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Taxes and Charities—Christ and the State.

A worthy pastor suggests whether the following questions might not be advantageously discussed by all our elders, deacons, and members: Ought men to pay as much into the Lord's treasury, as they pay into the State treasury? Ought our benevolent contributions of all kinds, amount to as much as our taxes? Does Christ, our King, do more for us than the State? and what?

Corrections.

We make great endeavors to print correctly, and seldom, afterwards, notice a mistake which may have occurred, unless it is likely to do injury. We, however, note the following, with the suggestion that figures and numbers, as well as proper names, should be always written very distinctly.

In first No. of Notices of the Late Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Wylie, for "varying features," read, "varying fortunes." In second No. of Ditto, fourth line from beginning, for "ten," read "two." More than twenty lines further down, for "1810," read "1816."

First United Presbyterian Synod of the West.

This Synod has just terminated its first annual meeting. It sat in the United Presbyterian Church, on Sixth Street, October 6th to 9th. The sessions were harmonious, and a great amount of business was transacted.

One peculiarity of the meeting was, that the Associate Reformed Synod, composed of nearly the same members, keeps up its Ecclesiastical organization, and held its meetings at intervals with the other—seemingly "a wheel within a wheel"—a part, and yet not connected. This continuance of the old Synod is, we understand, for the sake of holding our Church property, and exercising some legal trusts.

The American Sunday School Union.

The American Sunday School Union is the oldest of the Philadelphia religious book concerns. Its Catalogue numbers over one thousand volumes. Most of these are small, yet many of them sell largely; and the aggregate of the entire sales is not much less than a quarter of a million of dollars. They are now publishing a new volume every Saturday morning. The embarrasment, as we see stated, produced by the unfaithfulness of one of their officers last Fall, offered only a temporary check to their business; and the promptness with which the Managers came forward to make it up out of their own pockets, has created for the Society a very general feeling of kindness.

The Young Men's Christian Association.

Daily prayer-meetings are still kept up in the rooms of this union of the good young men of our city, and the attendance is encouraging. Last week the Association was cheered by a visit from Richard C. McCormick, Esq., of the Young Men's Association of New York. On Thursday evening Mr. McCormick gave a public address, in the Central Presbyterian church, by which the attention of the audience was deeply enlisted. We had, never, previously, heard the rise, aims, and progress of the Institution, in Europe and in this country, so ably presented.

Mr. McCormick edits and publishes the Young Men's Magazine, at 384 Broadway, New York. This is a Monthly, at \$1 00, and is ably conducted.

The New School.

Our brethren have not yet all found for themselves comfortable homes. The Kentucky ministers and churches show very strong sympathies for the Old School, and are returning to the fold. The Synod of Missouri, which recently met at St. Joseph, is greatly divided in sentiment. Last year they resolved to continue, for a time, independent. This year they find themselves so much distracted as they then were. Some are for going South, some North, some for the Old School, and some for no movement. The subject of the States, and duty, was discussed for two days, and it was then decided, by a vote of thirteen to nine, that they would remain for another year, statu quo.

In Delaware, also, there is dissatisfaction. At the late meeting of the Presbytery of Wilmington, at Milford, a resolution was offered, which the Christian Observer says, had the approbation of all but two or three members; to the effect that, on account of the action of the Assembly at Cleveland in 1857, they yet remained, "the Presbytery of Wilmington cannot cordially co-operate with the General Assembly." This proposition was resisted with so much feeling that the congregation requested its withdrawal. The Assembly is to meet in Wilmington next Spring, and if lights should indicate which way the current sets, there will be a call for gratitude on at least one subject.

Quarterly Review of Art, Science, and Literature.

LONDON, October 1, 1858.

I begin with a reference to ART. Our London connoisseurs, especially those who are wont to buy pictures, are, for the most part, out of town. Many of them are among the Highland hills and moors, studying, from the life, the noble Stag which Landseer loves to paint; and, perhaps—after long day's weary and deer stalking, with gillies watching from behind the rocks, and the eager dogs held in—Prince Albert, and other sportsmen of high degree, bring home their slain spoils to the front of Balmoral Castle, with torch-light procession, presenting a tableau sufficiently picturesque for perpetuation on the canvas.

Others, and they are many, are just now examining the Galleries of the Continent. Over the polished floors of the Louvre, Versailles, of Dresden, of Munich, of Florence, and of the Vatican, they glide softly, in silent entrance and wonder. Others, professional artists, are to be seen sitting, with easel and pencil, before the chef d'oeuvre of the mighty dead, scattered over the galleries of Europe.

The taste for Art is certainly growing in England, and an intelligent appreciation of it also increases every year. Nevertheless, to buy, at any cost, a real original picture of great merit, and not a copy, is a success—often if a man have plenty of money, and sometimes an artist to advise him—which it may be said, "non civis attingit." The art of forging pictures, as well as of forging bank notes, has attained a marvelous, and most iniquitous perfection.

In the month of August, a picture-dealer in St. Paul's church-yard, was brought up before a city magistrate, charged with having passed off upon a gentleman in the West-End, rich in purse, but soft in head, quite a number of pretended "old masters," which "a lady in distress" waiting on the said gentleman, represented as part of the collection of a "noble family" reduced to great straits. The imposition in this case was thoroughly exposed, and yet justice was evaded; for the matter was hushed up, by the guilty parties refunding their victim all his money. These picture-dealers have artists regularly employed to copy fine pictures. What with clever coloring, good figure-drawing, and last, not least, the trick of giving a cracked aspect to the canvas, as if it were at least some centuries old, the modern copy has sometimes deceived eminent connoisseurs, and even Royal Academicians themselves.

This week, I have been looking at a professed "Turner," a sea-piece, in a window in the Strand. In large characters underneath, it is proclaimed to be real and original, by the would-be seller inside, who tells the public outside that it may doubt, but that here, as in other cases specified, and there, afterwards, the reality was discovered, and enormous prices paid, there is no deception. The very ingenuousness of the plea may woo and win some victim, although (besides having no money to buy) as for myself, having only two days before been examining a second time, several real Turners, in Shephard's Gallery, I should say of the Strand picture, "It is no more like Turner, than I'm to Hercules." Of course, equal credit is to be given to the proclamation of genuineness to the real "long-lost, now recovered" Titian's "Venus"—hidden from vulgar view in an inner sanctum, behind the picture-shop—whose value is "twelve thousand guineas," but which may be viewed for the small sum of "one shilling."

Turning to SCIENCE, and its accompaniments, two prominent events in this connection are—1st. The inauguration of the Statue of Sir Isaac Newton, at Grantham; and, secondly, the recent meeting of the British Association at Leeds. With regard to the former, although the erection of a statue at the end of a century and a half after his death seems but tardy justice to an illustrious memory, yet that is only seeming neglect toward one whose name, in connection with the noble marble bust in the College of Old Trinity, is, and has been, an inspiration to multitudes at his Alma Mater, Cambridge University; whose memory is embalmed in the memorable couplet: "Nature and Nature's laws, lay hid in night, God said let Newton be, and all was light;" whose life has been made familiar and precious by such a biographer as Brewster, and whose principles have given an acknowledged impulse to movements, whose magnificent results are cumulative to this hour.

In Lord Brougham—"the old man eloquent"—was found an orator worthy of the great occasion of setting up a statue to the memory of Newton, at the place of his birth. His style was probably above the comprehension of many of those whom he immediately addressed. But "fit audience," and not "few," has the oration found among all educated men, all the world over. One or two specimens let me subjoin. Speaking of the comparatively late development of Newton's genius, and its yet rapid advancements and triumphs, the orator said:

The remark is common and is obvious, that the genius of Newton did not manifest itself at a very early age; his faculties were not, like those of some great and many ordinary individuals, precociously developed. His earliest history is involved in some obscurity; and the most celebrated of men has, in this particular, been compared to the most celebrated of rivers (the Nile), as if the course of both in its feebler state had been concealed and that within four years, between the age of eighteen and twenty-two, he had begun to study mathematical science—and had taken the first steps in the elements of geometry and analysis, and discovered calculus which entirely changed the face of the science, effecting a revolution in that, and in every branch of philosophy and natural science, almost before belief. The elegant he had discovered the law of gravitation, and laid the foundation of celestial dynamics, the science created by him. Before ten years had elapsed he had discovered that of the fundamental properties of light. So brilliant a course of discovery, in so short a time changed and reconstructing analytical, astronomical, and optical sciences, almost before belief. The elegant could only be deemed possible by an appeal

to the incontestable evidence that proves it strictly true.

Contrasting the neglect of Newton's memory, by those who were only the admirers of ambitious and devastating conquerors, with his claims, Lord B. said:

The inscription upon the cathedral, the masterpiece of his celebrated friend's architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect—"If you seek for a monument, look around." "If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens, which show forth his fame. Now, when we recollect the Greek orator's exclamation, that the whole earth is the monument of illustrious men, can we stop short of declaring that the Universe itself is Newton's? Yet, in raising the statue which preserves his likeness, near the place of his birth, and on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same State, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which delighted to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted to comprehend the works of infinite wisdom, and to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplation, both philosophical and sublime. (Enthusiastic applause.)

The straight-backed carved arm-chair on the platform, from which the oration was delivered, was the same as that used by Newton when composing "The Principia," two hundred years ago.

With regard to the British Association, its meetings have not been marked by any extraordinary interest, while yet abundant evidence has been given, that in all departments of Science, the true spirit of inquiry into Nature's secrets, is vigilant and penetrating. In Section A., (Mathematical and Physical Science), Papers have been read—many of them followed up by discussions—on Electro-Magnetism, Optical Instruments, Submarine Telegraphs, Quadratic Equations, (by Dr. Whewell), and Views respecting the Nature and Value of Mathematical Definitions.

In the Geological Section, one Paper was by Professor Rogers, "On the Discovery of Strata, of supposed Permian age, in the interior of North America," by Mr. Meek, and other American Geologists." Geology, and Ethnology, also, received due attention, while in Mechanical Science, among other practical and reasonable Papers, there was one "On River Steamers, their form, construction, and fitting, with reference to the necessity of improving the present means of shallow water navigation on the rivers of British India," and another on "The Drainage of the Metropolis."

In the "Economic Science and Statistics" Section, a thorough exposure was made by Mr. Newmarch, of the great bubble Association of Paris, formed some years ago, "The Credit Mobilier." While the shares, in 1855, were £70 and £80, they fell, the next year, nearly one-half. "The report, for 1857, was very long, and contained much fine writing; but the fact was, that no dividend was declared." But for the influx of gold from England and the United States, to the extent of one hundred millions sterling since 1845, from the balance of trade being in favor of France, had helped to keep away absolute ruin, but "The Credit Mobilier," said Mr. N., "was a striking exemplification of the entire powerlessness, except for great mischief, of any institution that aimed at great results, by any but the most honest and straight forward means."

A nation could only increase its material wealth by relying entirely upon the industry and intelligence of its citizens." These observations were received with warm applause, and indicate how "Economic Science" helps, when rightly understood, to enforce those lessons and warnings of sound morality and true religion, which, alas!—as proved by our periodical crises, and the gambling eagerness of prosperous times—nations are so slow to learn.

During the period of the Association's sojourn at Leeds, the usual rural scientific excursion was made, and at the Mechanics' Institution, Dr. Booth, Fellow of the Royal Society, delivered, on a Saturday evening, a noble lecture on "The Self-Improvement of the working classes." He reminded the artisans and working men present, of their great advantages, as compared with fifty years ago, when a young man, trying to raise and to improve his condition, would have been accused of having a discontented mind, and been viewed with suspicion and dislike.

The lecturer hinted strongly his opinion in favor of an "education franchise," in any new Reform Bill. He referred, also, to the recent introduction of the competition examination principle for Government offices, (a measure, the result of which, is already giving a powerful stimulus to literature, as well as for the Artillery and Engineers' department of the British army, and for the civil service of India, whose teeming population is now brought into closer connexion with the talent, energy, morality, and Christianity of England."

It is encouraging to find that in Yorkshire alone, the members of the County Mechanics' Institutes' Associations number nearly twenty-three thousand, and that some as from seven thousand to eight thousand pupils are attending the classes of its united associations—"nearly as many as are receiving instruction in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge combined."

But, returning to the British Association, let me add that its next anniversary meeting is to be held at Aberdeen, with Prince Albert as its President, (Professor Owen is the President for this year), and that in the meantime active steps are to be taken for an advancement of the great objects of the confederation. Among other resolves, application is to be made to the Sardinian Government for obtaining additional facilities for scientific men to pursue their researches on the summits of the Alps; to appoint a Committee to take steps for improving the patent system, and securing a better reward to meritorious inventors; and to communicate with the Board of Trade for making Oceanic observations; to take steps for making magnetic and other observations in various parts of the world; to request the attention of the Lords of the Admiralty to the importance of authorizing further research on the depth, temperature, &c. of the sea, with especial reference to communications with distant shores, by

means of submarine telegraphs; and to endeavor to obtain greater facilities for promoting geographical observations.

One thousand members present at Leeds, was no number six hundred and ninety-three, including thirteen foreigners; three, received, £1,929; and the meeting, as a whole, in the words of Lord Montagu, "a very successful one, and in relation to Leeds, and the West Riding, a union between science in the abstract, and science applied and brought to practical results."

A "Faisset Club," belonging to Section E. (Geography and Ethnology), of the British Association, held its annual dinner during the meeting. Its object is to promote the study of archaeology, and to place it on the footing of an exact science. An excursion was afterwards made by a number of the members, to visit a large and interesting collection of mediæval antiquities at Horton Hall, near Bradford.

Another interesting incident let me not omit. A Mr. Yeats took advantage of the allusions made, in a discussion on a scientific subject, to the loss of several distinguished men; to read the copy of a letter which he had addressed to Sir R. Murchison, (President of the Royal Geographical Society), concerning "the grave of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveler." It appears that his remains lie in Larbert Church-yard, Stirling-shire. Mr. Yeats says that "the rude monument which marks his resting place, is but a type of the cold contempt and caustic criticism that have assailed his memory."

As many of your readers are aware, Bruce, in his life-time, and long after, was considered to have "drawn the long bow" in an unconscionable manner. More than one of his narratives, now proved to have been matters of actual fact, were no doubt pronounced, in the Scottish vernacular, to be "big lies." Sir Roderick Murchison has since vindicated Bruce's fame, and an appeal is now made to the Royal Geographical Society, to do proper honor to Bruce's grave.

At a Soiree of the Mechanics' Institute of Leeds, Sir B. Murchison, himself a Scotchman, a Highlander, and the greatest living geologist, made special mention of a remarkable man, Robert Dick, a baker in Thurse, eminent in geological lore, and such a professed botanist, that there were only twenty or thirty specimens of flowers which he had not collected, and scientifically arranged, with their names attached.

As to LITERATURE—to which I now turn—several points must be consecutively noticed. First, as to middle class examinations, a second experiment has been made recently, at Leeds, by Oxford examiners. In the first examination, the extraordinary number of seven hundred, out of eleven hundred candidates, were rejected for ignorance and inaccuracy in the very elements of education. The failure was not in the higher departments; but, as Dr. Booth expresses it, "in the vulgar matters called reading, writing, and spelling, and the common rules of arithmetic." Well may we sigh over a young lady, who can play admirably on the piano, or speak French, who yet makes a slip in spelling in every little perfumed billet-doux that she writes to her lover, who grows cool as she finds the words of endearment assume strange abbreviated or elongated forms! But worse it is still for young men, who aim at getting on in life, and climbing to posts of honor, usefulness, and emolument. For "what is the use of a man's algebra, if he cannot work a sum correctly in the rule of three? An acquaintance with the common facts of English history, will not compensate for mistakes in spelling the English language. Of what avail will his certificates of merit be, if he cannot write a common business letter?"

At the last Middle-Class Examination, not more than one-third of the candidates passed. Whereupon the Times discusses the question, (putting aside, as worthless, the pious and assertions of school-masters to the contrary), why the natural principle of competition has not produced better Middle-Class Schools. It is not that the middle class is "stupid"—far from it. "It is one of the great facts of the country and the age. How, then, is it that such a class, who pay well, cannot get a thorough education? Why cannot it raise a proper standard of education from within itself, without having recourse to an external authority?"

One reason is in the father of the boy. "To him a school is a school, and a school a schoolmaster." He is very discriminating in his own line of business, a minute judge of his own sphere of action, but he puts book-learning aside cavalierly, as a thing which does not contribute much to success in life. Of course he sends his son to school, but he does it as a thing of course. His mind is a perfect picture of accuracy and knowledge of detail in his own business; but his whole idea of education is "a doubt," he takes everything for granted; he supposes if he pays a certain sum, "it is all right." And so this sharp, clever man of business, becomes the dupe of impostors. He sees a puff in the newspapers, and believes it. Thus his son is not educated. Thus this class of men need assistance from without for raising the standard, and this examination test supplies it.

Quack teachers will now be found out, lazy teachers will be roused to fidelity, and every real instructor—eloquent and training youthful talent—will have his legitimate reward. The "Do The Boys" system of starving both mind and body, so thoroughly exposed by Dickens, is now comparatively rare, and all things indicate that a mighty impetus and improvement in the education both of the middle class and the masses, are at hand.

This casual reference to one of the works of Charles Dickens, invites me to give a brief notice here of a recent visit paid by me to the rural home of this renowned Literateur. I was at Rochester in August, and in one of my ordinary letters, I gave a

brief notice of a Sabbath day spent there. I have now to add that next morning I set out on a literary pilgrimage. My destination was Dickens' home on the old London Road, about two miles out of town: Accompanied by a friend, I was passing along the high street, when we were met by an old gentleman, to whom we intimated our object. "Whereupon," dignus vindice nodus," he told us of his long intimacy with the father of Charles Dickens, and his knowledge also of the early antecedents of the son. The father was a clerk in the ordnance department at Chatham, and there the author of "Boz" was born, and spent his boyhood's years. There were laid, too, several of the best scenes of the "Pickwick Papers," of which a curious statement was made to me by my venerable informant, to the effect—and this on the personal assurance of a brother of Charles Dickens—that the idea of "Pickwick" was the conception of the sire, and that by him, and not the son, was the opening chapter written. Valeat quantum; still I think there is something in it. No motive for falsehood could exist in this matter. The father left Chatham for London, and continued in his clerkship at the Government offices in Somerset House. But while there he wrote for the press, and my informant vividly remembered the night of the grand illuminations following Queen Victoria's coronation, and seeing his friend Dickens in a corner of the supper room at "The Cook," near Temple Bar, jotting down his impressions—doubtless for one of the morning papers—of the exciting scenes of the night and the day. It was in London that Dickens received his education, and what was better, educated himself by his keen acquisition of every class of mankind, such as is to be found in this metropolis. Here distress, we begone in her aspect, and with moaning, melancholy tones, oft would bespeak his pity, and mirror her image on his heart. Here, too, "laughter holding both her sides," would gambol fantastically before him, and all his own characters in real life—made his own by marvellous genius—would have their prototypes in the million peopled city.

But to return to my narrative. After two miles' walk on the London Road, I found myself standing opposite Mr. Dickens' favorite dwelling place. It is a tolerably large house, built with that deep red brick which is peculiar to the architecture of fifty years ago. It is enclosed in its own grounds, and has a small copula on the top. At the Southern end of the house, is the author's library, projecting from the main building in a graceful manner, and with a fine bow window, commanding a magnificent prospect of the hills above Chatham, and an undulating scene of hill and dale, terminating in the old woods, Westward. The London Road runs past the flower garden in front of the house, and on the other side of that road, is a thick shrubbery, where his younger children are wont to disport themselves with a swing, and other amusements.

Passing round by a lane, toward the rear of the house, we saw two fine boys, about twelve and ten years of age respectively, in the yard, with the man servant. Chained near them were two of the canine race, of a choice description—one a blood-hound, and the other a St. Bernard. Coming back to the front, we repaired to the "Sir John Franklin," opposite, from whose gardens we heard the notes of the piano from the fingers of the Misses Dickens, opposite. The father was then in Ireland, (where his "Readings" brought him a shower of gold), and Mrs. Dickens had left this fair scene, it may be, to return no more. It seemed a Paradise; but was not.

Miss Hogarth has, for years, been the virtual housekeeper, and the director of the education of the young people. The opposite neighbors spoke sternly of her, and seem to think Mrs. Dickens's suitor wronged. But that was testimony, if such it could be called, by no means to be relied on. Dickens has settled a large annuity on his wife; but the fact remains, that his home wants what ought to be his chief eyecore and charm, the wife and the mother. And so, sadly and with a sigh, I took my last look of Dickens' dwelling, and turned away.

Of the predicted "Book of the Season," Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great, the two first volumes have just made their appearance. No doubt they will speedily be re-produced in the United States, and, therefore, I shall not dwell upon the pictorial power, and historical power manifest in this work, which, if Carlyle lives to complete the many volumes it must embrace, will be, indeed, the magnum opus of his literary life. He deals very severely, in a preliminary paper, with the so called German Histories of Frederick and his times; nor does he spare (what he evidently regards as such,) the caricature picture of his hero, which so many of your readers have read in Macaulay's Essays. There is less of "Carlyliam" in the style of these volumes, than in the earlier productions of the same pen; and there is a manifest enthusiasm about the Reformation, its genius, and its issues, which not only speaks to the heart like a trumpet's voice, but wakes up the hope that this stultic Skepticism—whose pen, alas! ere now has blundered—may yet penitently return to the glorious Faith which, long, long ago, he learned at a Scottish mother's knee.

Of Literary Gossip, I may give the specimens, that Baron Humboldt has just put the last finish on "Cosmos;" that Isaac Watts, a descendant of the Divine and poet, has lately died, "remarkable only for his loquacity" (poeta nescitur, &c.); that the Queen is to open a new museum at the Grand Oxford Commemoration next year; that Gavazzi is publishing "My Recollections of the Four last Popes," a biting response and contrast to the Cardinal's "Recollections;" that Walter Savage Landor has come to Genoa, where his family has a fine estate, and that he is reconciled to his wife, after a separation of forty years.

Tennyson's new work, "The Princess," is on the eve of publication. That of your own Longfellow, "The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems," has just appeared. The Literary Gazette, in the opening of a very full review, remarks on the fact that the author, "in order to protect himself from the plunder-usual in the case of American books, on the part of certain English booksellers, has had a small but sufficient" (legally speaking), "part of his books contributed by an English author." Otherwise our copyright laws would give no protection. "It is no excuse to allege that Tennyson or Browning would be used in America as Longfellow has been used here. The state of the copyright laws on both sides of the Atlantic, is a disgrace to the two great nations of the world." In connexion with this point, I may mention, that a Congress on copy right is now sitting at Brussels.

Of works on India, we have several new ones, including "Gubbins' Account of the Mutinies in Ouda," and "The Journal of an English Officer," giving the first faithful record of the deeds of arms performed by Havlock's little band, which relieved Lucknow. Mr. Disraeli finds time to edit a new edition of his famous father's "Curiosities of Literature," and has prefixed a most interesting biography.

"Sala's Journey due North," is eminently characteristic of a very fresh, original, and witty writer. He was sent to Russia after the peace, and this is the graphic series of photographs taken by him. He now edits a new popular serial, "The Welcome Guest." To the other Quarterly, a new one is to be added by Bentley, the publisher, in the beginning of next year. In Theology, nothing remarkable has recently appeared. "The Power of the Priesthood in Confession," is intended by the author, Rev. W. Cook, to subvert the Romanizing Wesleyan School, and of an elaborate work, "The Book of Job"—a new translation, with elaborate notes, an analytical paraphrase, Various Readings, and six preliminary dissertations—has just been published by Wertheim & Macintosh, Paternoster Row. J. W. P. S.—While the length of this Quarterly communication demands an apology, its incompleteness and necessary omissions, most grieve the writer.

THE PRESBYTERIAN EXPOSITOR.—The October number of this Journal is peculiarly valuable. The work should have an extended circulation. Direct to Presbyterian Expositor, Chicago, Ill., enclosing \$1.50 for the year, or \$2.00 for seventeen numbers.

EASTERN SUMMARY.

BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND.

The enterprising Publishers, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, have entered into an arrangement with the family of the late Sir William Hamilton, the eminent Scotch Metaphysician, whereby they become the authorized publishers of his Posthumous Works, in this country. They will be brought out under the editorial supervision of Professor Mansel, of Oxford University, assisted by Mr. Veitch, one of the author's most distinguished students, and will embrace the Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic. These works will be from early sheets, and be issued simultaneously with their home edition in Edinburgh.

The same House also announces The Life of John Milton, by David Masson, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Professor Masson is a distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer, and a contributor to that great Work, the Encyclopaedia Britannica. It is said that this Life of the illustrious Poet will be the most complete and elaborate that has yet been issued.

The Hon. John G. Palfrey is engaged on a History of New England. He was lately on a visit to Newport, R. I., gathering up materials for a thorough delineation of the life and character of the celebrated Roger Williams. A general impression exists in this country, and has been carefully promulgated by such, as Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts, because of his Baptist principles. The Maine Evangelist pronounces this an error, and gives the following statement as the true version, which is widely different from the popular opinion:

He did not become a Baptist till some two years after he left that State. He was a Congregationalist pastor of Salem, and as such, taught such doctrines as the magistrates considered seditious and revolutionary, and were preparing to transport him to England for trial. To avoid this, he fled to Rhode Island, and two years afterwards embraced Baptist views, and formed a Baptist church, but remained in it but a year, withdrawing from all church connection. Whatever may have been the truth or error of his principles which gave offence, were such as he held as a Congregationalist minister.

The Hon. Edward Everett has been of late turning his attention to the study of the life, genius, and influences of Benjamin Franklin, and has prepared a lecture which will be delivered before the Trustees, Faculty, and pupils of the Harvard College. Mr. Everett's oration is admirably adapted to the class of subjects on which it has been lately exercised. It is calm, polished, and conversational, but it is such a conversational style as only Edward Everett can use.

The many friends of Dr. Pomeroy, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions, will regret to learn that he has been compelled to make a voyage to Europe, and expects to be absent until Spring, owing to an injury to the nervous system under which he is suffering. He has gone abroad according to the prescription of his physicians, that he may have a period of entire cessation from official responsibility, which seemed impossible, while here.

The Class that has just entered Andover Theological Seminary, numbers forty, and is the largest session for several years. The whole number of students now in the Seminary is one hundred and sixteen. The students of the churches and Colleges are already beginning to bring forth much fruit, in the enlarged number of candidates for the ministry. The Massachusetts State Convention of Sabbath School Teachers, assembled at Newburyport week before last. The attendance was very large, and the hospitalities of that comparatively small city were extended to about two thousand delegates. The exercises were exceedingly interesting and appropriate, and stirring addresses were delivered by a number of ministers and laymen. Among other subjects, the importance of thorough instruction, of direct efforts for the conversion of their pupils, and the necessity for the visitation of the children at their homes by teachers and Superintendents, were discussed. The number of Sabbath scholars in the State was reported as follows: In the Orthodox Congregational schools, 78,000; Baptist, 81,000; Methodist, 81,000; Episcopal, 6,000; Unitarian, 16,000; Universalist, 11,000; Swedenborgian, 514; Christian, 4,000; Free Will Baptist, 1,600; Friends, 1,000; Roman Catholic, 27,000; all others, 8,000. Total, 210,000. In the whole Commonwealth, there are 860,000 youth, and consequently 150,000 not connected with the Sabbath Schools.

Mr. Trumbull, of the Connecticut Historical Society, has access to many reminiscences of the olden times, from which others are excluded. He has lately been looking over a collection of sermons three hundred years old. In these he notices the habit then prevalent, of preaching many successive discourses, sometimes as many as twenty-five, from the same text. A chaplain, in Cromwell's army, once preached eight hours upon the word, "Promegnant," taken from the description of the priestly robes of Israel. He said he would unfold the truth contained therein, in seed by seed. And after discoursing for eight hours, he postponed the remainder until the next day. How would such a performance be relished by a congregation in our day?

NEW YORK.

Frightful Scenes of disorder, crime, and bloodshed, have lately occurred in some of the public gardens and drinking shops, on the holy Sabbath. And from present appearances, the struggle for a better observance of the Lord's day, by closing the drinking shops and suppressing the sale of papers on that day, is not over yet. The election of the present Mayor, and the manifestation of increased vigor on the part of the police, inspired the friends of order with hope, that the magistracy of the city would become indeed a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well. But, unfortunately, the city government is not a unit. Under the auspices of the Mayor and Police Commissioners, nearly twenty thousand complaints for the violation of the Sunday Liquor Law, were sent up to the District Attorney; but that functionary of the law put these complaints in his breeches pocket, and there they remain. In the meantime, the guilty parties continue their Sabbath traffic, and get unwhipped of justice. But this is not all. The police undertook to abate the nuisance of the newsboys on the Lord's day, so that there might be one whole day in seven, of rest and quiet. But Mr. Recorder Barnard, in his charge to the Grand Jury, has thought proper to appear as the advocate of the Sunday papers, adopting all their cant and eloquence about "oppression," "Pharisaism," "Ultra-Substantive interpretation of the laws," and all that sort of thing. That such a charge should have been given by one holding a high judicial office, causes a deep feeling of regret and shame. But it affords matter for great rejoicing, that the secular papers are almost unanimous in their condemnation of the course of the Recorder. Rarely have they spoken with more united voice. In a lengthy article, the Times makes use of this soothing language:

The Recorder, while uttering platitudes enough, as he supposes, to avoid the displeasure of those who retain a respect for Sunday laws, and heri-

The contents of the October number of this Journal, are—I. Jonathan Edwards, and the Successive Forms of New Divinity; II. De Tocqueville and Lieber, as writers on Political Science; III. The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti; IV. Harrison on the Confession of Faith; V. Adoption of the Book of Discipline; VI. The Revised Short Notices.

This bill of fare is rich, and the manner in which the Princeton always gets up its articles, ensures to the reader a pleasant repeat. We have not had time to examine this number with care; but the character of the work is such, that we may safely commend it. Articles I, V., and VI., have a peculiar value, from their adaptation to the times.