NEW PUBLICATIONS.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. issue a neat and handsome pocket dictionary of French-English and English-French, being a new edition of the work by Ferdinand E. A. Gasc. We have not found a word in it which we had looked for in vain in the large lexicon of Collot; we are willing, without time for much examination, to accept this as an encomium for the correctness of the handy *vade mecum* of M. Gasc. The book is printed in three clear columns to the page, is without the usual incumbrance of an inefficient Grammar, and seems perfectly adapted to the use of ordinary travelers and students.

When speaking, on March 26th, of Auerbach, we mentioned our desire that the translation by Geepp, an able Philadelphia German scholar, of this novelist's early and excellent "Village Stories," should be hunted up to take its place in the series now in course of publication. We have been seen to be unmatched in what we know of German fiction. They appear to be the issue interspersed with the scarce, old German cuts, which fulfil admirably the comic, the responsible function of *illustrations*, being evidently modeled on authentic costumes and types. Received from Turner Bros.

Putnam's preeminent of Irving's Life of Washington in what they call in Europe a "luxury-edition" is a deserved compliment to a splendid standard. The work will be completed in five volumes, of which two are now ready—with steamy paper, exquisite library binding, good steel and wood engravings, broad margins, and every legitimate beauty. The second volume is faced by Charles Wilson Peale's interesting portrait of Washington in Continental uniform at the age of forty. This issue is a part of the "Knickerbocker Edition" of Irving's complete works.—J. T. Simon, agent.

Lewis D. Vail, Esq., has written a "Sketch of St. Matthew's P. E. Church, Francfordville, Philadelphia." This is a pamphlet containing a brief history of the establishment and progress of one of the oldest and most prosperous religious organizations in the city, together with some account of the ancient hamlet of Francfordville, once a remote suburb of Philadelphia, now a portion of the great city, which extends to the very limits of the old village. Apart from its especial interest as the history of a single church, Mr. Vail's pamphlet is a valuable contribution to the local history of this city, and it deserves careful preservation in our libraries.

The second number of *Our Own*, for May, sustains the pleasant impression derived from the first. It is pleasantly local in its interest, containing a sketch of Lewis A. Godey and Joseph R. Chandler, and a religious poem by David Paul Brown, Esq. There are a dozen light and lively articles in all, two good steel engravings, illustrated and pleasant editorial gossip. We wish "Fannie Warner," the editor, well of the courteous support of the literati of Philadelphia. Published by Gillin, McGuigan & Gillin, 1334 Chestnut street.

PETERSONS' COMPETITOR DEPARTOR AND NATIONAL TRADE Locke, a resident of Brooklyn, long since dead, but in his prime a bright and pushing man. His early, his fancy coining, he conceived the notion of deceiving the public and he did it very efficiently. In August, 1835, there appeared in the columns of the New York *Sun* a pretended extract from the paper of a "Supplement to the Edinburgh *Journal of Science*," under the title of "Great Astronomical Discoveries lately made by Sir John Herschel, LL. D., F. R. S., etc., at the Cape of Good Hope." This was the Moon Hoax. Several numbers of the *Sun* were required to complete the story. Men were wild in speculation as over the wonderful discoveries, and it is certainly recorded that the same Presbyterian parishioners who is still voting for Andrew Jackson continues to cherish his pre-found faith in the "*Important to Science*, or Man-Bat."

The air of profound and profound scientific research which enveloped this extraordinary hoax derived the "very elect." It was an admirable literary performance, although it was naughty to "take in" so many excellent people.

Starting out with a grave Johnsonian introduction by the editor of the Edinburgh *Journal of Science*—who in this usual addition to historical, had "the happiness of making known to the British public, and thence to the whole civilized world, the recent discoveries in Astronomy which will build an imperishable monument to the age in which we live, and confer upon the present generation of the human race a proud distinction through all future time." The writer proceeded to describe "the stupendous fabric" of the telescope with which Sir John Herschel had made his way and landed, at the Cape of Good Hope. This instrument was no wonderful in its way as the things it discovered. It cost $256,000; its object-glass was twenty-four feet in diameter; the furnaces were required to melt the glass; and the weight of the huge mass was nearly seven tons, and its enlarged magnifying power, with the aid of the hydro-oxygen microscope, was forty-two thousand since. It was, therefore, presumed to be capable of representing objects in our lunar satellite of a little more than *eighteen inches* in diameter.

Herschel sailed from London—so the story ran—on the 4th of September, 1835, taking with him the whole apparatus, and accompanied by Dr. Andrew Grant, Lieutenant Drummond, of the Royal Engineers, and a large party of the best English mechanics. Landing on the coast of Africa, he effected a safe passage, by easy marches, to a table-land about thirty-five miles northeast of Cape Town, where an observatory was solidly erected. The telescope was soon in place, and observations began; but until the 10th of January, 1836, these observations "were chiefly directed to the stars in the southern skies, in which, although the old of the hydro-oxygen reflectors, a considerable number of new stars and nebulæ were discovered." It was about half-past nine o'clock on the night of the 10th of January, the moon having advanced within four days of her mean position, that the astronomer proceeded to the instrument for the inspection of her eastern limb. The most intense curiosity to know what man gain by connecting false stories. Human credulities are innumerous rumpus when they first blaze up; but they are very like a quicker after all.

In THE BOOKPACK.—Five-and-twenty years ago the word "Rookback" was a familiar term in political campaigns, and when it had served its purpose it passed into forgetfulness, a phrase which comparatively few persons could absorb in the days of flower, pronunciation, and the way—namely: In September, 1844, a rural sheet, published in the little town of Rookback, in Maine, in this State, and called *The Chronicle*, published the following story, which we copy from a book of travels, purporting to have been written by an Englishman named Featherstonehaugh:

"Over to the Editor of the Ithaca Chronicle.]

Sir Sapient: Will you have the goodness to insert in your paper the following extract from Rookback's book? Though the Whig party have not yet got a candidate for Governor, they have a candidate for Rookback, and he is a candidate for Governor, and he is a candidate for Rookback, and he is a candidate for Governor, and he is a candidate for Rookback, and he is a candidate for Governor, and he is