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VOL. I—NO. 2. PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1857. TWO CENTS.

THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

The first number of THE PRESS will to-day be laid before the public. I need scarcely explain the object and design of this journal. The tree must be known by its fruits. My ambition is to make a thorough newspaper, complete in all its departments; to address myself to the reason and the patriotism of the people: in a word, to supply daily a cheap, trust-worthy and intelligent medium of popular information. To accomplish these results will demand patient industry, large expenditures of money, considerable experience, and *the employment of varied ability. The belief* that a newspaper conducted upon this plan has never yet failed, determined me upon the present undertaking. The hope that there were many, very many, kind remembrances, personal to myself, here in Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, inspired me with additional confidence in its success. The agreeable relations I had sustained to most of those engaged in journalism, during my long connection with that profession, reminded me that this, if not always the most lucrative avocation, was, at least to my own mind, the most acceptable, because it re-opened a field of independent action, and hard, but edifying toil. An enterprise founded upon such motives cannot fail to prosper. I have invested in it all that I have in the world, and every effort and energy of which I am capable, shall be enlisted to render it deserving of approbation and support.

THE PRESS will speak for itself on all the great questions of the day. I have already announced (what, indeed, was universally and justly anticipated,) that the political department of my paper should be conducted upon Democratic principles. It is equally well-known that the measures and the men of the present Administration at Washington have my heartiest approbation. I have known the great statesman now at the head of the Government, and acted in concert and confidence with him, ever since my first youthful association in politics and editorial life. The most agreeable services which it has fallen to to my lot to perform, were those given to his cause. My attachment to him grew not more from admiration of his pure and upright character than from a profound regard for his intellect, experience and patriotism. It was my good fortune, with many good men, to assist, not obscurely nor inefficiently, in crowning a life of usefulness and distinction to his country and himself with the highest honors in the world. The fruits of that result are already ripening for the Future. The wisdom of the popular choice is being daily vindicated by the quiet and content which have followed the stormy scenes of last year, as the sweet sunshine follows the destructive tempest. Had Mr. BUCHANAN not been, as he was, my first choice for President, and yet approved himself *worthy of the high trust confided to his hands*, by regarding, respecting, and protecting the rights of the citizen and the rights of the States, I should have done every thing that one man could do to uphold and to strengthen him, and to gather around him a united public opinion. The performance of that duty becomes a proud satisfaction, however, when the consistency, dignity, and ability of his administration, are so many proofs that he well deserved the persevering and enthusiastic preference of those gallant men who have clung to his fortunes through good report and through evil report, during so many long years.

I am not writing as a partisan—I am not ambitious of printing a more party paper; for, while with firm faith and unfaltering footsteps I will follow constitutional principles to their logical and legitimate conclusions, I shall at the same time seek to convince those who may differ from me, by reason, not by recrimination—by argument rather than by declamation. And I am confident that no man, looking at Mr. BUCHANAN'S administration, up to this moment, with disinterested and elevated motives, will deny that that statesman has achieved the Presidency at an auspicious period for his own fame, and at a fortunate moment for the welfare of the Republic.

JNO. W. FORNEY.

August 1, 1857.

The Press.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1857.

DEMOCRACY IS THE POLITICS OF NATURE.

The most celebrated and worthiest statement of this self-evident truth, is in the words: "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." The sentiment of this oracle, modified only in form to the exigency of the occasion, has been the battle-cry of every insurrection, revolution and reformation, in Church and State, in all the recorded history of human endeavor for the redemption of mankind from bondage; and many a time and oft the Babylons and Bastiles of oppression have gone down before it like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the rams-horn of the host of Israel. But these rights are not only to be asserted and vindicated against tyranny and aggression; they are to be secured and maintained for the uses to which they are essential in the life of the individual, and of communities. To this end, as it is written, "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." A pure Democracy is a government of the people by themselves, or by the directest agencies, subject to all the inconvenience, incapacity and inattention, which necessarily belong to the action of unorganized masses of men. A methodical order of administration is a first necessity to the security and enjoyment of all the rights of social and political life. Representative Republicanism supplies the order and agencies required. It obviates the inconvenience, remedies the inattention, and provides for the incapacity, of personal administration by the populace. It converts the people into a constituency, and gives them an agency as well qualified and faithful to the trust as they have the ability to select.

Democracy is the special guardian of Liberty. Republicanism is the apparatus of Order. The one is the life, the other the law, of popular government—the one is the informing spirit, the other the working organism of the body-politic. The representative functionaries are not the sovereignty—they are but deputies. They are not supreme, for their powers, even as deputies, are definitely limited. The Constitution, which gives them all their authority, reserves all that belongs to the individual in the constituency, and submits only those interests to their action which are in their nature conventional and relative. Neither the legislature, the judiciary, nor the Executive may invade the province of individual liberty and responsibility; and, under the admirable system of the United States, the family, the school district, the township, the county, and the State, hold back and exercise for themselves respectively, all the rights and powers which do not necessarily interlock with other jurisdictions. Here we have a system, a self-working system, symmetrical, scientific, complete, covering all the objects and answering all the ends of good government, by combining and harmonizing liberty and order.

If Democratic republicanism does not in every instance secure, what BLACKSTONE claims for monarchy and aristocracy, the greatest efficiency, and the greatest wisdom of the Commonwealth, for its service; it nevertheless does, and must have a very fair and faithful representation of the efficiency and wisdom of the constituency which freely appoints it. In other words, it is governed just as well as it deserves, which is in the long run better for it than any better management by masters, who take away the people's liberties to insure the prosperity of the State.

Our democracy is not disorder in any of its forms of manifestation. Our free churches, our volunteer armies, and our accidental politicians, of a thousand creeds, uniforms, and policies, are quite as *systematic* and as efficient as despotism itself could secure. Our edifice is weather-boarded, roofed, braced and lighted with law, while it is warmed and ventilated with liberty. We understand concessions by the individual to the public, and make them frankly, though we refuse to surrender any thing to masters. We have digested these duties into codes of constitutional law, which are as philosophical in theory as they are practicable in use; their logic is reason's best effort at *ordering human affairs*; their operation, its happiest effects. Our system has in it a speculative reach which stands ready to incorporate every well-circumstanced policy of progress,—an impressive spring of improvement, happily balanced by the steadiest conservatism of all that rests its claims upon a sound expe-

CAUSES OF THE HINDOO REVOLT.

Various reasons have been assigned—all but the true ones—why Hindostan should have broken into insurrection; why the beaten slaves should, at last, have turned on their oppressors. There are over 100,000,000 people in India subject to British sway. They have been kept in order by an army of 282,000 men—of whom only one-seventh are Europeans. The remaining 240,000 soldiers are natives, largely but not wholly officered by Europeans. These native troops, again, are sectionally divided by *castes*:—they consist of Rajpoots, Brahmins, inferior castes of Hindoos, Mohammedans, and a few Christian converts. The native troops are brave in battle and faithful at all times, provided their officers are Europeans, who can keep up their discipline. One caste of Sepoys dislike, distrust, and will endeavor to disobey native officers of another caste. Of late, native officers have greatly preponderated in the native regiments. The remedy would be to have none but Europeans in that position.

It has been alleged that the Sepoys revolted because of the inaction caused by the Anglo-Indian Government having no wars or projects of annexation on hand,—because they saw the British troops in India so greatly reduced by drafts for the wars with China and Persia,—because their religious prejudices were outraged—because attempts at Christian proselytism were encouraged by the leading authority in India,—because the idea arose, from this, that after having robbed them of property and freedom, Great Britain also intended to take away their religion—and because emissaries from Russia, Persia, Cabul, and Burmah had *continuously inculcated the idea that if they made an effort* to throw off the yoke, they would have speedy and efficient assistance from "outsiders."

The English journals, to do them justice, do not conceal their apprehensions. They suggest various modes of quelling the insurrection:—railways, to cover the country, and facilitate the conveyance of troops; entirely officering the native troops with Europeans; greatly augmenting the number of British troops in Hindostan; and, above all, (we quote the exact words,) "by quenching the revolt in the blood of the mutineers—making such an example as would strike terror into the minds of the native population, and keep it there for a century—guarding by the sword what was procured by the sword," and so on.

No journalist has yet declared that to redress the numerous wrongs which England has inflicted upon India, to *give the Hindoos* something like justice, would do more to perpetuate British rule in Asia than a million of such death-winged messengers of wrath and vengeance as artillery and Minie rifles.

The whole system of British Government in India is absurd and cruel. For over one hundred years, John Bull has been a wholesale filibuster, and nothing but a filibuster, in East India. From the time of capable CLIVE to incapable CANNING, the principle of aggression has prevailed. The rogue of a father who sent his son out upon the world with the advice "Get money—honestly, if you can; but get money," would seem to have influenced England as regards India;—"Get territory—no matter how." And so, annexation, by conquest or by trickery, has placed the greater part of Hindostan under the sway of England.

Of England? Not exactly. Rather under the sway of a mercantile association, chartered over two hundred and fifty years ago, as the East India Company, exclusively for trade. By degrees, this Company got a footing in India, as land-owners—then followed conquest. The traders gradually became *rulers, making money by possession of* exclusive rights as merchants, and making power as governors of the country. The process of absorption raised up a mighty empire for England in the East. In 1834, on the renewal of the charter, the Company's rights as traders ceased; but its political power was continued, checked by the British Government, (operating by means of the Board of Control,) and in such an anomalous manner that, though the Company cannot appoint a Governor-General of India without the consent of the Crown, it can recal, of its own absolute power, the Viceroy so appointed, and actually did so recal Lord Ellenborough, a few years ago. One obvious *improvement, if England is to retain India*, would be to buy out the Company, and exercise undivided authority over that vast territory.

Much depends on the *if*. England's continuance of power in India may already be declining. The present revolt may be put down, by fire and sword, but the causes of antipathy and vengeance are too deeply rooted to be crushed into lifelessness by force. Englishmen have been the plunderers of Hindoo to give up the few rupees he might have saved by hardest labor and privation. What shall be said of rulers who, having so heavily taxed salt, that enough of that condiment for a Hindoo's daily use costs one-fifth of his whole income, punished, with imprisonment and fine, any native found guilty of scraping from his wooden door-posts the slight saline incrustation left upon them, by their being casually wetted with sea-water?

Should England lose her Indian Empire, where the *prestige* of her once mighty name has already become a thing rather of memory than existence, what Power, among the great ones of the world, will lament this commencement of her downfall? Not one. She was imperious, insulting, exacting, overbearing in her days of pride, and her decay will excite no sorrow. The earth, which was once filled with her name, will not mourn when its brightness is dimmed, dulled, extinguished. The exiles whom her harsh laws drove in millions to these western shores, will exult over her humiliation. Here, where her tyranny drove us into independence and nationality, a new Empire is being rapidly constructed, for, as Byron said, "the New World is the successor and heir of the Old."

THE CONTEST IN MISSOURI.

Much interest is felt in the approaching election in Missouri. It seems that the question of emancipation has been formally introduced into the canvass. The New York *Tribune* says:—"But whether ROLLINS, (the Emancipationist) be elected or not, the policy of purging Missouri of slavery has been opened to discussion," to which the Detroit *Free Press* replies:

"*The policy of purging Missouri of slavery*" had "been opened to the public scrutiny" more than thirty years ago, and had remained open but for the rise and progress of northern abolitionists. And the policy of purging Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Delaware and Maryland of slavery had been opened more than thirty years ago, and had remained open but for the rise and progress of northern abolitionism. And we apprehend that it is not doubtful that but for abolitionism all these States would have years since adopted systems of gradual manumission. The Legislature of Virginia discussed the subject of gradual manumission prior to 1830, and about that time one house of the Legislature of Kentucky actually passed a bill providing for gradual manumission, which, *had it passed the* other house and taken effect, would have made Kentucky practically a free State by this time. Delaware and Maryland have clung to slavery in defensive warfare against abolitionism; and so has Tennessee.

It is the soil and climate of Missouri, adapting her to free labor rather than slave labor, which have opened to public scrutiny the subject of emancipation, and not anything connected with the pending election or past elections. There is no abolition party, outside of the city of St. Louis, which sympathises in the slightest degree with the black republican party. Missouri is thinking of emancipation, not as a political but as an industrial movement, and this notwithstanding the adverse influences of political abolitionism.

HENRY CLAY'S LAST VOTE.—The *Lexington Statesman* says:—"In view of the attempted use of Mr. Clay's name to arouse the long-buried animosities between Whigs and Democrats, the *Statesman* deems it not inappropriate to mention the last vote ever recorded by the old statesman. In the first State election under the new Constitution, sixteen officers were to be chosen. Twelve of those candidates had Democratic opposition, and between these twelve Mr. Clay's name stands recorded on the poll books as follows:—For Democrats, 7; Whigs, 5."

HOOPS!—A BOSTON NOTION.

The Empress EUGENIE has a great deal to answer for. She has revived the fashion of wearing hoops, first invented by an English Princess. This practice of treating woman like a beer barrel, by hooping her, fell into disuse among our grandmothers, though it lingered, as a part of full British costume, until the early part of the present century. Fifteen or twenty years ago, a Parisian *modiste*, one Madame CRINOLINE, re-introduced it, and the garment which expansively *swelled out the skirts of* fashionable ladies—something between a balloon and a churn—took its appellation from her. At first, a certain degree of moderation was used by the wearers, but the dresses gradually extended. Still, they had the merit of being flexible. At last, the fair EUGENIE brought back the hoops! All the (female) world took to imitating her, and husbands and lovers saw, with more surprise than admiration, the fair sex floating along the streets—for it scarcely looked like walking—occupying double space in rail-cars and omnibuses, and literally putting gentlemen at a distance, if being utterly out of the question that, as in the olden time, there could be that linking of arms which used to be agreeable—*if the* lady were agreeable also.

The approach to the present expansive and unyielding state of affairs was gradual, like the scientific advances of a good general. First, the crinoline, (a curiously woven horse-hair tissue, which bore any degree of crushing,) went by the board. Then, the inferior and inner garment—we frankly name it, at once, as the petticoat,—was stretched out widely at the bottom, attenuating by intervals, by cotton rings, until the dress *literally* became

...yond at the base, and beautifully less."

This being somewhat lighter in weight, was an improvement on the *crinoline*. But it did not rest thus:—brass, whalebone, and even cane *stretchers came into use, and in use they continue*. The difficulty is, that not being flexible, they are awkward every where except *en promenade* and within doors. They have been vehemently ridiculed, greatly abused, and intermittingly defended. "*Punch*" has had his fling at them, of course. All who travel by land and by water, join in the condemnation, for when two hooped ladies occupy the space of five ordinary mortals, what can a man do, but stand up, no matter how tired he may be, and, to use a familiar phrase, "grin and bear it." It has been proposed to charge double fare, but gallantry forbids. "Patience and shuffle the cards," was the philosophic remark of SANCHO PANZA, and it applies to hoops, as well as to *other trials and troubles of transitory life*.

Boston is an original place. A calm atmosphere of self-satisfaction pervades it—and no doubt, operates in producing that agreeable good opinion of himself, as an individual, and of his fellow-citizens as a class, which is the peculiar characteristic of every Bostonian. That City of Notions claims vast intellectual supremacy, and whether in literature, criticism, art, morals, or religion, a Bostonian sets up for infallibility and superiority. We are sceptical, a little,—but cheerfully admit that Boston justice is original, peculiar, and startling.

A young demoiselle, one of the remarkable family of SMITH, was lately brought before a Boston justice, charged with wearing hoops of such remarkable exuberance, that a male complainant, when she walked on the side-walk, was wholly unable to pass her, and after repeated efforts, was compelled to step into the dirty carriage-way, whereby his gaiters were slightly soiled. He had the fair and fashionable Miss SMITH summoned before a Boston justice, ungallantly declaring that the amplitude of her hooped skirt was a street obstruction, and her wearing it, on a narrow side-walk, a nuisance. *The fair defendant appeared in person, outside the Court.* The ordinary doorway was too narrow to admit her. They had to open the folding doors, and then she glided in, hooped, handsome, and indignant. The complaint was heard, and the ungallant justice fined Miss SMITH five dollars. She threw the money down, flounced out of the Court, and, no doubt, wished herself in some bright little island of the blest, where the side-walks are wide enough for ladies to promenade upon—which they are *not* in Boston.

If hoops continue, there will be nothing for it but to build all new cities with forty feet wide side-walks. In those cities already existing, the only available way is to cover all the *fashionable streets with flat roofs, on which* the ladies may promenade to their hearts' content. The question—how are they to do their shopping? comes in here, but as that does not concern us, we shall not now consider it. We notice that the Bostonians have just voted half a million dollars to widen their streets. No doubt, the hoops have done it.

Another question—Are hoops healthy?—we have determined to postpone answering until another time. In all probability, we shall have to return to this great domestic subject. *Au revoir.*

GOVERNOR WISE AND THE GERMANS.

In a late address of Hon. HENRY A. WISE, before the Mechanics' Institute of Great Britain, he made the following allusion to the Germans:

"Morse is a mechanic, Fulton was a mechanic, Franklin was a mechanic, Sir Christopher Wren was a mechanic, Newton was a mechanic, Jesus was a mechanic. The triumphs of mechanics are the triumphs of mankind. [Cheers.] A German nobleman once on a visit to Italy, being a man of the world and pleasure, spent most of his time at the theatres, where he was much annoyed at the derision constantly cast upon his country for her Boeotian temperament. In turn he proposed an entertainment for the Italians. He procured a large dilapidated house, and the whole scene presented was one of the Streets of Naples. It was Carnival night. Just before the dawn of day, a weary traveller was made to appear in the desolate streets, seeking where he might find shelter and accommodation. He could find no inhabitants awake. He throw himself down upon a piazza and waited for light and the inhabitants to rise. Whilst he was sleeping, the ghost of Cicero was made to appear approach the stranger, who awoke, rose, took out his watch, the horometer of that day, to see how early it was. The stranger was surprised, and asked what it was. The stranger explained it was a mechanical instrument to measure time. 'Wonderful,' said the ghost. Who invented that? 'The Germans,' said the stranger. Next he took out an almanac to see when day would break and the sun rise. 'What is that?' said the ghost. The stranger explained the art of printing and the astronomical calculations of the calendar. 'Wonderful, most wonderful,' said the ghost; and who invented that? 'The Germans,' said the stranger. By this time the day began to peep, and the stranger being impatient to be taken in from the street, he beat the doors in vain, and at last drew a pistol and fired it off, to arouse the sluggish sleeper. The ghost started affrighted, and asked, 'What is that?' A pistol and gunpowder were explained. 'More wonderful still,' said the ghost. 'And who invented that?' 'The Germans,' said the stranger. 'Great and wonderful people! And whilst they have been progressing in all these arts, what have my people been doing in the centuries since I was upon earth?' Just then one of the lazzaroni of Rome appeared, and the stranger said, 'There is a specimen of thy countrymen.' Day broke, and *the ghost vanished. Germany had invented printing*, the horometer, and gunpowder. Rome had been sleeping to decay and death, in her dreamy drowsiness over past greatness, and the condition of her lazzaroni frightened away the ghost of Cicero."

THE TRUTH IN A NUT SHELL.

Should a submission be refused, or should fraud be practiced at the election, they will appeal to Congress to refuse admission to the new State until it comes with a Constitution clearly emanating from the popular will.—*Albany Atlas & Argus.*

This is attractive and fair, but is there no Cat under the Meal?

Will the *Atlas* answer a direct question? Should a Constitution be adopted which neither authorizes nor prohibits slavery, would Kansas be a Free or a Slave State.—*Journal.*

To which the *Atlas & Argus* replies: "We answer that in such an event Kansas would be in precisely the same condition of New York. We have a Constitution which 'neither authorizes nor prohibits Slavery.' The result of course is that our Legislature can authorize or prohibit slavery in its discretion. The whole subject is within the control of the people through the legislative power. We certainly shall be content to see the people of Kansas adopt a Constitution prohibiting Slavery, if they think that is the best way. But we shall *also deem a Constitution which is good enough for* New York, good enough for Kansas. Certainly, if the Free State men are largely in the ascendancy as to numbers, as we do not doubt they are, they cannot complain of a Constitution which will give the popular will entire control of the Slavery question. Does the *Journal* insist on making a Constitution for Kansas more stringent on the Slavery question than that of its own State?"

On the occasion of the birth of an hereditary prince, the Grand Duke of Baden has published an amnesty in favor of the individuals accused of, or condemned for, political offences during the events of 1848 and 1849.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, August* 1.

THE VACANT POLICE COMMISSIONERSHIP.

If to-day is not "big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome," it is well understood that it involves important interests connected with the Police Management of this city. Between the rising of the sun and the going down of the same, it has been appointed that the vacancy in the Police Commission *shall be filled*; and in the complexion of the new incumbent will be found that of the whole Board. Mayor Wood has managed well in the struggle between the city and the State—his opponents have managed badly; and if there is any prestige of success in deserving, he will succeed *in his intention once more to get the management* of the Police Department of New York into his own hands. A few weeks ago, there were those who, charging him with all the weaknesses and vices of the whole Municipal Government, would have been glad to see him unseated; but it is quite a question whether they have not already become satisfied with weakness and imbecility, and glad to return to any management which promises *strength*—backbone, which the new Board manifestly have not.

Never was a more silly move made than that of Draper in resigning; and never has one been more abjectly repented of. As a climax to a quarrel with General Nye, and a general dissatisfaction with everything and everybody, Mr. Draper resigned, with something of the same speed with which he would have knocked down a choice lot of goods to a prime customer in his auction room. An hour showed his error—a day set all the Republicans crying at his heels, and less than three days established the fact that he had nearly, if not quite, overthrown all that his friends had been laboring to do for months before. It was rumored, last evening, that he would *bend his stubborn back far enough* to resent himself in the Board, it being held that his resignation had not been *final*. This, of course, he will not do for shame sake; that he would be glad of some excuse to do so with honor, there cannot be a doubt. Speculations are general and contradictory, this morning, and as the telegraph will settle the question before this letter is in type, I will not join in them.

A QUESTION OF INSUBORDINATION.

Deputy Superintendant Carpenter, (in answer to the charges against him before the Police Commission, of having spoken disrespectfully of Mayor Wood,) has plead, or rather demurred. His ground that the words, if spoken, were spoken of the Mayor *as Mayor*; that he not having, up to that time, taken his seat as *Commissioner*, was not strictly his superior; that to form a superior authority at all, the whole commission, and not one member only, was necessary; and that finally, if he was to be tried on the charge at all, he claimed the privilege of justifying. On Tuesday next, the case will be either tried or dismissed.

HOAXED NEWSPAPERS.

Considerable wonder has been excited during the last few days by two marvellous stories published by two leading papers—each having its own, and not the other. Of course the other, in each case, doubted the authenticity of the story it did not publish. The *Daily Times* gave a story of a young lady on Staten Island, who shot a burglar when attempting to break into a store, the body being found the next day in the Bay and the Coroner's Jury passing complimentary resolutions on the young lady's courage and fidelity. This the *Herald* doubted. A day or two after, the *Herald* followed with a story from the same locality, in which a lady and her paramour were surprised by her husband, an attempt made to shoot the Lothario, and the mouth of the pistol finally turned with fatal effect against the lady. Cries, entreaties, groans, death and repentance "followed in due order, and the story was quite a precious nuisance. This the *Times* doubted. The discovery was made eventually, that neither story had a particle of truth for a foundation; but it has remained a complete mystery how they were set adoat. No clue has been given, and I will give one. All the leading dailies not only employ their "unrivalled corps" of reporters, but buy whatever they can find of sufficient interest from "outsiders." A bright little scamp of some sixteen years, who had served his apprenticeship with the Reverend Joe Scoville, on the *State Register*, supplied both items, getting well paid for them as well as a dozen or two of others equally false; but not of magnitude enough to make the same amount of wonder. It is not yet discovered who *wrote* them, but certainly they came from an older head than one of sixteen. For a week or two, it is to be presumed, the "leading dailies" will be a little more cautious how they purchase from "outside reporters."

MR. M'ELRATH'S FAREWELL.

If mercantile and monied reputation is really dear to men who have held them, as they are so often pictured, then must Mr. Thomas McElrath, of the *Tribune*, do a mournful act to day in the resignation of the Presidency of the Nassau Bank, which he did, more than any other man, to call into existence. Coal fields have absorbed all that had been won in fortunate speculations and newspaper enterprise, and the end is to be deplored. There is not a shadow of a name, however, and it is understood that all liabilities, except those arising out of his coal business will be promptly met. He will rise again, no doubt.

STEAMERS AND DEPARTURES.

Noblest of American steamers, until the *Adriatic* follows her—the *Vanderbilt* sails to-day, Captain Wilcox no longer in command, but Edward Higgins, late of the *Hermann*, in his place. She has a large representation of wealth and fashion, going to Europe for summer and autumn tours, not to mention Hon. Joseph A. Wright, Minister to Prussia, who goes to his destination; Commissioner Preston, of Virginia, who goes on a commercial errand, and a pair of horses bought in Vermont for Louis Napoleon, and now on their way to the imperial stables. JOHN WALTER.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

NEWPORT, July 30, 1857.

Can you spare me a corner in your virgin sheet for a voluntary scrap from this most delicious of all resorts—where men and women are wont to summer together—to seek recreation, amusement, and health—to escape from the vertical suns of July and August? It is useless to discuss it—go where we will, there is but one place in the length and breadth of our land, where the great desideratum is obtained throughout the hot season—a mean temperature of about 70 deg. Whilst, from general rumor, at Saratoga and Cape May the crowd of visitors is simmering, seething, roasting, boiling, frying, or freezing, we are here bathing (not in surf, unless we please) in the most delicious atmosphere of Gulf stream exhalations, thrown up from the coast, and condensed, in this cooler region, into a soft, refreshing vapor, which disappears with the noon-day sun, and leaves behind an invig