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The Press.

VOL. I—NO. 85. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. TWO CENTS.

C, C, C.

Crisis, Crimes, and Clothing.

This is the land of promise now;
None will the fact gainsay:
But then, the promise lies, alas!
In promises to pay.

Extravagance has ruled the hour;
Now, panic-struck, forsooth,
Man practice strict economy
E'en in the use of truth.

Too many debtors, oily-tongued,
Are for relief applying,
Whose *liabilities* seem to give
Abilities for lying.

All sects are swallowed up, except
The *Shakers* and the *Quakers.*
Upon the street two classes meet—
The *Brokers* and the *Breakers.*

'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee
The difference is most shocking:
Men, therefore, wish the cash in *stocks*
Was safe within a *stocking.*

The Bank of Pennsylvania Stock
Is bad for those who eat;
For holders find it *All-a-bone*
Which they considered meat.

'Twas hinted but awhile ago—
Though quite obscurely spoken—
That but the nervous system of
Its President was broken.

I am no doctor, but if I
Might his disease suggest,
I should not hesitate to say,
Contraction of the chest.

I do not know how much by fraud,
Or by expectoration,
He raised, before a *dill-ious* turn
Deranged his circulation.

Caused by his *bleeding* from the *chest*,
Upon his chest was sitting
A beetle (the little critter him *felt*)
With wings of *Non-resistance.*

As he most leave, directors met,
And made their contributions
Of sympathy and kind regret,
Expressed by *resolutions.*

They thought their vented tenderness
Might make a warm emotion
Of pity for the nervous *saint*,
Who soon would cross the ocean.

(Reflecting minds can but reflect,
But none shall cast reflection
So, when you're looking for the frauds,
Don't look in that *direction.*)

The sick man left, with heart too full
His generous friends to thank:
His going broke no heart, although
His staying broke a bank.

I know some widows, holding stock;
'Tis all their little wealth. (?)
They means have sent this financier
To Europe, for his health (?)

And while he goes, at going and state,
In foreign lands to roam,
The widows, who have been despoiled,
Must beg, or *starve at home.*

Oh, happy voyage, when in his dreams,
His ocean craft appears
A bark, propelled by widow's sighs,
Upon a sea of tears.

He need not fear, though o'er the deep
The black-brow'd storm may frown;
Fate holds his sure reward in store:
He was not born to drown.

I must conclude, but soon again
The Shylocks I shall tickle,
To drive the *it money changers*" out
I have a rod in pickle.

If men will put on clothes enough,
My blows may harmless fall;
They can be purchased cheap for cash,
At Bennett's Tower Hall.

Owing to the financial embarrassments of the country, and with the view of KEEPING EMPLOYED the usual large number of hands, in making up their extensive and large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings now on hand adapted to fall and winter wear, and to dispose of *the same in the season for which they were intended*, I have determined to offer to the public, at wholesale or retail, a stock of Clothing at Cost, which is unsurpassed in the United States, for Incality, Variety, Elegance and Cheapness. JOSEPH M. BENNETT.

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The Press.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

Never was any woman such a God-send to the New York newspapers as MRS. CUNNINGHAM, late of 31 Bond street. From the end of last January, when Dr. BURDELL was murdered, she has greatly occupied public attention. The newspapers pounced upon her, reported her, gossipped about her, traced her, made stock-in-trade out of her, and have kept her, in one way or another, on the *tapis*. First there was the murder, with that unique inquest in which Coroner CONNERY shewed the world, in his own person, that *Dogberry* was by no means a more imaginative character. Then there was the trial, at which the District Attorney (OAKEY HALL) made such a strange exhibition of himself, abusing the prisoner in the manner of a French *procurier du roi*, and promise to call actual evidence of the murder—which evidence he did not produce. Then followed the struggle, before the Surrogate, to prove that MRS. CUNNINGHAM really was BURDELL'S widow. Next came the "producing" of a *surreptitious heir to the* Burdell property, in which MRS. CUNNINGHAM was assisted, aided and abetted by a lawyer and a medical man—namely, the Public Prosecutor (OAKEY HALL again) and Dr. UHL. After this came a legal struggle to obtain her liberation on bail. There yet remains another trial of MRS. CUNNINGHAM, but, oddly enough, the two gentlemen who supplied the fraudulent child, (Mr. OAKEY HALL and Dr. UHL) are not also to be tried. On the contrary, one of them will prosecute and the other appear against her as State's evidence.

After MRS. CUNNINGHAM was admitted to bail, the District Attorney—who has pursued her, throughout, with what looks very like a vindictive feeling—moved the court to reverse the order to liberate her on bail, and commit her back to prison. The judges (MITCHELL, CLARKE, and PEABODY) of the Supreme Court, have declined re-committing her back to prison, on the following grounds:

"It now appears that the defendant has been at large on bail for nearly two months; that she has repeatedly attended in the court, as required by its order; that the place of trial has been changed from this county to Orange county, and that the court which is to try the case will sit on Tuesday next. It is also stated by her counsel that it would not be possible for her to prepare for the trial at that time, if she should be remanded to close custody. Under all these circumstances, the court is satisfied that it would be to no purpose to attempt to accomplished by actual confinement will be attained by allowing the defendant to remain on bail. No further order is necessary at present, except that the defendant shall attend the court, at general and special term, whenever she shall be required by order to do so, and also at any circuit court that is now or may be hereafter appointed for her trial."

We found this decision in an out-of-the-way corner of the New York *Tribune* of yesterday—but the fact it communicates of the removal of the *venue* from the city of New York to Orange county, seems to have escaped the notice of the other New York papers. This changing of the place of trial from where a strong prejudice exists against her, to where she is almost unknown, is a decided advantage for MRS. CUNNINGHAM. We shall have one scene more of this extraordinary melodrama of real life—viz, the trial, which is fixed to come on next Tuesday. That scene over, we hope that the curtain will fall, for over, upon this notorious woman. We may expect to find full reports of the trial, with the minutest details, in the papers during the ensuing week. But the interest of the subject has declined. The Panic absorbs almost every newspaper subject.

HOW THE CESAREWITCH WAS WON.

[So much interest continues to be felt in the winning of the Cesarewitch Free Handicap, at Newmarket, that we believe many of our readers will thank us for giving the most authentic report of it, from *Bell's Life*. Its details are accurate and graphic.]—ED. PRESS

The jockeys reached the post with commendable punctuality, and all eyes were strained in the direction from which the first view of them could be obtained, but a delay of two minutes occurred before the signal was given by the dropping of a flag on the top of the Ditch, and at length the immense phalanx was seen streaming along at the far side of the well known boundary, with Fright from view for a few seconds, until rising the hill out of "choke jade," they loomed upon the Flat like a regiment of cavalry, presenting a front which extended from one side of the broad "track" to the other.

The start (which was preceded by three failures, caused by the breaking away of the Plush colt, Lima, Illuminator, Queen Bess, Prioress, and El Hakim, who, as at York, was very fractious, though *led to the post by his trainer*) took place at five minutes before three, and with the exception of Renown, who jumped round when the flag fell, and Prioress, whose jockey appeared more at ease the novelty of his position amongst such a large field of horses, all got away on very even terms.

The first to show in advance were the Sluggard, Dusty Miller, Cry, and the Plush colt, each of whom may be said to have made alternate running for the first mile, followed by such an immense body of horses, that it is impossible for us to detail with any accuracy more than those occupying the front rank, which included Queen Bess, Lima, Odd Trick, El Hakim, Barfleur, Fright, Lawn, Emulator.

In the middle lay Poodle, Warlock, Martinet, Zigzag, Mons Dobler, Sauntorer, Tasmanis, and Poacher, and in the rear were Fisherman, Wild Honey, Lawn, and Renown, the latter of whom acted as whipper-in a long way astern. After passing through the ditch gap, several changes occurred among the foremost horses, and on rising the hill out of "choke jade," Dusty Miller, Poacher, Sluggard, and one or two *others dropped* out of the ruck. The running was then taken up by Queen Bess, who overpowered her tiny jockey, and went on with a lead of a couple of lengths, followed from the commencement of the flat by Lima, Odd Trick, Fright, the Plush Colt, and Barfleur; Emulator, El Hakim, Warlock, Lima, Zigzag, Poodle, Illuminator, Black Tommy, and the favorite, as they passed the Cesarewitch distance post, the next division until near the T.Y.C. winning-post, when Lima broke down very badly in the near hind pastern, and Barfleur, Tasmanis, and Black Tommy exhibited symptoms of having had enough of it. The pace now slackened a little, which let up Priorress, Fisherman, Sauntorer, and some of the rear division, and owing to the immense body of horses still clustered together, "confusion" and collisions were "plentiful as blackberries."

Something (El Hakim, we believe) gave Cerva (whose jockey just before had drawn her back to the head of her ruck) a regular broadside, and knocked her on to her head and knees; and whilst in the act of recovering herself the mare was placed altogether *hors de combat through Priorress*, who happened to be coming behind to be pulled to the right or left, almost stumbling over her. Tankeley was thrown on to Priorress's neck, and in the scramble for his seat he lacerated the mare a good deal, with his spurs, about the shoulder. Before reaching the bushes, the fate of "the Debler," who had to be roused with the whip a mile from home, was sealed, and soon after passing them, Poodle fell so lame that Alfred Day instantly pulled him up. At the top of the hill the positions of the foremost horses became easily distinguished. Queen Bess (on the right, or judge's side of the course) was about a length in advance of El Hakim, who was running on her whip hand, with Fright, Odd Trick, and Emulator close together at the heels of the Richmond horse; and next to them, in the *middle of the course, followed Zigzag*, Warlock, Martinet, and Sauntorer, in a cluster, while on the extreme left, almost level with El Hakim, was Prioress, who suddenly appeared from the ruck as they began to make the dip, with such a formidable front that loud shouts of "the American wins" arose on all sides.

In the Abingdon Mile bottom, Odd Trick, Zigzag, Sauntorer, Martinet, Emulator, and Fright were beaten, and in rising the hill the weight stopped Warlock. The race was then left to Queen Bess, El Hakim, and Prioress, and was contested with great severity to the chair, the American mare having much the best of it until within fifty yards of Tuning, when she ran out to the left from distress and the lack of assistance from her jockey (whose style of finishing presented a striking contrast to that of his two tiny opponents) thereby letting up Queen Bess and El Hakim, the latter of whom caught Mr. Saxon's filly in the very last stride, and these two having their heads level with that of Prioress at the winning-post, Mr. Clark was compelled to award a dead heat with the three. *Flight finished close under the* chair two lengths off, and about a length behind him in the middle of the course Zigzag was fifth, half a length in advance of Warlock, who was sixth. Odd Trick, Martinet, and Emulator were next about half a length from Warlock, so close together that each jockey claims the seventh place, and at the heels of Warlock, with his nose at the latter's quarters, was Sauntorer, who won the bets that his owner laid about the horse being within thirty yards of the winner, by nearly half that distance; Mr. H. Hibbard (who is gradually recovering from his serious illness), and Mr. T. Marshall, Jr., being the referees to decide the point. The next lot comprised Mons. Dobler, Etonuous, and Renown, but further than this we cannot attempt to specify; suffice it to state, that owing to the remainder having been pulled up a long way from home, they presented a tremendous "tail." The last lot comprised Fisherman (who showed momentarily in a forward position at the bushes, when the weight stopped him), Lima, Gubbont, Black Tommy, and Poacher, the latter *being the "absolute last."* Run in *4 min. 9 sec.*

The final struggle was one of the most exciting ever witnessed, Prioress appearing to have much the best of it until within a dozen strides of home, when she hung to the left, and let up the other two, El Hakim catching Queen Bess in the last stride or two, when Mr. Clark, unable to separate the lot, awarded one of the fairest dead heats with *the three that was ever seen. The scene* which followed the hoisting of the zero—0—with the three numbers—44, 18, and 19—underneath can be better imagined than described, and the excitement was heightened by the terrific charge of horsemen up the course to the weighing stand at the imminent risk of the lives of her Majesty's liege on foot, some of whom were literally ridden down like ninepins, recalling, in fact, the descriptions we have been accustomed to read of Irish ungovernable race, the Bashi Bazouks. The unprecedented occurrence of a dead heat for the Cesarewitch, and with three animals, besides reflecting a crowning triumph upon the gallant handicapper, engrossed almost the sole attention and consideration of the spectators until the time for the decision of the deciding heat arrived.

The Clearwell Stakes were first run for, and, in the meantime, Fordham had been engaged for Prioress, in the place of the American boy who rode her before, and Bray being a jockey of greater experience than Little was put upon El Hakim, whilst Grimshaw again "tooled" Queen Bess. These changes in the jockeys increased the confidence of the supporters of the Richmond horse, and though giving away his year to the American mare, (who ought to have won the first time, although in justice to Tankeley he rode very creditably considering it was his first essay in England), El Hakim left off with the decided call in the betting, owing to most of the bookmakers, for whom he was of course by far the worst of the three, embracing the opportunity of "getting out." The majority of the public backed Prioress, against whom the ring, of course, had plenty of money to bet from the circumstance of very few having laid previous to the race.

The horses did not reach the post until after five o'clock, by which time it was so dusk that it was impossible to distinguish their colors in running until they came to the Ditch, when Prioress was observed to hang to the left as before, and on Fordham using the whip with his left hand to keep her straight, there was a simultaneous shoot of "the American's beaten!" At the top of the Bushes Hill it looked like a match between the two *young ones, but in the dip they were fairly pumped* out, and Fordham obeying his instructions to the letter, by keeping a "hard pull" upon his mare to the last, she struggled with indomitable gameness, and running the longest, landed the "stripes and stars" victorious by a length and a half—a tremendous struggle between the other two for the second money resulting in favor of El Hakim by a head. In rising the hill out of the Abingdon mile bottom, El Hakim began to hang from distress, and reserving against Queen Bess, carried her with him across the course, which led to a claim of the second money by Mr. Saxon, but the latter afterwards withdrew the objection, as it was apparent that, notwithstanding the serious disappointment to his mare's chance, the "cannon" was purely the result of accident.

The time of the deciding heat was six seconds slower than the first, which, in turn, was five seconds faster than last year's race. Run in 4 minutes 15 seconds; nott value of the stakes £1,550. The success of Prioress was the signal for a tremendous shout of cheering, which lasted several *seconds, and en route* from the Heath, and in the town, subsequently. Mr. Ten Brocck was overwhelmed with congratulations upon his great triumph, which, curious enough, was accomplished under what may be termed the American system of "heats!" That Prioress might have won the first time but for the serious disappointment she met with in the race, is not at all improbable, even in the hands of her native jockey, but without intending the slightest injustice to the boy, his want of skill at the finish was so palpable that Mr. Ten Brocck felt constrained to throw no chance away, and finding that his opponents were going to adopt the same course, acted upon the advice of some of our cleverest judges, and selected the best talent to be procured for the deciding heat, the result of which will, no doubt, create intense gratification *throughout the whole of the American continent.*

In estimating the triumph, however, and we by no means underrate it, we must not lose sight of the fact in mind that Prioress, though a year older, ran El Hakim at even weights; nor must it be supposed by our Yankee friends on the other side of the Atlantic that Mr. Ten Brock has hitherto run his horses to be beaten for the purpose of getting "well in" this race. He has backed each of them for a large amount on every occasion they have started, and owing to the "severe punishment" which Prioress ran during the previous week at Chester, his opinion of her chance for the Cesarewitch was so completely "knocked on the head" that he had little encouragement to back her, consequently his winnings do not cover one half the expenses his stud has hitherto entailed, to say nothing of the money he has lost in England, which has been devoured ones on earth, irrespective of name or place. The Church alluded to in the text embraced a society from which all mere hypocrisy under the guise of Christianity was excluded. For us to understand the promises to the Church, we must bear in mind that by the all-searching eye of Omnipotence there was a spiritual line of demarkation drawn between the real Christian and the mere Pretender. To such as were really embraced within this circle, the storms of life would bring no real calamity; the billows of misfortune might beat high and roll their mighty mountains between us and *Job of old*, yet their best interests would ever remain unharmed. What, he would ask, need the man care for any mere temporal calamity, who could in his heart exclaim with the Psalmist, "O, God! thou art my portion forever?" What was the possession of mere temporal treasures to the man who felt in his heart that he possessed as his portion the Omnipotent dispenser of all things?

[Mr. Willits, with characteristic feeling and power, here depicted the instability of worldly treasures, and, so far as it is allotted to the power of human skill, I doubt not made all who heard him feel that the only really secure and unfailing acquisitions in this life are those deposited in the treasury of heaven.]

The river spoken of in the text, as making glad the city of God, was an emblem of that unceasing stream of grace promised to the faithful, and that had been so copiously administered throughout all ages of the world to those willing to accede to the terms upon which it is bestowed.

The sublime grandeur of this divine emanation was eloquently dwelt upon.

If we stood upon the banks of a placid but onward-flowing stream, and endeavored to bring before our mental vision, in contemplative panorama, the origin and destiny of that moving stream, we should be inspired with reverence and awe for its Author; yet how incomparable this to that eternal stream of grace which had so abundantly satisfied the thirsty souls of our fathers, from Abraham, the patriarch, down to the newly-born babe in the Church, and all believers since then, down to the present time! Infinitude alone could measure such illimitable grace. And now here it was, running through our midst, free in its bounteous beneficence, and inviting all to become partakers of its refreshing power. Temptingly it was flowing within reach of those whose lips were parched, and yet they abstained from accepting the proffered deliverance.

The healing waters of this heaven-emanating stream were, to-day, affording a blessed solace to bereaved ones, who had been stricken and tried by the tide of misfortune that is now overwhelming the land; yet they would say come and accept this best of possessions, when all others fail. He would implore procrastinating ones not to shield themselves behind the example of unworthy professors of religion, for there was danger of their both stumbling into hell together. It was dangerous to advantage themselves of church-membership on account of some half-hearted professor, or cold-hearted religionist, for there was a possibility that neither was too good to be damned.

The speaker concluded with a beautiful comment upon the revelator's allusion to the "Song of Moses and the Lamb."

But we must close this hurried sketch. The house was crowded, as usual, on this occasion, and the discourse was listened to with breathless attention throughout its delivery.

THE PULPIT.

THE REFUGE OF MAN AMID THE STORMS OF LIFE.

A sermon bearing significantly upon the aspect of the times, and the spiritual source of deliverance, was recently preached in the First Reformed Dutch Church of this city, Seventh and Spring Garden streets, by the pastor, Rev. A. A. WILLITS.

The passage of Scripture upon which the discourse was founded was read from the 46th Psalm.

Introductory to the sermon, Mr. WILLITS remarked that this Psalm had been a favorite portion of the Divine Word with many eminent men in the Church in past times. Especially had it been the hope-inspiring record to the lion-hearted Luther, in times when his more learned, equally devout, but less courageous associate, Melanchton was bowed down in spirit amid the fearful storms of opposition with which they were beset. At such times it had been that Luther, turning to the Psalm in question, would read for their mutual encouragement, as follows:

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the sea; though the waters roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

"*There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.*"

It was the *italicised* portion of this passage that more especially constituted the speaker's text upon this occasion.

To the text, presented there were two pictures presented for our contemplation, very opposite in character, but drawn with equally striking fidelity.

In the *first* we beheld the frightful commotion of the mountains and the sea, caused by the convulsion of the elements; when the earth itself was reeling in its stability; when the everlasting mountains were upturn from their solid base, and planted amid the boistorous waves, and others shook with the swelling thereof, ready to follow in the same chaotic train.

This, said the speaker, was a fit emblem of the fearful revolutions that were now going on in the world around us. Barriers of wealth and affluence, heretofore considered immovable, had already been swept before the fury of the storm, and others there were now shaking ominously "with the swelling thereof," and on the very verge of yielding to the overpowering scourge that is sweeping, not only across our own land, but that is urging its tempestuous wave beyond the seas. The imagery in this portion of the text, the speaker said, was *typical of the* WORLD, whilst the *second* and remaining picture was equally *typical of the* CHURCH. This second picture of the spiritual realm, quietly, beautifully suggested by "the river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." In this picture, instead of terror and commotion, we are called upon to contemplate the serene quiet of a shielded valley—a valley in which the boisterous sounds of the world without were only heard, but left unfelt—this valley was the Church. It would be impossible,