NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"George Fox, the Friends and the Early Baptists." By William Tallack, author of "Walks under the Pheidalians, Knights and English."—Mr. Tallack comes to the point on the 63th page of his little treatise, wherein he points out the early association of the Quaker prophet with the sect of the General Baptists, and deduces a sort of plagiarism of creeds for that honest enthusiast. For our part we have but faint sympathy when a pamphleteer pours into our ears the discovery that Watt was not the first discoverer of the steam engine, nor Bessemer of the process of steel, nor Roger Bacon of gunpowder, nor Joseph Paxton of glass architecture. The grain of obvious verity in this class of statements is what does the damage with a certain sort of minds, making the iconoclasm look like a duty to the cause of truth, whereas a broader view continues to award the merit of invention to him who first erects his discovery into an influential force amongst mankind. The Baptists, it is evident, abandoned at an early date their exclusive quietism, and merged into the observance of rites, with a formalism which brought their brightest mind, Bunyan, into acrid conflict with Fox during the lifetime of the latter. Fox remained on the field with his dogma of a pure spiritualism, a faith completely weaned from rites, and rescued to distrust as a kind of fetish the whole system of outward mnemonics which were the traditions of the church. So uncompromising a mystic was he, that he would forbid the very outer unto bitter contrast with the whole existing church, and has permanently alienated from his doctrine the world of Christians who find no need for the hallowed and venerable symbols and services of Western Christianity. Absorbed in contemplation of the "light in the soul" found,—the mystical Third Personality of the Trinity,—it was natural that Fox should seem to many obser" very negligent of the accepted modes and traditions, even of the Incarnation and the Written Word. A spirituality so unbending, so wholly wanting in concession to our deep-seated ca ity will never come to a worldly popularity, short of some tribe of Brahmins, perhaps, or some new Port Royal; the little sect of those who will be attracted to the ideas of Fox, and who are permitted to wear its name without any test of self-consecration, is probably filled with nominal communicants, who have never grasped the views for which Fox suffered the brutish and unintelligent persecution of the 17th century. Among these nominal Quakers we suppose we may place the author of this little treatise, whose collation of tenets held in common by the General Baptists and by Fox (p. 160) is certainly a service to religious history, though he makes it an ungrateful one by the carping spirit he brings to the study.

"John Ward, Governor." Miss Macgregor, in undertaking the difficult task of a first novel, commits none of the faults usually expected from the debutante; she does not strain for effect, nor maunder, nor pulverize, nor attempt awkward wit nor crude sentiment. If to these negative virtues she could have added a little more intensity, she would have achieved a very creditable first novel; as it is, the purity and sincerity of the style disarm the critic. The plot is of the simplest. A young and heroic orphan makes a girlish escapade from the persecutions of an odious step-brother and his maternal abettor. The heroine of any romance since "Clarissa Harlowe" has run away when left unprotected than advertise as a governess; yielding to the current of modern fiction Georgiana solicits the post of employment and this mode of introduction to her *futur*. John Ward is a blighted being, less objectionable than the old types of blighted being that he has not long locks of hair and is no longer young. His troubles have been an opera-singer and a pair of American sailing-offspring, all of whom he has come to regard with indifference relieved by disgust. The railway journey in which he carries Gertrude off to his home,—a contact during which the latter so overcomes her shyness forgets her humble position, and the hero is made bashful by his nascent interest—is described by Miss Macgregor with much innocent, lady-like love of fun which we relish more than anything else in the book. Once installed, the heroine, who evidently knows her Virgil as well as her Fox, goes sailing. Miss Macgregor's style is very simple and limpid, she has written her modest little novel with a pen that has not been unrevised, the trace of powers which will grow with practice and ripen with experience.—Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

We receive from G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, the following new books, to be noticed in detail as we can find space in our columns: Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion, Second and final Part, bringing the superlices of a number of *Harper's Weekly* and the chichiness of a book page; we have not failed to express occasionally, during the serial issue of this work, our high opinion of its accuracy, and of the great zest to it by the profuse illustrations; Vol. II. of the "History of the Jesuits," by James Burke, by John William Draper, LL. D., to be in three volumes; Cutter's "Navigation Simplified;" "First Principles of Natural Education and Public Instruction," by S. S. Randall, Superintendent of the Public Schools of the City of New York; "The Opium Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy," by "The Opium Eater," by Annie Thomas, author of "Denis Duval," "Called to Account," &c.; Bulwer's Miscellaneous Prose Works, consisting of essays, criticism, &c., in two vols.

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From Skelly & Co., "The Little Slate Picker and other stories, by Mrs. E. E. Boyd, 60 cents.

New editions by Appleton & Co., for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger: Complete Poetical Works of Burns, collected from several editions, with various notes, selected poems now acknowledged to be the works of the author, rendering the present edition more complete than even the most expensive; prefaced by a steel portrait and the Biography written by Dr. Currie; Gilbe Edition, in one vol., 612 pages, 12mo, cloth; Milton's Poetical Works, with Introduction and the Life by the author's nephew, Edward Phillips, one vol., 12mo, paper; "The Pirate," by Sir Walter Scott, Appleton's favorite tartan edition of Waverley; "Peter Simple," by Capt. Marryat, the second in stalment of a neat edition of this popular romance.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

MANLY.

Mr. Nasby at the Instance of the National Central Committee Goes South and Makes a Second Series of Speeches.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky), Aug. 27, 1868.—The National Central Committee, bein satisfied me that I cood either pay an assessment uv $30 toward defrayin the expenses uv the campane, or go South and organize colored Seymour and Blare clubs, I decided to do the latter, for reezons too obvious to need state.

1. The entire community in wich I reside had got $30, cepsin Bascom and Pemilhacker, who, bein distillers and grocery keepers, hev naterally absorbed all the capital uv the place.

2. I am fond uv travel, for elsewhere I find unpleasant fields and pastures new. And then uv wich I hev never borrered, and whose neighbors hev never bin soured by unforchnit incdins. I hev notist that I hev allus done better whier I aint so well known. My zeal rather wears out my friends.

For these reezons I went. My first stoppin place wuz in Western Tennessee, and my success was gratifyin. I made many my bizniss to the leadin Democrats, and they took hold uv the idee with alacrity. Every man we met on the sly gray uniform, as they allus do when they embark into a politikle enterprise that their Dimocrisy may not be questioned, and sallied out with me to eleiconeer the niggers wich were employed by their plantashens. Their method wuz short, decisive and effective. The niggers wuz mildly but firmly given the choice between jinin a Seymore and Blare club, and attendin it to hear me speak, or being discharged from their employment. Ez the planters hev a lokeler way uv shootin at site all the niggers in the hyoman race employment, the alternative mite be considered equivalent to death, and the niggers all jined. Then they all got drunk and all come to the meetin in the evenin. One nigger, when I wuz half thro speakin, got up and hollered, left, left, which that he wanted to work, hed jined the club, and wuz willin to do a consecrated thing, even to hold his place, but ez for hearin me close thro he'd be——. They wood hev finish'm on the spot, but I got the crowd interested.

That nigger's vote is stowed away, and I don't mind the insult to put onto me. "Let him go," I sez, "we hev no votes to spare, an sence Bookannon's time we hevn't bin able to vote ded nere to any extent." Jack Donelson Seymore, of he is elected, remember this mistfull. I am a martyr to-day. Sich cussedness as abine at the head uv the Post Offis Department. I merely throw this hint out by the way.

The next pint I struck wuz a cheerful village pr pounded by the name uv Bethel. I forgot a better spirit prevailin than I cood hev hoped for. The druggists and grocers were all Democrats we suppose we may place the author of this little treatise, whose collation of tenets held in common by the General Baptists and by Fox (p. 160) is certainly a service to religious history, though he makes it an ungrateful one by the carping spirit he brings to the study.

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—"cious," the while. I notist it, but it mattered not to me. Why shood we be perticler ez to the tools we yoose? When we shake hands with sich, can't we get on glowed?

We surrounded the church and notified em that they coodn't pass till we wuz thro, and I commenced my speech and spoke it thro. I insisted that ther interests lay with their kind, good master—that they had no bizness voously decreed in sposin that there wuz any antagonism between the races. Who, I axist, wuz the man, colored man the right to vote in Noo York? The Dimocrisy. Who gave the colored man the rite to stay in Ohio? The Dimocrisy. What Vice President hed a nigger rather a colored woman for a wife, wich he hed the right to marry in the White House hed the President been a Republikin and consequently worth our while to assassinate hi? Richard M. Johnson, a Dimokrat. Who hev bin—

At this pint a pert mulatto remarked that he hed a word to say, and I gave place to him. He wuz himself a conservative nigger uv the most conservatiset kind. He shood vote with his white brothers cheerfully, but he cood not vote with them on the speaker (meanin me) hed given. He shood do it from a higher, better motive than any aforesaid. He shood do it from motives uv consanguinity. He hed alluz bin a humble nigger, bleevin it best to be one ez an inferior race, but sence he hed bin free he hed bin searchin into pedigree. He hed been surprised, and pleezed. He found he hed the best blood uv Virginny courzin thro his veins. The Confederate candidate for Congress, one Colonel Dorcher, hallelloogy, and he wuz closely related to several uv the best families in Virginny. He wuz himself a Democrat by instinct