

Correspondence.

MR. HAMMOND'S LETTERS.

LONDON, Aug. 8, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. MEARS:—Last Wednesday morning we left the house of our worthy host in Scotland, and took the train on the Caledonia Railroad for London. The ride to this great metropolis was one that will long be remembered. The day was clear and glorious. As we passed Moffat, a summer resort in the southern part of Scotland, where medicinal waters abound, I could but think of a most wonderful meeting, in which it was my privilege to participate in the year 1861.

Robert McCowan, Esq., a Glasgow lawyer, had invited me to spend the Sabbath with him on my way home to America.

To illustrate the wide extent of the work of the Holy Spirit then spreading all over the south of Scotland, and also what great workers the people of Scotland are, I may be allowed to speak more fully of this meeting. Moffat is a town of not more than fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is about twenty miles from Dumfries and Annan, where so many hundreds, but a few months before, had bowed at the foot of the cross. At the request of the Free Church minister, I consented to speak a few words to his small congregation in the afternoon.

But judge of my utter astonishment to find not one less than three thousand people gathered on the green near the church, with a platform erected on which I was told I must preach. The news that one who had seen the revival in Dumfries and Annan was to speak that day, had drawn together that great audience. It is quite safe to say that not far from half of them had walked miles from the surrounding towns. The common people make little of walking three or four miles to hear the word of God. The inquiry-meeting which followed that open-air gathering filled the church. It was the commencement of a work of grace which ended in not a few conversions.

The sight of the grand old mountains, dotted with the "bonnie blooming heather," at the foot of which lay this quiet town, was with those recollections, most inspiring to me.

Our first evening in London was spent at Crystal Palace. A grand display of fire-works had been advertised, and fifty-one long trains had, during the day, taken forty thousand people from among this restless mass of three millions to witness them. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The closing scene was something entirely new. The monstrous fountains of Crystal Palace are considered, by good judges, the grandest in the world. At a given signal they sent forth their vast volumes of water, which, by the skillful reflection of colored light, were made to assume the most varied and gorgeous hues; at one time deep crimson, at another, blue as the sky. One large fountain appeared to send up volumes of fire. It made me think of an eruption of Vesuvius which I witnessed in 1861. All the sky was, at the same time, changed to a deep red. It reminded one of the judgment day, and of those solemn words in 2 Peter iii. 7: "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." As I saw men so eager to look at these fire-works and colored fountains, I could but pray that they might be drawn by the Spirit of God to look to Him who says, "I am the light of the world."

I found, on returning to the Palace, that its appearance in general had not changed very much during the past five years. I have spent days in studying its many wonders of art, and listening to the music of its great organ. On one occasion, I remember, it accompanied six thousand children in the presence of thirty thousand people, in the words, "Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven— A holy, happy band."

The appearance of London has been much changed in the last four years by railways which intersect it, or which, with more truth it might be said, overlap and undermine it. Half of the way from Regent Park to the Palace you go underground, thundering along at a rapid rate beneath the houses of the rich and the poor, but they heed it not. Soon you emerge from your strange, dark wanderings, and almost before you have time to rub your eyes and say, "Where are we?" you find yourself, with the long train, upon a solid railroad, flying over the tops of stores and houses. These trains, from one part of London to another, and it seems, in all directions, follow each other once in five or ten minutes.

Westminster Abbey has, of course, claimed not a little of our attention. It is one of those places one never tires of visiting. There you see, side by side, those who died six hundred years ago and those who departed from life's busy scenes yesterday. How short it makes all time appear! How could we but think of the great day when, as Addison says, "we shall be cotemporaries?"

We are off for Paris this morning by the eight o'clock train, and I can add but a few lines.

We have visited most of the chief objects of interest during our stay, such as the Zoological Gardens, the famous old Tower, the Thames tunnel, House of Parliament, Hampton Court Palace, a monument of the power, the ambi-

tion and downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, who rose from being a butcher's boy to the chief place in England, under that wicked King Henry VIII. About each of them, and especially the British Museum, I hope to get time to write at least a few lines; but it is impossible now.

Last Sabbath we were in six different churches, besides visiting Field Lane Ragged School, where, with Mr. Van Meter, of New York, I told them of Jesus' love. At times the most abandoned have been gathered into this school.

The superintendent told me that on one night, a rush of a lot of boys was made for the door. He stepped in front of them, and in the doorway kept them from rushing out. "We must go," they said. "But why?" he asked. "O! its just the time for our business," they replied. "Business! business! what business at eight o'clock at night?" "Why, the churches," said they, "are just coming out, and its our time now." Yes, they were a band of pickpockets and they followed it as their business, and seemed not ashamed to tell of it.

I intended to have given you an account of our attendance at one of the Puseyite churches of England; but I find in the Times of yesterday a fuller and better account than I can now attempt. You may find room for it.

Your affectionate brother in Jesus,
E. P. HAMMOND.

THE WASHINGTON OF THE FUTURE.

WASHINGTON, September 20, 1866.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The outside world—as you will permit me to call you for the time—looks upon this city only as a political Mecca. It associates with it only ideas of "ins" and "outs;" the place where the President lives, where Congress assembles, where the game of getting without giving is played, and where men come to stay, not to live. And the population of Washington does, in fact, present a panorama; is a kind of caravan, some portion of whose moving line encamps here for a night. Yet, there is here also a domestic, a social life, and it is astonishing how little is said of it in the papers and periodicals throughout the land. Nearly every newspaper of note has here a correspondent; but who learns from the many, either of the inner life of this city or its advantages as a place of business and manufactures? It is the great political machine in which the letter-writers work. The artificial life of "officials," of Cabinet Ministers, of diplomatists—this is the staple material out of which all literary fabric for the foreign market, so to speak, is woven. Hence you get for the press the shoddy or the cloth of gold, as the tissue may chance to turn out from the hands of the weaver. The Independent had here last winter a female correspondent, whose letters were very readable, but in which I sought in vain for a peep of the life of Washington, though one would expect it there if anywhere. Eliminate the official element, and there yet remains here a great population with which newspapers scarcely bring you acquainted—a population quite sui generis, which it is to be hoped some careful and capable philosopher will be found to analyze and describe.

And as to the business capabilities of this site—the great, rich, free North, overflowing with all wealths, while sinking its shafts in Colorado and Idaho, delving under the mountains of California, levying contributions on the waters of tropic or frozen seas—it seems to overlook measurably this city as a grand emporium to be. A commodious harbor, open all the year; an unsurpassed and entirely unimproved water-power within six miles of the Capitol's marble pile; a surrounding country beautiful in scenery and begging to be made rich in agricultural products; a climate mild and salubrious,—why should this city linger in the great race of improvement? Why, with nature so rich and free, is it passed by on the right hand and on the left by the capitalist, and looked upon simply as a preserve in which politicians may hunt their game? Hitherto, or until within a few years, it has been thus, I think, because the "oldest inhabitants," being in the nature of a "close corporation," frowned upon "interlopers," particularly Yankees. Men without "families" were of small account. The incomer must be a "gentleman" of "family," and he was admitted to the close corporation sans ceremonie, if his coat of arms was but decorated with a "negro rampant." Better yet, if he were but the owner of a dozen non-rampant,

"Direful spring of voes unnumbered!" This is to be really the worthy Capital of the Great Republic of the future. Turn not away, O doubting soul! turn not away to weep at any seeming backward step. Nulla vestigia retrorsum is engraven deep on our national escutcheon. O, vain man, "dressed in a little brief authority!" how do higher intelligences laugh at thy ridiculous antics! Nay, how threaten do angels weep! The tides of the Atlantic rising, sinking and heaving around the globe under celestial influences—what are these in might and power to the irresistible march of Providence, as manifested in the diffusion and growth of great and ennobling ideas; ideas of justice and freedom, and religion, baptized anew in the blood of martyrs, and pluming themselves as though they were eagles for highest, noblest flights? Against God's forces how weak and vain all puny efforts of man's device! To our narrow vision HE may seem slow, but where

He takes a step, ages have passed and the whole world regenerated smiles in His smile. Fear not. They who from other lands came to this, as the seed of Providence to build up a Christian nation, shall find just here a new point in the onward march, and here shall their successors gird their loins and try their press forward with shouts of cheer to new conquests for freedom and for God.

What, humanly speaking, is here needed now, is the hand of sturdy labor. Let us have those grand enterprises—invited as they are by the site, the soil, the climate—based upon calculations of certain growth, and new and constantly multiplying industries. Here are the devastated and hitherto slave-cursed hills and valleys of Virginia, which must be made to blossom. Let the thrift of Chester or Delaware counties be applied to Fairfax and Loudon, and those gardens which so delight us in the former, and of which we, as Pennsylvanians, are so proud, will be dwarfed in the comparison. A God-fearing population inured to labor and counting it honorable, this is all that is needed to transfer the banner of freedom to these new outposts. Then the church and school-house shall rise side by side on the now barren hills; the gloomy swamps—abodes of owls and ignorance—shall give way to cultivated fields; the incubus of "first families" shall be thrown off; and the shield decorated with a "negro rampant on a field globe" shall be hung up as a votive offering in the temple sacred to Asinua, King of Aures.

The initial point of this modern crusade, I repeat, just here, at this Federal city. Does not the capitalist, the laborer, the worker in metal and wood, in cotton and wool, see it? This is your true reconstruction, my friends. Love God and your country, enter on the new conquest just here, where free ideas have already taken root, and anon, from these border-fields, the night of ignorance and prejudices shall wane, and the dawn of God's new day arise and grow to meridian splendor, with each new honor that ever clusters around intelligent thrift and God-fearing industry.

RADICAL.

LETTER FROM IOWA CITY.

IOWA CITY, September 20, 1866.

MR. EDITOR:—I told you, in a former communication about the Iowa City schism, that there was both a ridiculous and a serious aspect of it. And both features continue, as yet.

As to the serious, the following extract will show how one of the oldest ministers of our Church, in another State, views the conduct of those engaged in it:—

"A majority of a congregation, where there is a corporate organization cannot alienate property. A minority, however small, holding on to the Presbyterian Church, and its obligations in connection with it, will retain the property, if the act of incorporation has recognized the relation of the congregation as a Presbyterian congregation. It is robbery to attempt to take the property of a Presbyterian congregation; and by vote attempt to change ecclesiastical relations, and carry with them the property. And so the law will decide.

"Presbytery should prosecute any minister, if a member of their body, who might aid and abet a party in such transactions. Breach of covenant is a crime, deserving punishment."

I forbear to say what our Presbytery has done, or is about to do—at an adjourned meeting here, to be held next week, on the 26th of September. Time will determine. And the Presbytery is the proper body to publish its action.

We need much sympathy of our Eastern brethren, and their firm support of our denomination, in such trying disruptions as we are called to suffer.

IOWAN.

Editor's Table.

BARTLETT. Life and Death Eternal: A Refutation of the Theory of Annihilation. By Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Boston: American Tract Society. 12mo., pp. 390.

The impatience of many noble minds has led them to aim to be wise above what is written; and instead of leaving to Infinite Wisdom the dark problems of the origin as well as the destiny of evil, they have gone widely astray in their theorizing. Such are many of those who have been drawn into the error of the annihilation of the wicked. The error has assumed sufficient importance to call for a careful and scholarly refutation. And this we have in the volume before us. Prof. Bartlett handles the subject 1, negatively, by refuting the arguments for annihilation, and 2, positively, by disproof of the doctrine. In the first part he examines the Scripture argument for annihilation with great care, considering the terms death, life, destruction, perdition, lose and lost; consume and devour; tear in pieces; cut off; not be, be nought, end, &c. A single chapter is given to the arguments drawn by these errorists from reason, which is their chief reliance, but which cannot be of much significance on such a topic to believers in Scripture. The second part treats of the belief in a future existence among earlier and later Jews; the New Testament doctrine of Immortality; Resurrection and Judgment for the Wicked; Sharing the Doom of Satan; Direct Declarations; Future Punishment Consists in Suffering; Sufferings Protracted and Endless; Tendencies and Affinities of the System of Annihilation. The ap-

pendix brings to the test of a more rigid inquiry, specific verbal arguments and criticisms advanced by the author of Debt and Grace, Mr. Hudson, who has the dubious reputation of leading the movement in this country.

To follow up and keep the track of an insidious error, to trace it in all its windings, and to grapple it in every position of defence or attack it assumes, to unravel its complex and ingenious perversions of Scripture, however important, is no light or agreeable task. The Christian public is greatly indebted to Prof. Bartlett for his painstaking and thorough execution of the work.

GREGORY. The State of the Church and the World, at the Final Outbreak of Evil and Revelation of Antichrist; his Destruction at the Second Coming of Christ and the Usurping of the Millennium. By Rev. J. C. Gregory, M.A. With an Appendix by Mrs. A. P. Joffe. From the London Edition. Phila.: Jas. S. Claxton. 16mo., pp. 256.

The premillennial views of the Second Advent, return of the Jews, sudden overthrow of evil, literal interpretation of prophecy, &c., are set forth in a familiar, earnest manner in this volume. The topics of the chapters are: Watch and Pray, The World and the Church, Israel and Anti-Christ, The Advent, Judgment of the Nations, Reign of Peace, Final Outbreak of Evil, Resurrection and Judgment, New Jerusalem, Conclusion. We do not think the book is more unwise than most of those which treat these "secret things" which "belong unto God" so confidently. We note such assertions as, that but few men will be left alive after the commotions attending the advent, page 121, while on page 124 we are told that notwithstanding the wholesale slaughter, "a vast multitude will be gathered to repeople all the earth." Page 135, we have the following remarkable specimen of rhetoric, hydraulics and physical geography from a Major Phillips: "Yes, assuredly as the waters of the Mediterranean will enter the Dead Sea at an angle, and admirably prepared as the geographical construction of its surrounding mountains is to produce a grand gyration, so surely will that gyration of commingled waters rise from a hollow swell to a mighty overpowering swirl. And when at length the waters stand upon an heap (as Scripture phrases it) and the sustaining power of gyration ceases to uphold, the mass of water falls and separates and strikes against the surrounding mountain sides." Again, on page 160 we are told, as a deduction from the literal construction of prophecy, that sacrifices shall be again offered in the restored Jewish nation at Jerusalem.

We suppose there are some, perhaps many, who will read this sort of thing. Our deliberate judgment is, that it is all precious time wasted. And how any one can have the patience to go over a book so thoroughly disfigured with italics, small caps, and large caps, and all the devices used for conveying and provoking a sensation, we cannot tell. Those who reprint books especially are under no obligation to follow the depraved taste of a writer in this particular.

EASTWOOD, WRIGHT. The Bible Word Book: A Glossary of Old English Bible Words. By J. Eastwood, M.A., St. John's College, and W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. 18mo., pp. 564.

This work is the united product of two somewhat eminent Cambridge scholars, the last only of whom survived to bear a part in its final arrangement for press. It gives, under the usual dictionary arrangement, all such words, phrases and constructions in the authorized version of the Bible, (including also those in the Apocrypha and Book of Common Prayer), as are either obsolete or archaic. Their meaning is explained, and largely illustrated by extracts from the authors of the age of the translation, containing the same words. The proper date of the authorized version is 1611; but as this translation took earlier ones for its basis, and was little more than a revision, correction and modernizing of its predecessors, rather avoiding than seeking occasions for change, it followed that some of its words were such as were even then antiquated. Hence the authors before us, in employing illustrative quotations from cotemporaneous writers, have swept over the period from 1525, the time of the appearance of Tyndale's New Testament, to 1611. Their plan seems to have been thoroughly and satisfactorily carried out. Many words entirely lost to the English of our day, have their meaning explained; and some others—such e. g. as apprehend, conversation, curious and instantly—which have undergone a change of meaning, have restored to them the sense intended by the translators. Of course, such a book can claim no special value as an explanation of the original text. If any word or term which it contains, belongs to a text of doubtful meaning it only shows the translators' views of it; but for the English reader, always liable to mistake some of the expressions of the authorized version, it has no inconsiderable value. It, however, speaks the care of God for the purity of our Christian faith, that, throughout the English Bible, there is no instance where the words used have undergone any such modification of meaning, as imperils any vital principle, or furnishes any sufficient occasion for disturbing our common translation. A hand-book, like the one before us, meets all the requirements—and they are few and not serious—growing out of the change in language.

For sale by Messrs. Smith, English & Co.

WINSLOW. Heaven Opened: A Selection from the Correspondence of Mrs. Mary Winslow. Edited by her son, Octavius Winslow, D.D. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 18mo., pp. 344. Bevelled boards, tinted paper, gilt top.

In a familiar correspondence of great variety and extent, the heart of one of the most devoted of Christian women is laid open in this volume, to the Christian reader. It must have been an uncommon privilege to any one to have been the object of the regard of one so gifted with the best qualities of mind and heart while on earth. And now, all who seek consolation in trial, who would be drawn near to heaven without losing a due practical interest in worldly affairs, or who would have advice and encouragement from one ripe for heaven, may find it in this volume. These letters, so easy and graceful in style, and so rich in every form of devout and friendly utterance, form a treasure which the Christian public must appreciate and gratefully receive from the hands of the judicious and warm-hearted compiler.

For sale at the Presbyterian Book Store. \$2.

THE GOLDEN LADDER SERIES. Six Stories, illustrative of the Petitions in the Lord's Prayer. By the author of "Little Katy and Jolly Jim." 6 vols., 18mo., in a neat box. 18 Illustrations. \$3.60.

These neat volumes are not all on the outside. The author is a welcome visitor, through many preceding issues, to the younger members of thousands of homes. All the wonted charm of freshness, simplicity, tenderness and apt conveyance of truth to the mind, characterizing former issues is found in these new efforts. Each story illustrates one of the petitions in the Lord's Prayer. They are entitled as follows: Nettie's Mission, Little Margery, Margery's City Home, The Crossing-Sweeper, Rosy Conroy's Lessons, Ned Dolan's Garret.

For sale at the Presbyterian House.

THE BLIND PRINCESS. By the author of "Opposite the Jail," "Antoinette," "Child Angel," etc. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

This is a 12mo. juvenile of 230 pages. The imprint of Henry Hoyt is always a guaranty for the wholesomeness of tone of any book sought for the Sabbath-school library, or for the use of the young. In the qualities of liveliness, good moral influence and tact for securing interest, the previous works of this author have been a success. We predict the same for the present volume.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Scribner, Welford & Co., New York: Nippon and Pe-che-ii, or Two Years in Japan and Northern China, \$2; Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula, 6 vols. 8vo., per vol. \$3; Shakespeare Characters, by Charles Cowden Clarke, \$4.50; Ancient Mysteries Described, \$1.50; The Apocryphal New Testament, \$1.50; Diaries of a Lady of Quality from 1797 to 1844, \$2.50; The Farmers' Calendar, rewritten to the present date (1864), \$4; Recollections of a Literary Life, by Mary Russell Mitford, 12mo., \$2.50; S. W. & Co. are agents for F. Warne & Co's. (London) illustrated books for the holiday season.—American News Company: The New Gospel of Peace, with Notes, Comments, Various Readings, Parallel Passages, and Practical Remarks. 12mo., \$2.—Robert Carter & Bros., New York: The Great Pilot and His Lessons, by Dr. Newton; The Story of Martin Luther, edited by Miss Whately; Jacobus on Genesis; Vol. 2; The House of Israel, by the author of the "Wide, Wide World;" The Golden Ladder Series, 6 vols., in a box; D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin, Vol. 4; Heaven Opened, by Winslow.—Ticknor & Fields, besides other works previously named in our columns, announce for December: Religious Poems, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, with illustrations; Breaths of the Better Life, edited by Lucy Larcom; Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern, by the late President C. C. Felton; A New Volume of Sketches, by Grace Greenwood; The Old Sergeant, and other Poems, by George Arnold; New Gymnastics, an entirely new and revised edition, by Dio Lewis, M.D.—Virtue & Fortson, of New York: the "Eagle Edition of Favorite Poets," Byron, Moore, Burns, Scott and Wordsworth, at \$2 each, from five to seven hundred pages per vol.

Hurst's Rationalism.—Messrs. Trubner & Co., of London, have made arrangements with the author of the "History of Rationalism," lately published in New York by Messrs. Scribner & Co., for an English edition of that work. The author, Dr. J. F. Hurst, has given an entire revision to the last American edition of his "History of Rationalism," and added a large amount of new matter, giving a copious account of the Colenso case down to the present time, together with a full review of the recent High Church movements. The late F. W. Robertson, M. Paschoud, Renan's "Apostles," and "Eccle Homo," are reviewed in detail. The work is expected to appear during the coming autumn, in two volumes.

Plundering "Our Young Folks."—"Besides other instances of wholesale appropriation by English juveniles of the contents of this monthly, we note the following, which caps the climax:—The 'Boy's Friend,' determined not to be behindhand in paying a graceful tribute to transcendental excellence, has copied two distinctive features of 'Our Young Folks'—'Round the Evening Lamp,' and the 'Letter Box'—transferring bodily the wood-engraved titles and sundry of the illustrated rebuses, reprinting a variety of the puzzles, and finally appropriating the American editors' addresses to correspondents and contributors, verbatim, literatim et punctatim, with the exception of two or three verbal changes, which were absolutely essential to prevent a discovery of the American origin of the matter."

FOREIGN.—A French Literature.—The following sketch, from the Paris letter of Child's American Literary Gazette, Sept. 15, contains some touching traits:—"I informed you, two years ago, in what a melancholy condition Edouard Martin had fallen; he has lingered these twenty-four months gone in one of our private hospitals, gradually sinking into the grave. Death came to his relief a few days since. Edouard Martin was born in an humble station of life, and for many years passed as a good but dull fellow. He never, even to the last of his life, shone in conversation; but by patience and industry he rose to respectable rank as a dramatic author, and threw into his plays a sprightliness, vivacity, wit, and life few authors here can equal. A pleasing trait in his character was his love for his father. As fortune favored him, his father was made more comfortable. When he moved from his garret to an elegant suite of rooms he gave his father a cozy suit of rooms on a ground-floor opening into a pleasant garden, and he said:—'As I have my Louvre, it is at least but fair my father should have his Tuilleries.' His father died some months ago. I may mention, for a strange circumstance, the night the father died poor Edouard Martin woke from his sleep with a start, and leaped out of bed, saying:—'I hear my father's voice calling me. Quick! quick! let us to Belleville to see him.' The nurse who watched him said:—'Why, it is only three o'clock in the morning; we can find no carriage at this hour.' 'Do you promise me we will go as soon as it is day?' 'Certainly.' He returned to bed murmuring:—'God grant I get there before it be too late.' He forgot all about it the next morning. He was never told of his father's death. He would sometimes say, in a sorrowful tone: 'It seems to me it has been a long time since my father came to see me.' His nurse would invariably reply: 'Why, M. Martin, he was here this morning.' He would answer: 'It is strange; I do not remember things which occurred five minutes ago.' Edouard Martin was born in 1827. He made his first appearance in print in 1848, by writing one of those ten thousand sheets sold during revolutionary agitation. The French Emperor generally allowed him 1500f. a year, and the royalty on his plays enabled him with this pension to be ignorant of the hardships of poverty."

Addison Revived in Paris.—Among the other luxuries which L'Evenement offers to tickle the palate of its readers is a supplement to the Spectator, the spirit of Addison having been evoked from the grave to address a few letters to M. Villedessant on the social anomalies, the abuses, and the follies of the day. The modern Monsieur Addison is in some way as genial and as pleasantly satirical as when, a hundred years ago, he wrote his papers for the London tea-tables. But, in being resuscitated, he has dropped all marks of his English nationality, and has become thoroughly Parisian. Before commencing his new work, he treats M. Villedessant's readers with a sketch of his autobiography, and his surprise and gratification at finding the tone of society so changed and improved. He doubts whether he and his friends corrected public morals, but he thinks that they "suppressed many abuses, and at any rate solved the difficult problem of amusing honest folks." M. Addison then promises a new Spectator, to be composed, he says, "alas! without the help of that good and spiritual Richard Steele." He declares war against the "grotesques and mal-faisans who at the present time abound in French society and French literature," and he devotes a paper to severe but good-natured comments on periodical literature and the puffery of publishers.

Victor Hugo.—The sum of 500,000 francs, equal to \$100,000, is to be paid this popular author for his new romance, in ten volumes, to be called "Quatre-Vingt-Trieze." As his publishers are said to have cleared 1,800,000 francs by the "Miserables" and the "Travailleurs de la Mer," they can afford to pay him in a princely manner.

"Eccle Homo."—This book has gone into the tenth edition in London, and the eighth in Boston. The Bookseller, a well-known English publication, says:—"The authorship, however, remains undiscovered; but we believe that we shall not be very far from the mark when we guess that he will probably be found in the editorial chair of a London newspaper, and that he formerly edited a Review which, we regret to say, is now discontinued. In early life the gentleman in question was a Unitarian, closely connected with a celebrated literary family of that denomination; later in life his views became more advanced, while his faith contracted, but more recently he has attached himself to the Church of England, and will be frequently seen attending the ministry of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. If this guess prove correct, many of our readers will have no difficulty in recognizing the writer of 'Eccle Homo' by the above description."

Cheap Magazine Literature in England.—It is singular that, though many low-priced periodicals have begun in London since the Cornhill led the way, only one has failed. This was the Shilling Magazine, edited by Mr. S. Lucas, literary critic of The Times. We notice, by an advertisement in the London papers, that on October 1st another shilling periodical will be commenced, entitled Christian Society, a monthly magazine of religious literature, information, and biography. Another of the new shilling monthlies is Nature and Art, of which three numbers have appeared. This is liberally enriched with illustrations in chromo-lithography, of which at least four are given every month, of such size and quality as are usually sold, when mounted as separate prints, at five shillings each.

Items.—Mr. John Grote, the younger brother of the historian, is dead. He was the professor of moral philosophy in the University of Cambridge, and senior fellow of Trinity College, and had not long ago issued the first part of a critical work called "Exploratio Philosophica."

Two new volumes (the ninth and tenth) of Froude's "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," will appear in London in October. They will treat of the reign of Elizabeth. The literature of postage-stamps is increasing in England. Dr. Gray has just issued the fourth edition of his "Illustrated Catalogue of Postage-Stamps," prepared for the use of collectors. A magazine is devoted to the same subject, and the continued interest is indicated in various other ways.