NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mopsa the Fairy. By Jean Ingelow.—It is admitted that one of the hardest tasks of fiction is the construction of a good fairy-tale; it is so difficult to force the mind into that attitude of happy superstition in which the good old fairy-stories were first propounded and accepted. Jean Ingelow, by dint of the poetfancy, has created a little world of marvels that is an admirable counterfeit of the old, unsophisticated one. She veritably seems to believe in her Mopsa, and carries with her an atmosphere of temporary credulity. The genial wild fancy of the book is primitive and savory. We are invited to the country where the inhabitants are regularly wound up by the Sovereign, like clocks and watches; to the "shelpland" of horses; to the town with moody there; and to see a wonderful boat that is obedient to command; then the people, from Mopsa who is transformed into the fairy queen, to the knitting fairy who is transformed too, and Jack with his admirable adventures, are all charmingly lifelike, impossible and original. The criterion of the work is the depth of bliss into which it will plunge any lively, fanciful girl of ten years of age. Roberts Brothers, publishers. Sold by Turner Bros. & Co.

It is not quite a grateful duty to dwell upon the increase of intemperance among us since the war, but the hateful fact is obvious. The reform that they are trying in Massachusetts to thrust on the people, as they say, we think, is better preached through a timely warning addressed to the young. A good temperance story, well conceived in a volume like that now particularly welcome—not too mild a one, for the taste for liquor does not yield to milk-and-water. Mrs. Julia McNair Wright has prepared a tale into which the facts evidently poured her heart; it is called "John and the Demijohn," and has traces of study from real life, though the arrangement is somewhat oriental, and marches by symmetrical stages past all the familiar lessons of excess. Each chapter is headed by a pointed pictorial hieroglyph, showing the progress of John's friendship for the Demijohn, and how John was not afraid of the Demijohn, and John's Friendship for the Demijohn, and that John was as strong as the Demijohn, and then how John worshipped the Demijohn, and then how John got as much Demijohn as he could carry, and then how John got much Demijohn, and then how John got much Demijohn, and then how John went down under the Demijohn, and finally, Where the Demijohn sent John. The concluding chapters convey a reminiscence of the sad end of Branwell Brontë, the unhappy brother of the author of "Jane Eyre." The style is terse and pointed, and the story is calculated to do much good, in a tonic and not wearisome way. It is one of the excellent juvenile publications of Henry Hoyt, of Boston, and is for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and by Mrs. J. Hamilton Thomas, No. 1344 Chestnut street.

The same publisher issues Nos. 2 and 3 of "Little Maidie," the heroine being a natural, childlike little maid, who has her share of early troubles and adventures, and who finds before she is very old that even a child has responsibilities, duties and cares, and may be an effective home missionary if she will watch the chances of doing good that are presented by Providence for all. The volumes are prettily bound, and interspersed with engravings, and are as attractive as they are good. Sold by Lippincott & Co., and by Mrs. J. Hamilton Thomas.

Mr. Hoyt likewise publishes a tale called "Little Rockwood." The heiress of the beautiful dell so named, Ida, is a spoiled and flattered rich man's daughter, and the progress of the story teaches her humility, and that "with the lowly is wisdom." Sold by Lippincott.

"Uncle John's Flower Gatherers" is a pretty work that should be put into the little box of gardening-tools with which good children are equipped for their summers in the country. Under the guise of a story, and amidst the artless conversations of Alfie and Kitty and Lizzie and Charley and Ned, with an infallible and indispensable "Uncle John," a knowledge of nearly all our familiar indigenous plants is developed. The useful botanical process is too, with a series of sufficiently clear and definite outline drawings representing the flowers of the succeeding months generally crowned this useful and agreeable child's botany. Published by M. W. Dodd, for sale by Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger.

"Philip Beardsley's Life Work," from the same publisher and booksellers, is a tale not precisely juvenile, but suitable for the young, animated with a distinct moral purpose, and written in the lifelike form of a diary.

Caroline H. Dall writes for children a true account of Baltimore and its aspect in 1867-9, the facts being slightly linked in fictitious settings. It is arranged to give young readers a clear view of the poor South in its muddle of old tattered aristocratic usages, showing all at a disadvantage in the presence of the sharp, prosperous visitor from Boston. A great many notions about sectional differences and prejudices will be put into any child's head who reads "Patty Gray's Journey" and the heaven-sent conviction, if it happens to exist, that to be a Bostonian is to be something select, peculiar and precious, will not long be disturbed. When the writer, in her proper person, publishes the theft of her three-hundred-year-old grandmother's bed by a Southern Senator's daughter at a boarding-school in the District of Columbia, we feel that the intense antipathies bristling through the book are human, if not tasteful. The descendant may lay down her pen with the relieving feeling that she has done her best, by inclining the youngest twigs accessible to her, to put off the day when the South and the North will mingle in heart, purpose and sentiment.—The book is an uncommonly pretty one, tinted, and illustrated with nice cunning drawings, which shows Patty Gray all alone in a Southern landscape turning her round face upward, with an air of—Sweet Boston hear my prayer!" It is published by Lee & Shepard, and sold by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Carleton's new periodical, the *Kaleidoscope*, shows what that publisher, whose ambition does not always be in the way of shoddy paper and polished printing, can do when he likes in the way of elegant typography on paper like white taffeta. The new journal is the freshest of the frothy, but there is a fresh sparkle and essence in some of its fun; it is largely devoted to laughing down the extravagances of fashion, which in fact wear the good old never-failing theme of Addison; the squibs are illustrated by some sketchy and felicitous drawings, abundantly fluttering through the pages, which are all surrounded by stylish red lines. The picture on the cover, representing the miscellaneous contents of the *Kaleidoscope* circulating around the three brothers Triplex, who are supposed to manage the enterprise, is a beautiful, spirited bit of miniature pencilling, a little too good to think for Harry Stephens, whose style it resembles.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR AUGUST.

The *Overland* comes to us by steam, only a week from the folder and stitcher in San Francisco, and a little in advance of the date printed on the cover. It is a vigorous, original, varied and informing number. Quite in its proper vein is the following thoroughly Western picture of a California tempest; it seems not too much to expect, the telling of the pioneer's experience in the scholar's language:

A Southern Storm on the Colorado Desert.

We were riding along the flat gravelly bar, congratulating ourselves on the escape from the loss of our animals in the treacherous quicksands, when a dull, roaring sound, like the passing of a distant hurricane over the country, coming from the eastward, broke on our ears. "We must hurry, for the creek is going to rise—I saw a black cloud up toward the head of the creek at daylight, and have been fearing a freshet all the morning," said Thompson; and we urged our horses into a rapid trot to reach the crossing. Suddenly the roaring increased to a volume like that of thunder, and the Mexican, throwing up his hand, with the exclamation, "Mother of God, come!" wheeled his horse for the mesa on the north side of the stream, and dashed away at full gallop. One glance at the mountains in the hand which had made the raid; and if we would avoid the fate of others, it might overtake them before they were joined by another party, clean them out, recover the plunder, and enumerate the personnel of our saddles with very elegant top-knots as souvenirs of a pleasure trip in Arizona. I have no space to tell the story of the hastily gathered Falstaffian army, which as hour later rode forth into the mountains to the northeast, of the long days and nights in the burning heat, the chase at night-fall, the ambuscade which we escaped, the bitter cold which nipped us as we lay bidding for sleep in the Pyrs, and toward the end, the temporary escape of the Hualpais with their plunder, the evacuation of our Israels, who with his young braves had tracked the flying enemy like so many bloodhounds on the scent—and on foot keep up with the animals which were going at a swinging trot, or even at a gallop; of the second and third expeditions, the burning of the Hualpai villages, and the bloody reprisals on either side which followed in quick succession. Suffice it, that just a week after we made our first attempt to go up the creek twelve miles, we emerged from the desert on the northern bank of that delectable stream, opposite the ruined mission camp, and were met beneath the wide-spreading cluster by an old Mexican, in ragged trousers and wide, slouched *sombrero*, whose old rig and huge American beard had earned for him the *sobriquet* of Robinson Crusoe. Crusoe-Sam was his patronymic—received us with outstretched arms, and welcomed us to the camp. He had been out on a little *pasco* that day—was Sunday, and he was not obliged to work at the mine—and his hut had been very lucky. It is true that he had run across two Apache-Mojaves, a buck and a squaw, in a canon in the hills, and got them both with one shot from his dilapidated old musket; but he had seen no other game, and was a little discouraged. It was not a good day for quail or rabbits. It consists of swine's flesh, bread, hogs' lard, chopped fish and then sauteed out into little round balls of sausage-meat. It is well worth eating, when neatly prepared. Then there are the delusive "settings," among the most wonderful products of the culinary art, a travesty of his famous (reputed) exclamation to Cleopatra—"Colleges of cooks cannot *frame-colezor*] is the kind of cabbage found everywhere in Texas. Then there are "collard" heads, the greens for the inevitable dish of bacon and greens. The word is so common that it is singular it has not found its way into the dictionaries. "Pintop" is a kind of mean whiskey peculiar to North Carolina.

As for diseases, "Bronze John" is pretty well known for yellow fever. It is amusing to hear the people of the South speak in such a matter-of-fact way of fever and ague as their regular companion: "Guess you have chilling it much this winter?" "Well, (chatter—chatter) South, (shiver—shatter), mighty (chatter—chatter) smart." Of course, this only happens in "chilly" countries. Then in Texas they have the "shingled-on flips," which is what the French would call a bimed plaie de sanidad; and consumption, perhaps, to our "conniption fits," which the ladies can best define.

Of natural foes my agriculturists there are several not recorded. Planters everywhere in the South are troubled by a species of worm that the corn or cotton plants come up thick enough in the rows to insure an ordinary harvest; and then, as if by some secret order of nature do not molest them, they will "make" a good crop. Texas is peculiarly free from this pest. In Montgomery county there is what they call a "peach-bud."

Then there is the "chocolate" prairie,and the "mulatto,"and the "mezquite" (producing chickweeds, bunch-grass and bush-grass), "hog-rock," (yielding principally small honeylocusts) and the "wire-grass." A "rank" in Texas is very apt to be followed by a "swag" is a kind of hollow which seems to be peculiar to the Lone Star country—second growth, shallow,and marshy and rush-grown at the bottom.

When a Texan driver wishes to mend any part of his gears he "rawhides" or "rehogs" it; "cut" it, *i. e.*, throw the fore wheels out of parallel,and "gee-haws" them.

But the Rawhide State particularly excels in that fasty savagery of idioms peculiar to the frontier. Sometimes one hears a Texan boast that he can "whip his weight in wild cats." When two roughs fall to quarreling about any matter of taste, ethics, science or religion, the other some species of a "snifter," or, more commonly, "curries him down with a six-shooter." Then the final dish up consists of lively fierce and inexorable resolve, he avows in unmistakable terms, to "whip creation and Jim Bridger" before he will permit such or such a thing upon the sixty-four combinations." [See "Middle Kingdom." The "Yik Kiang" was one of the Five Classics, is called also the Book of Changes, and is held in great veneration for its antiquity and its occult significance. It is supposed to be contained in its mystic lines, viz.: the three eight diagrams, which form the basis of the philosophy and cosmogony taught by Fuh Hi. It may be supposed, therefore, this book, the Yik King, was studied by the sages, astrologers, and all who affect an acquaintance with the occult sciences.—Ed. B.] It is a book about which ordinary scholars profess to know but little, and concerning which Confucius himself said: "If some years were added to my life, fifty might be devoted to studying the Yik King and I think then I might come to be without great faults."

The commentary on this passage reads thus: "By studying the Yik one comes to understand the doctrine of the unlucky, the unlucky, of decrease and increasing, of losing and losing, of advancing and retiring, of standing and perishing, of living and dying; therefore, having learned all these principles, one need have but few faults. Learned critics are called "wise-kins" by a travesty of his famous (reputed) exclamation to Cleopatra—"Colleges of cooks cannot *frame-colezor*] is the kind of cabbage found everywhere in Texas. Then there are "collard" heads, being the secret point to the travesty.

The Overland will leave the cars at the United States Hotel, Spring Garden street, to-day.

SEA BATHING—NATIONAL HALL, Market street wharf.

The large and commodious hotel, known as the National Hall, is now receiving visitors.

AARON GARRETSON, Proprietor.

(For notices from Camden.)

ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6,

Rev. T. W. CATTELL, LL.D., will resume his duties as President of LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, Easton, Pa.

THE HILL.

SELECT FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL, An English, Classical and Mathematical Institute, FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.

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The Thirty-first Scholastic Year and Annual Session will commence on THURSDAY, September 16, 1869. Circulars may be had at the Principal's residence, 1520 Chestnut street, or address Rev. GEO. F. MILLER, A.M., Germantown.

REFERENCES.

Rev. DRS.—Michael Hill, Germantown; Geo. Dana, Knauth, Seiss, Suddards, Newton, Furness, Boardman, Brainerd, Wylie, Spencer, Wylie, Spencer, Murphy, Brashaekus, etc.

Hon. Judge Allison, Hon. Wm. A. Porter, Hon. Judge Thayer, Dr. Joseph Hoover, Jacob S. Yost, Hiester Clymer, Esq., Germantown.

Hon. Judge Strong, Supreme Court; Hon. Judge Grier, Hon. Judge Cadwalader, Hon. Judge Sharswood, Hon. Judge Thompson, Hon. Judge Ludlow, Hon. Judge Allison, Hon. Judge Peirce, Hon. Judge Stroud, Hon. Judge Hare, Hon. Judge Brewster, Hon. Judge Ashman, Hon. Judge Paxson, Hon. Judge Thayer, Hon. Judge Pierce