The Press.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1860.

FIRST PAGE.—Sale of Burton's Shakespearians; More of the Magazines; George N. Sanders, Yancey, and the Vice Presidency; Letter from West Chester, Pa.; Pennsylvania in Full; General News; Legal Intelligence. FOURTH PAGE.—The Presidential Canvass; Marine Intelligence.

The News.

By the arrival of the steamship City of Washington, off Cape Race, last night, we have three days later news from Europe. The news confirms the previous reports of the great battle achieved by Garibaldi. The battle was fought at Volturno, and it is described as a most bloody one, during which the Neapolitans were driven back, in disorder, to Capua, with a loss of 3,000 killed and 5,000 taken prisoners. Garibaldi's loss was estimated at from 1,200 to 2,000.

The steamer Ariel arrived at New York yesterday morning, with advices from the Pacific coast, Central and South America. The advices, to a general extent, have been anticipated by the pony express and overland mail. Over $500,000 in specie is brought. The negro excitement in Panama had been quelled. The news of Walker's fate in Honduras had caused much excitement in Central America. The negro riots had been quelled by the united efforts of the British and American men-of-war. The news from China will be found interesting, in view of the interest now taken in the affairs of that mysterious empire. There is nothing important from South America.

The bark Parana arrived at New York yesterday morning, with later news from Buenos Ayres. The particulars of a heavy storm which occurred in that country in the latter days of August are given. Great damage was done to land and shipping. Two British barks were dashed against each other and lost. All on board one of the vessels were lost. A large number of other vessels, claiming different nationalities, were either foundered or driven ashore. The gas works were destroyed. The amount of damage is beyond present calculation.

Utah advices to the 20th of September are received. The newly-appointed Federal judge, Crosby, had arrived in the Territory, and, at an interview with his associate judge, Henniker, the places and times for holding the courts had been arranged. The second and last hand-cart train of the season had arrived at Salt Lake City. The weather was very warm again, which was favorable to the ripening of the sugar cane and other late crops. A number of the Mormon leaders had recently been on an excursion to the coal mines of the Territory, an examination of which seems to have satisfied them that they could be worked with advantage, as measures were immediately taken to open a road to the locality. Surveyor General Flenbaugh was agitating in the Mormon newspapers the subject of the invalidity of the Mormon surveys in various cities and settlements.

By the bark Trieste, which arrived at New Orleans on Thursday, we have later news from Rio. The Trieste reported having encountered severe gales in the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico, from the force of which she suffered much damage. The coffee trade at Rio was active, 56,000 bags having been sold, two-thirds of the number to the United States. The daily receipts of coffee in Rio were about 9,000 bags.

New Mexican advices to the 6th October have been received at Independence, Missouri. The troubles with the Indians still continued. Companies of United States troops had gone out against the Navajoe Indians. A band of Indians had advanced towards the suburbs of Santa Fe, robbing settlers of their cattle. A disagreement between the Governor of New Mexico and Col. Fauntleroy was reported. The cause of the quarrel was very trifling.

Mr. Yancey, after giving Philadelphia the oratorical cold shoulder, has extended his tour into Kentucky, and is now stumping that State for Breckinridge and Lane.

George W. Riggs, "Treasurer."

One of the most public-spirited men in Washington city, the seat of the National Government, is GEORGE W. RIGGS, the head of the great banking house of RIGGS & Co. Successor in business of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., and partakes, in a large degree, of the characteristics of that generous and munificent benefactor. We notice that RIGGS took three million one hundred and odd dollars of the ten-million Government loan on Monday last. Now, there is a striking and wholesome lesson taught by such an expression of confidence in the perpetuity of our institutions on the part of this great banker. He is a friend of Mr. COBB, the Secretary of the Treasury, and, we think, the confidant of the President of the United States, and, more than all, *the treasurer of the Breckinridge National Committee, which has its headquarters in Washington, and the leaders of which are in the habit of daily asserting that* LINCOLN'*s election will produce a dissolution of the Union.*

We are told that Mr. COBB, who awarded the loan, is a chief conspirator among those who are preparing to resist Mr. LINCOLN's inauguration. We perceive that the Charleston *Mercury* lays great stress upon the fact that Mr. BUCHANAN may co-operate with Mr. COBB and others in their nefarious *designs; but the best answer to these expectations* is to be found in the substantial act of Mr. RIGGS, who invests more than three millions in the loan of the United States, under the auspices of the very men who are looked up to by the Disunionists to destroy the Confederacy of these States. Mr. RIGGS certainly did not move in the dark. He had only to cross the street to ascertain whether the Union was going to the dogs, and to avoid putting his hand into the flames. He had only to say three words to the President, and we have not the slightest doubt that he did have conferences, and more than one, with the high and mighty powers that be. Mr. COBB has great regard for Mr. RIGGS, and Mr. BUCHANAN great affection. They would not allow so good and so useful a citizen to be ruined, if it was their intention to embark in the crusade of the fire-eaters of the South; and if Mr. RIGGS desired any further, and, if possible, more authentic information, he had only to consult his colleagues on the Breckinridge-Secession committee to ascertain whether they, in their preparations for disunion, were only fabricating theatrical thunder for mere partisan purposes.

What, then, is the clear inference? We will not say that Mr. COBB, Mr. BUCHANAN, and their associates, allow themselves to be quoted as hostile to the Union, and as ready to engage in an assault upon the peace and prosperity of the country upon the poor pretext of LINCOLN's election, or even his inauguration, merely to fright the souls of fearful adversaries—because this would, indeed, be playing with fire. Let us take a better view of things at Washington. The President will not permit the Republic to go down if he can prevent it, and even the Secretary of the Treasury, however he may talk as a partisan, must realize that his high position compels him, at least occasionally, to act as a patriot. We leave out of sight the scandalous course of the *Constitution*—the organ of the Administration—which, while the Government was advertising for an immense loan, was, Casandra like, crying out that the days of the Union were numbered. Infamous as such a course must appear to the eyes of decent men, it is fortunate that the *Constitution* has so little influence upon the country that, even in the city of Washington, a banking house holding close and intimate relations with the Government, and transacting a large amount of Government business, comes forward and demonstrates its contempt for the *terrorism of the Constitution*, and the threats of the Disunionists, by taking nearly one-third of the entire loan.

In these times, when every effort is made by bad men to dislocate the Confederacy, to sow the seeds of dissension between the North and the South, and to deliberate as to the possibility of the slave States being better off if separated from their sisters, such a lesson as that furnished by the taking of the loan on Monday last ought to be held by all good citizens as a happy augury, and we believe they will not be mistaken in so understanding it.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF CARRIAGES, &c.—To-morrow morning N. F. Pancoast, auctioneer, will offer at public sale the entire stock of vehicles of every variety, manufactured for the city retail trade by one of the most celebrated makers in the city. The sale will take place in the carriage warerooms, Nos. 1009 and 1011 Chestnut streets. For particulars see advertisements.

AUCTION NOTICE.—The attention of the trade is invited to the sale of Germantown goods, embroideries, hemstitched handkerchiefs, bonnet and trimming ribbons, black silk velvets, millinery goods, &c., &c., now arranged for examination, to be sold by M. F. Pancoast, auctioneer, 431 Chestnut street, this morning at 10 o'clock.

SALE OF FINE WINES to-day, at 12 o'clock, at the auction store 139 and 141 south Fourth street. Messrs. Earle & Son's valuable collection of paintings, now arranged for examination at the Academy of Fine Arts, may be viewed throughout the day and evening. See Thomas & Sons' advertisements and catalogues of both sales.

Broderick Avenged.

A little more than a year ago, DAVID C. BRODERICK laid down his life a bloody sacrifice for *the principles which gave triumph to the Democratic party in 1856.* His devotion to those principles was such that his chivalric soul instantly revolted against the attempt to betray them. Regarding them as the only means by which peace and prosperity could be secured to all the States of the Union, and as the best instruments to promote the solid ascendancy of the Democratic party for years to come, he opposed, with all the courage of his indomitable character, the policy of the Administration of Mr. BUCHANAN, contemplating, as it did, the surrender of the pledges of the Democratic party on the slavery question, and he denounced, with unsparing indignation, the despotic proscriptions by which this policy was sustained. His intrepidity and integrity filled the hearts of thousands of Democrats with emulous enthusiasm, but it awakened among the pro-slavery and Administration leaders the most vindictive resentment. Chosen to the Senate over the heads of the Southern patricians of his State, his refusal to follow the President and his advisers in their crusade upon the Democratic creed added new fuel to the rage of those who had vainly labored to prevent his election, and soon made him a mark for the most cruel and unrelenting persecution. This patriotic defender of truth—this knight among men—this conscientious and self-sacrificing Democrat—was pursued with a malevolence in Washington that could only have been exhibited to a common felon; and nothing but his uncompromising character and his unconquerable convictions enabled him to bear up against the social and political ostracism established against himself and his coadjutors. His eagle eye detected the schemes of the plunderers from the Pacific coast, who hung in clouds around the Capitol, and that voice, which never spoke a lie, was raised in tones of thunder against them. He never prevaricated or paltered in a double sense. When duty came in conflict with corruption, and when principle was sought to be overslaughed by expediency, he acted at once and on the right side. A man of the strongest feelings, he stood unmoved amid the war of calumny, because he felt that he was necessary to the cause of his country. Conscious that he had been selected for slaughter, and that the example of the Washington stipendiaries only stimulated their echoes on the Pacific coast, he maintained the good fight to the end, and when he departed for San Francisco, mingled with his farewell to his friends the melancholy prophecy that he could never meet them again. His canvass in California was like the man, a marvel of ability and of energy. He traversed his State from the Indian border to the sea, and from the sea to the mountains, thrilling every heart with an eloquence which came from his own, and captivating and converting his worst foes by his extraordinary arguments, and the irresistible influence he wielded over his friends. And when his work was done, he was called to the mis-called field of honor. He then surrended his life, as the last tribute he could pay to his principles, and died uttering that memorable sentence which may be carved upon his tomb, to be remembered alike as his own vindication, and as the eternal reproach and shame of his enemies.

And now a year has gone, and we are about entering upon a new struggle; but in that time BRODERICK has not, thank God! been forgotten. Even over his bloody tomb more than one vow was made that he should be avenged. His murderers could not bury his example from the sight of men. They could not hide his noble figure and his indomitable courage from his friends. There has not been a moment since he was sepulchred among the hills of California, that his cause has not triumphed, and that his enemies have not fallen. Whether because he fell for the right, or that the harvest was not ready for the sickle when he did fall, it is a melancholy satisfaction to remember that nearly all those who assisted in, or applauded his massacre, have been chastised or cast out by their constituents. We forbear recalling the names. He who has seen the late procession, in his mind's eye, composed of those who are about to pass from high station to private life, with the seal of condemnation affixed by the people, in the recent elections, like a burning brand upon their brows, will not ask that these names should be again recorded. They are immortalized in infamy.

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Let us not be surprised if the next expression of public opinion on the Pacific coast should be the repudiation of WILLIAM M. GWIN, *the most conspicuous of all the foes of* DAVID C. BRODERICK; and if this should happen we shall then confidently look forward to the happy day that will inaugurate an entire change in the Senate of the United States, and forever destroy that band of Senatorial conspirators, who, three years ago, began the assault upon the old Democratic creed, and are now busily engaged in a desperate onslaught upon the Union itself. Whosoever triumphs, THIS OLIGARCHY must be broken down.

— A Boston journal says: "It is said that since Governor Banks has been commander-in-chief of the military of the Commonwealth, the weather has been pleasant every time he has ordered out the troops. The morning of Thursday last was cloudy, and there were many indications of rain. One veteran officer when consulted about the weather, replied, 'If Governor Banks was not coming out I should say it would rain, but as he is to appear in uniform it will clear up.' In an hour after this remark, the sky was clear and the day proved one of the finest of the month."

—Charles Reade, in his new book, The Eighth Commandment, says that Henry Carey, a lyrist and satirist, whose verses were attributed both to Pope and Swift, wrote both the words and music of God Save the Queen; yet, notwithstanding the popularity of the anthem, *poor Carey suffered so* much from poverty and destitution that he hanged himself. "They found him cold, with only skin on his bones and a half-penny in his pocket. Think of this when next you hear God Save the Queen."

— Dean Richmond, chairman of the New York Douglas Committee, and president of the New York Central Railroad Company, was generous enough at Buffalo, on Saturday, to send word to the committee having charge of the Republican demonstration in Buffalo, that if the weather proved unfavorable for out-of-door speaking in the afternoon, the New York Central Railroad depot was at the disposal of the Republicans.

— The *Presse*, of Vienna, states that the two lordships of Lima and Benalek, in Bohemia, formerly the property of Count Thun and the Prince of Rohan, have been purchased by the Duke of Tuscany.

Results of the Royal Visit.

The Prince of Wales left Portland for England on Saturday, and all hearts will warmly echo *the cry of Bon Voyage!* He has had many reasons to be satisfied with his visit to this Western World, and it may be said, without a shadow of exaggeration, that his visit will do more than a score of diplomatic Treaties to create, or rather to continue, the good feeling which happily exists between Great Britain and the United States.

Looking back at the various incidents of his tour, from his landing in British North America to his departure from Portland, it is somewhat surprising that everything, for the most part, ran with so much smoothness and satisfaction. There are exceptions to every rule, and, in this instance, they were supplied by the misconduct of the Orangemen in Canada, and the wholesale mismanagement in New York. Everywhere else all things went as well as could be desired. The West received the Prince with open arms, and, in its generous enthusiasm, first welcomed him upon American soil. In Washington, the President accorded him a reception worthy of the high station of both. In Pennsylvania, above all other places, he was treated simply as a distinguished gentleman—first at Harrisburg, by Governor PACKER, and finally in Philadelphia, where he was not at all intruded upon by curiosity. At West Point, Albany, and Boston, he was equally at home. And here, we must say, that mention of Boston reminds us of the only drawback upon the Royal Visit to Philadelphia. *There*, he was taken to Bunker Hill, (at his own particular request,) where was struck the first signal-blow of that contest for freedom which led to the National Independence of the United Provinces, and he is said to have been greatly *interested by what he there saw* and heard; but *here* an overstrained delicacy prevented his being shown Independence Hall wherein was compiled that patriotic and political organization which has ended in our becoming a Great Power among the Nations of the earth—great in commerce, invention, mechanics, agriculture, mining, manufactures, arts, literature, and all the elements under which a peaceful country advances; great, if need be, in the courage, skill, and discipline, which obtain the victory in war. It was in New York alone, which boasts itself to be a metropolis, while it exhibits the pettiest meannesses of a country village, that the Prince of Wales was enabled to realize that there was nothing more than truth in what had been recorded of the maltreatment of the unfortunate Japanese, during their visit to New York.

About one hundred years ago, the preceding Prince of Wales, afterwards GEORGE the Fourth, first saw the light. What an indifferent reputation that individual obtained as Prince, and as King, is matter of historical notoriety. Perhaps, however, the fault does not rest so much with himself as with the injudicious manner in which he was brought up. Father of a numerous family, GEORGE the Third conducted himself towards his children with a strictness which frequently hardened into stern harshness. Deprived of the confidence which ought to have existed between children and parent, it was scarcely to be wondered at that most of KING GEORGE's sons ran into license as soon as ever they were permitted anything like personal liberty. The Prince of Wales, occupying a position next the throne, with talents considerably greater than the contented and unconscious mediocrity of his royal father, and exposed to a variety of the temptations to which rank and youth, with a facility of obtaining unlimited credit, are exposed, plunged at once into all sorts of excesses, and commenced that antagonism to his father which heirs-apparent so frequently *have exhibited against the reigning monarch*, as history so frequently records. Between father and son there was neither affection, confidence, nor sympathy. In his own habits plain to a degree, and in his own morals even ostentatiously strict, GEORGE the Third viewed his son's vices with implacable anger. Nor was the breach thus made ever filled up—for, truth to say, the Prince of Wales of that day continued, *as he had begun*, a selfish sybarite and sensualist.

Very different from the manner in which her grandfather's children were brought up has been the training which Queen VICTORIA has given to her own. It is not too much to say that, in the whole British dominions, there is not such a family of love as the Queen's. Her children look to her with confidence, and lean upon her with affection. The preceding Prince of Wales was so harshly looked after, that we doubt whether he ever was in Scotland until after he ascended the throne; we know that he never visited Ireland until he was sixty years old, and though the Channel which divides England from France is only twenty-four miles wide, he—born in 1762—never set his foot upon the Continent of Europe until 1822, when he passed over to Hanover, and never *once visited Paris!*

Not so with ALBERT EDWARD, whom we so recently saw. Last year he was sent upon his travels, his mother believing that he might enlarge his mind by seeing the world. He visited France, Germany, Italy, and the Iberian Peninsula, and showed himself superior to the fanatical intolerance of many of his countrymen by personally paying his respects *to the Pope, during his visit to Rome.* This year, as we know, he has passed a few months on this side of the Atlantic. If, as we are told, this visit was suggested to Queen VICTORIA by Mr. SEWARD, both countries are indebted to him for its performance.

The question arises—what may be the result of the Royal Visit?

The future King of England has been able to form some judgment not only of his own dominions in North America, but of the vast Empire which adjoins them. Here he has seen how well a country can get on without an immense Debt; without a costly standing army; without sinecure offices; without titles of nobility; without orders of knighthood; without a heavy pension-list for court-favorites and decayed politicians; without unnumerative *colonies*; without wars, unnecessary or unjust, for caprice or conquest; in a word, without the *impediments* which constitute the Dead Weight of a great European monarchy. Here he has seen how Literature and Art, Science and Invention, go hand in hand with Advancement and Civilization; and, above all, how a mighty Press speaks out to the masses, without fear or favor. More than this, he cannot fail to be struck with the fact that in one large city of his own once "merry England," he has seen more poverty and rags than are to be encountered in twenty such cities in America. Putting all these things together, and they are so much on the surface that they could not escape him, the Prince of Wales must have carried away with him something like an approximating estimate of the vastness, resources, and accumulative and extending power of this country.

The Duke of Newcastle, speaking upon this subject to a gentleman in this city, said: "I wish it could be stated, upon my authority, that the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States cannot have other than the very best results. Every where, he has perceived with what kindness—I might almost say with what affection—his mother, the Queen, is regarded here by all classes, and he has been deeply touched by the consideration extended to him upon her account. He has been able to compare the Canadas with the United States, and mark how different institutions have created different results. Above all, he carries back with him a sense of strong personal obligation for the warmth and kindness of his reception here, and—for the English are not ungrateful—this will be shared by all classes at home, who feel a kindness rendered to their Prince as if it were rendered to themselves. To be frank with you, this visit will decidedly make England and America better and warmer friends than ever. Should the question of a difference ever arise, depend upon it, the Prince will frankly protest against it, alleging, in support of his views, his personal familiarity with the character and inexhaustible resources of a country which rivals England in the arts of peace, and can summon three million of volunteer well-disciplined soldiers to fight for her, if the misfortune of war should arise."

ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION.—Professor Anderson has been elected by acclamation, positively and unanimously—we were going to say President—but he has *higher aims than the White House*, and prefers the gratification of pleasing all parties, rather than that of enjoying the privilege of being regarded as the chief of any one in particular. In this he has succeeded; and last night he received the ovation of the most enthusiastic audience ever assembled in Concert Hall, by whom he was proclaimed King of Wizards. His coronation comes off to-night.

Walnut-Street Theatre.

When noticing "The Dead Heart," after its first performance here, on Monday evening, we could but touch upon the manner in which it was brought out and played, without venturing to glance at the plot. When a theatrical notice has to be commenced after midnight, as ours was, detail is out of the question. However, we were able to speak, as it deserved, of the very impressive acting of Mr. Edwin Adams, (which, indeed, mainly made the play successful,) of the artistic and well-sustained rendition of the character of the *Abbé*, (not *Abbey*, as on the bills) *Latour*, of the vivacious sharpness of Miss C. Jefferson, and of the respectable manner in which Mrs. Gladstone filled the *rôle of Catherine Duval*, which is a more exacting part than she ever before played in this city. We have now to mention the plot, and cannot avoid mentioning whence it has been mainly derived.

If, as the management confidentially informed the public, "The Dead Heart" really be the grand "Novelty of the Age," and moreover "the most absorbing, soul-stirring, and powerful Play of the Nineteenth Century," we can only say that, though it really is an excellent acting play, never has less originality been introduced into any drama. Plot and characters are mainly stolen from Dumas and Dickens. The piece opens in 1772, at Versailles, near the close of the long reign of Louis XV. *Robert Landry*, a sculptor of ability and skill, is betrothed to *Catherine Duval*, the daughter of the person who keeps a tavern called La Belle Jardinière. In the garden of this hostelrie there is a fête, at which the hero and heroine appear, very sweet upon each other, and what may be called "a handsome couple." Attracted to the rural, or rather the suburban fête, are the *Count St. Valerie* and the *Abbé Latour*—ably personated by Mr. Bascomb and Mr. Wright. *Latour*, the ill-adviser, the evil genius of the young *Count*, is aware of a passion which he entertains for *Catherine*, who, with all her beauty, belongs to the *bourgeoise*. The *Abbé*, who has a personal spite against *Landry*, has obtained a Lettre de Cachet from Madame *du Barry*, the King's mistress, authorising the apprehension of *Landry* and his commitment to the Bastile. He prevails upon *St. Valerie*, who is greatly impressed by the beauty of *Catherine*, to lay a plot for her being placed in a situation with him which would render her his victim by compromising her reputation. Accordingly, *St. Valerie* steals into her chamber at night, when she is preparing to go to bed, makes fierce love to her—is indignantly repulsed—flees to carry her—and, in the midst of this interview, *Landry* enters the apartment by the same ladder which *St. Valerie* had used. Appearances are against *Catherine*, and the climax is brought about by the entrance of the *Abbé*, with a file of soldiers, who apprehends *Landry* and consigns him to the Bastile. This ends the Prologue.

Here, as romance-readers will perceive, Dumas has largely drawn upon his fertile dramatist, with a bit of "situation," only reversed, from the opera of "La Sonnambula," for it here is the gentleman who is found in the lady's bed-room. *Robert Landry* and *Catherine Duval* really are only *Edmund Dantès* and *Mercédès*, in "The Count of Monte-Cristo." We have the young pair betrothed, appearances raising a shadow between them, and the arrest of the lover, followed by his long captivity.

Seventeen years are supposed to elapse, and the actual play commences, in July, 1789, with the capture of the Bastile by the populace of Paris—a scene very strikingly represented on the stage. [This is taken from "Le Prise de la Bastille," in which, by the way, there is a Catherine Duval.] Among the assailants are several of the persons called to the mis-called field of honor. He then surrended his life, as the last tribute he could pay to his principles, and died uttering that memorable sentence which may be carved upon his tomb, to be remembered alike as his own vindication, and as the eternal reproach and shame of his enemies.

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— A Boston journal says: "It is said that since Governor Banks has been commander-in-chief of the military of the Commonwealth, the weather has been pleasant every time he has ordered out the troops. The morning of Thursday last was cloudy, and there were many indications of rain. One veteran officer when consulted about the weather, replied, 'If Governor Banks was not coming out I should say it would rain, but as he is to appear in uniform it will clear up.' In an hour after this remark, the sky was clear and the day proved one of the finest of the month."

—Charles Reade, in his new book, The Eighth Commandment, says that Henry Carey, a lyrist and satirist, whose verses were attributed both to Pope and Swift, wrote both the words and music of God Save the Queen; yet, notwithstanding the popularity of the anthem, *poor Carey suffered so* much from poverty and destitution that he hanged himself. "They found him cold, with only skin on his bones and a half-penny in his pocket. Think of this when next you hear God Save the Queen."

— Dean Richmond, chairman of the New York Douglas Committee, and president of the New York Central Railroad Company, was generous enough at Buffalo, on Saturday, to send word to the committee having charge of the Republican demonstration in Buffalo, that if the weather proved unfavorable for out-of-door speaking in the afternoon, the New York Central Railroad depot was at the disposal of the Republicans.

— The *Presse*, of Vienna, states that the two lordships of Lima and Benalek, in Bohemia, formerly the property of Count Thun and the Prince of Rohan, have been purchased by the Duke of Tuscany.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from "Occasional."

[Correspondence of The Press.]

WASHINGTON, October 23, 1860.

When Mr. Buchanan entered into a league with James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, he took into his keeping that celebrated white elephant, of which we have heard so much, said to have been presented by the Emperor of Morocco to a friend, who feared to give it away, lest this should offend the royal donor, and who knew that if he retained it it would in the end insure his own destruction. Bennett has been a sad catastrophe to the high officials in this quarter, and, *above all, to the O. P. F.* The President took such pains to secure the friendship of Bennett, after the latter had exhausted the vocabulary in attacks upon him, that it was supposed, and continues to be believed, that a league was established between them, something after the fashion of that between the devil and Dr. Faustus. This idea has obtained credence on account of the subsequent attentions of the Chief Magistrate to the satanic priest of the *Herald*. Among these may be enumerated the appointment of various consuls or diplomatic agents on the recommendation of the Bennett dynasty, the commissioning of certain *Herald* reporters on certain secret Government errands, and the transmission of confidential Government intelligence to the self-chosen dictator of the American newspaper press. I think the true cause of Bennett's influence with the Chief of the Administration, however, has not yet been suggested. No doubt, Mr. Buchanan grieves at heart when he sees the *Herald* assailing the members of his Cabinet, ridiculing the *Constitution*, laughing at the fire-eaters, and indulging in all sorts of antics in reference to his confidential friends; but those who know the O. P. F. also know that he is a supremely selfish man, and that, however calamitous the course of Bennett may be to his Administration, to the Cabinet, and to the Democratic party, he condoles himself on the rapid approach of his departure from power, and his complete severance from all those who are now associated with him.

The President's real object in courting Bennett is to secure his support after he has gone into retirement—in other words, to have the aid of Bennett when he sits down in his cozy back-room at Wheatland to write "The History of my own Time," which he has so long been distilling, and which he purposes, either before or after his death, to lay before his countrymen. Rest assured that Mr. Buchanan intends having a settlement with some of his old friends, not only in his book, but, if he can arrange it, in the columns of the New York *Herald*, of which, I predict, he will become a voluntary contributor—not after the fashion of his "Biography of Lowndes" for the New York *Ledger*, but in the style of the bitterest invective and the severest satire. To this end he will hold on to Bennett to the last—magnify all the indignant protests of his constitutional advisers.

Bennett's Saturday's paper, in which he prepares the way for Lincoln's election, and by means of his Springfield, Illinois, correspondence, shows that Lincoln intends to pursue a conservative course, has greatly embittered Cobb and Thompson. Now, I am not disposed to blame Bennett for doing good. If he will only see the vast circulation of the *Herald* in favor of his country, and not, as heretofore, against it, he will deserve to be applauded; but his misfortune is, that he makes a paper to sell, and never looks to the moral effects of his teachings. Thus, while attempting to show that *Lincoln does not intend to follow out the Seward* and Sumner theory on the basis of the irrepressible conflict, he is filling his broad pages, day after day, with the most frightful predictions of approaching commercial disasters, and in this way he destroys the influence he might otherwise exert. New York city is a vast Maelstrom, in which fortunes are engulfed and millions lost, without a sigh. Men get rich and poor in an hour, and Wall street frequently staggers as much under an editorial article as under the news of internal commotion. The people in that metropolis are intent alone upon making money, and to secure this they are willing, speaking figuratively, to pull down the very foundation-stones of their fathers—to traffic in the most sacred interests, and to create a panic on the slightest possible pretext. If the New York *Herald*, cognizant of this fact, as it is, and reading, as it must, the true tone of Southern feeling, would boldly grasp the disunion tiger by the throat, and help forward such men as Stephens, Forsyth, and Harney, it would do everything to protect the true interests of the city and of the country. Happily, the contradictory character of the *Herald's* editorial professions prevent it from doing much mischief, and its alternate shrieks over approaching dissolution are contrasted and corrected by its intermediate declarations that Mr. Lincoln, if elected, intends to be a conservative President.

A good comment upon the continued threats of the Southern fire-eaters, in the event of the election of Lincoln, is that of a Republican orator at Albany, New York, a few days ago. He says: "Gentlemen, you complain of our intention to elect Mr. Lincoln, a Republican, to the Presidency, and when we look to you to choose a man of your own, you are so broken up into factions that you cannot elect anybody." So, in all probability, it may be that if we fail to have any President after the present Administration, it must be Mr. Lincoln.

Some of the Pennsylvania clerks in Washington are intensely gratified with the compliment extended to you by the Administrationists of Lancaster and Berks, a few days ago. So you have been burned in effigy! Let me congratulate you. In India the Lecompontotes burn their women, and the Lecompontotes in Pennsylvania burn their editors. The sacrifice is called the "entire." In order to show that you are in good company, I inform you that a few Sabbath mornings ago the citizens of Jackson, Mississippi, were disgusted and insulted by the sight of a disgraceful figure suspended by the neck from a tree upon which hungs the banner representing a large eared bell. Upon this figure were two placards, upon which were the inscriptions: "John Bell—Nov. 5, 1860;" and "Abolition Petitions." And this disgraceful spectacle was paraded in front of the State House.

OCCASIONAL.

Letter from "Ossian."

[Correspondence of The Press.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1860.

During the last few days our city has been visited with one of the most severe storms that I have ever witnessed, but to-day and yesterday the weather has been most pleasant—not too cool nor too warm, but agreeably temperate.

Among the many amiable features of the new Capitol extension are the immense marble columns. Each pillar, consisting of a single stone, is twenty-five feet in length. The columns are intended for the new portices of each wing of the extension, and have been quarried at about twelve miles from this city, the only place in the United States where marble of such an immense size can be obtained. Captain Franklin had about despaired of getting them at all, when they were contracted for by a gentleman from Maryland. Thus far, the contractor has been very successful in obtaining material requisite for his purpose.

I understand that Mr. Thomas Clemson, of the *Patent Office, is expected to return home to-day* from Europe, where he has been for some time past collecting rare and choice seeds for distribution. They will be tried in the propagating garden of the Capitol before distributed to the public. I have no doubt that Mr. Clemson, from his well-known experience, has made selections which will be an immense source of benefit to the agricultural interests of our country.

Last evening, the reporter of the *Evening Star*, of this city, was unceremoniously expelled from the Jackson Democratic Association, for publishing the private transactions of the Association when requested not to do so. Mr. Wallach's Breckinridge position and paper have not been much respected by his political friends of the Breckinridge Association.

The *Constitution* of this morning states, by authority of the Department, that the usual semi-monthly mail service will hereafter be performed by the steamship Isabel between Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Key West, Fla., and Havana, (Cuba,) the schedule days of sailing being as follows, viz:

The Isabel will leave Charleston, S. C., on the 1st, 12th, and 25th of November next, and return from Havana on the 6th and 17th November and 1st of December next. Subsequently she will perform two trips per month, leaving Charleston on the 10th and 25th, and Havana on the 1st and 16th of each mont

Washington was enlivened yesterday afternoon, by a parade of the National Rifles, a company of spirited young men of this city. Although they have been organized but a short time, their drilling and discipline have been carried to such an extent that they are almost universally considered to be the finest company south of Mason and Dixon's line.

P. R. F.

Letter from New York.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

NEW YORK, October 23, 1860.

Our politicians discuss the coming canvass with animation. The United anti-Republicans are anxiously engaged in getting up the great torch-light procession, which is intended to overshadow, or rather to outshine the "Wide-Awake" demonstration we had a short time since. The timid capitalists look nervously at the stock reports every morning, and profess to anticipate a fearful financial crisis as a result of the fire-eating bulletins from the South.

The battle is being fought here with more than usual fierceness, although in the State personal matters are allowed to enter largely into the contest. The Seward and anti-Seward Republicans are waging a fearful internecine war. Mr. Greeley replies to his assailants this morning in a bitter article, demanding that the "corruptionists" now in nomination for Assembly be defeated, and that the name of Governor Seward be not used by them as a rallying-cry. The issue between Seward and Greeley is made with more distinctness than at any previous time. The matter causes much excitement among the politicians.

The celebration of the eighth anniversary of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 273 of Free and Accepted Masons, last evening, attracted an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen which filled Cooper Institute to overflowing. The exercises consisted of addresses by Grand Master J. W. Simons and Rev. W. P. Corbit, a poem by A. J. H. Duganne, and music, vocal and instrumental.

The death of Mr. Mayers, a reporter for *The World* newspaper, is announced. Mr. Mayers was a native of England, of the Jewish faith, and some years ago came to this country. After residing a while in this city, he removed to Chicago, where he assumed the editorship of a newspaper, which position he retained until the hard times of 1857 and 1858 compelled him to relinquish it. He then returned to New York, and employed himself by writing for the city papers. He was a very rapid and racy writer, and indefatigable in his efforts to please his employers.

Except the steamers for New Orleans and Aspinwall, no vessels went to sea yesterday, on account of the continued dullness, foggy weather, with easterly wind. There are a large number of vessels in the North river awaiting a proper opportunity for coing over the bar.

An extensive fire occurred between three and four o'clock yesterday morning, among the frame buildings known as Town