# NEW YORK HERALD.

New York, Friday, October 24, 1845.


## WEEKLY HERALD.

## THE IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AT THE WEST. THE GREAT SOUTH PASS.

The *Weekly Herald*, to be ready at 8 o'clock this morning, at six pence a copy, will contain four spirited engravings of views on the Rocky Mountains, illustrative of the Great Expedition of Captain Fremont. That of the Wind River Mountains is interesting as the South Pass, the Great Road to Oregon and the Pacific, lies on their Southern edge. These splendid engravings are accompanied by a description of each—particularly of the peculiarities of the Pass.

### The Expected Foreign News.

The Great Western may and may not arrive to-day. She left Liverpool on the 11th inst., and is, therefore, due. The public, especially the speculators in fruit and flour, are anxiously awaiting her advices. The intelligence of the crops, received by the Hibernia, has created an intense interest for late and more authentic information of the harvests.

### The Oregon Question—Position of Mr. Polk's Administration.

From the intimations given forth in the organ of the President at Washington, and also in the newspapers throughout the great cities, there seems to be little doubt now that the President is determined to stand by the position he assumed on the Oregon question, in his inaugural address, and that he will consider the title of the United States to the whole territory as unequivocal and unquestionable.

This impression of the intention of the President, as to his future course of action, is strengthened from the rumor that he has rejected a proposition that was made to him, and made a second time, by the present British minister at Washington. It will be recollected that Mr. Calhoun, during the time which he occupied as Secretary of State, rejected all overtures relative to an arbitration, or a mediation of the question covering the rights of the United States to the Oregon territory. The correspondence, which passed between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Pakenham, at that time, is now in the possession of the government at Washington, and will, most probably, be communicated to the next Congress, as part of the documents accompanying the President's Message. We have received positive information of the character of that correspondence, and that it takes the highest and most independent ground on the Oregon question—a ground which now appears to have been adopted, in every feature, by Mr. Polk, while the same rumors indicate that Mr. Buchanan, the present Secretary of State, was in favor of a more conciliatory and less independent course.

This Oregon question, shaped and formed as it is now believed to be by the present administration, will probably form one of the most important subjects of discussion at the next session of Congress, and will create a great deal of controversy both in this country and in Europe. If the President assume the highest and most independent ground, declaring the rights of the United States over the whole territory to be unquestionable, we have not a doubt that the western and southern, and a large portion of the other States, will pass resolutions terminating the joint occupation by giving a year's notice, and proceed to organize that into a regular territory. A position of this character would unquestionably produce a great deal of excitement in the British government and amongst the British people, but we do not apprehend that any serious difficulty could grow out of it affecting the present relations of the two countries. England, ever since the States repudiated, has been venting her spleen in a variety of ways through her newspapers and her journals, and frequently in the Houses of Parliament. But we possess a power over the government and people of that country, which is a sort of bond and mortgage on their peaceable behaviour. We mean the cotton market—the monopoly of the cotton market—which is now made still more certain than ever by the annexation and possession of Texas. The passage of a law, organizing the whole of the territory of the Oregon into an *appinage* of the United States, might create a great effervescence in England and appear to stimulate them to hostile measures; but such a result will never take place in the present commercial relations of the two countries. Yet there will be a flare-up and a great deal of noise and vast floods of invective, and fulmination of all manner of anathema of the British press, with a double dose of the same materials and the same charges which have characterized their attacks upon us during the last five years. But we need not care for all that, while we are going on prospering and to prosper.

In the meantime, we may prepare for a great excitement in Congress and throughout the country, growing out of the position of the President on this important question.

Municipal Reform.—We perceive that the Common Council have taken up the important subject of municipal reform, and adopted measures for procuring a new city charter, organizing the government of the city on principles similar to that of the general government of the United States. The Mayor, who will stand, as it were, in the place of the President, to be elected for a term of years—the members of the city Senate, also, for a term of years—and the Aldermen for one year. Then the various departments are to be properly organized, and placed under the control of responsible officers, all subject to the usual checks and balances.

Some plan of this kind is indispensable. During the last few years we have tried all parties. The whigs and locofocos have been found equally inefficient and corrupt. Two years ago, the community became so much dissatisfied with the old parties, that they created a new party, and elected entirely new men, called the "natives." But these men were hardly in their places, till they commenced a course of action even more injurious and more unpopular than that of their predecessors. They increased the taxes one hundred and fifty thousand or two hundred thousand dollars per annum. Accordingly, at the end of their term they were turned out, neck and heels, and not a vestige of them left. Then the people returned to the old locofocos, and with what success may be imagined, when we reflect that they have actually increased the taxes even over the amount levied by the "natives." And the streets are dirtier than ever—worse paved than ever—in fact, every thing has been conducted in the most shameful manner. It is evident, therefore, that no party, either old or new, under the present constitution of the city government, can answer the just purposes and expectations of the people. Only one thing is now left for the people to do—and that is to obtain a new charter—a just system of municipal government—so that the management of the various departments and the executive powers may be taken out of the hands of the *cliques* of committees of the corporation, and placed in the hands of responsible officers.

We are then glad to see that the Common Council have taken up this subject, and made a report and drawn up a law to be presented to the next Legislature, for the purpose of procuring the enactment of such a bill; and thus enable us to see if some reform cannot be accomplished in this way.

Atlantic Steam Ships—The two New York steamers, the Great Britain and Great Western, will, by the detention of the former, probably be in port at the same time. This will give those interested in such matters, an excellent opportunity of comparing the capacity of the first steam packet that crossed the Atlantic with the last one that has been built. The first was set afloat in 1838 and the last in 1844. The Great Western will look pigmy-like along side of the Great Britain.

The "Tribune" and the "Courier."—We have been quite amused by the tilts that have taken place, sometimes daily, and always weekly, between the *Tribune* and the *Courier* on the subject of the *isms* of the day—radicalism—abolitionism—Fourierism—and all other *isms*. The *Tribune* is a strange sort of a hybrid—one half a species of lunatic, and t'other an avaricious, money-making animal. One day it is very shrewd and knowing, and rapacious, openly announcing levies of black mail on the exhibitors at the "Fair," and next day getting into a lunatic fit, and filling the air with its wailings and weeping, and gnashing of teeth about the misfortunes of the poor—the distresses of the age—and the ignorance of all the sons of men—wishing to reform the world and create society anew. This is one of the most amusing features of the *Tribune*—its constant vibrations between common sense and madness—between shrewdness and lunacy—between the worldly mindedness of Crabbe's cunning "Richard," and the verdant simplicity of Wordsworth's "idiot boy." It has been the patron of all new ideas, and if any idea be more ridiculous than another, it hugs that to its bosom with an exceeding parental fondness. Yet, all this is combined with a singular aptitude for receiving payments for notices and puffs, and similar things, which daily fill its columns.

The *Courier and Enquirer* finds no fault with the *Tribune* for its worldly-mindedness, but like a huge humbug that is half asleep, every now and then it gives itself a shake, rubs its eyes, and professes the utmost astonishment, through a column and a half of twaddle at the *isms* of the *Tribune*, and the terrible doctrines which the *Tribune* is promulgating to the world. Now, it is a sober fact that all the *Fourierism* and radicalism, and anti-rentism of the *Tribune*, have long since been shaved and dressed, and set to order by the supervising care and attention of the *Herald*. The *Courier* is fighting a battle that has been already fought and won by another. Yet the huge humbug goes at it with all the gravity in the world, looking very much like an elephant trying to dance a minuet.

Lectures on China.—Several lectures have been recently delivered on China, down East, by Mr. Cushing, the late minister to the East; and we perceive from announcements in the papers, that we shall have a series of lectures on Chinese literature, language and religion, by two gentlemen, during the course of next week. Mr. Fletcher Webster purposes to deliver a course of two lectures, to begin on Tuesday next. Dr. Hernisz, the learned *attaché* of the late mission, opens on Monday evening, at the Society Library; and from the comprehensive knowledge which he possesses of his subject, we have no doubt that his lectures will be amongst the most interesting ever delivered in this city. Mr. Webster will probably deliver a very pleasing lecture as to what he saw, and the impressions produced on his mind by new and striking scenes. But his knowledge of the language, manners, history, and all other matters connected with the Chinese, must of course be imperfect. The lectures of Dr. Hernisz will be the most interesting and valuable.

Ingersoll's History of the Last War.—One of the most interesting books issued this season is "Ingersoll's History of the Last War." It is, indeed, as interesting as Thier's History of the Consulate and the Empire—and yet more graphic, sarcastic and philosophical. Ingersoll has been, indeed, called the Thiers of American historians. The book has already created a good deal of talk in the naval world, from some remarks that he made in reference to Commodores Stewart and Bainbridge, but we have no doubt that a great many of his statements and remarks will bring forth more criticism and more opposition. This will tend to give the work a great deal of popularity, and make it universally known throughout the country. It is quite a readable book.

Removal of Dr. Reese.—The removal of Dr. Reese from the office of County Superintendent of Schools has at length been effected, after a patient, full and impartial investigation. We trust that hereafter proper care will be taken to prevent the admission to this responsible office of narrow-minded sectarianism, intolerance and bigotry. The doctor had now better take the big Bible presented to him by some of his friends, under his arm, and apply for the office of County Superintendent of Camp-meetings, in which capacity he will prove a valuable auxiliary in the work of weeping and wailing, howling and gnashing of teeth.

Monument to Clinton De Witt, Esq.—The junior members of the bar of this city, headed by E. S. Derry, Esq, intend to erect a tablet to the memory of the late Clinton De Witt, to be placed in the Circuit Court room

### Movements of Travellers.

Yesterday was again another of excitement at the principal hotels, where a still further increase of arrivals under the present rapid and economical system of travelling, were registered. A season of spring-like mildness, a city abounding with a superfluity of attractions, free and cheap access from every section of the country, and happiness and abundance for all classes, producing universal contentment and occasioning rational enjoyment, presents, at this moment, a most enviable source of attraction; and, as such, appears to be cherished by the multitudes which daily crowd our hotels. Amongst the many of yesterday's arrivals, we select the following. At the

American—R. W. Weir, Westpoint; Nathan Smith, N Haven; A. R. Joyce, W. Levingston, Bristol, Pa.; A. Thornton, New Jersey; N. Le Brun, Philadelphia; Mr. Vanderkemp, do; J. Leeds, N. O.; C. K. Midleton, S. C.; Captain Howard, Norwich; D. L. Trumbull, do; D. Wendle, U. S. A.; Howard Hume, Va.; Rd. Peters, do.

Astor.—H. Frizell, N. J.; J. Kennedy, Poughkeepsie; Jas. Ayer, Lowell; D. K. McRae, Raleigh; E. Smith, Hartford; Isaac Haveland, L. I.; Thomas Swan, Baltimore; E. R. Root, Connecticut; Robert Patterson, F. G. Brown, Washington, D. C.; T. B. Briggs, Boston; F. Huntington, do; D. D. Broadhead, do; Ed. Lyman, do; H. Hamilton, Canada; C H. Stott, Hudson; P. Beaudry, Montreal; Col. Blossom, Canandaigua; Geo. Carson, Penna.; Capt. Eldridge, ship Roscius; Mr. Bancroft, Chas. Mansfield, Boston.

City.—Capt. Johnson, packet ship Zurich; Mrs. Duncan, England; G. W. Anderson, Savannah; D. McRae, Raleigh, N. C.; Commander Barnum, U S Navy; Major Walker, Washington; Mr. Izard, S C.; P. M. Dana, Ohio; A. E. Van Gassbech, Albany; H. Ross, Essex; P. Maher, Phila.; T. Forr, Sav.; Messrs. Hempstone, Neff, Cheeseborough, Phila; Ed. Kirkland, Vermont; H. O'Reily, Albany.

Franklin.—George Thompson, Chicago; Geo. Warner, Mich.; J. Bellamy, Norwich; N. Parker, Worcester; N. Goodyear, Connecticut; N. S. Palmer, Stonington; Thomas Bradley, Wilmington; E. L. Stone, Troy; H. Wilkes, Buffalo; S. Crosby, Boston; E. Caldwell, Whitehall; James Brewster, N. H.; H. Noble, Essex co.; A. P. Tillman, Seneca Falls; Joseph Jackson, Cin.; E. F. Paxton, Lexington.

Globe.—N. H. Hunt, Charleston; J. D. Groesbech, Galveston.

Howard.—Charles McGile, Geo.; J. Fraser, Canada; J. Wycoff, Syracuse; W. Pangbarn, Albany; B. Walker, Phila; L. Tucker, W. K. Deane, Boston; W. P. Rathbone, Kinderhook; E. W. Perry, N. O.; Gen. A. N. Corse, Waterton; G. Coles, Rochester; Joseph Connor, Norfolk; S. Hartshorn, do; Joseph Wells, do; H. M. Barker, Col. Peck, Westchester; Samuel Upton, Mass.; S. Felton, Boston; Mr. Ryan, Baltimore.

### Police Intelligence.

Oct. 24.—*Burglary.*—The store of Messrs. Davis & Jones, of 161 William street, corner of John, was burglariously entered last night and robbed of $6,000 in notes of hand, $350 in cash, and a check for $100, which property was stolen from the iron safe.

*Arrested on Suspicion.*—A man named William Smith was arrested last night on suspicion of being implicated in the robbery of Mrs. Brown's dwelling, No. 330 Henry street, on the afternoon of the 22d instant. The accused was detained to answer.

*Pickpocket Caught.*—A man who gave his name as Dennis Castello, was last night detected in the act of attempting to pick the pocket of another person named H. Bush.

*Arrest of an Escaped Convict.*—Officer Mansfield, of the 17th ward, last night arrested an escaped convict from Blackwell's Island, named John Williams, who was sent back to his old quarters.

*A Lady's Pocket Picked.*—Miss Musgrove, of No. 6 Oak street, while passing through Chatham street yesterday afternoon, was robbed of a promissory note for $100 and $14 in bank bills, with which the rogue made his escape.

Fire at Winchester, Va.—On Tuesday afternoon last, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in Taylor's Hotel, occupied by Mr. Danner, and notwithstanding every exertion was made to prevent it, the building was soon burned to the ground. The fire then extended to the block of buildings known as Hoff's row, and occupied as stores and offices, all of which shared the fate of the hotel. The destruction of goods and other property has been immense, and is variously estimated at from $80,000 to $140,000, with but trifling insurance.

The Delaware Division.—We are gratified to learn, by a letter received in town, that the damage to the Delaware division having been repaired, the water was yesterday let in. The boats pass to-day. This will be agreeable news to our coal dealers.—*Philad. Gaz., Thursday.*

### Theatricals.

Park Theatre—Leopold De Meyer.—Last night as the stars shone with placid radiance on the great city,—and the fountain danced and leaped as if rejoicing in its freedom and its beauty,—and the leaves fell gentle from the trees in the Park—and the statute of St. Paul looked down sternly on all that bustling crowd that hurried along tumultuously outside the iron railing that shut out the living from the dead; a strange scene might have been witnessed in front of the temple dedicated to the drama that stands opposite the Park. Carriage after carriage was driving up to the entrance at a terrible rate of speed; as if those whom they bore along were on a message of life and death—huge omnibuses with a small ship-load of passengers thundered along, bound to the same destination—and into the vestibule of the building a dense crowd was pouring, rushing, crushing, jostling, each elbowing his way as if his salvation depended on reach the interior.

"Good heavens! why don't that cabman get out of the way?"

"Why, my dear Alfred, areyou certain that you engaged"——

"The most extraordinary genius"——

"Make way for the ladies—gentlemen—make way"—

"Dear papa, we can never get in"——

"Do let me pass, sir—if you please—"

And so the crowd kept pushing and crushing at the entrance to the boxes, while to the pit and galleries a stream of human beings kept pouring in, like clouds going over the moon on a stormyand troubled night. Cabmen cracked their whips—and coachman and footmen shouted and swore—dainty forms, carefully wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, but with bright eyes gleaming, were handed from the carriages and tripped lightly up the steps—dark faced men with huge mustachios, and names known in the world of music, swept past, thinking of nothing but the great, the wonderful De Meyer—literateurs, judges, doctors, dandies, merchants, sturdy men of toil—all classes were there, rushing with half-frenzied eagerness to hear the extraordinary genius whose fame has travelled throughout the world.

"Aha! we do nothing by halves here!"

"Is he not worthy of all this?"

"Americans know how to welcome—how to support genius!"

But at last we get into the theatre. Such a dazzling array!

"Just peep through one of these blinds!"

"What a house!"

"Who is that superb creature?"

"Oh! that is—but do look there in that box with her magnificent head leaning against the pillar!"

"What a neck and bust!"

"Stop, the curtain rises!"

"Pshaw—we have to wait an hour before we hear him!"

"But, my dear —"

"Oh! I want only to hear De Meyer!"

At last the comedy, "Katherine and Petruchio," was over—the principal parts well played, too, by Mr. and Mrs. Bland—and a most expressive murmuring sound was heard throughout the house. Silks and satins rustled in the boxes—noses were blowed loudly in the pit—and the galleries quite unable to contain any longer their pent up feelings of anxiety to hear the great magician of the night—burst out into a strangely mingled chorus of cheers, whistling, and "Yankee Doodle."

Slowly the curtain rises, and two superb pianos are seen upon the stage. Then all was hushed and silent as that grave-yard over the way, where the Apostle stands sentinel. De Meyer—a well formed, broad-shouldered, fair-haired, merry-eyed young man, with a diffident and embarrassed air, enters from the wing. A loud shout and clapping of hands greet him. He bows awkwardly—scrambles across the stage—seats himself before one of the instruments—a smile lights up his features—he runs his fingers like lightning over the keys—every eye is bent on the performer—every ear is entranced—in breathless wonderment the audience sits enchained—De Meyer suddenly stops—the house, as if spell-bound, is hushed as the cradle of the sleeping child for a moment, but then out bursts such applause, as if the very elements were thundering around Old Drury, and threatened its destruction.

Great, indeed, as was the enthusiasm which the lion-pianist has called forth in his first two concerts, it was by far outdone by that, which vented itself in the most tumultuous applause last evening. We never have witnessed a similar uproar attending an instrumental performance, and if the bravos could have been as innumerable as the trees of our native forests, he would have richly deserved them, for, the most vivid imagination could never have fancied that such an unsurpassing *bravoure* and excellency can be attained by a mortal, being. The more we hear De Meyer the more we are struck with awe at the dazzling height from which his colossal genius is looking down on all the other pianists of the world. Liszt's power is proverbial, but it can stand the comparison with De Meyer's as little as Thalberg's touch with the velvet handling of the lion-pianist. De Meyer's power and delicacy in soft passages separately taken, would have placed him above any living performer; the rare union therefore of both surrounds his name with a halo which will shine for ever on the annals of music.

Till now we have spoken of the performer only, but it would be injustice to forget the composer, although we could find a ready excuse in the confession, that in hearing and seeing him play, we have no thought left for anything else. His "Lucregia Borgia," and "Elizir d'Amore," contain variations written in an entirely original style, which are as far above the usual ding-dong to which Henry Herz has accustomed the pianist, as his "Lucia di Lammermoor" soars above the endless India rubber arppeggios of the fantasia of the modern school. His "*départ*" is a perfect *poème d'amour*. So Anacreon would have composed, had he been as great a musician with his voice as he was with his heart. The Russian air is imprinted with the delicacy of sweet sixteen, and the power of a giant; but his *Marche Marocaine* is the crowning effort of all. What wildness in the melody! what soul-stirring energy in the rythme! what genius in the harmonic combinations, not to speak of the entirely original pattern after which it is cut. And we must not forget to mention, that the lion is only a very young lion—we might call him a baby-lion—with a gentle roar of only three years standing. May heaven defend us, if he should still grow!

Leopold De Meyer played last evening before a house crowded and fashionable in the extreme. We saw there the cream of the aristocracy; and so greatwas the anxiety to hear him, that we noticed even several faces, who usually look upon the walls of a theatre as identical with those of an extremely hot and uncomfortable place, if Milton and common report are to be trusted. His "Elizire d' amore" was cheered throughout; every halting-place in it was filled with enthusiastic bravos; this was the positive of the applause; in his Russian airs, preceded by the "*départ*," we find the comparative, but in the *Marche Marocaine*, which he played instead of the Russian airs, when encored, it reached the superlative. Such clapping of hands, such knocking with sticks and feet, we have never heard. Well, Byron was right, when he wrote:

"Well, well the world must turn upon its axis,
And mankind must turn with it, head and tails."

So was the Sultan when he said:

"Allah is great—Mahomet his prophet—and Meyer his pianist." And what a pianist!

When De Meyer had finished his last piece, the audience, after satisfying themselves with indulgence for some minutes in the most unbounded applause, rose almost *en masse* and left the house, although another comedy or farce had been announced and was to be played. But it seemed as if with his disappearance had ceased the power of the spell to keep them in the house, and as if holding close some rich and rare gift, fearful to hear the impressions made by De Meyer's wonderful performances in the slightest degree disturbed, each hurried away, to think, talk, sing, dream of the wonderful De Meyer!

Templeton's Concert, Last Evening.—The brilliant success of Templeton is the theme of universal remark. Last night Palmo's was crowded to suffocation. In the forenoon every seat below had been engaged; and in the evening, half an hour before the great vocalist made his appearance, every available spot was occupied—the orchestra filled up—the lobbies—every place. The subject of last evening's "entertainment" was the history and music of the times of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the manner in which the fruitful and romantic theme was illustrated by Templeton, was such as to fill every auditor with delight. It was indeed an opera—a tragedy—a perfect representation, narrative, dramatic and musical, of the career of the lovely and ill-starred Mary. From her birth to the last sad scene on the scaffold, the auditor was led along, and the solemn pageant passed before his eyes in shadowy array, awakening the tenderest sympathies and opening the very floodgates of deepest emotion.

The songs were novel and eminently attractive.—"Away, Winter, Away!" was sung in exquisite style. Here it is:

AWAY! WINTER, AWAY!

Worship, ye lovers,
No danger now hovers,
Away, winter, away!
No blasts, rough and chilly,
To kill the sweet lily,
Come worship, ye lovers, this May.

Carol, ye lovers,
In green leafy covers—
Away, winter, away!
Now glow the red roses,
The flower bud uncloses
To welcome the breath of sweet May.

This song was suggested by the following verse in "the King's Quoir," a book of James I., which Mr. Templeton furnished as a curious specimen of the quaint poetry of those bygone days:

Worship, ye that lovers *bene*, this May,
For of your bliss the *Kalendis** is begun,
And sing with us, Away, Winter, Away,
Come, Summer, come, the sweet Season and Sun:
Awake for shame! that have your *Hevynis*† won,
And amorously lift up your *hedis* all,
Thank Love that list you to his mercy call.

*Kalendis—May, the month of love.
†Hevynis—Heavenliness.

Then followed "Will ye gang to the Ewe Boughts, Marian"—a beautiful melody—"Oh! Golden Lyre"—replete with thrilling tenderness—"Farewell to Thee, thou Pleasant Shore!"—full of mournful sweetness—and that capital *morceau*, "There was a Jolly Beggar." Between the first and second parts, Templeton gave that exquisite song from "Gustavus"—"I love her, how I love her!" which was rapturously encored. In the second part, seven or eight choice songs and ballads were given; among them the favorite "Lament of Queen Mary," which was sung with the most touching pathos, and the glorious "Bruce's Address to his Army," which was given in a style of trumpet stirring fervor, such as only Templeton himself can attempt.

Mr. Templeton, in accordance with the request of several of his lady auditors, gave, after the conclusion of the second part, his admirable "All is lost." It was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Then amid great applause Mr. Templeton announced that on Monday evening he would give another entertainment. On Thursday morning he gives a morning concert in this city—a novel and most admirable idea. On the evening of Thursday he gives a concert in Brooklyn, in accordance with the request of many hundreds of his admirers in that city. Thus far he has carried every thing before him.

Bowery Theatre.—Last evening's entertainments were for the benefit of Mr. Davenport, one of the most popular and promising young actors in the city. The house was crowded to excess, and, upon his appearance, Mr. Davenport was hailed with most enthusiastic applause. The performances commenced with the national drama of "The Black Rangers," in which Mr. Davenport as Jeff Heth, was irresistibly comic and rich. The drama went off with great *éclat*. After the drama the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," embracing the trial scene, in which Mr. Scott performed the character of Shylock, was played. Next came "The Bloodhounds," in which Messrs. Cony and Blanchard and their wonderful dogs Hector and Bruin appeared. The evening closed with the new farce of "In Every Body's Mess," in which Mr. Davenport played the Yankee most admirably. The same bill, and it is a strong one, is presented for to-night.

The Alhambra is nightly attended by large and fashionable audiences. The funny Ethiopians, the charming refreshments, and the *tout ensemble* of the place render it a delightful evening's resort. They have an excellent bill for to-night.

The Acrobat Family are at Pittsburg, also Miss Petri, some two or three years ago a great favorite here.

The Swiss Bell Ringers are very successful in Philadelphia. They have been requested to give afternoon Concerts.

Herr Alexander, the magician, has arrived in town and will give some of his pleasing entertainments.

Mr. Thorup, with the assistance of Miss Stone, Miss Garcia, Mr. Kendall, the bugler, and Mr. Swift, a tenor singer, is going to give a series of Concerts in New Bedford.

A new family of singers have appeared down east; they are called the Rogers Family, and are singing at Lowell.

Marble, the Yankee comedian, is at Buffalo.

Marmaduke H. White, who has had much celebrity for his scenic paintings, died last Thursday.

Fair of the American Institute.—The closing scene of the fair took place yesterday, and there was an immense crowd in attendance during the whole day. In fact it was better attended than on any previous day. The saloon, cloth room, galleries, and promenade, were all filled, and during the morning, previous to the delivery of the premiums, it was amusing to hear the different parties each contending with one another as to the chance of their getting premiums. "I'm booked for a gold medal, I know," said one. "Not so fast," says another, "the committee have their eyes open and will never pass by my article." "Oh, go along." says a third, "look at mine, that's the thing to squeeze out a premium.' Here might be seen a party fast anchored to the button of one of the Premium Committee, who, with a patient air listens to his story and finally bows him away. So goes the world, each one striving to attain a foremost place regardless how he elbows his neighbor in order to obtain his end. Mr. Van Epps i tended to have delivered a speech at 11 A. M., but was unable to do so in consequence of a severe hoarseness, and his speech will be embodied in the report that is to be delivered by the Institute. At 3 P. M., Messrs. Meigs and Disosway commenced the reading the report of the premiums awarded, and we give a list of the gold medals which were declared as the reward of the various exhibitors who had particularly distinguished themselves

Woollen Goods—Welcome Farnum, Waterford, Mass., for best fancy cassimeres.

Cotton Goods—James' Steam Mill, Newburyport, Mass., for best fine bleached cottons.

Ginghams—Ida Mills, Troy, N. Y., for best specimens of these goods.

Best Specimen of Prints, as regards design, color and execution, American Print Works, Fall River, Mass.

Bonnets—For the Excelsior Bonnet, made entirely of raw silk, John Sammis, 86 Delancey street.

Lamps and Candelabras—For the best workmanship and color on an ormolu candelabra, Coutheny & Nevers, 341 Broadway.

Chandeliers—For the best six-light gas chandelier, Woram & Haughwout, 561 Broadway.

Clocks and Watches—For the best chronometer, Eggart & Son, 239 Pearl street. For a superior lever escapement clock, Victor Giroud, 281 Broadway.

Glassware—For the best specimen of cut glass, M. & T. Sweeney, Wheeling, Va.

Castings—For superior specimens, Jonathan Moore, 3 Dutch street.

Church Bells—Andrew Meneely, West Troy, N. Y.

Patent Flexible Vice—C. C. Chapman, Philadelphia.

Tailors' Shears and Scissors—R. Heinisch, Newark, N. J.

Saws—R. Hoe & Co., New York.

Exercising Chairs—O. Halstead, 22 Nassau street.

Silver Ware—Ball, Tompkins & Black.

Raw Silk—Van Epps & Richardson, 19 Stanton street, N. Y., $10 and a Van Schaick medal; J. S. Pierce, $20 and a Van Schaick medal.

Manufactured Silk—John W. Gill, $50 and a Van Schaick medal.

Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments—Henry Fitz, Jr., New York, for a refracting telescope.

Diaphragm Filter—W. H. Jennison, Broadway.

Steamboat Oregon—The superior boat.

Isinglass and Glue—Peter Cooper, New York.

Hemp Breaking Machine—G. W. Billings, St. Louis, Missouri.

Equalizing Truck—Fowler M. Ray, New York.

Throstle Spinning Machine—John Johnson, 115 East Broadway.

Iron Banding for Machinery—S J. Gold, Troy, New York.

Perfumery—E. Roussel, Philadelphia.

Piano Forte—Daniel Walker, 411 Broadway.

There were one hundred and eighty silver medals distributed and a large number of diplomas, and the following statement shows the value of all that has been given this year in the way of prizes:

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| Gold Medals, | $410 |
| Silver do | 900 |
| Do Cups, | 410 |
| Diplomas, | 150 |
| Agricultural Books, | 280 |
| In cash | 180 |
| In all, | $2,330 |

The following sums were contributed by the parties named for the purpose of increasing the premiums on live stock:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jacob Little, Esq., | $50 |
| John Ward, " | 25 |
| H. G. Stebbins, " | 25 |
| G. W. Patchen, " | 25 |
| | $125 |

At 7½ P. M., Gen. Tallmage, the President of the Institute, delivered the closing address, in which he went over much of the ground that has already been passed over by the orators of the Institute. He explained its object, its uses, and all regarding it—he also noticed a great number of the articles that have been exhibiting, and some of his remarks were very happy. He refuted the charge that had been made against the Institute, of its being a money-making affair, and most solemnly denied it. He spoke at considerable length, and was much applauded by his audience. At the conclusion of his speech, it being nearly ten o'clock, the assemblage gradually dispersed, and in a short time, the Fair of the American Institute closed till another year shall have rolled round.

Great Sale of Woollen Mills.—We learn that the manufacturing property of the late firm of W. and D. D. Farnum, situated at Waterford, Worcester county, was sold at auction on Tuesday by Coolidge & Haskell. This is the largest woollen establishment in the United States, with the exception of the Middlesex Company in this city. It was purchased by Welcome Farnum, Esq., the surviving partner of the firm, and one of the most successful and enterprising manufacturers in the country. The price paid for the property was two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and although this may seem large, we are told that it is considered far below its real value. A large number of woollen manufacturers, from various sections of the country, was present at the sale.—*Lowell Courier.*

The Factory Riot in Alleghany.—The factories all went to work yesterday morning, according to the arrangement made on Friday. A very respectable portion of the hands commenced in the morning, and their number increased during the day, so that some of the factories had, in the afternoon, about three-fourths of their usual number, and others about half. They will fill up in a few days, as the excitement dies away. There was no disturbance or outbreak during the day, although squads of persons were congregated on the streets, near the factories, engaged in animated discussion of the all-absorbing topic. We were glad to see very few females about.—*Pittsburgh Adv., Oct. 21.*

The Weather.—We are now favored with most beautiful weather; the air is cool and bracing, with just enough of winter in it to tinge the cheeks and noses of the belles in Broadway with a carnation hue. Our streets are as gay as a tulip bed, made so by the variegated, and warm, comfortable looking autumn dresses of our ladies, who are constantly promenading to make the most of the glorious sunshine, which too soon must give place to rude wintry winds. We have just the weather at present for healthy exercise, and the most delicate may venture forth at noonday, and breathe the delightful air without fearing colds or cramps.—*Albany Atlas, October 23.*

A man named Levi C. Frost, last from West Cambridge, Mass., who kept an eating house under the Franklin House, Providence, shot himself with a pistol, about five o'clock on Friday afternoon, while standing behind the counter. The *Providence Journal* says he was about thirty years of age. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A Little Rumpus.—We learn that the Ex-Adjutant General of Ohio, General Gale, met the present Adjutant General, Mosely, in the streets of Columbus, and made an attack upon him with a cane, without any notice of the assault. General Mosely got possession of the cane, and drubbed his assailant, who was accompanied by the U. S. Marshal of the district.

Another Strike.—The seamstresses of Newburgh have turned out, struck for higher pay, and have published a manifesto in the papers stating their grievances, and appending a list of prices by which they will in future be governed. The Pittsburgh spirit, it will be seen, is extending.

The *Advocate*, of Racine, W. T., has the official return of the population of that place. It is 2,510, an increase of nearly six hundred persons during the past year.

### City Intelligence.

Presbyterian Synod.—The appeal of Dr. Torrey from the decision of the Rockaway Presbytery was under consideration all of yesterday with closed doors. It will be recollected that the doctor was tried in a civil Court in Sussex county, New Jersey, on the charge of bastardy and acquitted, but on trial before the Presbytery he was suspended. He appealed from the decision of the Presbytery to the Synod. We understand that the testimony for the defence was overwhelming, and completely upset that of the prosecution; and there is not the slightest doubt but the decision of the Presbytery will be reversed, and the Doctor come off with flying colors.

Assembly Nomination.—The democratic committee met last evening and nominated John Townsend as member of Assembly, in place of Joseph C. Palmer, whose namination was re-considered.

Street Sweeper.—Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, a hugh sweeping machine made its appearance in Wall street. This is a newly invented machine of Mr. Mussey, of this city, and is designed by him to supersede the use of humanity in the art and science, theory and practice of street sweeping. The machine is very large and clumsy, and is attached to a cart which is drawn by two horses. The machine itself consists principally of a large circular brush made of rattan, which rests upon the ground, and is turned by a chain which runs on a drum fastened on to the axle of the cart wheel. By another chain an apron is also drawn over another drum and runs under the brush. As fast as the brush takes up the dirt it discharges it upon the apron, which empties it into the cart. Thus is the work of brush, man, horse, cart and shovel, all done by this machine. It can do every thing after a fashion that the human sweeper can do but *vote*—and perhaps by the addition of a few more cogs and belts, by the ingenious inventor, this *desideratum* in a sweeping machine may be accomplished. The brush is about four feet wide, and takes up the dirt quite cleanly. It will do very well where the street is perfectly level and there is no mud. It would take up the dust on a wooden pavement admirably, but with the uneven and muddy streets, which we are destined in this city to have, we very much doubt whether it can be used to any extent. It is a very ingenious machine, however, and if it can be made to work well, we shall be glad to see it going.

The Militia System.—The annual farce of militia drills has for a few weeks past, and is now being played for the amusement of lovers of fun, boys, negroes and loafers who congregate around the different companies. The militia season is about closing and now we would ask the plain question, what good has been accomplished in it? Is a single one of the men who appeared on parade and performed a few awkward evolutions, greatly to the amusement of the spectators, and then, after answering to his name, went home any better prepared to act if necessary in his country's defence than he was before? The idea is laughable in the extreme. No one entertains it. When the call of our country is sounded in the ears of her children, they are ready at a moment's warning to hazard fortune, home and life, in her defence—and two hours of serious, sober practice in military evolutions, would be a hundred fold more advantage to them than forty of these annual farces. Every man who attends a militia drill makes a laughing stock of himself so that decent and respectable men very seldom pay any attention to the warnings. By this means the whole science of military tactics is brought into disrepute and our citizen soldiers made a laughing stock for loafers. Moreover the system has failed entirely to fulfil its primitive intention, which was to prepare our citizens to be able in case of war to repel the invasions of an enemy. Even allowing that those who attend the militia drills should make themselves perfect in military science, still would the system be a failure. In this city, at least, not more than one-twentieth part of those warned to appear pay any attention to such warning. And then, instead of themselves acquiring military knowledge, the statute is satisfied if they pay a fine of five dollars and costs, and this latter nineteen-twentieths of them are required by law to do. Thus the militia system, which was at first, no doubt, designed for the most patriotic purposes, degenerates into an odious system of direct taxation, by which a set of lazy officers and collectors are kept in existence. For what becomes of these fines collected? What proportion of them ever enters the public treasury? Are they not all absorbed in "court martials," collector, commissions, and the like? Are they not rather divided among the *clique* of field officers, who thus grind out of the honest mechanics and respectable men of the community their money? This matter of fine deserves looking into, and we hope it will be done, and the system thoroughly exposed.

How much longer is this humbug to remain in existence? How much longer are our citizens determined either to make fools of themselves or submit to a fleecing for the benefit of a few individuals? Every body is opposed to the militia system, excepting the officers, who fatten upon it. Now, why is not some practical movement made? Why is not a petition, with fifty thousand names sent to the Legislature from this city; and who will move first in this matter?

Pocket Picking.—Thursday morning a lady named Musgrove had her pocket picked in Chatham street of a promissory note for $100 and $14 in bank bills.

Railroad Iron.—A fine specimen of railroad iron is now to be seen in front of the office of the Erie Railroad, in Wall street. it is from the Montour Iron Works, of Danville, Pa., and is fifty pounds to the yard, of the edge or H pattern. It is from anthracite pig iron.

Democratic Candidate for Register.—The Democratic Registry Convention met on Thursday evening at Tammany Hall, and after sitting till 4 o'clock yesterday morning, finally succeeded in nominating Mr. Samuel Osgood, as the candidate for Register. The Registry nominations are now complete. That of the whigs, Morris Franklin; the democrats, Samuel Osgood; the Natives, Joseph Hafty; and the National Reformers, Ransom Smith. Let him laugh who wins.

Sudden Deaths.—On Wednesday evening last, a man named Francis Crawley was seized with a cramp in his chest, which produced immediate death. This morning, as the coroner was about to hold an inquest upon his body, he was sent for to hold an inquest also upon Mary Crawley, the wife of Francis Crawley, she having been found dead in her bed. Her body was conveyed to the dead house, where that of her decessed husband was then lying, and after the inquest being held, in accordance with the wishes of their son, a lad of about 18, they were deposited side by side in the same grave.

New Organ.—The new organ recently built for the church of the Rev. Mr. Bellows, was last evening exhibited at the church. The house was crowded by a very fashionable audience. In the course of the evening the organ was played upon by a number of the most distinguished organists in the city. The organ presents on the outside a very fine appearance. It is 76 feet high and 18 feet front, and of a very handsome design. It contains three sets of keys, and 34 stops, and is one of the largest class of organs. The tone of the organ is certainly very superior. Its diapasons are characterized by great volume and richness of tone. The reed pipes, particularly those of the swell organ, are certainly of greater sweetness of tone than any thing of the kind we ever heard. Altogether the ex