NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS AMONGST THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES—Dunigan & Brother.—The present work, notwithstanding its apparently sectarian character, possesses a high degree of interest for the general reader. It is a record of the efforts made by the first Catholic missionaries to this continent to substitute the mild and civilizing influences of Christianity for the barbarous religious traditions and demon worship of the Indian tribes. In the execution of this difficult and frequently dangerous task, even those most opposed to the ecclesiastical system and teachings of the Church of Rome cannot help admitting that the enthusiasm, courage, self-devotion and patience under suffering displayed by these heroes of the church militant, are deserving of all admiration and respect. In a historical point of view, the work is also valuable, inasmuch as it supplies us with a vast body of new and interesting facts connected with the Indian aborigines that cannot be gleaned from any other source. Putting aside its religious object, the glorification of Roman Catholic propagandism, we are disposed to view it as a most acceptable contribution to our stock of memorials relating to the early history of the colonization of the American continent. Guarding ourselves against being supposed to endorse any of the sectarian sentiments expressed in it, we will now proceed to give a few extracts from its pages, in order to afford our readers an opportunity of judging of its merits. Opening with a sketch of the direction taken by the first inspirations of missionary zeal, in the Romish Church, we arrive at the period when they took a wider scope, and extended their labors to our own continent:—

Let us examine the country at the commencement of its mission history, the middle of the sixteenth century. Let us, with the first missionary who then entered our domain, take our stand on the Anahuac mountains, the watershed whence flow the streams that empty into the Atlantic and Pacific by sea-like gulfs. The Irish, Saxon and Norwegian missionaries had once, centuries before, planted the cross at the opposite extremity, but a continent lay between the scene of his labors and theirs. Yet, vast as the region was, it was to be conquered to Christ; the Latin service, chanted from Greenland to Narragansett, was to resound throughout the length and breadth of that land.

The field was one as yet unmatched for extent and difficulty. That region, now studded with cities and towns, traversed in every direction by the panting steam car or lightning telegraph, was then an almost unbroken forest, save where the wide prairie rolled its billows of grass towards the western mountains, or was lost in the sterile, salt and sandy plains of the southwest. No city raised to heaven spire, dome or minaret; no plough turned up the rich alluvial soil; no metal dug from the bowels of the earth had been fashioned into instruments to aid man in the arts of peace and war. The simplest arts of civilized life were unknown. In one little section on the Gila and Rio Grande, the people spun and wove a native cotton, manufactured a rude pottery, and lived in houses or castle-towns of unburnt bricks. Elsewhere the canoe or cabin of bark or hides, and the arabesque mat, denoted the highest point of social progress.

Elsewhere the whole country was inhabited by tribes of a nomadic character, rarely collected in villages except at particular seasons or for specific objects; though here and there were found more sedentary tribes in villages of bark, encircled by walls of earth or palisades of wood, whose institutions, commercial spirit, and agriculture, superior to that of the wild rovers, seemed to show the remnant of some more civilized tribe in a state of decadence. Around each isolated tribe lay an unbroken wilderness, extending for miles on every side, where the braves roamed, hunters alike of beasts and men. So little intercourse or knowledge of each other existed, so desolate was the wilderness, that a vagabond tribe might wander from one extreme of the continent to another, and language alone could tell the nation to which they belonged.

The whole country was thus occupied by comparatively small, but hostile tribes, so numerous that almost every river and every lake has handed down the name of a distinct nation. In form, in manners, and in habits, these tribes presented an almost uniform appearance; language formed the great distinctive mark to the European, though the absence of a feather or a line of paint disclosed to the native the tribe of the wanderer whom he met.

In the field which we have selected, nine great divisions, it is now conceded, will include almost all the scattered and contending tribes. The Algonquin or Algic family occupied the whole basin of the St. Lawrence and its lakes, the western valley of the Mississippi, down to the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, and the whole Atlantic shore to about the same parallel. Below them lay the Mobilian or Muscolgee tribes, reaching to the Gulf of Mexico. Encircled by these two great families lay two isolated groups, peculiar in all their institutes, and destined to attain a greater eminence than the rest; these were the Huron-Iroquois, extending from Lakes Huron and Ontario, in a solid body or in scattered clans, to North Carolina; and south of them the Cherokees, "the mountaineers of aboriginal America."

Of the Algonquin tribes, all on the borders of Canada were gained in process of time to the faith. A glance at the map will show their chief divisions. Above the St. Lawrence, bordering on the Esquimaux of Labrador, and stretching off towards Hudson's Bay, were the Montagnais; below the gulf lay the Gaspesians and Micmacs, or Souriquois, occupying the present colonies of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Maine was occupied by the tribes of the Abnakis, the headwaters of the Connecticut by the Sokokis, while along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa lay the Algonquins, properly so called, with the Nipissings dwelling on their own lake, and the Attikamegues above Three Rivers. Westward still, the Ottawas and Chippewas lay near the outlet of Lake Superior, while below roamed the Menomonee, the Sac, the Fox, the Kikapoo, the Mascouten; and around the circling shore of Lake Michigan were the numerous clans of the Illinois and Miamis, who have left their names to the territories which they possessed.

Of these tribes we shall frequently speak; they were all mission ground. In the part occupied by the English and Dutch, other tribes of the Algonquin stock existed, to whom, with few exceptions, the gospel was never preached, and who have now mostly perished. New England was inhabited by the Narragansetts, Pequods, and other tribes of similar origin; the Mohegans lay on the Connecticut and Hudson, the Lenni Lenape on the Delaware and Susquehanna, while Virginia was occupied by the Powhatan clans, and the banks of the Ohio by the roving Shawnees.

The Huron-Iroquois, more agricultural and sedentary than the Algonquin tribes, with whom they were ever at war, occupied a territory in the midst of them. Northmost of all, the Wyandots, traders of the West, lay in their densely peopled villages, well fortified by ditch and palisade, on a small peninsula in Lake Huhron; southwest lay their allies, the Tionontates, whose luxuriant fields of tobacco won for them and their fertile hills the name of Petuns; and south and east of these, stretching beyond the Niagara and its marvellous cataract, lay the many clans of the Atiwandaronk, friends to the Huron and Algonquin, friends, too, to the Iroquois, and called by the French the Neutral Nation. East of these, in New York, stretching from the Genesee to the mouth of the Mohawk, lay the five clans of the Hotinnonchiendi, whose names remain in the natural features of New York, and who are now known collectively by the French name, Iroquois. West of these, on the southern shores of Lake Erie, lay the far-famed archers, the Eries or Cat tribe, who have melted away like a dream; on the Susquehanna were the Andastes or Conestogues, friends of the Huron and the Swede, few but brave; and below them, amid the Powhatans, the traveller would find the wigwam of the Meherrin, the Tutelo, and the clan whom the Algonquins called Nottoway; and still further south, in modern Carolina, ruled the fiery Tuscarora, last of the clans of the Huron-Iroquois.

Close on the last of this great family came the mountain home of the Cherokee, and its sands laden with gold. Below them still, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, were found the clans of the Muscolgee—the Creek, the Yamassee, the Apalache, the Coosa, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw, with the Natchez and other tribes who claimed another lineage.

West of the Mississippi, from its source to the Arkansas, spread tribes of the Dakota family—the Sioux, the Assiniboins, the Kappas; while on the southwest lay the New Mexican tribes, and beyond the mountains the many tribes which still people California and Oregon.

Such was the field now presented to the Catholic missionaries. It was one studded with difficulties and obstacles to the progress of the gospel. Wide spread as were the families of which we have spoken, they were cut up into clans, each with a dialect of its own, often so widely variant from others as to require scientific analogy to show its parentage; then, too, wars were of constant occurrence, even between clans of the same family—between the Huron and Iroquois, the Dakota and Assiniboin, the Pequod and Narragansett. Besides this, all were in a state of barbarism, and, to all appearance, with an utter want of adaptability to the usages of civilized life; and all were ignorant of letters, destitute of any species of literature but the wildest mythological fables.

These fables and the morals of the people formed another fearful obstacle. Although polytheism did not exist—although they all recognized one Supreme Being, the Creator of all—although they preserved many of the early traditions of the human race, the idea of the fall of man, of the Redeemer, of the expiatory power of blood, of the spirits above us, yet—sad spectacle of human misery!—they nowhere adored the God whom they knew—nowhere did they offer him sacrifice or address him in prayer. The demons with which they peopled all nature, these alone, in their fear, they sought to appease—to these they offered the sacrifice which they deemed it useless to offer to the God of goodness and love. If the pagan Iroquois now worships Hawen-nyiu, it is only a relic of the teaching of the early missionaries, and the name is a compound of the French appellation of the Almighty. Pure unmixed devil-worship prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land. All corroborated the words of holy writ, "*Dii gentium dæmonia*"—"All the gods of the Gentiles are devils;" that the deities of the Gentiles were not phantoms of the imagination, but the fallen spirits who usurped the rights and prerogatives of God, and deified vice and passion. With these the Indian, in his theology, peopled the forest, the lake, and the mountain—all nature, animate and inanimate; these alone he addressed and sought to propitiate, reckless of his account to the Great Spirit hereafter.

In private life polygamy existed; woman was a slave of the husband; lust was unchecked even by the laws of nature, and every excess prevailed. If to redeem this, crimes of other descriptions, theft and violence, were rare in the villages, in war every cruelty was wreaked on the captive, and every stranger was an enemy; war an ordinary occupation, and scalps torn from prostrate foes the only mark of rank.

The country itself presented a thousand obstacles; there was danger from flood, danger from wild beasts, danger from the roving savage, danger from false friends, danger from the furious rapids on rivers, danger of loss of sight, of health, of use of motion and of limbs in the new, strange life of an Indian wigwam. Here a missionary is frozen to death, there another sinks beneath the heat of a Western prairie; here Brebeuf is killed by the enemies of his flock, and Segura by an apostate—Dennis and Menard die in the wilderness; Delbean is blown up at sea, Noyrot wrecked on the shore; but these dangers never deterred the missionary. In the language of the great American historian, "The Jesuit never receded one foot."

Once established in a tribe, the difficulties were increased. After months, nay, years of teaching, the missionaries found that the fickle savage was easily led astray; never could they form pupils to our life and manners. The nineteenth century failed as the seventeenth failed in raising up priests from among the Iroquois or the Algonquins; and at this day a pupil of the Propaganda, who disputed in Latin on theses of Peter Lombard, roams at the head of a half-naked band in the billowy plains of Nebraska.

These were the obstacles in the career of the missionary, but with the word of power—"Go, teach all nations"—ringing in his ear, the missionary rushed forward to execute the command—to teach all, to announce to all, to convert the elect, or, if such was God's will, to labor in vain, except so far as the accomplishment of the command can never be in vain.

The Indian tribes contributed many instances of exalted piety and religious enthusiasm to the records of the first efforts of the missionaries. Here is one celebrated in the traditions of the French Mission of St. Francois Xavier, in the valley of the St. Lawrence. Speaking of the emigration of the mission from Laprairie de la Magdeleine to the Portage river, the writer says:—

Before its completion, and while Fremin was absent in Europe, Catharine Tehgahkwita arrived, and, forming a close friendship with a few pious women, aspired to the highest sanctity. Her hours were spent in labor or in prayer, and in both she seemed never to lose sight of God. Deaf to all offers of marriage, she lived by the work of her hands, a hazardous experiment for an Indian, but from her skill and industry successful in her case. What leisure her labor permitted she spent in the chapel, edifying all by her modesty, recollectedness, and voluntary poverty.

Her first desire, formed as she sat beneath the village cross with Theresa Teguaiagenta, gazing upon the rapid river which hurried by them, was to lead, with some others, a life like that of the nuns at Quebec; but this being impracticable, she resolved to avoid all the vanity of her countrywomen, and observe the utmost modesty in dress and life. For, poor as the Indians were, they had their belles, whose toilet was as anxiously cared for as in any polished country. A manuscript of the time describes the Indian maiden, with her well oiled and neatly parted hair, descending in a long plait behind, while a fine chemise was met at the waist by a neat and well trimmed petticoat reaching to the knee; below this was the rich leggin, and then the well fitted moccasin, the glory of an Iroquois belle. The neck was loaded with beads, while the crimson blanket enveloped the whole form.

All the finery of dress Catharine renounced; the ordinary blue banket, now universally worn by the women, served her use; her other garments were plain. In summer and winter alike her face was muffled, so that no brave of the village had ever looked her in the face but one, who rudely put aside her blanket to see her blush with shame. But it was not enough to renounce pleasure. A virgin, she kept the vow of chastity, and resolved to assume the painful austerities of a penitential life to liken herself to her Redeemer. "Who will teach me," she would exclaim, "what is most agreable to God, that I may do it?" Two days in every week she fasted, while scourging and chains were in constant use, the former even to the effusion of blood. These austerities were indeed moderated by her directors; but as they were evidently prompted by the spirit of God, those which the missionaries were forced to concede to her fervor, rank her among the most austere.

After one winter spent in the woods, her desire of attending all the offices of the Church made her renounce the advantage of the hunting season, and remain in the village, where she supported herself by sewing and the manufacture of various articles of wood and bark, which she made with great ingenuity.

The servants of God are ever tried by persecution. Pure as was the life of Catharine Tehgahkwita, she did not escape the breath of calumny, under which she long suffered in silence, unable to dispel the suspicions against her. Her self-imposed pains did not equal this sorest trial of her life. Her pilgrimage was, however, drawing to a close. Towards the end of 1679 her health failed; a long march on the ice led to a malady which proved fatal. During the winter she was often unable even to drag herself to the chapel. As spring came on, the out-door occupations of the rest left her sole occupant of the cabin, where the missionary, to console her, would frequently assemble the children to instruct them in their religion, and such branches as the more settled state of the village now enabled him to undertake.

As Holy Week came on, she sank rapidly, and it was found impossible to convey her on a bark litter to the chapel, according to custom, for the last sacraments. For the first time, the Viaticum and Extreme Unction were administered in a cabin. The novel sight, and the general esteem for Catharine, drew all around the priest as, accompanied by the acolytes, he bore the sacred host to her dying couch. She received the body of her Lord with the most tender devotion, but intimated to the missionary that he need not then anoint her, as her death would not take place till a moment which she named.

Till that moment her lowly couch was surrounded by the old and young, learning in her death the deep lesson of life. Life ebbed slowly away, and on Wednesday afternoon, about three o'clock, she uttered her last words, the names of Jesus and Mary; then a slight shudder ran through her frame, and she fell into her agony. Conscious to the last, about half an hour after she breathed her last so calmly, so peacefully, that she seemed to sleep.

She was buried beside the church, and her grave became immediately the resort of those who wished to interest in their behalf a faithful servant of God. It became a pilgrimage where the prelate and the viceroy came alike to kneel and pay homage to exalted virtue, as they invoked on themselves and their charge the blessing of Heaven. This devotion was not unrewarded; miraculous cures attested that it was pleasing to Heaven, while they enkindled anew the devotion to this holiest of the children of the American forests.

The mission especially was renewed by so holy a death. Her example and her life served, in a series of paintings, to rouse the lukewarm and confirm the fervent in their struggles against the world and self.

In connection with the subject of the above work, we take the opportunity of saying a word in commendation of Laity's Catholic Directory, published by Lucas Brothers, of Baltimore—the number for the new year having just reached us. It seems to be carefully and accurately compiled, and furnishes us with some valuable statistics regarding the Roman Catholic population and institutions of the United States. We subjoin the following useful table, as a specimen of its contents:—

SUMMARY OF CATHOLICICITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Dioceses.	Churches	Other stations	Clergym'n in ministry	Clergymen oth. emp.	Ecclesiastic'l institutions	Clerical students	Catholic population
Baltimore, Arch.	86	34	70	57		174	120,000
Philadelphia	131	25	130	7	2	40	175,000
Charleston	19	40	16	—	—	5	5,000
Richmond	11	—	10	—	—	4	9,000
Pittsburg	60	—	63	—	1	17	40,000
Wheeling	12	—	10	—	1	9	7,000
Savannah	16	—	11	—	—	—	10,000
Erie	32	—	16	—	—	—	13,000
Totals	367	99	326	64	11	249	379,000
New York, Arch.	47	30	82	26	1	51	280,000
Boston	69	—	61	4	—	—	—
Albany	87	50	74	—	—	15	—
Buffalo	100	—	78	—	1	10	100,000
Hartford	37	—	41	—	—	22	55,000
Brooklyn	24	11	30	—	—	14	—
Newark	33	—	40	—	—	—	—
Burlington	11	—	7	—	—	—	25,000
Portland	24	—	10	—	—	—	—
Totals	432	91	423	30	2	112	460,000
N. Orleans, Arch	70	—	67	13	1	9	175,000
Mobile	13	—	22	—	1	5	12,500
Natchez	11	40	11	—	—	—	10,000
Little Rock	11	20	9	—	1	—	—
Galveston	28	—	35	—	1	—	—
Natchitoches	8	—	12	—	—	—	25,000
Totals	141	60	156	13	4	14	222,500
Cincinnati, Arch	109	70	97	7	2	29	110,000
Louisville	63	—	44	24	3	53	45,000
Detroit	46	60	55	—	—	—	85,000
Vincennes	95	—	48	—	1	25	85,000
Cleveland	50	—	50	2	1	—	50,000
Covington	12	28	15	—	—	—	—
Totals	375	158	287	33	7	102	371,000
St. Louis, Arch.	56	25	73	30	3	121	—
Nashville	6	20	11	—	—	—	7,000
Dubuque	25	17	29	—	1	10	20,000
Chicago	70	62	42	2	1	12	50,000
St. Paul	13	—	13	—	1	4	11,000
Milwaukie	121	51	73	—	1	12	100,000
Quincy	51	14	22	—	—	—	42,000
Santa Fe	65	25	15	—	1	4	68,000
Totals	417	234	278	32	8	163	307,000
Oregon C'y Arch, Nesqualy	23	10	21	—	—	—	6,000
S. Francisco, Arc	28	15	29	—	2	33	62,000
Monterey	23	—	17	—	2	17	26,000
Totals	51	15	46	—	50	4	88,000
Nebraska Ter., Ap. Vic.	5	11	8	—	—	—	5,300
Upper Michigan, Ap. Vic.	13	—	11	—	—	—	5,700
Totals	18	11	19	—	—	—	11,000
41 dioceses, 2 Ap. Vic.	1,824	678	1,556	172	37	690	—

This summary exhibits the statistics of each diocese and of each ecclesiastical province. Some of the figures in the table will be found to vary from those in the recapitulations of the respective dioceses, owing to corrections that have since been made.

From the summary here presented, and preceding statements, it follows that in the United States there are 7 archbishops, 33 bishops, 1,704 priests, and 1,824 churches, distributed among 41 dioceses and 2 apostolic vicarates, and showing for the past year an increase of 2 bishops, 129 priests, and 112 churches. During the year 27 priests departed this life, 2 were elevated to the episcopacy, and besides these, about 50 whose names appeared on the catalogue of 1853 are not reported for 1854; whence it appears that the total accession of priests during the year was upwards of 206.

The figures of population in the table are those returned by the Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. Bishops; but as they are not complete, we forbear any hypothetical estimate of the total number of Catholics in the United States, in regard to which there exists so vast a difference of opinion.

NOTES ON DUELS AND DUELLING:—Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.—This is an exceedingly curious book, presenting, from the earliest single combats recorded in Biblical history down to the last Californian affray, an elaborately compiled history of the institution of the *duello*, that most barbarous of all the conventional obligations imposed by society on man. Whether the object of the writer—that of diminishing the evil by the influence of the examples set forth in these tales of blood and crime—will be attained by his book, we must leave its readers individually to determine. As regards our own view of it, we cannot help expressing a fear that it will have a directly contrary tendency—just as the spectacle of a public execution has the effect of elevating its victim in the eyes of the multitude, into the dignity of a hero. If it should possess no other utility, it will, at all events, serve as a book of precedents for the arrangement and decision of all doubtful and disputed points arising out of what are called "gentlemanly difficulties." We have space only for one brief extract, which gives a curious but not overdrawn picture of the tone of Irish society previous to the Union. It is the history of an "affair" of the well known Sir Jonah Barrington—himself the chronicler of all the noted Irish duels of his time:—

In the one case, Daly, who was a barrister, gave the challenge. Barrington had never spoken a word to him in his life, had scarcely spoken of him, and was wholly unconscious of any cause of offence; but inasmuch as this was the first invitation he had received, and as public sentiment in Ireland then required that such a challenge should never be declined, he accepted without any inquiry as to the reason for being called out. They met in the field of Donnybrook. A brother of Sir Edwd. Crosby, Bart., was the friend of Barrington, and John Patterson, nephew to the Chief Justice, accompanied Daly.

Crosby, without salutation or conversation, immediately cried out, "Ground, gentlemen! ground, ground! damn measurement!" The second of Daly advanced, and said that his principal could not think of going further in the business; that he was mistaken, and was sorry for having occasioned so much trouble to Mr. Barrington and his friend; and that he hoped they would excuse him and shake hands with him. To this Barrington had no sort of objection, but Crosby said, without hesitation, "We cannot do that yet, sir; I show you we can't" (taking a little manuscript book out of his breeches pocket.) "There's the rules—look at that, sir; see No 7: 'No apology can be received after the parties meet, without a fire.' You see there's the rule," continued Crosby, "and a young man on his first blood cannot break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed, proceed!" Daly appeared much displeased, but took his ground in silence. Barrington did the same. They fired; Barrington took no aim, but wounded Daly. Barrington required to know the cause of his challenge; but it was now Daly's turn to cite a rule, and his friend quoted No. 8: "If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterwards." But this absurd duel ended here.

In the affair with McNally, Barrington was also the challenged party. McNally was a short man, "and nearly as broad as long, his legs were of unequal length, and he had a face which no washing could clean," and was a good-natured, hospitable, talented, dirty fellow. The parties met in the middle of the review ground, Phœnix Park. Barrington was attended by Henry Harding, "a huge, wicked, fighting Kings county attorney," and by Rice Gibbon, a surgeon. His ball struck McNally in the side, who cried out, "I am hit." Barrington's surgeon instantly ripped up his clothes, and found that the bullet had struck the buckle of his gallows, (suspenders), and had not entered his body. Harding exclaimed, "By J——s, Mac! you are the only rogue that I ever knew that was saved by the gallows." McNally had been in so bad odor among gentlemen of the bar that no one would fight him. This duel placed him on fighting ground. He had been universally insulted, but indignities were suspended, and he often said that Barrington's shot was his salvation. In Curran and his Contemporaries, there is an amusing description of his unfortunate position previously:—

His distress at one time was truly pitiable, at not being able to induce anybody to fight him. Being, it seems, under some cloud, Harry Grady, who wounded everybody with whom he fought, refused that favor to McNally. Everybody followed this inhuman example. The poor man could get nobody to shoot him, and was the picture of misery. In vain he fumed, and fretted, and affronted. All seemed determined on being guiltless of his blood. Never was an Irish gentleman so unfortunate. At length Sir Jonah Barrington, out of Christian charity, accepted his cartel, and shot him into fashion. McNally was a man again.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January contains fewer articles than usual, but they are chiefly of the class which combines instruction with entertainment. The initial paper is a spirited sketch of Andrew Jackson, by a pen familiar with the stirring scenes of American history—no prosy review of his character and political career, but a lively collection of anecdotes illustrative of the character of the hero, from his refusal to clean Major Coffin's boots, when a boy, to his conflict with Harcorps, the navy lieutenant, on board the Fredericksburg steamboat. The illustrations which accompany the article are among the best the magazine has contained. Darley's bold sketch of the Indian chief, Weatherford, in Jackson's tent, and other cuts by Dopler, reflect credit on both artists. The concluding chapter of Abbott's Napoleon comes next. It is mainly devoted to an exposition of Napoleon's faith in the Christian religion, and the proofs are taken from a little work published some time since from the notes of Count Montholon. One extract is worth giving. Bertrand compared Christianity with Paganism: Napoleon replied:—

I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion, the distance of infinity.

We can say to the authors of every other religion, "You are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin." Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

Paganism was never accepted, as truth, by the wise men of Greece; neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. On the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and the doctrines of the gospel; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? these legislators, Greek or Roman, this Numa, this Lycurgus, these priests of India or of Memphis, this Confucius, this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals.

Much abuse has been heaped upon this work of Mr Abbott's since it began to appear in the pages of the magazine. He has been accused of perverting history, and seeking to elevate his hero, not only at the expense of all who come in contact with him, but at the sacrifice of truth. Some distinction must be drawn here. No charge of direct perversion of facts has ever been proven against him. Until that is done, Mr. Abbott is entitled to give his opinions, whatever they may be, and to support them as he best can, by argument and illustration. He has been influenced throughout by a desire to present his hero in a favorable light; this is excused in the biographer of every two-penny politician and suttler, it cannot be a grave crime in the historian of the great Napoleon. Posterity will decide whether he has carried admiration too far. For the present, it is enough that—whatever his aim may have been—Mr. Abbott has furnished by far the most lively, picturesque and entertaining life of the hero in the language. Nine tenths of the growing generation will take their ideas of Napoleon from Abbott.

A short paper on De Sauley's travels in Palestine follows next. M. de Sauley was sent to the East by the French government, and his travels have since been published in Paris at an enormous expense, which the State defrayed. He claims to have discovered the location of Sodom, Gomorrah and the other condemned cities; and whatever objection may be raised by other travellers to his inferences, it is doubtful whether any man ever possessed as ample means of judging of the matter in hand as he did.

A sketch of the personal character of the Czars of the house of Romanoff, from Nichbail, the founder of the house, to Nicholas, occupies a large share of the magazine. The Czar Paul, father of Nicholas, is thus dealt with:—

Paul had a microscopic soul. His idea of imperial dignity was to see his subjects enter his presence with their heads bowed to the earth, and to have them kneel before him until, as he said, he could hear their knees strike the floor. When he drove out, he would punish those who did not alight from their carriages and prostrate themselves as he passed. His notions of military science were confined to the uniform of the soldiers. He obliged them to wear tails and powder; and when the rough old Marshal Suwarrow pithily exclaimed, "Hair-powder is not gunpowder, curls are not cannons, tails are not bayonets," he very nearly sent him to Siberia. If one subject was nearer his heart than any other, it was buttons on soldiers' coats. He would walk a mile to make a sentinel button his coat a little higher or a hole lower. In his palace at Paulosky he had a turret expressly constructed in order to inspect with a telescope the uniform of the guards. Unheard-of punishments were inflicted when they were not attired according to his fancy. At all hours of the day and night he would insist on military parades, hardly allowing the soldiers time to eat or sleep. He was never satisfied. He once complained to Alexander that the troops were negligent and undisciplined. His son denied the charge. The Czar proposed, to test the point, that the whole garrison should beat to arms at one that night. The Grand Duke promised obedience, and at the hour fixed, while the whole city was plunged in sleep, the drums and fifes sounded an alarm. In an instant the whole garrison was under arms. The citizens rushed from their beds to ascertain the cause of the unusual uproar. People were seen hurrying to and fro in wild dismay. The soldiers themselves did not know why they were called out. The noise awoke the Czar, and, totally forgetting his conversation with Alexander, he supposed that a rebellion had broken out, and thought only of his personal safety. When Alexander reached the palace, he found that his father had mounted a horse and fled. Setting spurs in pursuit, he soon came in sight of the fugitive, whose terror added such wings to his flight that he was overtaken with difficulty. Paul threw himself at the knees of his son, imploring mercy, and could hardly be persuaded that the whole affair was the result of a freak of his own.

The people were as badly treated as the military. He took a dislike to round hats, and authorized any one to tear them from the head of their wearer. He would allow no one to keep a dog near his residence. To learning he had an insufferable antipathy. He prohibited the importation of French books or newspapers, and only allowed three printing presses in his whole dominions. If a man's face displeased him, he would have him arrested. If his dress did not suit his fancy, he would cane him. The knout and Siberia he decreed for all sorts of imaginary offences, so that no man felt safe. Surrounded by spies, he fancied that every one was a conspirator. He used to threaten his amiable wife with his fist, and tell her—"Madam, if you think to play the Catherine, you will not find me a Peter III." So inconsistent and absurd grew his conduct at last, that it was generally believed he was mad; and the disease was attributed to his disappointment at the rejection of his addresses by the Countess Lapenkin.

A conspiracy was at length formed to rid the throne of such a dangerous maniac. It came to Paul's ears, and he summoned Count Pahlen, Governor of St. Petersburg, before him, to inquire into the affair. "Sire," said the wily courtier, "I know it all; to assure myself of the guilty, I am myself a conspirator." He was in fact, and, alarmed by the king's vigilance, resolved that the blow should be struck at once. That afternoon a letter, containing full details of the conspiracy, was placed in the hands of the Czar's friend and counsellor, Kutaisoff; but somehow he mislaid it before it was read. Another letter, containing the like information, was handed to the Czar while supping with his favorite; the ill-fated man thrust it unopened into his pocket. The hand of destiny was clearly upon him. At eleven that night, as he lay in his bed at the palace of Saint Michael, a small band of twenty conspirators effected an entrance into the private rooms; the Cossack at the door of the royal bed-chamber challenged them, but was instantly cut down by one of the party. All then rushed into the room. The bedclothes were in disorder—the sheets were warm—but Paul was not to be seen. The scuffle at the door had alarmed him, and he had risen and hid himself behind a screen. His refuge was soon discovered. Dragged into the middle of the room, one of the Zubofs broke his arms with a club; and others wounded him with their swords. After a feeble resistance he was overpowered and strangled. His last words—terrible words—were: "And you too, my Constantine!"

Thackeray's "Newcomes" is as amusing as usual, and contains among other things a variety of piquant revelations of the London press. A New York story, entitled "My Son, Sir," is full of truth and pathos. It should be read by all fathers who have fine young men for sons, who can score ever so many without stopping at billiards, and cruel in cognate accomplishments. A couple of other stories, and a beautiful piece of prose poetry, entitled "The Singer's Dream," complete the number.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND COMMERCIAL GAZETTE, No. 1.—Disturnell, Broadway.—The plan of this work, although excellent, will, we fear, meet with great obstacles to its being successfully carried out. In the first place, to inspire confidence, it should bear upon its title page the name of some properly qualified scientific editor. In the second, in the absence of this condition, its contents should be of a nature at once to strike public attention. In both of these respects we find the opening number wanting. Its contributions to physical and political geography are of a character inferior to many of the articles on the same subject which appear in the daily newspapers, and, in fact, we find but little in the general tone and style of the work which would lead us to suppose that it had emanated, as stated, from "an association of scientific and practical gentlemen." There is a well executed chart of the recent search for a northwest passage given with the opening number, but the text that refers to it throws no new light upon the subject, either by its facts or speculations.

DIARIES.—Amongst the diaries which seem to find most favor at the present season we may mention those of Rich & Loutrel, Francis & Loutrel, and Michael & Co. For judicious division of space and compendious arrangement, these diaries cannot be surpassed.

NEW MUSIC.

There appears to be a great commotion in the music trade just now, growing out of a reduction in the price of sheet music which is advertised by one of our leading publishing houses. This is a matter of considerable importance to the public, and therefore worthy of attention. Until within a few years, the music published in America consisted merely of reprints from the works of foreign composers; and as at first the sale was limited, it was necessary to affix a high price to it in order to pay the first cost of engraving. Now that the sale is vastly increased, a reduction in price is not only due to the public, but the publishers will find it conduce greatly to their ultimate benefit, inasmuch as it will prevent simultaneous republications of the same works by almost every one in the trade, and the demand for music will consequently increase, and the taste improve in proportion as it is placed within the means of the million. Another important result must ensue from this proposed change. Publishers will be on the look out for good copyrights, and will be able to afford a fair compensation to the composer. This will foster and elicit our native talent—a consummation devoutly to be wished for. We need only cite as an illustration of these facts the great success of Vincent Wallace's compositions, of which Messrs. Hall & Son have the exclusive right of publication. The amount which they sell of his writings would scarcely be believed but that the fact is well known in musical circles. There are few modern composers who so well deserve the popularity he has attained as Mr. Wallace. All his works bear the stamp of original and powerful genius.

We have received from Mr. Thomas Baker a copy of his splendidly illustrated musical album for 1855, consisting of a great variety of popular pieces, including several of his own composition and arrangement. There can be no more acceptable gift at this season of the year than this beautiful annual.

Mr. John Darcie has sent us several of his recent musical publications, amongst the best of which are the "Mario Schottische," "The Borgia Valse," Jullien's "Fireman's Quadrille," Jullien's "Farewell Valse," and Jullien's "West Park Polka."

Affairs in Cuba.

OUR HAVANA CORRESPONDENCE.

HAVANA, Dec. 23, 1854.

Declaration of M. Lacoste—Interview with Him—His Admissions—Prospects of His Being Garroted—Mr. Felix, the Prisoner's Counsel—The Slave Trade—Impudence of the Captain of a Slaver.

I know not by which steamer these lines will be taken, as the captain of the Isabel states that he will leave immediately should there be despatches for the State Department by the Falcon. The Isabel entered port yesterday, bringing no intelligence and no northern papers. Mr. Lacoste, who is Mr Francisco Estrampes, a native of Cuba, and a naturalized citizen of the United States, has made a declaration clearing the captain and mate of the schooner John G. White, of knowledge of the contents of the cases which he shipped by that vessel in New York. His declaration as to his own transactions have been full and explicit, under the fear that innocent parties might be jeopardized, and I think more criminating for himself than was justifiable under the circumstances—but he says, that he has only discharged the duty of a man, and he is willing to abide the consequences. His interdiction of communication was removed on the 19th, and I was permitted an interview with him on the 20th, at the bars of his cell. He admits in his declarations, twice taken, that he had introduced arms and munitions of war by the American schooners C. T. Smith, and John G. White—that his object was to foment a revolutionary movement, upon like principles of the recent movement at Madrid, for the purpose of proclaiming a government more suitable for the interests of the people, and independent of the Spanish crown—that he had been aided or assisted by no one in Cuba, and that he knew of no one compromised with him in the objects he proposed. He presumes that he will be condemned to the *garrote* by the military commission, but says, that could not prevent his discharge of the sacred duties and obligations that he had assumed, with full knowledge of the consequences if he failed. He was betrayed by Fernandez, who was the agent at Racoaco of the junta in New York. The schooner John G. White still remains in this port, having entered at the time the prisoners were brought here from St. Jago, on the 8th inst. The captain, McCulloch, and mate are yet confined on board of the frigate Perla. Mr. J. N. Felix is still interdicted communication with his friends, the consul of the United States, or with a lawyer for his defence. As soon as the proceedings of the government have closed over their secret examinations, and his fate is determined, *de facto*, by the Military Commission, under the dictation of the Queen's Attorney, (Fiscal,) he will be permitted to see his friends, counsel, &c., and the farcical preparation for the open trial will begin.

Since writing the above, I am advised that the interdict of communication was removed as to Mr. Felix, late yesterday, but without advice or notice of the government to the United States consul. A list of six Spanish officers was furnished each of the State prisoners, from which to select, previous to appearance before the Military Commission in their defence, yesterday. As they are unknown to them, and have not the means of communicating, but through the medium of an interpreter, who but imperfectly understands the English language, they will—or Mr. Felix will—decline the services proffered by the government, and make his own defence, as he may; which will probably never be attached to the proceedings, when they go for revision by the auditor of the Royal Audiencia, as was the case on the trial of Thrasher. The persons who are selected to represent the prisoners before the tribunal have that knowledge of law which obtains by induction at the point of the sword. They have no sympathies to induce honorable or truthful discharge of their duties, and the obligations forced upon them by nomination of the Executive; and it seems to me well that they have declined a service only intended the more surely to reach their condemnation, while they affect compliance with law, and the legal rights of the stranger, under treaty stipulations. General Concha seems determined that the satirical imputation of Gen. Pezuela as to his propensities for blood, shall be fully verified before the world, while he claims to govern with humanity.

In relation to the introduction of slaves from Africa, the island seems to have been surrounded with slavers for the past few weeks. Of these expeditions, prepared during the last administration, many have been introduced, while there have been no seizures. The brig Peerless, captured some time since as a slaver, although yet remaining for adjudication before the British and Spanish Mixed Commission of Justice, has been taken into transport service by this government, having left port three days since under tow of a Spanish war steamer, laden with heavy ordnance, for military defence on the south and east coast of Cuba—additional guns to be mounted on our exterior works. A captain of a slaver—Portuguese or Brazilian—who had landed a cargo of Africans within the past three weeks, not finding prompt payment from the speculators on arrival at the Havana, called upon the Captain General, with his complaint in due form, requesting that he would issue compulsory process for his dues. The impudence of the thing was rather too much for the nerve of General Concha, and he ordered him to prison, where he may remain until his account is considered by justice, and due rendition given.

As the Isabel is to leave at 7 o'clock this morning, I must refer to my letters by direct steamer for other items of interest, which will leave probably this evening or to-morrow morning. D.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1854.

City Affairs—Local Debt—The City's Means—City Lands—Appropriation for the Library Building Commission—Reduction of Work and of Wages at the Navy Yard—Run on the Savings Banks—Mr. Banks's Speech—Political Affairs—The Councillors—New Hampshire, &c.

As the year draws to its close, the action of our city government, in closing up matters, becomes interesting. A report on the city debt was presented in the Common Council on the evening of the 21st, from which it appears that the amount of the consolidated debt on the 20th of December, 1853, was $7,843,712 77; present amount, $7,628,142 32; reduction, $215,570 45. Of the debt, $5,432,261 11 are on account of Cochituate water. The amount payable on the city debt, April 30, 1855, will be $467,600; on water debt, $25,300. The amount of means on hand, at this date, in cash and bonds, and mortgages, is $1,324,607 67.

The subject of the sale of Faneuil Hall Market was reported upon by the committee to which it had been referred, they recommending its reference to the next City Council, which was accepted. It will be a very good thing for the new government to quarrel over.

The Land Commissioners' Report was made on the same evening, and shows that the value of the land sold during 1854, thus far, is $69,722 60; expenditures, $3,088 14; amount of land unsold, 7,708,078 square feet, beside 782,000 feet outside of the line of solid filling of flats in South Boston. During the last six years the amount of land sold is 1,054,825 square feet, for which was received the sum of $641,821 63. The Report of the Superintendent shows that in 1854 the number of square feet sold at the south end was 154,674.

In company with a communication from Mr. Winthrop, the President of the Board of Commissioners appointed to superintend the erection of the Public Library building, and relating to procuring plans and estimates, an order was presented in the Common Council, at its last meeting, authorizing the withdrawal of $2,000 from the reserved fund, and placing the same in the hands of the Auditor, to be at the disposal of the Commissioners; and the order was adopted. Mr. H. N. Hooper has declined to serve on the commission.

Some of our large establishments are closing up their business, or reducing its extent materially, the effect of which will be to throw out of employment quite a number of men, and so increase the suffering that already is so great. The present winter is said to be the severest one known in Boston during this generation, so far as suffering from poverty is concerned.

Wages are to be reduced at our navy yard about ten per cent, or a little more. No reduction of the salaries of officeholders has been mentioned.

The run on our savings institutions has been quite severe, though the opinion is confidently expressed that no great harm will follow therefrom. Most people think, however, that these institutions are altogether too loosely conducted, and that they should be made the objects of searching legislation. They are allowed to accumulate too large capitals, and are not sufficiently careful in their modes of making investments. One of them has five millions of dollars, about a seventh part of which great sum is loaned to a bank that is not considered to be of the first class of moneyed institutions. Then there is a great deal of favoritism shown in making investments, and the managers of the institutions are fixtures, remaining long in office; and what happens from that the country has had some reason to know in our time, and has purchased the not over agreeable knowledge at a most enormous figure.

In 1852, Mr. Crocker, then Sheriff of Suffolk, seized a quantity of liquor, for which he was sued by the owner for damages. Mr. Crocker petitioned the Governor and Council that a person might be appointed to appear and defend the case; but the committee of the Council to whom the subject was referred, reported adversely to his prayer. The case is still pending in the Supreme Court. This is one of the many evils that have come from the fanaticism of the friends of the Maine law, who would not listen to reason when that statute was before the Legislature. When it was under discussion in the Senate an amendment was offered by one of its opponents to protect officers against such persecutions as Mr. Crocker has been subjected to; but it was voted down, for the the avowed reason that it came from an enemy.

There is nothing to make a special note of in the political world of a reliable character. We have all kinds of stories of quarrels and dissensions in the American party; but as they are got up in some cases, people are beginning to discredit even those which are well founded. The "clothes line" telegraph is much more amusing than reliable. The difficulties among the victors on the subject of councillors are reported to have somewhat abated. Mr. Brown, Lieutenant Governor elect, is said to favor the election of Mr. Nelson, of Woburn, from the Middlesex district; but I should suppose that Mr. Nelson, if desirous of office, would strike higher, and go in for the Attorney Generalship. Perhaps, however, Governor Gardner does not intend to remove Mr. Clifford, but will initiate Gov. Boutwell, who kept that gentleman in office during his own two years of service. Mr. Clifford cannot be more opposed to the American party than he was to the democracy; and as his anti-democratic sentiment did no harm with Governor Boutwell, perhaps his anti-Know Nothingism may be equally harmless to him under Governor Gardner. Besides, he may be a member of the order. There are some important murder trials to commence in a few weeks, and the services of an able man will be required to give the gallows an even chance for what many think to be its dues.

Mr. Gardner visited the State House, a few days since, to see what he should have to do in relation to matters requiring mention in his address to the Legislature. I wonder what Governor Washburn thought when he saw him come into the Council Chamber.

Mr. Banks's Know Nothing speech in Congress is looked upon on all sides as a formal bid for the Senatorship, on the most accommodating terms, and certainly at the lowest possible rates. Mr. Banks used to be on very good terms with our Catholic voters, and without the aid of a large portion of the Irish citizens of Waltham he never could have got into our Legislature, the being sent to which body was the foundation of his political fortune. "Isn't it so, Peter?" Not St. Peter, but a much more lowly personage.

Some of the whigs have a theory, which is quite comforting to them, on the Senatorial question. They say that the Know Nothings, being very modest men, and clearly convinced of their own want of respectability, are anxious to enlist some eminent whig into their party, with the view of making him Senator. If this theory be well founded, it is not impossible that they will be able to find some respectable whig ready to take pity on them, and relieve their destitution by accepting the office.

A gentleman from New Hampshire, who appears to be booked up in the politics of that State, tells me that Mason B. Tappan, a prominent free soiler, has now the best chance of obtaining the Know Nothing nomination for Governor. He could be easily elected. The next most prominent man for the nomination is Henry F. French, of Exeter, a brother-in-law of M. Brown, our Lieutenant Governor elect. ALGOMA.

Our Texas Correspondence.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, Dec. 7, 1854.

Progress of the Revolution in Mexico—Fresh Outbreaks—Santa Anna's Mock Appeal to the Mexican Nation—His Desperate Position—Commercial News, &c., &c.

The cold weather we are now having, it is fondly hoped will restore our city to its usual healthy state, and the present state of health both here and on the river would indicate that we have nothing to apprehend from an epidemic.

The line of the Rio Grande on both sides continues undisturbed, and the leaders of the recent abortive revolution in the adjoining Mexican territory continue to make this place their temporary residence. As yet, the want of means paralyzes all their movements.

The late intelligence from the interior of Mexico, received through private letters, from sources the most reliable, has given the opponents of the present Mexican ruler new courage, as it is now known here that the revolutionists of Michoacan, under Huerta, had advanced on Guanajuato and had defeated the government troops sent from the city against him. It is confidently asserted that the place by this time has fallen into their hands.

It is now confidently rumored that the "Valle del Maig," in the department of San Luis Potosi, has revolted, which accounts for the late movement of troops from Matamoras and other places on the line, *en route* for Victoria.

The electoral farce to solve the question—shall the actual President of the republic continue in office, exercising the unlimited powers he now enjoys, or not?—came off in Matamoras on the 1st of this month, as provided by the Dictator's circular of the 20th of October last. And an election it was, most truly. On that day some thirty patroles of soldiers paraded the streets, a guard of fifty men was stationed at the polls, two loaded pieces of artillery were brought out, the city was divided into wards, and the Governor appointed a commissary or police agent over each, charged with voting for himself and all the citizens in his ward, it being distinctly understood that whoever voted against the Dictator would be banished in half an hour. The election was under the management of the military, and as provided in the election instructions each captain would vote for himself and for whatever number of subordinates he would represent as being in his company. No private citizens presented themselves to exercise the glorious privilege, and at night, government agents informed them that if they failed to vote for Santa Anna on the next day they would be fined in the sum of fifty dollars each or be sent to jail for the term of four months. The result need scarcely be told, and the miserable farce is too contemptible to even deserve criticism. To comment upon it would be cruelty, and its authors have scarcely raised themselves to the dignity of a sensible man's contempt.

Such is the evident state of feeling in that country that with the despot now, the only question is how he can get out of the country with safety, as his present experiment in the science of government has been a most miserable failure. The tree is known by its fruit, and to know the nature of a government we need only glance at the condition of its people. Under Santa Anna's misguided government the country is distracted and torn asunder by civil turmoils, its treasury exhausted, public confidence destroyed; commerce, internal and foreign at its lowest ebb, and his government not respected either at home or abroad. This is an avowal of facts, public and notorious. The present situation of the Mexican people eloquently proclaims to an unprejudiced mind the weakness and corruption of his government.

On the 2d inst., some two hundred and seventy-one recruits for the army on this line arrived from the mouth of the Rio Grande on board of the steamer Grampus, under the command of Lieut Col. Chapman, and on the same day left for Ringgold barracks, above. They were a fine, robust looking set of men, and looked as if they can render good service.

The state of trade continues inactive, and will likely remain so until a change takes place with our neighbors, whose situation renders them unwilling to enter into mercantile or other operations, unless they be of a revolutionary character.

Our city continues to improve gradually, and the number of our churches and seminaries of learning highly speak for our morals and mental improvement.

We have no news from the upper Rio Grande, and our restless population begin to feel the want of excitement. RIO BRAVO.

Meeting of the Missouri Legislature.

We take the following despatch from the St. Louis *Republican*:—

JEFFERSON CITY, Dec. 25, 1854.

The Legislature convened this morning. The senators presented their credentials and adjourned to 2 P. M.

In the House, Mr. Mothershead was called to the chair temporarily, and all but nine members answered to their names, and were sworn. Nominations for Speaker were made. Robert E. Acock, anti-Benton; Richard J. Barrett, Benton; and Wm. Newland, whig—all agreed upon in caucus. The House adjourned to 10 o'clock on Tuesday.

The Senate organized by electing McCrack[...], anti-Benton, Secretary of the Senate; J. A. H[...]day, anti-Benton, assistant secretary; Wm. [...]over, democrat, doorkeeper; M. V. Harrison, [...]crat, sergeant-at-arms; Hiram H. Baber, whig, [...]gressing clerk; and Parris Pipkin, anti-Benton Know Nothing, enrolling clerk.

JEFFERSON CITY, Dec. 26, 18[...]

The whigs adopted their platform last night [...] full meeting, and after a full discussion of all points presented as the result of this discu[...] and consultation, they passed without a dissenting voice, the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the whig members of the General Assembly owe it to themselves and their constituents, as citizens of a slave State, to discountenance in every way, the efforts of the free soilers and abolitionists, to continue the agitation of the slave question, in Congress or out of it, and that they will not vote for any person for Speaker of the House of Representatives, or Senator in Congress who is not known to be of these views and pledged to sustain them.

Resolved, That we will vote for no man for Speaker or Senator who is not in favor of the bill passed at the last session of Congress, known as the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and who will not, with all his influence, oppose a repeal of that bill, particularly the section which repeals the Missouri Compromise, and that part of the bill which provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves. On this platform every whig in Missouri can stand, and it will govern the election of their representatives in the Legislature.

The House met at 10 o'clock, and proceeded to the election of a Speaker.

On the first ballot, Mr. Newland, whig, received 44, and Mr. Barrett, 32 votes. Bogy, King, and Smith, of Pettus, one vote each.

On the fourth ballot Blair led off and announced his vote for Newland. Ballot resulted, 44 for Acock, 60 for Newland, and 14 for Barrett. Darnes and Mosely, whig, seceding and voting for Acock.

On the fifth ballot, Newland received 64 votes and was declared Speaker. Twenty Benton men voted for him on the last ballot.

House adjourned to two o'clock.

JEFFERSON CITY, Dec. 26, 185[...]

EVENING SESSION.—Vote for Speaker *pro tem.* Kelley, Benton, 64; Burnes, anti-Benton, 56. Clerk—Solomon J. Lowe, Benton, 65; George Huston, anti-Benton, 56. Benjamin F. Wallace, Jackson, whig, elected Enrolling Clerk, without opposition. Engrossing Clerk, Collier, of Ma[...], whig, 72; Sevier, anti, 51. Door Keeper, Ri[...] Jackson, anti-Benton, 67; Kennard, of Boone, 55. House adjourned.