

American Presbyterian and Genesee Evangelist.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1860.

JOHN W. NEARS, EDITOR.

ALBERT BARNES, THOMAS BRAINERD, HENRY DARLING, GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., JOHN JENKINS, THOMAS J. SHEPHERD.

THE AGE OF VIOLENCE.

Our age seems to be not more remarkable for great religious movements, than for the manifestation of an extraordinary and criminal spirit of violence among those who are not reached by these movements.

Since the peace of Europe was broken by the French Revolution in 1848, the ears of the Christian world have been incessantly assailed with the noise of war and the equipping and assembling of armaments on a scale of grandeur and destructiveness such as had never before been beheld.

Other exhibitions of the same spirit, running downwards through the whole moral scale till the lowest depths of criminality are reached, may be witnessed, or read, of every day.

We forbear to do more than allude to the fearful record of bloody and murderous violence, which it has become part of the every day business of our secular journals to unfold, and in the wake of which, our police force, our grand juries, our judges, our laws and an outraged and alarmed public sentiment painfully and ineffectually strive to follow.

1. A false morality or philosophy has found its way into the minds of men. From the philosophic elevation of Pantheism, it has proceeded through all the strata of society; the false and dreadful doctrine is that man may safely act on his own nature; that he cannot but do so; that depravity is a fiction of priests; that whatever a man does naturally, it is well for him to do.

2. A second cause is the lowering of views of law and penalty, the loose and partial execution of penalties, and the deterioration in the character of our judiciary, which, with many noble exceptions, prevail to an alarming extent.

lightening the sentence or procuring the early pardon of the offender. And when all these fail, then popular sympathy, resting, in part, upon these false and destructive views of human nature already referred to, is invoked, and pity for the criminal is stimulated until it swallows up all pity for his victim, all regard for the honor of the law and all sense of public safety.

3. We ascribe some of the growth of this spirit to the power of example now so much greater than formerly. The very same means which, at this day, diffuse with such rapidity, the light of the Christian's example, are used to hold up to public gaze the deeds of darkness. Crimes and criminals are made spectacles of. In hanging a pirate, as much care is taken to ensure publicity, and as great facilities are offered for spectators as in exhibiting the Great Eastern.

4. There is an antagonism to holiness in our unrenowned nature which exhibits strange and perverse phenomena. The corrupt heart is generally beheld in a state of growing indifference towards the law and the example of goodness alike. But it often exhibits the description pictured in the 7th of Romans—when the commandment comes, sin revives. The example of purity and meekness excites it. The nervous and effective working of the Holy Spirit rouses it to defiance.

THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW. The number for July, delayed in order to a complete presentation of matters connected with the late General Assembly, is on our table.

ART. I.—Anti-Revolutionary History of Episcopacy.—The address delivered by Rev. Samuel M. Hopkins, D. D., before the General Assembly, May 21, 1860, by request of the Presbyterian Historical Society. The theme, which, ever since its announcement, has struck us as somewhat out of the line of topics which would naturally present themselves to the mind of a speaker under such a commission, appears to have been suggested by certain extraordinary and unfounded claims set up for early Episcopacy in the colonies, at the last meeting of the Alumni of the General Theological Seminary of the P. E. Church in New York.

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capital itself with the approaches thereto. It will be found to convey a mass of information upon the outward appearance and business life of the picture of an acute observer and a fluent writer will command general attention.

ART. III. Vincent Ferrer. This is one of those sketches of colored characters in the Church Catholic who felt the evangelical impulses of the Reformation before that event actually came to pass, which have formed one of the most valuable features of the review. These are no mere dry outlines, but fresh and living memoirs of true men, which cannot be contemplated without a thrill of admiration and an imitative impulse on the part of the Christian reader.

ART. IV. The General Assembly of 1860, being the usual lucid and comprehensive view of the acts, debates and spirit of that body.

ART. V. Dr. Bushnell's Sermon. We believe the reviewer states the general opinion among Evangelical men in regard to these sermons. Though still somewhat defective, they reveal a drifting of that erratic and brilliant mind more decidedly towards the truth.

ART. VI. The Position and Mission of our Church. Since the Sermon of Mr. Barnes before the Assembly at Washington, "Our Position," no Moderator's sermon has attracted so much attention as the recent one of Dr. Patterson here indicated.

ART. VII. Doctrinal Preaching. This brief and earnest plea for doctrinal as contrasted with popular and sensational preaching, though last and least, is perhaps equal in importance to any in the present number of the Review.

SUGGESTIVE STATISTICS. The following is the net loss and gain of our Synods in communicants for the past year:—

Table with columns: Synod, 1859, 1860, Net Increase, Net Decrease. Rows include Albany, Utica, Geneva, Oneida, Susquehanna, Genesee, N. & W. Jersey, Pennsylvania, W. Penna., Michigan, West. Reserve, Ohio, Cincinnati, Indiana, Wisconsin, Wabash, Illinois, Peoria, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Alta California, Missouri, Virginia.

CONTRIBUTIONS. General Assembly, \$5,104.15; Domestic Missions, \$1,402.88; Foreign Missions, \$7,796.42; Education, \$5,707.68; Publication, \$4,667.21.

The contributions for congregational purposes, as building churches, support of ministers, churches, &c., are not reported.

The typographical error by which our contributions to Domestic Missions were made \$70,000 less than the report, (\$28,029.95 instead of \$88,029.95) is travelling around the country, and becoming interwoven with calculations and comparisons to the great disparagement of our denomination in this particular.

ART. VIII.—Russia. This is a traveller's view of that vast and increasingly important empire, which in the present number reaches only to the

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Saint St. Marie, July 20th, 1860.

THE NORTH STAR STEAMER.—A SENSATION TO BEGIN WITH.

Thanks to the good steamer "North Star," the swiftest steamer on the Lakes, and for her model captain, Captain Sheet, of Cleveland, we have been brought thus far safely and expeditiously on our journey.

The voyage from Detroit has been more than usually full of incidents. Just as the weary crew had filled the hold, and completed their heavy cargo of flour, potatoes, hay, and a great variety of machinery for the "upper country," and when the order had already been given to cast off the gangway plank, two men were seen running down the avenue, one with an enormous oagel in his hand, shouting "Stop her!" "stop her!" and for some cause or other, manifesting a sufficient amount of excitement, with the thermometer over 90 degrees, to throw him into an apoplexy.

"The villain, O, the bloody murdering villain," he exclaimed, as soon as he got aboard. "to run off with my daughter—only seventeen years of age, and for whom I paid \$1200 to bring her out from the old country! O, the villain! he's murdered three wives already, the last of them died in the poor house, and now the lusty villain, he must have my daughter too! But I'll have his heart's blood! I will! I heard it first in the stage, and I've run fifteen miles to catch the boat before he got her off from me entirely, and I'll follow him forty thousand miles, every mile of it, but what he shall not rob me of my daughter! Come along, constable, we've got him now."

Now be it understood, gentle reader, that on the subject of marriage, we have some peculiar notions of our own. Morally and religiously, it has long been a matter of conscience with us, never to marry any one unless they are identified by some mutual acquaintance, and especially on the part of the lady, unless we are well assured of the consent of her parents.

Of course, therefore, a priori, all our sympathies were with the injured father. We thought it nothing more than the groom deserved, when in the forward cabin surrounded by the entire ship's company, he received from the old man one of the most awful obstructions we ever listened to in all our lives; just such a one as Laban would have given Jacob, probably, if the Lord had not prevented him. Such an almost diabolical exhibition of anger, malice, revenge, and a tongue set on fire of hell, Shakespeare's stage has witnessed and had in his eye, when he wrote the Merchant of Venice! Meanwhile, though his brows knit, and his lips quivered, and his cheeks grew deadly pale, the laughter bridegroom said never a word.

He was perfectly willing to "take it," if he could only keep the old man away from his daughter. Encouraged by his silence, and supposing it to be an indication of fear, or a tacit confession that he was destitute of the requisite documents in the premises, the dapper little constable next undertook to perform his part of the tragedy. But now the groom found his tongue, and that to some purpose. "There is my certificate; we were married last night in Detroit. Instead of 17, my wife is 24 years old, and at full liberty to marry who she pleases." The constable read the certificate, and evidently was some what non-plussed. "But her father says she is only seventeen, &c." By this time it was the groom's turn to lift the safety valve and let off a little of the extra pressure, and we must confess in the intelligent appreciation of his rights, he showed himself a true American.

From this point, the tide of sympathy, which in the first instance was with the old father, now began to turn, evidently enough, in favor of the bridegroom, and the crowd was desirous of hearing his story. "He's a hard old man that, and when he's fired up with liquor will do anything. Some weeks ago, he drove stage for me, and to get into Detroit two hours sooner than he ought to do, in order to have a spree, he overrode the team and foundered them, so that I was obliged to dismiss him. That's one of the reasons he is so angry with me. Another is because I interfered to protect his daughter against him. A short time since, from being a Catholic, he turned a sailing Methodist—and now he has turned back again, a worse papist than ever."

Our sympathy with the old man was gradually ebbing out at his finger ends, and after a fellow passenger had caught him in his state-room pouring out two-thirds of a tumbler of whisky, and drinking it down raw, we began to come to the conclusion that the daughter was better without her father than with him.

ART. XII.—Russia. This is a traveller's view of that vast and increasingly important empire, which in the present number reaches only to the

this story, we leave to each of our readers, as may suit them best.

SINCLAIR RIVER; SOYLLA AND CHARYBDIS, OR FLATS AND RAFTS.

"Sinclair River." When a boy at college we first read of it in "Wacousta," or "the Prophecy." Those who have been similarly unfortunate in the geographical impressions received from that eminently veracious history, will remember the terrific descent down the river—between the interlacing branches of the giant elms! as thickly filled with hostile Indians, as an occasional fern leaf with mosquitoes! "Wacousta," we fear, must henceforth go on the same shelf with "Woodstock," "Abbot's Napoleon," &c. We did not take any very accurate measurement of the river, but as nearly as we could make it out, the elms must have been "giant" ones indeed, and the "interlacing branches," each of them at least half a mile long! Such trees would be well worthy of a visit from the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, whose love of trees, in which we most cordially sympathize, is perhaps the best thing about him.

"Lake Sinclair." Who has not heard of its "Flats," and the unavailing motions and speeches of "potent, grave, and reverend senators," in relation thereto? Ah! there is a huge raft of pines and hemlock logs, right in the middle of the channel. Can we pass it? very doubtful. Already we are at the extreme verge of the channel, and we must take our choice between running around or breaking into the raft. The bell rings, the engine stops—there we are—smack! chairs broken, wheels flung—into the raft and ground too! A most delightful state of things generally, both among the crew of the raft and of the boat! The spirit of the proverb about "cursing the king in our bed-chamber," is for the time being entirely forgotten, and whatever may have been the previous opinion of passengers about the constitutionality of impairing rivers and harbors, there was but one opinion now. The man who split rails, it is supposed, would take better care of the logs.

LAKE GEORGE, FURTHER OBSTRUCTIONS, AND A MORAL.

The Flats of St. Clair finally passed, after some two hours' delay, we are next obliged to encounter the still more difficult flats and channel of Lake George. This time it is our fortune not to meet a raft, but a squal, and a pretty severe one too. It was a critical moment, and one that called for ordinary seamanship! A narrow, zig-zag channel, requiring as sharp turns as it was possible for the vessel to make—the wind blowing such a gale, that only the ponderous captain was able to keep his footing without holding on by a rope or spar; the quick and incessant orders to the four breathless men at the wheel; the wheel one moment wading up with all the power of foot and hand, to the full tension of the rope—the next, whirling round so swiftly that you could no longer distinguish the spokes—that was a sight, which to see, was to admire—which once seen, was never to be forgotten! The channel passed—the squal over—it seemed to us as if we had known the captain half a life time. Wisdom was needed at the helm as well as power, and certainly the lesson was not lost upon us in reference to the further voyage of life. What if we sometimes do get on the "flats"? What if the squal strikes us in the most narrow and intricate part of the channel? "Our Father's at the helm,"—he knoweth the way that we take—and confiding in him, we may find that repose which our own little helplessness should forever prevent from finding in ourselves.

RASPBERRY JAM.—A TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN.

The clear waters of the far famed Huron, and its fifty thousand Islands led behind, we are now in St. Mary's river, at Churchville, the great depot of Raspberry Jam, of which no less than fifteen tons were last year shipped to Michigan, Ohio, and other sweet-toothed states in the great North West! Here we first caught sight of an Indian canoe.

Like a yellow leaf of autumn, Like a yellow water lily,

paddled by a squaw and her daughter, and coming down the river with prodigious velocity, in order to avoid the tempest, which a few moments after beat upon us with great violence. "It rains easy here," is the common proverb, and sure enough, no sooner is there a cloud in the sky, than down comes the shower, before you begin to think it possible. It was curious to witness the predicament of certain of our company, who, instead of taking the experience of others, chose rather to reason from analogy. If analogy does not prove anything elsewhere it certainly did not prove anything here, except the folly of those who put confidence in it. Another thing we saw at Churchville besides the canoe and the factory of Raspberry Jam. The gentlemanly proprietor was on board the boat with us—and as we came in sight of the beautiful residence which he has erected—a little hand was put forth from the front door, and the waving of a white handkerchief gave the delightful signal to the affectionate father and husband! All's well! Who can blame us, if for a moment we could not see very distinctly in that direction, and walking without any particular reason, to the other side of the boat, found ourselves gazing very intently somewhere in the direction of old Pennsylvania? We thought of that equally beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth on King Canute, which if any of our readers who have had the patience to follow us through this episode, have never read—they will please turn to it and read it now.

G. D. JR.

A RESPONSE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

In your paper of the 5th ult. I noticed, with much interest, an article headed, "New England." Being a New England man, in every sense, so far as birth, training, attainments, and residence are connected, I read the article, in question, with no common interest, and the more for knowing the writer.

It may be as well for me to say here, that I am an old man, being years the onward side of seventy. My recollections will go back more than half a century in the history of the New England Churches, with a limited knowledge of Presbyterian Churches.

But to return to the article in question. It must be acknowledged on all sides that the writer has reviewed the history of N. S. Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches, and their present antagonistic position with great calmness and brotherly kindness. If it were not so, it would be unlike the author, and tend more to divide than unite, which is the object of the writer. I well remember what were the feelings of the N. England Churches when the assault was first made, in the General Assembly, upon the great Benevolent Institutions of the country, such as the American Board, Home Missions, &c. I was a delegate to the Assembly from Massachusetts, and on the committee of "Bills and Overtures," in that body, at the time the pamphlet against the

above named Societies, was introduced. I then saw the seal of "Juvenile Patriarchs," and I will remember a remark of the venerable Dr. Miller, who had repeatedly attempted to speak, but sprigs of Divinity stepped in before him—when one of these sprightly ones proposed to give place to Dr. Miller, the venerable man replied, "No, no, Moderator, I am not so full of matter as to be uncomfortable." Would that this rebuke had been sufficient, to secure a place for age and experience to utter their voice. But the history of the last thirty years has shown that old men are too conservative, they are behind the times. The tears on this subject, expressed in your columns, by the writer, under the head of New England, are founded in truth. One only needs to attend a meeting of any deliberative body, from a District Association, up to an anniversary of the Am. Board even, to see that our young men are "so full of matter as to be uncomfortable." It may be said that these remarks come from an old man, who is made envious by the ease and grace, with which young men speak, and their agency in directing the affairs of the Church. It is not so—

But I tremble for the ark of God, when I see so many inexperienced hands put forth to steady it. What an aged minister once said to a church in a divided state is now true, on a large scale. After looking into the state of things, the venerable man said to the distracted church, "You have got the team altogether wrong, the steers are where the old ozen should be." The hint proved salutary. Fifty years ago the state of things was very different. Here, I may remark, in this growing evil, we find a leading reason, why old men are so unwilling to have a colleague. Many aged men, and we find a colleague. Many aged men, and we find a colleague. Many aged men, and we find a colleague.

I will say nothing about what is said under the head of "New England," about an undue attachment of the New School Presbyterians to their denominational distinctions. Of this the writer in question has more ample means of judging. But I may say, I ought to say, that since the division in the Presbyterian Church, my duties have taken me into mostly every portion of our country, and introduced me to every denomination, consequently I know that twenty years ago, if the thought of separation, on the part of Congregationalists and Presbyterians had been suggested, in any of the great Benevolent movements of the day, either of these great divisions of the American Church would have said, as Ruth did to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, &c." The union was close, strong, and unshaken.

There is one thing alluded to by the writer in question which deserves more than a passing notice. I refer to what is said about an increased attachment to congregationalism, and a diminished love for the distinguishing doctrines, once so prominent in every orthodox pulpit in New England. Would that I could say to the Presbyterian brother, you are laboring under a mistake on the subject. But alas, all he so cautiously and kindly says on this subject, is true.

Divine Sovereignty, Decease, Election, Total Depravity, Perseverance of the Saints, and kindred truths, so clearly set forth in the glorious revival in the days of Peter, Edwards, Hopkins, West, and others, are introduced and plainly discussed in but few pulpits. I say this with sorrow, but truth compels me to speak. There are some to be found, in almost every Church, called Orthodox, who see and deplore the change, in the present style of preaching in New England. As a deacon in one of the large churches in New England said to me not long since, so it is, "Our children will not know the great doctrines of our Gospel by name." The text is too often a caption to an essay, rather than the foundation of a sermon.

The declaration which Nehemiah did not believe, "We seek your God, as ye do," is now believed, when made by such a one, totally opposed to the Saviour's platform. A mistaken notion of being liberal and charitable, has taken the great portion of youthful divines captive. The effect has been to generalise the preaching of the present day, till an Arminian would seldom be offended by what he would hear in what are denominated Orthodox pulpits. As there must be something to keep the visibility of Congregationalism before the world, having laid aside the fundamental principles taught by our fathers, the form of church government must be magnified. A poor substitute for what once gave New England Churches such a wide influence in the Christian world.

After all, many who are so zealous for Congregationalism, have tolerated famous speaking and praying in public meetings, yet more, they have invited and encouraged it, and added a loud amen when even a weak sister had done what Paul forbids. In this way many a minister has helped sectarianism, and introduced into his own Church the seeds of discord.

God grant the funeral sermon of which the writer, in the American Presbyterian, speaks, may be preached. That beloved brother may be assured that there is a large number in New England who deplore feelings shown in the meeting of the American Board in Philadelphia, together with every word and act tending to sever New England Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the work of Foreign and Domestic Missions. It was the woman whose life living child was not, who said "Divide it." Heaven grant that no "Female Divines," or "Juvenile Patriarchs," may ever divide those who are strong united, but weak divided.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

"WORSE OFF THAN A SERVANT."

Some eighteen or twenty years ago a fair intelligent young woman, the daughter of a lieutenant in the English army stationed in India, married a young and rising army-officer in that place. She was happy. Heaven seemed to be shedding its gifted rays upon her pathway, and the journey of life was as a May day, all joy and gladness. She lived in ease and luxury, having her two servants attending to her wants. Her father, wearied with his foreign service, and perhaps looking forward to a grave among his ancestors, sailed for "home," leaving his daughter and her new connections behind; but sickness seized upon the husband's constitution, and he too was compelled to leave the scenes of his rising fortune again to look upon his native hills.

They arrived in Ireland—the husband, wife, and daughter; the first, to find a resting place among the dead; the others to enter upon the busy cares of this world, and to cast about upon his wares. To maintain himself and infant daughter she became the travelling companion and assistant of an English lady, and for five years she travelled through the West Indies and England comfortable and happy, and at the end of that time when this connection ceased, our sister, for

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND, MONTHLY. No. 83. Price 15 cents.

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in truth she had united herself with Jesus, found herself a resident of this city.

Feeling her warm heart glow with kind feelings towards every one around her she little thought of the realities of life, and when her hand was given sought in wedlock she married, as she thought, an honest and industrious weaver—(Weaving at that time paid much better than at present.)

Let us look in upon her home now; yonder in that second story-room in that obscure street sits a mother, plying her needle; from early morning until late at night; she says, "Once I had two servants to wait upon me; now I am worse off than a servant;" and as we look about her room and see the indications there apparent, we know that indeed she has got very low down in this world; though she is poor, yet she is respectable and clean.

Once she was a delicate lady; now she is a strong-minded woman supporting herself and three little children, assisted only in the matter of board received from her oldest daughter, who herself works in the factory.

Think, dear reader, for yourself, how could you provide for the wants of yourself and four children upon such scanty earnings? When she gets two dollars and fifty cents per week, including her daughter's board, she again thinks herself rich. After paying her rent, what can she have left to feed and clothe so many?—little indeed; though a member, still she never attends her church, not for want of a desire, but because she would there be marked for her poverty. Who will do this to her sister and give the sympathy of a Christian?

N. B. We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of a Family Sewing Machine from I. M. Singer & Co., of New York; this, though loaned to us for so long a time as our mission lasts, we consider ours. We will be glad to receive any assistance you may render, through a note addressed to "Annals of the Poor," 1324 Chestnut Street.

Our Mission is located No. 1210 Shippen St. Call in and see us.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW TO LIVE; Saving and Wasting; or, Domestic Economy Illustrated, by the Life of Two Families of Opposite Character, Habit, and Practices, in a Pleasant Tale of Real Life, including the Story of a Dime a Day. By Solon Robinson, New York. Fowler & Wells, publishers. 12mo. pp. 248.

This book will be found valuable in all families as tending to cultivate principles of wholesome economy, but particularly so to families of limited means, or those in which the domestic education of the female head has been neglected, as alas! is too often the case. The story has sufficient interest to relieve the economical lesson of dryness, and we have met with nothing in looking through it, to hinder a verdict of unmingled approval.

PAMPHLETS AND REVIEWS.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL QUARTERLY REVIEW AND CHURCH REGISTER. Vol. VII. No. 11. July, 1860. New York: H. Dyer, No. 11. Bible House, Astor Place. Philadelphia: J. Hamilton, Evangelical Book Store, No. 1224 Chestnut St.

Art. I. Theories of the Atonement. II. Clerical Education. III. Christian Union. IV. The New Discussion of the Trinity. V. Our Domestic Missions. VI. The New Missionary Society. VII. Contemporary Literature. Miscellaneous, comprising Foreign, Domestic, and General Intelligence and News Publications.

THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN. Edited by Theo. Spalding. Pittsburgh, Pa. August, 1860.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. Part VI. Part 16 cents. London and New York. Cassell, Fetter & Galpin, Park Buildings, 37 Park Row, New York.

We count thirty pages of letter press and over seventy wood cuts of bats, vaupires, hedge hogs, &c., besides a large lithograph, executed in the best style of the art, and calculated not only to amuse the reader, but to furnish aid to the scientific inquirer. The wonder is how the work can be furnished at the price named.

TRACTS ISSUED BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

FIRST SERIES. No. 8. Little Sins; or, What People Call Sins. These are: Little Sins of thought; vain words; a hasty temper; want of strict truth; consciousness; a habit of grumbling; busy idleness. No. 9. Shall I Dance? By Rev. Joseph F. Tuttle. Besides the Scripture argument, there are grouped together the emphatic opinion of eminent evangelical clergymen, as Emmons, Barnes, Boardman, &c., against the practice. No. 10. The Poor Blacksmith made rich; or, Godliness Profitable. One of Rev. Richard Knill's inimitable narratives. No. 11. Simplicity in Worship. By Rev. John Caird, D. D.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 1. Why Should I Pray? By Rev. E. E. Adams. This is small enough to enclose in a note. It consists of brief answers to frequent objections and exclaims urged by those who restrain prayer, as "God does not care for me," "I dare not pray," "I have no time."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR JULY. Republished by L. Scott & Co., 64 Gold Street, New York. Price \$3 per annum. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

CONTENTS.—I. Strikes: their Tendencies and Remedies. II. The Mill on the Floss. III. Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures for 1859. IV. The Post Office Monopoly. V. Ary Scheffer. VI. The Irish Education Question. VII. Germany: its Strength and Weakness. VIII. Thoughts in Aid of Faith. IX. Grievances of Hungarian Catholics. X. The French Press. XI. Contemporary Literature.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON. The first volume of the new edition of Bacon's Works, announced to be published July 1, will not be issued till September. The publishers, Messrs. Brown & Taggard, have received a letter from the English editor, Mr. Spedding, who has so interested himself as to inform them that if they will delay the issue till September, he will furnish them certain notes and corrections, which will greatly add to the value of their edition. Having received this kind offer from Mr. Spedding, the publishers think that it is due to their large list of subscribers to delay the issue, and thus give the American edition a further superiority over the English.