now the election is over, we have thought that a slight dissertation upon the tender passion might not be inappropriate or inopportune. If they will turn to our first page this morning, they will find there a touching record of the strange manner in which one human heart may first captivate, and then capture another. There are many mysterious instances of the influence of love. The processes by which it is cultivated and crowned are various. In some, and in most cases, the opposite sexes are united by natural and all-controlling affinities. Beauty of form is the seducer most frequently. Intellect sometimes; sometimes the sound of the voice, or the glance of the eye, is the agent. There are examples on record, and not a few, in which the loveliest woman is fascinated by the most unlovely man, and *vice versâ*. It is said of MIRABEAU, the great French statesman, that, notwithstanding his personal disadvantages, he was more successful in his amours than any other man of his day. But when the poet comes to write of Love he is more apt to select such a subject as that of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, ABELARD and HELOISE, HERO and LEANDER, PETRARCH and LAURA, ROMEO and JULIET, PAUL and VIRGINIA, or JACOB and RACHEL. Our task to-day is a somewhat different one. It is to show that the tender passion can sometimes so operate upon men as to bind them closely together during their natural lives. Profane history tells us that CHARLEMAGNE fell furiously in love with his bishop on account of a philter; and there is a tradition mentioned in Virgil, and referred to by Lord BYRON, of an amour between two shepherds. That, however, which it is our pleasing duty to describe, did not take place in a distant age, and is not obscured by the mist of time, and does not come down to us surrounded with doubts and confusion. It is a much warmer story than that which has filled the youthful imagination with the details of the self-sacrificing friendship between DAMON and PYTHIAS; and the wonder is that it has not taken place in such a utilitarian and prosaic age as the present.

We believe it is in "Oliver Twist" that Mr. DICKENS describes the character of "Nancy Sykes," who, although constantly beaten by her companion, "Bill Sykes," repaid his brutality with the most unselfish devotion. Our police reports present to us daily exhibitions of a poor woman maltreated by a fiendish and insane husband, and yet coming forward to plead for his release from the punishment he has so well deserved. There are many roads to the tender passion, as we have said. It is developed in some by the personal graces of its objects, in others by intellectual adornments, and in others, still, by violence and vehemence.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the editor of the New York *Herald*, in his demonstrations upon JAMES BUCHANAN, before and during the candidacy of the latter for President of the United States, discarded all the gentler and softer appliances. Like the candidate, he was an old man, descending into the vale of years. There are many coincidences in the history, and in the disposition of the two men. Both are cold and suspicious. Both are rich and avaricious. Both have betrayed the party to which they originally belonged. Both have deserted their early friends. Both have been, at times, and are to-day, the most unpopular men in America. And both have achieved notoriety—the one by professing a political faith which he has basely betrayed, and the other by assailing personal and private character. But BENNETT has never been, for all this, the friend of BUCHANAN. He has hated him with the persistency and bitterness of his own Scotch character. He hated him while he (BENNETT) lived in Philadelphia; and when Mr. BUCHANAN was elevated to the Cabinet of President POLK, the New York *Herald* was among his most bitter and persistent revilers. The system of terror which BENNETT has extended to BUCHANAN seems to have been founded on the just idea that the latter would at last be overcome by it; and therefore when, during BUCHANAN's mission at the Court of St. James—BENNETT and his family residing temporarily at Paris—the American Minister to England called upon Mr. and Mrs. BENNETT, the editor of the *Herald* chose to put himself upon his pedestal, and to bid high for the confidence and support of a candidate, who, at that day, was regarded by him as among the impossibilities of American politics.

When BENNETT returned to the United States, he found the Democracy committed to the support of BUCHANAN during his absence, two emotions conspired to lead him to oppose the Pennsylvania candidate for the Presidency. First, his belief that the anti-slavery sentiment would elect Fremont; and, second, his long-record of hostility to BUCHANAN. He accordingly expelled the editor who had conducted the *Herald* while he was in Europe, and immediately turned it into a vehicle of daily, ingenious, malevolent, and injurious calumny of BUCHANAN. He seems to have understood both his men. If Col. FREMONT succeeded, his repeated and daily appeals in his favor would commend him to *his* Administration, and if JAMES BUCHANAN triumphed he could then fall back upon his knowledge of his character, and demand recognition.

Mr. BUCHANAN, on the other hand, looked at BENNETT through a different medium. He regarded him as one whose support was necessary to his Administration in the event of his election. It was in vain that BENNETT had, in his newspaper career, been branded as the most infamous journalist in America. It was in vain that Mr. BUCHANAN was reminded that he had deserted and denounced General JACKSON, betrayed VAN BUREN, and traduced every distinguished man of the Democratic party and of every party in America. It was in vain that his friends assured him that his assaults upon himself, and upon them, rendered it a duty upon his part to trample him under his feet. It was in vain that copies of the calumnies of BENNETT were laid before BUCHANAN; and in vain that his most intimate friends (all his blood relations, inclusive) admonished him of the danger of taking to his confidence a miscreant whose whole career had been one of treachery to, and defamation of, the best men and the purest women of the Republic. The moment he was elected, and even before his election was consummated, he dedicated himself to BENNETT, and cut himself loose from every tie in order that he might propitiate him. BENNETT had not merely traduced Mr. BUCHANAN and his personal friends in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in 1856, but he had waged an incessant war upon the institutions of the South; and it is a proof of the devotion to the President to his Mephistophiles, that even after he took him to his bosom, BENNETT continued to assail his personal friends, and, to this day, perseveres in his bitter antagonism of Southern institutions. If the reader will turn to the interesting record on our first page, copied from the New York *Herald* of 1856, in which the hatred of JAMES GORDON BENNETT for JAMES BUCHANAN is made manifest, and will contrast this record with the subsequent devotion of the Parisian to the President, and denunciation towards the editor of the New York *Herald*, he cannot fail to see that both BENNETT and BUCHANAN have succeeded in vindicating the estimate entertained by the one in regard to the other. BENNETT started out in the campaign of 1856 to prove that BUCHANAN had no affections; that he never had been true to either man or woman; that he had betrayed every party in turn; and that, in the event of his election to the Presidency, he would disgrace the country, and, so far as he could, destroy the Democratic party. And BENNETT succeeded in the effort. BUCHANAN, on the other hand, undertook the task of bringing BENNETT to the support of an Administration elected by the Democratic party. In this attempt, he had to yield to BENNETT all his friends, and to concede to the New York *Herald* the delightful privilege of assailing the members of his Cabinet, and of traducing the Democratic party, North and South. But the President has triumphed in his experiment. BENNETT is to-day his personal friend and representative.

☞ We have neglected to mention, what we are now happy to state, that we are indebted to Mr. PATRICK KEHOE, of California, formerly of the First Congressional district in this city, for early copies of San Francisco papers containing full accounts of the death and funeral of the lamented BRODERICK.

Señor Oviedo, the Cuban millionaire, and his wife, attracted much attention at the opera, in Boston, on Friday evening.

Letter from "Occasional."

[Correspondence of The Press.]

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1859.

I think it one of the most disgraceful spectacles ever witnessed, in this or any other country, that any portion of the American people should be found to sympathize with the course of the Administration organs in reference to the deliberate and cold-blooded murder of David C. Broderick. I can well conceive how Mr. Buchanan may grow indignant at being held responsible as a party to the death of the young and gifted Senator; but I desire to put the question to him, whether, in his moments of serious reflection, he can acquit himself of some compunctions of conscience in regard to it? The first man in the Atlantic States to distrust David C. Broderick was James Buchanan. He knew that he was under the deepest debt of obligations to him. He knew that William M. Gwin had been his enemy. He knew that Milton S. Latham was against him. He knew that Benjamin Franklin Washington, at present collector of San Francisco—an intimate friend of Gwin—was opposed to him. He was abundantly aware, and had been abundantly admonished, that John B. Weller, now Governor of California, and, while Mr. Buchanan was aspiring to be President, a Senator in Congress, had laughed at and denounced the idea of James Buchanan being President of the United States. He knew that his friends in California were to be found *only* among those men who clustered around gallant Joe McKibbin and the lamented Broderick; and yet, with all these facts in the mind of the President, he has allowed his organ, conducted by a miserable Englishman, who has no more knowledge of American politics than he has of the politics of the moon, to indulge himself in a heartless editorial fling at the memory of David C. Broderick!

If Mr. Buchanan will look over the California newspapers, which he is in the habit of receiving at the White House, he will ascertain one fact that ought to be sufficient to satisfy himself *that if he had tolerated David C. Broderick in his resistance to the Lecompton infamy, David C. Broderick would to-day be living, and a friend of his Administration.* That Broderick died because he fought the Administration, it would be absurd to deny. The very man who killed him was his friend, under the deepest obligations to him, until Broderick chose to take ground against the Southern chivalry in California on the Lecompton question. Broderick would have died for Terry, but Terry's [illegible] Southern feelings in support of Mr. Buchanan's scandalous Lecompton policy, and so Broderick was sacrificed. Terry felt that he could indulge in expressions against Broderick which called out Broderick's response, and led to the duel which terminated so fatally. It seems to me that the responsibility is irrevocably fixed.

I wish General Bowman, who allows the Englishman (Brown-e) to insult David C. Broderick's memory through the editorial columns of the *Constitution*, would turn back to the columns of the Bedford *Gazette*, in which, through repeated weeks, he accused Henry Clay of having been the cause of the death of Jonathan Cilley, and would compare his conduct in that case with his attempt to apologize for the course of the Administration in reference to Brodorick. The especial Administration organs, conducted by the old enemies of Mr. Buchanan, deem it necessary to propitiate him by personal calumnies upon the fame of David C. Broderick. I perceive that the New York *Herald* and the Administration paper in Philadelphia are exhausting themselves in strewing the grave of poor Broderick with their curses. This only shows "that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

OCCASIONAL.

George W. Curtis on Modern Infidelity.

The author of "Potiphar Papers" made his appearance on the platform, at Concert Hall, at 8 o'clock last evening, accompanied by Rev. Wm. H. Furness, of this city, who said that it was customary to introduce lecturers on such occasions, but as the lecturer in this case was better known than he, the speaker, was, he deemed this a needless ceremony, and would therefore refer, and take a seat among the audience, which he did. He retired without mentioning the lecturer's name. Mr. Curtis was greeted with a fine audience. The hall was not entirely filled, but among the hearers were included many of the elite of our city. As an intellectual effort, the lecture did full credit to its talented author. It was bold, admirably written, but exceedingly heterodox, and was delivered with more than the speaker's usual want of animation.

He opened by saying that the age was accused of being one of irreligion. This was a bad epithet, and if only a bad name could be given to anybody or anything, and made to stick, all further argument against it might be dispensed with. A bad name, however, was not always a *real* stigma; but it was those only who could receive such maligning epithets in the sight like a missile, and wear them in front like a diamond, that had nothing to fear from such attempted reproach.

To ascertain the current value of "Infidelity," it was necessary first to examine the senses in which this term is used. In doing this, we should find that it consisted more in what men *said* than in what they *did*. Organizations, like trees, had their youth, maturity and decay; but truth, like man, was immortal. The Pope had turned out Luther for thinking for himself. Others were similarly dealt with for exercising the same right, and the great error of Protestantism to-day was that every sect considered the road of truth as ending at their own door, instead of seeing that every new [illegible] was but [illegible] the road.

Speaking of the slavery question, the speaker was very severe upon everything which leaned towards its toleration. The church that winked at it, in his opinion, had no more of God in it than Christ found in the Temple when He turned out the money changers.

The word *infidelity*, as popularly used, meant neither more nor less than *dissent from public opinion*. In that sense, therefore, every one of his hearers who thought for himself was an infidel, and the epithet for this reason was rather a compliment than a reproach. A man's quoting authorities to prove an opinion which he, the speaker disbelieved, only provoked him to quote proofs for his own position. What was called "infidelity" was, in fact, nothing but *logical Protestantism*. The domineering spirit of sectarian bigotry was represented as claiming to be the only legal railway to heaven! This railway was guarded and completely taken possession of by the stockholders, who, in their official capacity, denied that there was any other way to reach it. Many became disheartened at this prospect, doubted in their own mind whether the assurances of these officials would render secure the dangerous-looking bridges on the way, and decided, accordingly, to proceed *in their own conveyance*, and take the risk of a late arrival!

The undue respect paid to the clergy was easily enough accounted for. Its cause was found in the sanctity which from the early days of the colonies attached to smooth chins and white cravats. But a great change was overcoming public opinion in this respect. Not half a dozen years had elapsed since *three thousand* New England clergymen had presented a respectful petition to the Senate of the United States, which was very unceremoniously rejected, *ostensibly* upon the ground that it *was the petition of a class*, but *really* because of this gradually decreasing respect for the clergy. And he would venture to say, that if the same number of New York or Philadelphia merchants, or lawyers, or shoemakers, or soap-boilers, had presented such a petition, it would have met a very different reception. The day for clergymen to *preach* religion, and the people to *practise* it, he believed was *waning*.

[At this point, a gentleman with a white cravat, seated near the platform, rose, and, whether wisely or otherwise, endeavored to "turn a missile into a diamond" by walking out of the Hall.]

He did not wonder that the Pulpit was becoming jealous of the Lyceum; and we need not be surprised, ere long, to see some pulpits captured by lecturers in favor of universal brotherhood, and labelled "Infidel," in consequence.

The abuse of vitality in our modern preaching was ridiculed. The forty-five thousand congregations in this country which were assembled in their respective churches, were spoken of as so many gatherings where the young of both sexes tangled their eyes in looking at each other—while the older ones were calmly planning their next week's business campaign, or perhaps falling asleep under the blissful consciousness that nothing improper would fall from *that* pulpit. After this description of vitality was over, and the congregation was moving out, such comments as these were not unfrequent: "A good sermon;" "What a handsome new bonnet is that!" "How your boots shine!" "That was an excellent discourse," etc.

Public opinion was a despot. It cut the form of our dress. It moulded governments. We all felt its pressure. It was so pleasant to be comfortable—to drift with the current. Private judgment, whenever arrayed against this element of public opinion, was sure to incur the stigma of "infidelity."

A man shoots down the paramour of his wife, not because the honor of his house has been outraged, but because Mrs. Grundy would gossip! But, alas! what did a man gain by securing the respect of Mrs. Grundy, and losing his own? It was, of course, very foolish to be eccentric, but not so when customs become symbols. As George Fox does not believe that bodily suffering will propitiate the divine will, he does not hesitate to act accordingly. So of some other brave spirits who dared to confront the despotism of public opinion.

So far as the *truths* of Christianity were concerned, it was alleged that they would always be received. But that God is our Maker and that we are his children did not depend upon the fact whether five thousand or five million years had elapsed since the world was created.

The characteristics of the age in which we live gave the lie to its maligners. Never had there been so great an aggregate of human happiness as now. He repudiated the idea that any man could love God without being good, or be good without being loved by God.

And in the face of these facts, were we to be told that true religion is on the decline, and that mere infidel *goodness* is taking its place? "Not he that cryeth Lord! Lord! but he that doeth the will of the Father," was the text which the speaker desired to see acted upon.

The lecture was moderately laughed at and applauded at intervals, but upon the whole seemed to be received with as much surprise as admiration.

The Age of Lectures.

In no other respect is the growing taste of our citizens for rational amusement more strikingly manifested than in their liberal patronage of literary lectures. Indeed, so peculiarly does this apply to the present, not only in our large cities but, relatively, even more throughout the interior, that with propriety ours may be termed the age of lectures. True, much has been done to foster this taste. Time was, and not long ago, when lecture audiences, no matter how polished the lecturer, nor how choice his theme, were proverbially small. Cheapening the price of admission has done much to popularize lecturing as an *institution*. The cost of tickets has been placed (with a few deservedly unsuccessful exceptions) at twenty-five cents, a sum which has been found greatly more remunerative than higher charges, as it is certainly more in keeping with the democratic ideas of the thinking people, who, in the main, constitute the lecture-going masses. Long since the reputation of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson was established as a writer we heard him deliver one of his very best lectures, at *fifty* cents admission, to scarcely thrice that number of hearers. The same gentleman has since then lectured in this city before audiences of nine hundred, under the auspices of the People's Literary Institute, which, by the way, deserves the credit of having been the first to organize a movement here to make the lecture-room a popular resort for the people. The great success of this well-conducted society within the last few years, has furnished an incentive to others, and the result has been to make respectable lectures in some one of our commodious halls, and not unfrequently in two or more at the same time, of almost nightly occurrence during the lecture season, *i. e.*, from October to April. That a liberalizing influence has been exerted by this oral mode of administering literary pabulum can hardly be questioned. During the season of 1858-9 we heard views boldly expressed before popular audiences, which ten years ago could not have been uttered, under similar circumstances, without subjecting their author to being hissed off the platform. Not that the sentiments expressed are now so much more generally received, but because the people have become more schooled to listen calmly to things which they mentally reject, and even condemn.

We do not believe, however, that *controverted opinions* constitute the most fitting materials for such entertainments; and yet, to exclude this element would probably be to banish from the lecture-ring some of its brightest stars. Were we called upon to decide as to the most desirable lecture material for the people, we should say mere *sentiments*, the better. Mr. Burnett's "Lips" lecture on "The Lost Arts," delivered at Concert Hall in the autumn of 1857, was a model in this respect, and could therefore be heard and studied with profit by his compeers in the profession. The more fun-making and laugh-provoking, while they may serve as an agreeable condiment in small quantities, become extremely insipid when made the warp and woof, and are certain to consign their practitioners to the fate of slim audiences. People attend lectures to hear something more substantial. Poems, with rare exceptions, in more respects than one, are *not good*. Courses of scientific and historical lectures, in proper hands, are always profitable to the hearer, and by judiciously advertising them, (which, we are afraid, few getters-up of lectures properly understand) may be made equally so pecuniarily. This was fully demonstrated by the attendance upon the courses delivered last season by Professor Mitchell, Dr. Boynton, and Rev. John Lord. As a purely literary course, that provided by the society already referred to is probably as unexceptionable, so far as talent is concerned, as it could well be. A name or two on the list, from south of Mason and Dixon's line, would improve it, and we are pleased to learn that efforts are making to supply this defect. Mr. Beecher, who for several years past has given the initial lecture of the "People's" course, is announced to do so this, on Thursday evening of the present week. Tickets to the course (of eight,) admitting a gentleman and two ladies, have been placed, by the managers, at three dollars, which is equivalent to *twelve and a half cents* admission to each lecture! The amount paid to the lecturers engaged we understand range from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five dollars a night. While on this subject, we may state that a lecture will be delivered this evening, at Musical Fund Hall, by Rev. Henry M. Scudder, D. D., of India, the eloquent divine and eminent missionary; his subject will be: "India—Its Races, Language, and Religion." The high reputation of Dr. Scudder, and the interesting character of his theme, will secure for him a numerous audience.

Public Amusements.

ARCH-STREET THEATRE.—"Dot," an adaptation from Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," was performed, last night, at this theatre, with the most complete success. We had some doubts about Mr. Dolman, but he very agreeably dispelled them. His *John Peerybingle* was very good in the early part of the play, and in the last act was impressive and pathetic to a degree. He really made himself up as a burly Englishman, and we are the more gratified at his success, because any thing like a failure in this character would have spoiled the play. Mr. Dolman will accept our thanks and congratulations.

Dickens's story is so well known that we need not give a summary of the plot. We prefer dealing with the characters. First of all, then—*plain old dames*—there are some [illegible] and one who scarcely belongs to the gentle sex, *Tilly Slowboy* was safe in the hands of Mr. J. S. Clarke, whose good sense in not being above taking any part in which he could please the public is heartily to be commended. We saw *Mr. Wright* play the part, at the Adelphi Theatre in London, and can safely say that, though he studied it with Dickens to teach him, he did not play it as well as Mr. Clarke did. Describe it? Not we. It is indescribable. The public will see and scream at it—and that blessed baby.

Mrs. Drew was a charming *Dot*—John Peerybingle's wife—natural all through, and in the last act very touching and womanly—the last she was all through.

Mrs. Gilbert's *Mrs. Fielding*, Kate Nagle's *May*, and Miss E. Taylor's *Bertha*, were good also; but a blind *girl*, like *Bertha*—blind for years—would have walked more accurately about her own house.

Mr. Gilbert's *Caleb* was a fine piece of acting—in his line there is no better performer on the stage. Mr. Stoddart was passable as *Edward*—better in disguise than otherwise. As for Mr. Wallis's *Tackleton*, brusque, grumpy, and rough, it was a creation. He made the *role*, so well did he play it.

At this hour of night, the pretty fairies who figure in the prologue must excuse us if we only say that they were dressed richly and acted nicely. The music, too, under Mr. Dodworth—the best leader of a theatrical orchestra in this city—was very effective and appropriate.

As for the scenery—that must be seen. There are sudden changings in the first scene, when a forest is suddenly converted into *Dot's* cottage, which only theatrical people can fully appreciate. The public admire such things—and think no more of them. People who are *up* to the matter wonder and know how difficult it is.

Before the play the comedietta of "A Day After the Wedding" was played—mainly by Mrs. Drew and Mr. Wheatley, and very well played too. "Dot" will be repeated every week-day evening for the next two or three months. We become prophetic.

WALNUT-STREET THEATRE.—Last night Miss J. M. Davenport played The Countess, in "Love," to a crowded and most fashionable audience in this theatre. She never played with more spirit and delicacy—beautifully bringing out the deep emotional feelings of the character—and, after her rest of several months in her home at Lynn, never looked better. This evening she will appear as Adrienne Lecouvreur, in "Adrienne the Actress."

THE RAVELS.—These wonderful performers continue to delight large audiences at the Academy of Music. Without rivals in their peculiar performances, they never fail to amuse and astonish, both old and young, with their agile movements and wonderful transformations. "6-night" Magic Pills" will be repeated, which was received last night with shouts of applause.

CHESTER COUNTY.—The average majority of the nominees of the People's party on the Assembly ticket, in Chester county, was as follows:

Shafer	745
Acker	632
Peirce	600

The despatch of the 14th instant was not correct.

SALE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANOS, &c.—The sale, this morning, at 10 o'clock, at Birch & Son's auction store, No. 914 Chestnut street, comprises over 300 lots of household furniture, including piano-fortes, parlor suites, chamber and dining-room furniture, plated ware, carpets, mirrors, wines, &c.

ABSOLUTE SALE—ELEGANT WALNUT-STREET RESIDENCE, opposite Rittenhouse Square, to-day, at 12 o'clock noon. The premises are in perfect order throughout, and the location (opposite the splendid public square, and open in the rear to the Chestnut-street lots) not excelled by any in the city—to be positively sold, without reserve or limitation.

See Messrs. Thomas & Sons' advertisements.

ENGLISH PICTORIAL JOURNALS.—We received on Saturday, and omitted to acknowledge at the time, *The Illustrated London News* and *The Illustrated News of the World*, of Oct. 1, from Callender & Co., Third and Walnut streets, and the current number of *All the Year Round*, edited by Charles Dickens.

PEREMPTORY SALES TO-DAY—Elegant city residences, valuable business stands, small dwellings, farm, country seats, coal lands, ground rents, stocks, &c., &c. Thomas & Sons' advertisements and pamphlet catalogues comprise fifty properties, *to be sold to-day*, at twelve o'clock noon, and seven in the evening, by order of Orphans' Court, Executors, Trustees, United States Government, and others.

The Steamer Quaker City.

NORFOLK, Oct. 17.—The steamer Quaker City has been towed up to the navy yard, to undergo repairs.

Mount Vernon—Across the Water.

The received number of the "Illustrated News of the World," of which publication Henry A. Brand Co., 14 Hanover St., Boston, are agents for the United States, contains a fine portrait, a memoir, of Thomas Wright, the English antiquin, a man of letters well known all over Europe. The next number, (of October 8th,) expects to be ready in Boston on next Thursday, will contain not only a fine portrait of Edward Everett, with a biography of that distinguished orator and statesman, and author, but also a complete History of Mount Vernon, by one of the ablest writers in America, together with Views of Mount Vernon from pictures belonging to Mr. Everett, photographed by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of Boston. It is said that the members of the Mount Vernon Association will largely purchase this particular number, which Messrs. Brown & Co., of Boston, foresaid, will supply to any address in the United States, (postage paid,) for 15 cents in cash or postage stamps. The subscription for the "Illustrated News of the World" is only $2 a quarter, —for which sixteen pages of excellent reading, richly filled with choice wood-engravings, making a burial History of the time, will be supplied weekly.

Besides this, a steel portrait of some eminent person, with a reliable memoir, is given gratis with each number. These are collected into volumes, containing forty portraits and memoirs, also supplied by Messrs. Brown, richly bound, at $5.50—assuredly, as the *London Athenæum* affirms, the cheapest artical gift in the world. For the convenience of the subscribers, this "Drawing Room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages," as it is called, is also issued in monthly parts, each containing four engravings and memoirs. The Second Part, just ready, contains Michael Faraday, the great chemist, Maria Piccolomini, the singer; Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; and General Sir John Inglis, the gallant defender of Lucknow, in the late Indian War. We recollect when any of these portraits could have been cheap at half a guinea ($2.50), at now they are literally given away with the weekly paper.

Letter from New York.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1859.

The triennial parade of the Fire Department, marching through the principal streets of the city as I write, is the most imposing demonstration of the kind ever witnessed in this city, and is unsurpassed by any in the country. Representatives are in the procession from the departments of various neighboring cities, while large numbers of firemen from all sections of the country are in New York. The weather is "lovely," and the display of music in New York City, which seldom is "musical," its brains out," making music for the different divisions. Each company is in fatigue attire, while the machines themselves show the enthusiastic study that has been bestowed upon them, the decorations being dread enough, there or thereabout, are in line, and it is stated that upwards of thirty thousand dollars have been expended in dressing them up for this triennial gala day. The competition for superiority of place has been very active, and will afford topics for talk among the companies for many a day to come.

An active canvass is in progress for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in the Fourth district, now represented by John C. Slaight. Mr. Slaight is not again a candidate. There are seven aspirants for the occasion, the most prominent being John McLeod Murphy, and John V. Mason, Jr. Seven ballots were taken in Friday evening without a result. After the adjournment, it was said that Mr. Murphy had withdrawn in favor of Mr. Mason, which, if carried out, will give him the nomination by one majority.

Mr. H. W. Bellair, formerly of Cincinnati, where he was extensively engaged in the book business, and at one time proprietor of the *Enquirer*, has removed to this city, and is about to commence the establishment of a gallery of art, which, in point of extent and value, will far surpass anything of the sort at present here. The foundation of the new gallery is the Dusseldorf, which Mr. Derby has recently purchased of Mr. Baker. Every painting admitted to the exhibition will be found to embace the best purchasable works in England, France, Germany, and Italy, will, after a certain length of time, be offered for sale; and the contributors to the gallery will be taking the place of the old—will impart to it a freshness and attractiveness which will fall to please the public, and prove remunerative to the proprietors. In this connection it may be not inappropriate to state, that the intelligent Mr. Charles Lanman, who has made busts of Bryant and Allston to the New York Gallery of Fine Arts, is here and contemplating the production of several of the choicest productions of American artists, is bequeathed to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Gilbon Lee.

The rush at the Post Office last week, to obtain the new stamped and ruled envelope, was unprecedented. Sales had to be made outside as well as inside of the building. They were called for not only by packages, but by the hundreds, and by the thousands. The new envelope has been generally advertised, probably the whole million, received as the first instalment, would have been taken in during the day.

There has been a little flurry this week in real estate. Two lots, fronting about 75 feet on Fifty-third street, and Fifty-third street, fronting on Central Park, sold for $20 000; about $30,000 worth were also sold on the same avenue, at Sixty-fifth street, and on the west side of Broadway and Fifty-fifth street, 121 feet front by 133 feet deep, sold for $19 000.

The Philharmonic Society concerts—an established entertainment of a very refined sort—were commenced in the evening. The Society has taken Hooper's store to take place every fourth Saturday, at the Academy of Music. Nibblo's having been found too small for the audience, seating of Nibblo's rounds out the season. Christy commences his burnt-cork opera there on the 1st November, the day on which his contract with Nibblo expires. He has engaged a corps of superior performers, and promises a vigorous campaign.

One of our steam fire-engine companies, the "Exempt" keeps steam up constantly, so that their machine is always in readiness to move on the instant of an alarm. It is standing in the Park to-day, but, when the last procession is moving.

The Sixth Ward Church of the late Senator Broderick, taken by storm, and now suspended at the entrance of Brady's establishment, at the corner of Broadway and Bleecker street, attracts the attention of the crowd. The engraver of the *Sunday Courier*, and, accompanied by a well-written contraband sketch, where he publishes it that day per yesterday. The recret unanimously expressed by the press at the melancholy fate of poor Broderick shows how deeply and widely his amiable and sterling integrity had won the respect of the people.

The Everett House Democratic organization are a little annoyed, though they say very quietly, that at the quiet way in which Tammany Hall has taken and is taking the wind out of their sails. Nominations for the judiciary, made with a really contemptuous disregard of party organization, after Tammany, any of whose nominees would have been quite satisfied to take a seat on the bench, have given Tammany an air of ground for complaint. Judges Daly, Mosnier, and Robertson renominated, W. H. Leonard for the Supre