

COUDERSPORT, PA., Thursday Morning, Dec. 21, 1857. T. S. CHASE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER, the great Family Paper, has now attained the extraordinary circulation of Three Hundred and Thirty Thousand Copies. The Prospectus of THE LEDGER, which contains all necessary information in regard to it, will be found in our advertising columns.

L. D. WILLIAMS has been appointed a Commissioner of Lykins County, Kansas, by His Royal Highness Prince John Calhoun, the Regent of the late Constitutional Convention. L. D. Williams will do the dirty work of helping to enslave the people of Kansas, with ability.

The financial affairs of our State are in a healthy condition. Receipts at the State Treasury for the year ending Nov. 30th, including balance on hand Dec. 1, 1855, \$5,976,415 26. Expenditures \$5,470,276 79, leaving balance in the Treasury Dec. 1, 1857 of \$5,601,934 7.

In the U. S. Senate, Mr. Douglas has offered a bill, similar in some respects to the Toombs Bill of last session, as an enabling act for the people of Kansas to form a Constitution, and come into the Confederacy. It is calculated to offset the Leocompton Constitution, should it come before the Senate.

Movements are also on foot in both Houses, to get the Pacific Railroad Bill under way, as also a Homestead Bill—the latter is a movement of Mr. Grow, of this State, who deserves great thanks for his promptness in the matter.

A bill has been reported to the Senate, from the Committee of Finance, allowing the issue of Treasury notes to the amount of \$12,000,000, as a remedy for the depression of revenue caused by the money panic. It is an administration scheme, and will doubtless be adopted by Congress—it has already passed the Senate.

Governor Walker has been induced to resign. So the fourth Governor of Kansas, has broken down in attempting to carry out the administration scheme of making Kansas a Slave State.

We submit that it would be wise to abandon a scheme which such men as Geary and Walker are unable to carry through. Is there any body in this country now, who believes that Buchanan has improved upon Pierce's administration in Kansas affairs?

Since the above paragraph was penned, we learn from Washington that President Buchanan has declined to receive the letter of resignation of Gov. Walker, and will not permit it to be placed among the archives of the nation. The truths of the letter are too vivid to meet the approbation of our Czar President—therefore he, having the power, refuses to let them appear on the national witness-book. We are also informed by the same advices that the President will make further use of his "power of vengeance," by the removal of Gov. Walker. We hope the letter of Gov. W. will be directly presented to the National Senate for discussion in connection with the Kansas policy of the President's Message. The letter is an able refutation of the unfair and unstatesmanlike views and assertions of that document; as is also the recent speech of Senator Douglas on the subject.

All who attended the agreeable soiree at the Methodist Parsonage on Monday night of last week, will, we think agree with us in the desire to promote a greater degree of social intercourse among ourselves in this place. We are well aware of the difficulties in the way of doing this. We know all about the cliques and coteries which have formerly existed. We know that our private residences are too small to furnish accommodations for so many. We know the labor and trouble it costs the ladies. All these things and more too, we know; and to discuss them we have undertaken this article. All will join us, we believe, in the effort as well as in the desire, to remove them.

We begin, then, thus: Man is a social being. He was made for Society. He was placed in Society by his Maker. He loses much by its neglect—he gains much by its cultivation.

It does good, too, sometimes, for all classes to be convened together. We do not mean in the worship of God alone; but in social intercourse, as we did on that Monday night, at the parsonage. We love to see the hear-hunter talking with the clergyman, as we saw them on that occasion. We love to see the Democrat

and the Republican meet together in the social party, sometimes, forgetting their differences, and feeling for once at least, that they have a common country; that they are, or ought to be, neighbors and friends. We love, too, to see the old and young together sometimes—the wealthy and those less so—the cultivated and those who are not so. "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."

But in case our dwellings could not accommodate so many as the parsonage and church did then, yet we can meet. We can assemble as many as our houses will hold, if we have just one thing, and will make up our minds to do it. We were sorry to see so much provision made for eating and drinking on this occasion. This was quite superfluous. What we want is to dispense with this. It makes slaves of our women-folks, and really it is no use. It is extravagance which we can well afford to retrench in. Let us meet as do the brilliant French in their soirees, or as do the Spanish in their tertulias, without the dance; or as the sociable Germans and lively Italians do in their conversaciones; and as they are doing this winter in our own cities, for social purposes. Let us leave out the eating and drinking; take an early tea at home and then go.

We should in this way emancipate the ladies from a large share of drudgery, and shall ourselves be practicing a useful Christian virtue, of which we have been too forgetful in times past, to wit—a wise and sensible economy. Feasting is not indispensable to social life. It is not for our health or happiness; and especially in these "hard times" we can and ought to forego it. Who will begin? What lady will dare to open her house and assemble her friends together without the "chicken fixens"? Don't all speak at once. We pause for a reply; but hope that we shall not need to stir up the minds of our people again on this subject.

Its Legitimate Fruit. The compact made by the South with the North at the time of admitting Missouri into the Union, was abandoned and annulled. The defence made by the Northern men who aided in this work was, that they desired to enable the people of the Territory to form their own laws and constitutions in their own way. The great majority of the people of the free States protested against destroying the old compact. But the administration found means to force the bill through Congress. Behold the result.

Anarchy and bloodshed; crime and misery, have been the order of things ever since. Instead of allowing the people to rule, the administration has at all times been against the people, and on the side of the Border Ruffians, who are but a small minority of the people.

And now the administration is trying to force on the people a Constitution, which they have had no voice in making, and are not permitted to accept or reject. Speaking of this Constitution, the Lawrence Republican says:

Among other objectionable features in the Leocompton Constitution, the whole code of bogus Territorial laws is declared to be in force in the State of Kansas. Of course, the people would negative any such proceeding as that, but they had a chance. But the people of Kansas are not consulted. The Constitution is not intended for their benefit, but for the Leocompton land-sharks and speculators.

James Buchanan sustains the Leocompton usurpers, and thus endeavors to set his heel on the necks of the people. Beautiful Democracy that! How many are there in this country who are not ashamed that they aided, by voting for him to help thrust on the free-men of Kansas a Constitution, which they scorn and repudiate.

Applying the Whip to Him. The slave holders, have so long applied the plantation discipline to the affairs of the State, that no one will be surprised at the insolent tone of the Southern press towards Senator Douglas.

The following from the Richmond South, is a fair specimen of the manners and ideas engendered by Slavery:

"We cannot effect indifference at the treachery of Senator Douglas. He was a politician of considerable promise. Association with Southern gentlemen had smoothed down the rugged vulgarities of his early education, and he had come to be quite a decent and well-behaved person."

We trust "our Southern Brother" will continue to ply the whip in this style, without cessation until the race of dough-faces is extant. We think it will not take long if they will continue their present tactics; but Douglas and those who go out with him, have yielded so long to their insolent rule; there is no certainty that they will submit to even the present insolence.

THE MINNESOTA ELECTION.—St. Paul dates of the 15th inst. have been received. The canvass of the election had not been completed, but it was thought that

the Democratic candidate for Governor would be declared elected. No election of United States Senator has taken place.

Senator Bigler in Kansas, versus Senator Bigler in the Senate. Governor Walker went to Kansas in the service of the Slave Power. Being a shrewd man, he undertook to coax rather than drive the free State men into his plan for making that a Slave State. But he found such a state of feeling there that in order to secure a hearing he was obliged to assure the people of Kansas, that the Constitution when framed should be submitted to a fair vote of all people.

At the great meeting at Paoli, Governor Walker was assisted in his work of pacifying the people by Senator Bigler of this State. Governor Walker made a long and able speech, closing with the declaration that "I cannot doubt the Convention will submit the Constitution to the *Legislatives* of Kansas." And most emphatically said, "I assure you by my clear conviction, that unless the Convention submit the Constitution to the fair vote of the people, that Constitution should be rejected by Congress." And with much feeling pledged himself in these words: "If the Convention does not submit the Constitution to the people, *bona fide*, I say to you, I will join you in resisting such a usurpation."

Senator Bigler listened approvingly to these pledges, and is reported as having made similar ones for the administration. Now he stands up in the Senate, and undertakes to defend the action of the Leocompton Convention which undertook to force its Constitution on the people of Kansas without submitting it to them. Is it possible the people of Pennsylvania will permit a Senator of this to act thus treacherously without entering their indignant protest?

Slander and Tale-Bearing.—We are indebted to one of our many excellent exchanges for the following short patent sermon, which has so many points in it for the instruction of our community. We plead guilty to a certain degree of pleasure in being able to lay it before our readers—not for the benefit of one or two, but for the benefit of all. Let us one neglect to read it because he or she believes himself guiltless, for it has points alike for the innocent and guilty—and who will arrogate to himself entire innocence? Dare any one? But read:

"Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whiper against the character of another, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report and pass it on the current—strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrap of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle mysterious hint. How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief at a single nod. How many graves have been dug by false report. Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-bearing we pray. Slip not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of another, and as far as you are concerned, the slanderer will die. But tell it once and it may go on as the wings of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world."

For the Potter Journal. FRIEND CHASE. On the 3rd inst. we had a Teachers Examination in this town, by our Co. Superintendent, Mr. Hendrick. There was a class of 8 or 10 Teachers, and a fair attendance of the friends of education. Now I am no friend to puffs, nor silence when commendation is due. The examination was public, and occupied about six hours, during which time the class acquitted itself fairly. As usual there was some difference in the qualifications of the members of the class, all were fair, some good, and one (a young lady) eminently qualified for teaching. All present appeared well pleased with the Superintendent. He was more rigid than either of his predecessors had been—but we think none too much so. He not only seemed intent on learning what the qualifications of the Teachers were, and their manner of teaching—but labored earnestly, and I think with good success, to benefit and instruct them. To get through and "be off" was evidently not the object—but to faithfully discharge his trust, and who in our county has higher one? We are unwise in not giving him a salary that would enable him to spend more time with Teachers and in schools.

SHARON, Dec. 18th, 1857. APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR.—DAVID WILMOT, of Bradford county, was appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy in the office of the Thirteenth Judicial District.

The district is composed of the counties of Bradford, Susquehanna and Sullivan, and is in the same district Mr. WILMOT represented on the Bench previous to his resignation of the office last summer, when he proposed to stump the State with Gen. PACKER for Governor.

On Mr. WILMOT's resignation, DANIEL BULLOCK, Esq., of Bradford county, was appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy. His appointment was made on the 8th of August last, to expire on the first Monday in December instant. Mr. WILMOT's commission commences on Monday next, to expire on the first Monday in December, 1858. In the meantime, an election of a President, Judge to supply the vacancy that will occur in December next, will take place, when Mr.

WILMOT, if he desires it, will be nominated by the Republican party and re-elected. Harrisburg Telegraph. For the Journal. Sunday Afternoon Musings. "I'm sick of life, I'm weary—I would that I could die: How lightly on my pulseless breast The soft white snow would lie." We have learned that life is not all one summer dream; that he who quaffs its burning dregs, must "drink the bitter with the sweet"; that the tiny, frothy bubbles that sparkle and dance upon its dimpled surface, serve but to hide the world of dark waters that lie beneath. Oh! we have learned life's lessons; young, too young for happiness. We have coned its pages, stained with sin, until the heart is sicken'd, and gray sad and wearied with its heavy task, turned away and wept at the hollow mockery that masked itself in smiles and kindly tones, only to hide the void within. They are but the holiday attire, put on and off at will; the gorgeous dress that with its many colors dazzles the eye, pleases the fancy, and soothes the flattered fool; but, as the gossamer web, blown into airy nothing at the beath of the first rough breeze. Oh! with what glorious anticipations we first stepped from childhood's happy ground upon Life's active stage, with what confidence in man's goodness and purity; with what gorgeous colors we had pictured to ourselves a beautiful world peopled with a race, little below the angels, and reflecting the image of the Divine Architect of the glorious whole. For, thanks to the good guardians of our infant years, we had not felt life's blighting influence, but basked only in its rich sunlight, pick'd its beautiful flowers; unheeding "the trail of the serpent that's over them all," looked with joy upon the richly colored rose, not seeing the cankerous worm coiled within its crimson heart, and plucked eagerly the queenly flower, unmindful of the stinging thorn. Oh! happy, careless childhood, would thy fair innocence and trusting confidence still remained; would time had not robbed us of thy purity, or revealed to us so much of evil and guilt. When we grew into womanhood kind friends still guarded our little bark from all threatening storms, and wrapped our faults in the beautiful mantle of charity; and from our hearts we bless them. It might have been better had we known more of life, had we been taught its utter heartlessness, and that the very ones who wear the fairest seeming; within, have hearts but as "whitened sepulchers."—But as it is, within one short year among stranger hearts, we have learned more of its bitterness than in many that on golden wings, flew away among fond friends.

"Tis hard to trust and be deceived; to look for goodness and find but guile; to almost worship the God-like intellect of man; to find in the home of the wisest thoughts; to drink in the impassioned strains of oratory that vibrate so touchingly upon the "chord of a thousand strings," to find them but eloquence of tongue and lip.

And useless treasures from affection's deep To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower. To make idols, and to find them clay. And to bewail their worship."

Al, what beautiful visions have been dispelled, what gorgeous castles have been hurled from their baseless heights, how many fond dreams that lulled and soothed the spirit have been replaced by sad reality; and how many friends we trusted feeding upon our own fair fame. Those lumpy dreams, like spectre forms, the ghosts of departed joys, they haunt us still—with their weird arms they still beckon to trusting hope, still lift Fancy's misty veil and show the treasured gems within; but as we reach to grasp the hoarded wealth we embrace but the mocking void.

"So fade, fade on; my gift of love shall cling A cooling sadness round my heart and brain, A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing, All sensitive to pain."

And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall On my mind's water, a daily darkening part, Fold them thy weary wings, and sink subdu'd Into cold and unrepining solitude."

Political Items. F. W. LINCOLN, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Boston by a large majority over CHARLES B. HILL, Republican, at the recent municipal election in that city. Hill was very unpopular, in addition to which the Gardner Americans voted the Democratic ticket.

The new Constitution of Virginia provides for biennial sessions of the Legislature, as an offset to which Gov. Wise has sent his Message in, divided into three separate documents. No. 1 is devoted to banks and banking; No. 2 to the usury laws; and No. 3 is miscellaneous. He recommends the passage of more stringent laws to prevent the escape of slaves, and also suggests a policy to prevent free negroes from accumulating property too fast.

EDWIN H. CHASE writes to the N.Y. Tribune, under date of 6th Pella, Madison Co., Iowa, Dec. 5, that the merchants of that place have, by mutual consent extended credits, and exchanged notes and real estate to avoid the necessity of money. He gives among others the following staple markets: Wheat 40c; Corn 25c; Potatoes 25c; Oats 15c; Flour \$14 per 100 lbs; Pork \$3 per 100 lbs; Beef \$4 per 100 lbs; Cabbages two for 5c; Turnips 15c per bushel. What do our farmers think of this for "hard times?"

of encouragement, or warning, or of exhortation, or awakening. And the best of us do need to revert from time to time, as I have already said, to "first principles." The "Times" too, as previously remarked, favor the pursuit of letters, readings, study, and reflection. There are various advantages attending the objects of your Library Association. I have in passing noticed not a few of these. It is well to take a fuller survey of them. "Reading," says Bacon; "I think it is, 'makes a full man, conversation makes a ready man, and thinking makes a correct man.' If I mistake not, the social Library scheme contemplates all these things. Our school studies, and our professional studies, we all know who have reached middle life, are but preparatory, not the end, but the beginning. Up to this time how few of us have read much. How few of you have read all the books on your shelves and inwardly digested them. How few have read half of them. How many have not read one in five of them; how many not one in ten? The cares of business, labor, and necessary occupation—how much of our time they absorb!—How many of us can read a volume a week, or even in a month some times, owing to the outside influences and pressure of the times. Do we not need to look at the advantages of reading, and to renew our zeal in the objects of this Association? And now everything favors this once more. But 'art is long and time is fleeting.' We have a great deal to do and but little space left in which to accomplish it. Let us see now:

Look at the History and Literature of your own country, my friends. Would it not be an advantage to each one of us to peruse it more? How many of us are to-day familiar with the writings, I do not say the life, but the writings of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, the two Adamses, Jay and Hamilton, Madison, Webster, Calhoun, Clay and many others I might name? Then would it not be an advantage to each one of us to read them? And then how much besides these has been written! I should like to read a vast range of American Literature: Cotton Mather and Bellamy, Belknap and Dwight, and Edwards father and son; Irving and Cooper; Haythorne and Longfellow; Bancroft and Prescott and Morley, the Beechers, and Bayard Taylor;—with the writings of a host more—what American does not need the advantage of having read the works of these and others of his countrymen? And I leave out here, purposely, a host of "small fry."

Then, look abroad to our father-land. Are not Chaucer and Spenser; Ben Jonhson and Shakespeare, Bacon and Newton, and Milton and Addison, and Cowper, and Hume and Gibbon, and Dr. Johnson, and all the older worthies, as much ours, as theirs who live across the Atlantic? And are not Walter Scott and Macaulay; Alison, Wordsworth and Hemans; Southey, Montgomery, Byron, Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson read as much on this side the water as that? Do we not need to have the advantage of reading these authors who have made so glorious a use of our mother-tongue? How well acquainted with the Literature of Great Britain is any one of us?

I might go on to speak of other languages or at least translations from them. Who does not need to read something of Cervantes (Don Quixote de la Mancha, at least), or of Cicero; or of Homer, Socrates, and Plato? We need to know something of these out of their own mouths; for the way to know a writer after all is to go to his Writings and hear him speak, and not to go to a Biographical Dictionary, or an Essayist, and hear them speak about him.

And is there not now a solace, a comfort, friends, in thus communing with those who have gone before us? Is there not something which lifts us up above the world when we read these worthies? something which allies us to the Divine, to God, while we do it? I think and believe there is.

And how much better is it to have something to talk about out of the authors we have read, when we meet from time to time, rather than to hear the gossip and tattle of the neighborhood; or to discuss the latest fashions, or infatuations, which have come to light; or to talk forever about the weather? No one likes these.

Would not reading, too, give us an advantage in debate, and in writing, as well as in conversation and society? And is not a course of Lectures during the weeks of winter—I do not mean Lectures by Horace Mann, or Horace Greeley, or Whipple or Bishop Potter, or Everett,—but such a course, as I see here a score of gentlemen fight about me half to-night, capable of giving—allow the suggestion—but would not such a course of Lectures here this winter be both agreeable and profitable? And would it not be one of the fair effects and advantages of this Reading of which I have spoken—of this Library Association whose Quarterly Meeting to-night we celebrate?

But time admonishes me to close. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the pleasure it has given me to meet with you at this time, and to confer together with regard to our mental and spiritual wants. We are part body, and part spirit. Most of our time we are compelled to spend in toiling for the "meat that perisheth." But this is not need, but any ignoble toil. No sight is more beautiful than to see parents striving for their families—to train up their children to the love and practice of every thing which can adorn them and make them and others happy. No sight is more grateful to all right-minded men, and no sight to the angels above us,

than to see the varied industry, frugality, enterprise and thrift of a village, or a community like our own. But shall these bodily occupations and bodily wants absorb all? No, I fancy, I hear each one of you say—No! And your Library Association, and each volume of your well-filled shelves, is evidence that you mean what you say. We are spirit as well as body. And the objects we have in view here to-night belong mainly to the realm of spirit. Your interested attention to a lecture like this is evidence that you do not intend to neglect the mind, the immortal part of your natures.

In cultivating this then let me remind you in parting, you have a great duty, a priceless privilege, a glorious reward before you. But let me be well understood. I used to think that mental culture was every thing; that the intellect, the intelligence of mankind was all; that this was sufficient. That if reason and mind, and understanding alone was only well, and sufficiently developed, educated—drawn out, as the word education means, that this was enough; that all variance—all strifes, discords, vices and errors among men would, when the intellect in man was only well trained and cultivated, cease. I used to think that this was all that Society and the World needed. I do not think so now. I know it is not enough—this intellectual culture is not enough. Nineveh, and Memphis, Athens, and Corinth, Antioch and Rome, and to a degree their inhabitants, had high intellectual culture and refinement; but they all fell, sunk in list and sin to rise no more. Man has a heart, as well as a head, and the heart needs cultivating, renewing, sanctifying; for out of the heart are the issues of life. It is this which governs us, and not our heads. We follow what we love. We seek after that we hold dear and desirable. Keep then thy heart with all diligence. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels; and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and have not charity, I am nothing—a sounding brass, or a tinkling symbol." It is in the heart, and not the head, in which divine love and grace is found, if at all to be found within us. Cultivate then this. The beginning may be weak and small. A single word fitly spoken in a feeble lecture like the present, or in a sermon, or met with in your silent reading and reflection, may be sufficient to enkindle that divine spark of holy, heavenly love, within your hearts. Faint and flickering it may be indeed within thy soul at the first; but the end will be glorious. With the saints in light, at last—with the glory and honor of the nations and the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and whose record is on high—will you all be found ere long, if, with the heart devoted to God now and always, you

— Shall by due steps aspire To lay hold upon that Golden Key, Which opens the palace of Eternity, Now at best we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am I know."

When I stand, as I stood six months ago, upon the shores of the mighty Pacific, covering, as it does, nearly half the globe, and think of its vast coasts and countless islands; and of the dark and barbarous lands and their innumerable inhabitants, which on every side environ it—accepting the small portions of its shores in California and Oregon, and Australia—and now even these are full of violence and deceit, lust and crime; when I see how ignorance, superstition, persecution, and indolence, like "darkness cover the earth and gross darkness the people," and then turn, in thought, as I do so often, to my own dear native land, an orb of brightness on the distant sky, and think of meeting perhaps like this, and like those which weekly take place in this Hall—for Moral Culture and Human Improvement, for the Restoration of the lost and undone—my heart leaps up within me for joy, as Wordsworth's did at the sight of a rainbow. I think that there is yet hope for the world. There are some tokens for good. These glad tidings—this gospel enjoyed in the United States—may extend, may spread; and will spread—and one day, perhaps not so very distant either, the salvation of the Lord will fill the whole earth as the waters fill the sea. To you, Ladies and Gentlemen of this Association, and to such as you, are committed high and important trusts bearing on the weal or woe not only of this village, this county, and our own land, but of Humanity. And from this secluded spot in the Alleghanies, may go forth influences, which shall like your own rivers fertilize distant and diverse regions of the earth, and make glad forever the City of our God above.

Notes. Dec. 24, 1857. 1. When this Lecture was prepared, the 1st of November last, we had not received any definite advices from Europe as to the effect of the panic there. But were the writer to express himself now upon the same subject, he could hardly have chosen more appropriate language.

2. At the close of the Lecture a member of the Library Company present suggested that this work was already upon its shelves. The writer could not believe that he had overlooked it; and on a second examination was delighted to find that what he had mistaken for a new work by Mr. Charles Knight of London, and called the *English Cyclopaedia*, is indeed, on the basis of the *Penny Cyclopaedia*; but it is all written anew, and brought down to the present day. In fact it is abundantly adequate to the wants of any Library; and members will be well repaid by consulting its ample pages.

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