NEW YORK HERALD.

New York, Monday, December 25, 1843.

☞ No evening paper will be issued from this office to-day—but to-morrow the Herald will be published as usual.

THE MASS MEETING AT VAUXHALL GARDENS THIS EVENING.—The great mass meeting of American Republicans takes place this evening at Vauxhall Gardens. It will be one of the most interesting and important which has been held in this city for years. That it should be a very harmonious meeting all true friends of the cause know full well, and that it will not be so we have not much reason to apprehend. Still it is not amiss to remind all of the necessity and duty of avoiding any approach whatever to conduct which would endanger that unanimity which now constitutes the chiefest strength of the movement. All attempts of individuals to elevate themselves at the expense of others, or to make this great patriotic cause tributary to their personal ends, should be frowned down immediately on their manifestation. If Sammans, or Ralph, or Whitney, or the Rev. David Hale, or any one discover the slightest inclination to make individual capital out of this matter, let him be put down at once. This is the game that has brought the old factions to the verge of ruin, and unless the new party are suicidally inclined they will never permit its introduction amongst their ranks. So much by way of advice.

We want a regular city reform—a reform in every branch of the city government. New York was never so badly governed in any respect as she is at this moment, on this blessed Christmas eve, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and forty-three. And to what quarter are we to look for this reform? We have tried both whigs and locofocos, and both have been found equally inefficient, slothful, corrupt and worthless. We have no confidence at all in either of these hitherto dominent factions—and if the American Republicans fail us, we must be contented to wade knee deep in mud—pay enormous taxes—allow rogues, thieves, burglars, assassins to run at large, and submit to all sorts of fraud and corruption, till perhaps some visitation from heaven sends us deliverance.

And not only do the municipal affairs of this great city demand the thoughts of this new party. The state and prospects of the Union itself present much to unite their most earnest and patriotic attention. They are called on at this moment to take strong ground against the extraordinary principles promulgated by Bishop Hughes in his late lecture in the Tabernacle—principles of the most dangerous character, but advanced with that jesuitical caution, and priestly plausibility which are so characteristic of this wily, designing, insidious, zealous servant of his Holiness the Pope. Let the American Republicans attentively examine the doctrines announced to thousands in this lecture at the Tabernacle, by which David Hale received seventy or eighty dollars—droll enough, indeed, that he should receive money for affording accommodation to the very men who are opposing that party to which he has professedly attached himself. But according to this lecture, it is very clear that Bishop Hughes, acting in obedience to the wishes and express command of the Pope, intends by means of the slave question to create and influence dissensions amongst the States of the Union, in order that the aspiring, restless, ever-grasping and intriguing church of which he is so efficient a prelate, may step in, seize upon this beautiful heritage, and reduce it to the condition of the European States in the middle ages. This, in brief, presents the matter which constituted the whole length, and breath, and thickness of the Bishop's discourse, and when taken in conjunction with the bold, open, audacious, persevering efforts of O'Connell to effect the same purposes of disorganization and subjugation, surely affords abundance of material for reflection and indignant rebuke on the part of the American Republicans.

Have we not already seen how Bishop Hughes, by means of the school question, divided the whigs and locofocos, and eventually conquered both, carrying his own measures triumphantly? American Republicans! are you prepared to submit to the Pope—his Bishop—and O'Connell—that trinity of evil influences which are now so openly and manifestly arrayed against the peace and stability of this republic? We trow not.

MR. CHOATE'S ORATION—WEBSTER'S SPEECH.—We have seldom been afforded a better opportunity of contrasting and studying sound and sense—words and ideas—bombast and eloquence—tinsel and gold, than that which presented itself at the New England celebration in the oration of Choate and the speech of Webster. There's more to be gained by the comparison than could be got out of a day's study of Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric or Blair's excellent treatise on the Belles Letters. It is exceedingly amusing to see the puffs published in the newspapers about this oration. These blockheads of critics are wags without knowing it.—These puffs are the most unmerciful criticisms which could be written. Take any passage at random from the oration, analyze it, and then read one of the puffs—"beautiful and brilliant thoughts"—"burning eloquence"—"flashes of genius"—"gushing loveliness," and be convinced of the cruelty of these friends. Now this oration was a splendid specimen of rant and fustian—the speech an admirable specimen of true and unaffected eloquence. Half a dozen ideas might possibly be extracted, after a very diligent and careful analysis from the former—in the latter every sentence contained solid, substantial matter. And this is the universal opinion amongst all who are at all competent to form an accurate judgment of the merits of literary compositions.

Choate was quite lost amid verbiage. He floundered about without any evident aim or object.

> "Thus when a dab-chick waddles through a copse,
> On feet and wings—now flies, now wades, now hops."

And yet his subject was one on which he might indeed have shone. It was a noble one—every way worthy of a vigorous mind, and calculated to excite bold and original ideas. But the oration on this great, comprehensive, inspiring theme, may be most correctly represented by the expressive discription given by the *philosophic Prince* of Denmark, of a similar effort—"Words—words—words." Any school-boy of tolerable memory, and who reads the magazines and Bulwer's novels, could have written just such a magniloquent, turgid, inflated essay on the character and sufferings of the Pilgrims. And if the matter was indifferent, the style of delivery was still more indifferent. Whining—snuffling—ranting—it was an imitation of a down-east itinerant expounder of the Word, which would have brought down thunders of applause at Barnum's Museum

How different from all this was the speech of Mr. Webster! Every idea so distinctly brought out—plainly but beautifully expressed—impressed at once on the mind and memory of the hearer.—Here every where we see the hand of a master With what a bold, striking pencil was depicted the progress of the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon race, each conquering and subjugating a world! Why, there is more solid matter of information and instruction—more philosophy—more genuine eloquence in that single, short, after-dinner speech of Mr. Webster; than would suffice to make up the head, body and tail of ten thousand such orations as that which was sung, half through the nose and half through the lips of the Hon. Rufus Choate, in the Broadway Tabernacle one day last week! In short, as a down-easter would say, "Mr. Choate is but a poor *shoat* at best, while every word of Mr. Webster weighs a pound avoirdupois."

EQUESTRIAN EXERCISE.—The noble science of horsemanship is becoming more and more fashionable amongst the fair ladies of this city. They have now better opportunities than ever of acquiring that elegance and graceful carriage and air obtained in the *manége*. Davis, the best riding master in this country, has opened his splendid school at Niblo's.

The Postponement of Sentence on Moses Y. Beach.

A good deal of surprise has been created by the postponement again, on Saturday last, of the sentence on Moses Y. Beach, for his foul, gross and beastly slander on a pure and honorable wife; and although we are not much astonished at any thing that the Courts of Justice may do or not do, in this enlightened and virtuous age, yet we must say that we have been a good deal surprised at the remarks made in Court by our counsel, Mr. Jordan, on which was founded the action of the Court.

To speak in the mildest manner, we must say that Mr. Jordan entirely misapprehended our instructions, and in several of his declarations acted contrary to our intentions. In matters of law, I employ lawyers and pay lawyers, but in all matters of common sense, propriety of feeling, or sense of honor, I use those home-made materials, springing from my own heart and instincts. In this case of Beach, I meant to remove entirely every impediment from the action of the Court of Justice. If a simple suspension of the civil suit could not have effected this object—then I was determined to withdraw it altogether. I meant to make the Court of Sessions take the responsibility—the whole responsibility—either of executing the laws, equally to all men, rich or poor, or to do the contrary, just as they listed. I meant to ascertain whether there was moral sentiment in a Court of Justice, sufficient to protect, from gross and unmerited injury, one of the purest and best, and most virtuous of women that ever man called by the endearing name of wife. I meant to ascertain whether there was a sense of duty—a sense of virtue—a regard for female honor, lingering, in the smallest elements, in the bosom of Recorder Tallmadge, and in the equally capacious breasts of the Aldermen Judges, sufficient for the execution of the laws and for the meting out of justice, equally to all—to the rich and the poor—to Moses Y. Beach or to Mike Walsh. That was all.

For myself, for my affectionate and much injured wife, and for my innocent and lovely little boy, we feel too strongly entrenched in the purest and highest principles of honor, truth and virtue, ever to care one jot what the Court of Sessions may do, or how much they may labor to find technical openings to let Beach escape. Our dependence is upon the purity, the virtue, the integrity of our former lives—the eternal justice which animates an honorable, liberal, just and generous community, those everlasting principles that flow from an ever living and Almighty God, whose attributes are justice, and truth and virtue—and in those hearts of mingled tenderness and strength, of adamant and of fire, that will, in due time, trample in the dirt all the beastly conspiracies that ever have been formed to destroy our characters. We only bide our time, as calmly, as sternly as the immutable laws of nature.

In obedience, therefore, to these feelings, I shall give immediate directions for an unequivocal withdrawal and discontinuance of the civil suit against Beach, and thus remove every technical difficulty which the Court of Sessions can conjure up as an excuse for further delay. I want no money of Beach. No money can repay the gross and beastly injury he has inflicted on one of the purest wives that ever breathed. I will have no contact in any way with that debased beast. He is in the hands of justice, and his case *is the great test question whether there is in New York the same justice for the rich as for the poor.*

As for myself, my purpose has been from the beginning, to vindicate, according to the laws of God and man—according to the lofty principles of honor, morality and religion, the character of a most virtuous, true, high-souled wife and innocent child. Had I been actuated by the vulgar passions of the ruffians of the age, I might have waylaid Moses Y. Beach, on the next morning after the libel, and have cut his throat from ear to ear with a Bowie knife; or I might have shot him down in the street with a loaded pistol. There are hundreds and thousands who would have applauded the act—and who blame the moral forbearance I have observed in this matter. But no—I never would allow myself to do so. I have a higher and holier opinion of my own destiny, as marked out by heaven—of the purpose of my existence by the Almighty, ever to tread one step out of those holy principles which a pious and religious mother and an honorable father instilled into my mind in the days of my youth. I never would seek for justice in any other way, than in that bright, broad, honorable road, marked out equally by the laws of civilized society and the higher laws of God and the Bible.

In obedience to these feelings, therefore, I shall take care to deposit Moses Y. Beach, with all his wealth and virtues, in the hands of the Court of Sessions of New York, and they can do with him what they please at the next term. But I shall still pursue the slanderers of my wife and family wherever I find them. And in this investigation I have found certain facts in connection with a person by the name of Gaillardat, the Editor of the French paper in this city, called the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, and of a *clique* of French society, of which it is the organ, from which I have every reason to believe these slanders originated, long before they were caught up and enlarged by Beach. In this business I shall leave no stone unturned to vindicate—according to the laws of God and man—not by the code of murderers—the honor, the virtue, and the purity of my family and myself. We are not afraid of the strictest investigation into all our private and public conduct. We court it. In that true courage—such as becomes a man and a christian—they will find that James Gordon Bennett and his wife have enough to meet every emergency here or elsewhere.

These slanders on my family, were coined and circulated by certain *cliques* of society in New York, for the purpose of endeavoring by that side-way to put down me and the popular journal I have succeeded in establishing against all the other newspapers, bankers, financiers, speculators, bankrupts, and scoundrels that chequer society here. It was a wilful fabrication, made against a virtuous woman, carried on for the purpose of injuring her successful husband who was hated by rivals. These fabrications, during the last three years, have assumed every shape, and been published and circulated in various ways. At first they circulated from *clique* to *clique*—in town and at the watering places—the whole of which I have now pretty nearly traced out, and shall bring the guilty parties to justice, one after another. I have placed Beach at the bar of the Court of Sessions, and their action will tell whether they are really a court of justice or a court of nonentity, next month. The others will be followed up, one by one, wherever they are found. In a good, a holy, a pure cause, I cannot be diverted from the pursuit of that reparation which honor and justice equally demand. My step is onward calm, noiseless, stern and unchangeable as the laws of nature.

REPORTING.—Another very signal instance of the vast superiority of our means of presenting to the public the earliest, the fullest, most graphic and most accurate reports of all public proceedings, wa afforded in the case of the New England Society dinner. The "Herald" was the only paper that contained a respectable account of this affair. Mr. Webster's admirable and deeply interesting speech, as well as all the others, was given with that fullness and accuracy which always distinguish our reports, and which render them so acceptable to the public. One of the other papers made considerable efforts to report the dinner, but failed as usual. The "Courier" hadn't a word of Webster's speech—the "Journal of Commerce" hadn't a word of it—the "Tribune" hadn't a word of it—the "Express" had done much better if it hadn't given a word of it, instead of the disgraceful, garbled, meagre outline it presented in the morning. In the evening edition of the "Express" our report was given without a syllable of acknowledgement—that concern maintaining in this, as in all other instances, its uniform characteristic meanness and dishonesty.

Christmas Gifts and Amusements.

This is the time to throw money into the hands of managers of theatres, museums, booksellers, &c., and make large and little children happy. But whilst you are making your purchases of rich books, stop a moment, and think of those who would like a piece of bread to keep themselves from starvation.

Whilst they are thinking of this we will give a list of the places of amusements, and of the gifts, that all who have money can see and buy.

Colman, No. 203 Broadway, has a magnificent assortment of books, prints, &c.

There are some beautiful holiday gifts to be had at Geo. R. Cholwell's, No. 79 William street.

Look in at Redfield's, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, for some splendid books suitable for Christmas gifts.

J. & R. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street, have their usual excellent assortment of Christmas and New Year's presents.

Those who wish to shoot any one can obtain their pistols at Spies', 218 Pearl street.

Barnett, 59 Courtlandt street, will engrave a beautiful visiting card for you.

Any thing in the shape of jewelery can be obtained at Lyon's, No. 80 Chatham street.

For superior wines, &c., go to Gilbert's, in William street, and to Clark, Binniger & Cozzens, 56 Vesey street.

The Alhamra will supply every one with cakes, ice creams, &c.

Lamps of all kinds can be purchased at Hooker's 468 Broadway. They are said to be cheap.

As all parlors must be decorated, we advise every one to step into Niblo's Garden and buy some *bouquets*, &c., for that purpose.

There is to be a day and evening performance at the Chatham, Niblo's, Tryon's, Barnum's Museum, and Peale's Museum. There will be great fun and great sights at each. Visit all of them.

Also there is to be a festival at Niblo's, this evening, called a tea party. Let all take tea there.

Cole's Pictures are to be seen at the Society Library Building.

Parker gives a grand ball in the evening at Washington Hall.

Those who prefer music can get plenty at Atwill's No. 201 Broadway. The latest publications are there.

Toys! toys! toys! at 233 Centre street.

Tiffany, Young and Ellis, have every variety of holiday presents. Look in at their store, No. 259 Broadway.

Burgess, Stringer & Co., under the American Museum, have a large assortment of books, magazines, annuals, &c.

Superb cake can be found at Tompson's, No. 40 Lispenard street.

All the churches will be open. Go to them.

For further particulars see advertising columns of the Herald.

A. C. Casella,

Solo Violincellist of the Court of H. M. the King of Sardinia.

Augustus Cæsar Casella, was born at Lisbon on the 15th of October, 1820, of Genoese parents. His father was a celebrated professor of the violincello, and at that period held the office of leader at the Theatre of San Carlo in the above mentioned city. At the age of four years Casella evinced a great taste for music. When his father was practising upon his instrument, he would draw near to him, and a desire to become a great performer was perceptible in the child, even at that tender age.—He was always singing, scribbling musical characters, and laying his hands on every instrument that came within his reach. Finally his ruling passion was yielded to. His father left Lisbon and returned to his own country, where he commenced superintending the studies of his son; the violin was the first instrument put in the hands of the youth; but the experiment was fruitless. The learner showed no inclination for the study. The violincello, his father's instrument, was then tried; to that, and to that only, he applied himself with the greatest eagerness. He studied under the tuition of his father, and with so much assiduity that at the age of 14 he gave his first Concert at the theatre of Carlo Felice, in Genoa. This concert met with a highly favorable result, and produced a great effect. But many allowances are made to one at the age of the young *débutant*. His father, who was a finished master of his art, was well aware that much more study was necessary to make a great *artiste* of his son. Consequently he placed him at the Conservatorio of Music, in Genoa, where he remained for some time, and until his father received the appointment of first violincellist to His Sardinian Majesty, and was obliged to leave Genoa in order to proceed to the capital Here it was, it may be said, Casella began his musical career, by occupying a distinguished place in the orchestra of the Royal Theatre, where he remained for six years, endeavoring to perfect himself in his art. But never did a manager have so insubordinate a musician as Casella. He could not adapt himself to the materialism of the orchestra, and although his father had contracted for him for eight years, he managed so that at the close of the sixth, Casella was permitted to resign his post. From that time he changed completely. He applied himself to the study of the solo violincello and to composition, and in the year 1841 he gave his farewell concert in the presence of rince Carignano, at which he received great applause. On that occasion he produced, for the first time, his elegy on the loss of his mother. This pathetic piece met with so much favor that he was not allowed to withdraw before having repeated it, at the request of His Royal Highness.

He next went to Genoa, in the year 1842, at the time the Royal Court was indulging in great festivities, on account of the marriage of the Hereditary Prince Victor Emanuel Carella, and was employed to play at a concert before the Court, at which were present Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, all his family, Prince Carignano, the King of Naples, the Viceroy of Milan, &c. &c. He produced such an effect that he was rewarded for his performance with the title of Solo Violoncellist at the Royal Court. He also received at Genoa the degree of Professor of the Conservatorio.

Thence he proceeded to France, where he gave several concerts, which created a great sensation wherever they were heard. All the newspapers spoke of him. Mery, the famous French poet, said in the Pemmafor of Marseilles, "Casella sings with the Violincello, as Rubini does with the voice.—His elegy causes tears to flow—his 'Sovenirs de Genes' are brilliant beyond description. 'The song of the Mariners,' &c. &c."

He was created honorary member of several Philharmonic Societies, he also obtained the degree of Professor of the Conservatory of Turin, and relying upon the success which he has already met with, on the fondness of the American people for music, and on their capacity to appreciate it, he did not hesitate to set foot on the new world.

He is young and handsome, and his talents will doubtless be valued according to their worth.

Religious Movements.—The Rev. Dr. Cunningham, a minister of the Scottish Free Church, and who came over here in the *Hibernia* on a mission for the purpose of collecting money from the faithful in the United States, preached yesterday in Dr. McElroy's church in this city. Dr. Cunningham is an able and eloquent divine, and is justly regarded as one of the ornaments of that branch of the ancient kirk of Scotland, which has recently discovered something like the spirit of the good old time, in casting off the yoke of civil domination and interference. His sermon yesterday was evangelical—eloquent—and altogether unexceptionable as to orthodoxy and piety. Of its effect on the pockets of the congregation we are unable to express any very decided opinion, as we have not learned the precise amount of money collected, but we believe that the amount was quite considerable.

We can't say that we approve of this exploring expedition in which Dr. Cunningham has taken the lead. We are of course very sorry that we cannot give him our approbation, and we think a good many of the people in these regions will be of the same way of thinking. The Doctor and his renowned and esteemed associates have made a great stand in favor of voluntaryism, but they don't appear to understand it; at all events their voluntaryism differs materially from American voluntaryism. The notion here, and we admire it, as it is correct, is that every people should support their own clergy. Dr. Cunningham's idea of coming over here and levying contributions on the flocks who have already quite enough to do to find their own shepherds and build their own sheepfolds, is, therefore, not altogether orthodox.

It may do well for Bishop Hughes to levy money for the Church of Rome in this country, and also for O'Connell to do the same thing under the name of "repeal rent;" but we do think that the Free Church of Scotland is not acting up to the voluntary principle in thus demanding alms from us. If any of our clergy were to go over to Scotland on such an expedition, we think they would get rather a cool reception, and yet we think that they would have a better right to do so. They would be going back to the maternal breast. After all, the best plan is for every people to support their own ministry—that's all.

Literary Notices.

The American in Paris During the Summer—18 engravings—New York, Appleton & Son.—Here is a holiday present fit for the boudoir of the President's lady—charming, graceful and elegant in its exterior, and within full of that delightful luxuririance of thought and descriptions which is calculated to impress the minds of untravelled Americans with an adequate idea of the novelties and the realities of the lively capital of the most polite nation in the world. We cannot venture upon a detail of its literary contents, seeing that we abhor depriving the fortunate recipient of his intellectual enjoyment in the perusal. We shall, therefore, leave him in the agonies of suspense, merely remarking that the exhibitions here made of France and the French are true to nature. Eighteen engravings, delicious in execution, enough to excite the envy even of the landseers, are interspersed in the book. To be appreciated, however, they must be examined, and that process over, we will swear they will be declared worthy of a place in the most *recherche* of portfolios. Let not the book, however, be rifled of them, for that would be to perpetrate injustice upon both artist and author. By-the-bye, we observe a charming elegy, full of feeling and sadness, written by "a fair young American girl with blue eyes," (oh, ye gods!) in the French language, upon the death of Schlesinger, at whose history all New York has wept. It would not be inappropriate to introduce the whole in this place, during the musical madness which is now disturbing this community, but we have not room for the whole. The last stanza however will, perhaps, be sufficient:—

> Le sculpteur dans sa piene obéissante,
> Le peintre dans les couleurs de sa palette,
> Le pöets dans ses vers,
> S'érigent à eux-mêmes un monument;
> Mais de toi, de tant de passions soulerées,
> Bien ne reste. La musique de ton âme,
> S'est évanouie tout entière dans les airs !

It is not at any moment that Berenger or any other living elegiest and song writer can produce such charming lines as these of our blue-eyed native beauty.

Poems by Eliza Cook—New York—J. & H. G. Langley.—Here is another holiday present. Eliza Cook was first brought into notice by one of the London weekly papers—now several years ago—and the promise she then gave of being in few respects inferior to Hemans and other gifted female poets seems, in this collection, to approach realization. Her muse, though often "homely in attire," *does* (not *may*) "touch the heart;" it is full of feeling, and nature, and she has the power of clothing its conceptions in the simplest yet most telling dialects. Her reputation has now extended to this country, and doubtless she will continue to be appreciated as long as a taste for genuine poetry is found in this great and immortal republic. The production of this volume does great credit to the publishers; it is elegant without being gaudy—in fact it is splendid without a particle of ostentation. The plates, twelve in number, are admirable.

Simcoe's Military Journal of Campaigns in the American Revolution—New York—Bartlett & Welford.—A military journal of the operations of a partisan corps, called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by Colonel Simcoe, during the war of the revolution.—This is a record of some interesting particulars and local occurrences of that memorable struggle; and, as being a documentary illustration of the times and the circumstances of the American rebellion, it deserves circulation and favor.

Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico.—The first two volumes of this splendid work have been for some time before the public. The third (the second we have not seen,) and last, has just been issued, and is in every way fully worthy of those that have gone before it. It contains another portrait of Hernando Cortes, and a *fac simile* of his signature, which is certainly curious in the highest degree. Its contents, besides concluding the history of the Conquest, with the atrocious torture and execution of Guatemozin, give us a continuation of the conqueror's life, a clear and beautiful essay on the origin of Mexican civilization, and a great number of important documents from which facts have been derived in the progress of the work. Notwithstanding the apology for its introduction made by the author in the preface to the first volume, no one, we think, will for a moment regret that the life of Cortes was continued beyond the great event which made him conqueror of Mexico. Apart from the interest of the history, our feelings inevitably become deeply enlisted in the personal character and fate of Cortes himself: so that his death is very acceptably made the termination of the work.

The history will be universally read, and will be not only the theme of temporary interest in literary circles, but a standard work, preserved in libraries, both public and private, and regarded as a complete and satisfactory exposition of the circumstances attending that important conquest. We have already noticed the splendid manner in which it has been published—a style strictly corresponding with its intrinsic worth, and one which must prove very generally acceptable. Its price, though apparently high, is in truth very moderate, when the richness of the typographic dress and the heavy expense at which alone the copyright could have been purchased, are taken into the account. It cannot but prove an addition as welcome as it is honorable to the literature of the United States.

Works of Hannah More.—The Harpers are publishing the complete works of Hannah More in eight numbers, at twenty-five cents each. The seventh is just published and contains "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife"—one of the most successful and useful of all Mrs. More's valuable and interesting writings. One number only is lacking to complete the work.—Hannah More was a parson in petticoats—a parson of twenty horse power, too.

French made Easy.—Here is another French Grammar, which is equal to nine-tenths of those already published. Graham & Christy, Astor House, publishers.

D'Aubigne's Voice of the Church One—A Sermon by the great Genevese Professor—Issued in elegant form by Taylor & Co., Brick Church Chapel.

Hornes' Protestant Memorial—A useful controversial work of reference.—John J. Taylor & Co., publishers.

Curtis on the Light.—This excellent little treatise has just been issued at the low price of one shilling, by Burgess & Stringer.

The Ladies' Instructor in Millinery, &c.—The Ladies Guide to Embroidery, &c.—This elegant little work just published by Burgess & Stringer.

A Voice from Antiquity—By D'Aubigne.—Published by Taylor & Co.

Dr. Collyer's Lights and Shadows of American Life.—Just out, by Brainard & Co.

The Phylosopher's Stone.—A novel by Dr. Balzac.—Translated by a lady, and published by J. Winchester.—Very good.

Shakspeare's Works.—Part IV of Burgess & Stringer's elegant cheap edition is out.

Miss Leslies' Magazine for December.—Published by Burgess & Stringer in this city.

Anglo-American.—This spirited periodical increases in excellence, and of course in its circulation.—Published at 6 Ann street.

Bulletin of Medical Science.—A very excellent work, issued monthly by Barrington & Haswell, at Philadelphia.

Kitte's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature.—Parts 5 and 6, just out,—Published by Newman, 199 Broadway. A good work.

Wainwright's Illustrated Common Prayer.—Nos. 20 and 21 of this splendid work are out—Hewitt, publisher.

New Music.—Christman, of 404 Pearl street, has published "I'm too young to Marry." Grand March from Auber's opera "Les Diaman's de la Couronne,"—and a collection of admired operas, selected and arranged for the flute.

Amusements.

Broadway Circus at Niblo's.—This splendid establishment seems determined to rival all others not only in the quantity but the quality of its entertainments. The managers advertise no less than three performances for this day of universal festivity. One at 10, another at two, and the third at seven in the evening, when Mr. North will appear in two of those splendid acts, that have secured to him the reputation he so honorably enjoys—"The Shepherdess and her Swain," and the "Lost Sprite of the Silver Shower." The whole bill is diversified with those acts of Franklin, Cole, N. Turner, &c., that have hitherto redounded to their universal reputation, full of interest and seasonable enjoyment.

Chatham Theatre.—The manager of this house is not a whit behind the best of his cotemporaries in his preparations for the holidays. Master Diamond, Miss Clemence, Mr. Chambers and others have been engaged as auxiliaries to the heretofore excellent company. To-day two performances. In the afternoon Tom and Jerry, Diamond, and Little Red Riding Hood; and in the evening the popular "Spy of St Marcs," and the beautiful local pantomime of which we have before spoken, besides other varieties. The same bill will be repeated tomorrow.

The New Pantomine, called the Harlequin Santa Claus—Prepared by Mons. and Madame Checkeni, which is brought out to-day at the American Museum, is just the thing for the holidays, and we have no doubt Barnum will be well rewarded for his liberal outlays in the preparation. He gives magnificent entertainments every hour to-day, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. So that visiters, going at any hour will be sure to find an entertainment for their enjoyment. In addition to Mons. and Mad. Checkeni, formerly of the Ravel Family, Miss Adair, H. G. Sherman, T. G. Booth, Great Western, Tom Thumb appears for the last time before sailing for London—the Gypsies and the fortune telling Queen, are engaged for the day, making an unprecedented array of talent and novelty. But Barnum don't stop here—in the evening he gives a most magnificent and gorgeous illumination, giving the exterior of the building the appearance of an immense temple of stained glass. With such attractions the Museum must be full day and evening.

City Intelligence.

Police.—SUNDAY, Dec. 24—ARREST ON A BAIL PIECE.—About 5 o'clock this morning, Watchman Gallagher stopped a man at the corner of Cross and Orange streets, who was carrying a bundle, on suspicion that he had been committing a burglary. On asking where he had obtained the bundle, he at first said it belonged to him, and on being closely questioned, said he had found it on the stoop of a house up town. This being sufficient to satisfy the watchman, he arrested him and took him to the watch-house, when the bundle was found to contain a coat and clothing, and the man arrested gave the name of William Groover. In the course of the morning after his arrest, Mr. John L. Murray, tailor, of 121 Prince street, called at the lower police, and stated that his store had been entered the night previous, and clothing and cloths, valued at about $140 stolen therefrom. He identified the cloth and clothing taken from Groover, as a part of that stolen from his store, and Groover was locked up to answer the offence.

BROUGHT BACK.—Wm. R. Hibbard alias Hunt, charged with two indictments for grand larceny, who was bailed by John P. Darg, and escaped to Philadelphia where he was arrested, was brought to this city yesterday by officer Stokely, and committed to prison to await his trial.

Coroner's Office, Sunday, Dec. 24.—The term of the present Coroner expires on Sunday next, but business continues to pour in upon him. An inquest was held on the body of a man who had accidentally fallen overboaad, at the foot of Catharine street, and before rescued, although only in the water about ten minutes, yet he was lifeless.—Had this accident happened in almost any other city this man would have been restored, as implements are there placed for the rescue of drowned bodies in almost every public slip. The name of the man is unknown, and no papars were found in his pockets giving any clue to his residence or occupation. He appeared to be about 50 years of age, and was dressed in a pea coat, woollen vest, spotted woollen shirt, and wore a truss. On his right arm was pricked in india ink the figure of an Eagle, with a motto of "Liberty." On the left arm a man and woman, with motto of "Love and be Happy" and a crucifix with motto "finis."

ANOTHER UNKNOWN MAN.—Also on the body of a man whose name is unknown, who was brought to the City Hospital on Friday night, by a watchman who had found him on the steps of a house near by in a state of insensibility. He died on Saturday evening of apoplexy with which he had been attacked when found. He was poorly clad, and aged about 50 years.

ANOTHER CASE OF APOPLEXY.—A colored man, named John Gilber, was found in Pearl street on Saturday evening, where he had fallen in an apopleptic fit, and was conveyed home by a cab driver where he died during the night. He was a native of Philadelphia, a sailor by occupation, and aged about 39 years.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A COOK.—The Coroner was also called to enquire into the cause of death of a colored woman, named Nancy, who had been employed by George M. Buel, 63 Fulton street, in the capacity of cook. She had retired the evening previous in apparent good health, and rose in the morning as usual to attend to her vocation. Soon after she had entered the kitchen Mr. B. heard groans proceeding from that part of the house, when he went in and found the cook lying on the floor in the agonies of death. He called in the aid of Dr. Childs, but she died before he could render any aid. An examination of the body caused the opinion that she died from "disease of the heart," in which opinion the jury concurred.

Charleston.

(Correspondence of the Herald.)

CHARLESTON, Dec. 18, 1843.

State of Calhounism—Rising Prospects of Clay—South Carolina.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT—

SIR—

As your correspondents of this place fail to give you an account of all that transpires in this great head quarters of Calhounism, I shall endeavor to give you a sketch of such passing events as may be interesting to those at a distance.

The friends of the great southern statesman have been in a state of the most feverish excitement since the commencement of the present session of Congress, after having been slumbering in a state of confident security of their strength previous to that time. You may well imagine what was their surprise and mortification at finding themselves in such a pitiful minority, at the muster of their forces at Washington preparatory to a combat with their opponents. The first demonstration of the strength of the friends of Mr. Van Buren, was so overwhelming as to strike terror through their ranks, to such a degree for a short time, that they scarce knew how to act; and when fully awake to their situation, found their cause was in a most dangerous way.—Still they were not without hope, for "all is not lost that is in danger." With nearly the whole south, and the aid of their northern friends, they might still retrieve the day; but alas, these hopes were not to be realized, for after this first fire it is found that the northern Calhounists have hauled down their colors, and are flying from the field with the utmost precipitation. To add to their misfortunes the banner of Henry Clay has been unfurled in their midst, and under it have rallied many of our most prominent public men, and if they but carry on the war with half the vigor their partisans with you do, they will, during the next two years, go far towards revolutionizing the politics of this State.

But to return to the unfortunate Calhounists. The finishing blow to their cause and hopes has just been given by the Democratic Convention of Alabama, which has nominated Van Buren for President, and King, of that State, for Vice. At its announcement here their rage knew no bounds—they stamped and swore, and tore their hair—but this, like all other storms, will be succeeded by a calm, and the last dying kick will be given by the Legislature of this State in December, 1844, giving their vote for Calhoun, after which he will be politically consigned to the tomb of the Capulets.

Our Legislature have just adjourned, after a short session, in which but little has been done of much public interest. They have passed an act to change the name of the once famous Louisville, Charleston and Cincinnati Railroad Company to that of the South Carolina Railroad—the original design having long since been abandoned as impracticable, after making but about seventy-five miles of it, and it seemed like a parody on the wisdom, name and fame of its projectors to continue it. During the session a bill was introduced to modify the present law in reference to free negroes coming within the State on board of vessels from foreign or other ports. By it it is made the duty of the sheriff to commit all such negroes to jail, until the vessel is ready to depart again. It has been customary heretofore to allow such negroes the privilege of the yard attached to the jail, being only restrained from going beyond it. In return, they were only required to assist the others in keeping it clean while they remained. It was proposed to modify the law so as to confine negroes to their vessel only after the captain or consignee signing a bond to that effect. The bill passed the House of Representatives, but was rejected in the Senate from the following cause: It appears a few weeks since a British ship arrived here, having on board a free negro named Jones, whose ideas of his personal consequence and rights had been very much enlarged by the abolitionists in England; and on being taken to jail by the sheriff, kicked up a terrible fuss about it, and called in the aid of the British Consul to be released; and on being directed to do some necessary work at the jail, used some outrageous language to the jailor, in the presence of the other negroes, for which he received some well merited punishment. This brought forth the Consul, who talked loud about the protection of the British flag, and threatened the weighty displeasure of her Majesty's government, and its consequences, and blustered about considerably. On learning which, the Senate, determined that they would not be bullied or frightened into any measures, but uphold any laws they might pass at all hazards, and the bill failed; and to prevent the like in future, negroes will hereafter be confined in close custody. So much for abolition interference.

The theatre has had an unusual season so far.—The enterprising manager, Forbes, has been lavish in producing novelties and attractions for all, and has been better supported by the public than for several seasons past. We are all on tiptoe of expectation for Macready, Ole Bull, Veux Temps, and the other great artists. When they arrive you may hear again from A LOST PLEIADE.

Pittsburgh.

(Correspondence of the Herald.)

PITTSBURGH, PA. Dec. 18, 1843.

DEAR BENNETT—

Presuming a line from our iron city may again be of interest to your many thousands of readers, I take up my pen once more.

The whole city was thrown into excitement yesterday, (Sunday) by the report of the murder of one Mr. Falkenbridge, who is supposed to edit a scurrilous sheet called the "Tattler." It appears that W. Sutton, a steamboat captain from Louisville, Kentucky, assailed Falkenbridge with a heavy bludgeon, at the steps of the Merchants' Hotel, and knocked him down, whereupon Falkenbridge drew a knife, and raised it, but before he could make a blow was again levelled by Sutton. A running fight then took place—Falkenbridge threw a rock which knocked Sutton down, and the fight ended. Falkenbridge was conveyed to the office of Dr. Tibbet, and I believe is in a fair way of recovery. This all occurred as our morning church service scommenced, and gathered a mob of several hundreds of people. Oh! what a shocking spectacle to be enacted in a land of Christians upon a Sabbath day!

Business is brisk—rivers yet open, though very full of ice—several arrivals yesterday from Louisville. The weather is rather warm, and snow plenty on the ground. Great excitement rages in the political ranks in regard to Mayor; it is hard to say who will be the successful candidate. It is supposed, generally, Mr. Hays will be re-elected; but we will elect Shunk Governor, sure. He is a very popular man, and an old and tried democrat; and unless Mr. Muklenburg can get up some political intrigue, he can't come it well. I've given you all the particulars worth noting now, and so remain your's truly,

OLD DUQUESNY.

THAT TRUNK.—No word yet of that trunk by Pomeroy's Express. Why don't they drag the mud holes in Broadway? Who knows but it may be buried deep there?

FROM DEMARARA.—Captain Burns, of the Julia Tellfair, arrived at this port yesterday, reports that when he sailed (3d inst.) the market was stocked with all kinds of American produce:—Flour was selling at $5 per barrel and dull. No news.

☞ THE REPORTS in several of the morning and evening papers of Friday last, of an affray which occurred the evening previous, between Henry W. Merritt and myself, omitted to state that that gentleman assailed and threatened to assault me in the Court room of the General Sessions, where I was attending under a subpœna, to testify in a cause then on trial before that Court; and that he assaulted me in the street, immediately on my leaving the Court Room, striking me several times with a *large cane*, sufficient in the hands of *a large, athletic man, to inflict a blow that would produce death.* All this was done on his part, BEFORE I seized the cart rung, with which he *alleges* I assaulted him, although I was not at any time, while in possession of the rung, near enough to him to have done so.

I will add that the assault and battery committed upon me by this *Special Justice for preserving the peace* were wholly unprovoked on my part, except that I replied to the insulting and abusive language with which I was first assailed by him.

I deem it proper to state these facts in justice to myself, and in order that the matter may be properly understood; for although I am indifferent as to the *malignant sneers, and scurrillous abuse of the ignorant, worthless and vile*; next to the approval of God and my conscience, I am emulous of the esteem of the virtuous and wise.

JEREMIAH G. HAMILTON.

DEC. 23, 1843

☞ ALL FOR A SHILLING.—Peale's Museum will reap a golden harvest to-day under the shilling system. The children's favorite, Punch and Judy, Adrien the Magician, Miss Adair, Madame Adolph the Fortune Teller, White Negroes. Performances every hour in the day and evening. Good music, beautiful decorations and illuminations, will draw the shillings by the hat full.

☞ THE GREAT MASS MEETING.—We think this night was badly chosen for the great ingathering of the American Republicans, as many that would attend another time are engaged at parties, balls, or domestic convivialities of social friends. Still there will be many there, as the stores will be closed and every one at leisure. Should any of our readers be called on for a speech there, and so unfortunate as to be bald, he should call at once on Phalon, and get one of his superior Wigs, to prevent the bad effects of cold weather.

Badinage apart, we have seen an old friend of ours, bald for twenty years, possessed of a lovely young wife, who now looks as young as his counter part of ripe twenty-eight or thirty years. The fact is, Phalon has borne off the palm at the Fair for his *recherchè* Gossamer Wigs, and is daily resorted to by every one desirous of getting their heads, or rather age, renewed. He fits them so as to defy detection, even by a close observance, from the natural hair; in this consists his superiority over all competition. His Hair Dressing Saloon is 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's.

☞ BELLES AND BEAUX—CHRISTMAS AND New Year are coming—such meetings, greetings, cooings, wooings, and weddings—and how absolutely necessary is it that you should show yourselves off to the best advantage on such occasions, that, like angel's visits, are few and far between. Therefore all you girls and pretty maids, and merry widows, who have beards on your upper lips, or hair concealing the intellectual organs of your lofty foreheads, or little pimples on your rosy cheecks, or freckles sprinkled over your delicate complexions, or any other disfigurement marring your otherwise attractive features, go to Dr. Felix Gouraud's, 67 Walker street, just one door from the corner of Broadway, and he will furnish you with his far famed Poudre Subtile, which will entirely eradicate your superfluous hair, and the Miraculous Italian Medicated Soap, will render your skins, no matter how rough, discolored, freckled, chapped or diseased, a clear, transparent, enviable, normal white. Buy no where else, or you will be deceived. This is the original introduced five years ago.

☞ HOLIDAY EDITION—ON TUESDAY, WILL be ready at No. 30 Ann street, and at all the Booksellers. Price, gilt, $2 50.—"Mexico as it was and as it is," by Brantz Mayer, late Secretary of Legation to that country, embellished with one hundred and sixty splendid engravings, executed for this work from original drawings, at a cost of over twelve hundred dollars.

This will be the cheapest and most valuable book of the season, with over one hundred and fifty engravings, executed in the highest style of the art—embracing views of the ruined cities, pyramids, curiosities, &c.; and also illustrations of the people, their manners and customs, &c. &c. &c. It will be the most highly embellished work that has ever been published in this country, and full of incident, description, and valuable information, which can no where else be found.

Mr. Mayer's work will give a complete account of the present social and political condition of Mexico; a view of its ancient civilization; a description of antiquities in the museum of Mexico, and of the ancient remains, strewn from California to Odjaca, which will be copiously illustrated. It will also furnish a record of the author's journeys to Tezcoco, and through the Tierra Caliente, a full account of the agriculture, manufactures, commerce, resources, mines, coinage, and statistics of Mexico; and, added to this, there will be a complete view of the past and present history of the country; and it will be more replete with all interesting information concerning Mexico, than any work which has appeared since the days of Humboldt.

So great has been the labor of preparing this work, that we have been able to get ready but one edition, of only 1000 copies, for the holidays—most of which are already ordered. Those wishing to secure copies should be speedy with their orders.

J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street.

☞ CHRISTMAS HAS COME. AND COMES BUT ONCE A HEAR!—Burgess, Stringer & Co. in making the above important announcement, would respectfully call the attention of all purchasers of Holiday Presents, to their magnificent assortment of Gift Books, at 222 Broadway corner of Ann street, under the American Museum; and also to the following highly descriptive poem, perpetrated in their behalf:—

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The merry happy holidays,
  Are with us here once more,
Adieu with glee to forty-three,
  And welcome forty-four.
Each lady fair expects her beau
  Some present nice to bring,
And Santa Claus makes every child
  As happy as a King.

Here gorgeous English Annuals
  All glittering you view,
Heath's Book of Beauty; Keepsake;
  Picturesque Annual too;
You'll find the Friendship's Offering.
  And also in the lot,
That present book of sweetest name,
  The choice Forget me not.

Our own American books with these
  May very well compare;
The Opal, a pure gift, is seen
  In bindings rich and rare,
The Rose of Sharon, and The Gift,
  The Isis, and The Rose;
The Wintergreen, all tales and scenes
  Of beauty will disclose.

The Annual of the Drawing Room,
  Odd Fellows' Offering;
And Snowden's People's Annual,
  Their choicest treasures bring.
We have the Flowers of Poetry,
  And Poetry of Flowers,
Mrs Osgood's and Miss Hooper's Works
  Will well improve your hours.

We've Griswold's select poetry,
  Youth's books of every kind;
With pictures to refine the taste,
  And reading for the mind.
Whole Libraries of prose and verse,
  Bound up in miniature,
The works of men whose memories
  Forever will endure.

BURGESS, STRINGER & CO. 222 Broadway.

☞ DR. PETERS' LOZENGES.—The great and increasing demand for Peters' Medicated Lozenges, and the vast number of almost miraculous cures which they have performed, has created a great excitement, not only in the city of Gotham, but throughout the Union. Peters's Lozenges, for the cure of coughs, colds, irritation of the lungs consumption, whooping cough and scarlet fever, have no rival. His worm lozenges are a certain, safe and pleasant remedy, and children eat them with avidity, and ask for more. His Cordial Lozenges are a specific for the cure of sick and nervous headache, low spirits, melancholy, palpitation of the heart, sea sickness, &c. His Cathartic or Health Lozenges, for the cure of bilious fevers, fever and ague, dyspepsia, liver complaints, female obstructions, heartburn, costiveness, &c., is beyond all doubt the most valuable and scientific remedy for the above complaints ever yet discovered.

☞ THE HUMAN HAIR BEAUTIFIED, RESTORED and forced to grow, by a three shilling bottle of Jones' Coral Hair Restorative. This can be proved by some of our most respectable citizens, who say this really does all we represent. We sell three shilling bottles that persons may try it cheap. It gives your hair a most delicious appearance, and keeps it clean. Give it one trial and you'll be satisfied. It will actually force the hair to grow on any part where hair will grow naturally, the head, face or body. It has now strengthened the roots, thus staying the hair from falling off, cleaning the dandruff from the scalp. It also causes light, red or grey hair, to assume a dark color, and by doing this, permanently to make the hair grow naturally dark from the roots. If persons use this merely for dressing the hair, nothing is more economical, to keep the hair soft, dark, silky and beautiful, at least three times as long as any other preparation for the hair. Sold, price 3, 5, or 8 shillings a bottle, at the sign of the American Eagle, 82 Chatham street, N. Y.; Zeiber, 3 Ledger Buildings, Philadelphia; Redding, 8 State street, Boston; and 139 Fulton street, Brooklyn, L. I.

☞ CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY CURED.—The Tonic Mixture prepared by the College of Medicine and Pharmacy of the city of New York is confidently recommended for all cases of debility produced by secret indulgence or excess of any kind. It is an invaluable remedy for impotence, sterility, or barrenness (unless depending on mal-formation)—Single bottles $1 each; cases of half dozen, $5, packed and sent to all parts of the Union.

Office of the College of Medicine and Pharmacy, 97 Nassau st. W. S. RICHARDSON, Agent.