For the Press.

SERENADE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Author of "Endymion," "Penance of Roland," &c.

Alide, Alide, my own Alide,
The night is bright and calm;
And the alder blossoms flood the air
With clouds of fragrant balm;
The nightingale sits by his mate
And sings his soul away—
Night owns the hours of love, Alide,
And not the garish day.

Come forth, Alide, and by the stream,
Beneath the willow's shade,
Wander with me, and learn from me
How heaven on earth is made.
The kiss of love, the light of eyes,
Would make a desert green—
Thy glance, thy kiss a Paradise
An Eden of bliss, Alide.

Philadelphia, Aug. 5th, 1857.

For the Press.

THE OWL.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Author of "Endymion," &c.

Those fondly love as *owls* do by light,
Who day lies blindeth, ful well they see by night.
CHAUCER.

And on the *owls* with inconcrete long complaints,
From the house-top, drawing long, doleful tones.
SOURBY.

At the fireball *owls* thrice rent the air,
Thy eyes with ominous shrieks: yet on she went.
SAPPHO.

"God help you!" They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.—Ophelia.—SHAKSPEARE.

I was just entering on my sixth lustrum, when I visited Germany. Palestine had been vanquished. The creations of Egypt had been explored. I had gazed with wonder on the inscriptions on the tombs of her ancient kings at Luxor; visited the august Pyramids; recalled the riddle of the Sphynx at the base of the huge mass, where it stood, imbedded in the ever-shifting, oceanic sands of the desert. Rome was a great corpse. Greece had nothing but her classical memories to recommend her; and now, urged by an undying love of adventure, I was driven, like a leaf in the wind, toward Germany, from whence I intended to hasten to Iceland and the Polar Seas. I had mounted Etna and Vesuvius. My next destination was Hecla and the Geysers.

Well, I was at last in Germany, and there, profoundly superstitious as I was, I determined to elucidate the myths of the Hartz—and to unravel the mysteries of the Brocken.

I was, however, an unbeliever. The fairies of the legends of other lands had made me skeptical here. Still a Will-o'-the-wisp crossed my path, and addressed me in chosen German, or Language, French, I would scarcely have believed either eyes or ears.

Early in the afternoon, when the winds, rushing through massive oaks, and shrieking through vast forests of pine, foretold the coming storm, I reined my steed before a chateau, or, rather, castle, situated on an eminence overhanging the road—one of those massive buildings which, a century or two before, had no doubt served as the hold of some robber baron. Around the edifice ran a wide, dry ditch, traversed in front of the great gates by a capacious drawbridge. One huge tower, half way between the towers that flanked the gates and the others that completed the points of the square, particularly struck me. It was the wonder of the edifice.

I was about raising my horn to my lips, when the gates creaked on their hinges, unfurled their ponderous valves, and an aged seneschal, followed by several servants, came forward and gave me welcome.

I alanced hastily behind me.

"Your servants, Herr, will be cared for; I shall station a guard on the road to prevent their going astray. But your Excellency must be weary. Will your Excellency refresh yourself while I acquaint the Countess of your arrival? You have long been expected."

Long been expected! this flow of compliment to one certainly unknown gave me room for thought. I was—in reality—in the Land of Romance!

Requesting him to inform me when the Countess would be ready to receive, I ascended to my chamber, a brief interval, and my valet entered the apartment, followed by servants bearing my entire luggage. My guides, with their mules, he said, had been dismissed by the Countess' orders. This struck me as odd—excessively odd; I sought shelter for the night, and it was evidently prearranged that I was to remain for a length of time. For the present I had to submit.

Thither time I was summoned to attend my hostess. I found her in a large Gothic apartment of the same grand old tower of which I have spoken. She arose as I entered, and as I kissed her hand, told me that everything in the castle was mine—to use no restraint on myself at Brockendorf.

Brockendorf! I was then in the region of the Hars.

At the evening meal I examined her closely. She was scarcely of the medium height. Her brow was low, retreating, and her ears rather transcended the classic size. Perhaps it was from the fact that she wore her hair drawn smoothly back, and without ornament, that they assumed this—to me—unnatural projection. Her hair was flaxen, inclining toward brown. Her nose was strongly aquiline. Her mouth, chin and firmly set.

She was dressed on this occasion in a bodice and robe of dark brown, over a tunic of fawn, and a chemise of white. She wore no jewels. Another of her peculiarities that I noticed that night, was, that in walking she made no sound, not even the rustle of a dress. Another, that her voice was more bass than that of any other woman I had ever heard. The remarkable brilliancy of her eyes almost appalled me. It might have been fancy—I thought it was at the time—but they seemed to me to possess to a remarkable degree the faculty of dilation and compression of the pupil.

We became acquainted—friends—lovers.—With the vanity of first affection I sought to impress her with the extent of my travelled erudition, and was frequently annoyed at her a free smile stealing around the corners of her mouth. Her knowledge was extensive, far beyond the usual powers of woman, but she was proverbially silent, especially in the day time; but with twilight she assumed a restless, joyousness that almost amounted to wantonness. How her eyes sparkled! She never went abroad. Her seclusion was intolerable. Shadow seemed her element. She was an inscrutable mystery.

The chamber allotted to me on my arrival at the castle was, as I found subsequently, immediately over that of the Countess. From the ground up to the casement of my hostess, and still higher, to that of my chamber, crept dense masses of ivy, so thick that they might have been used as a means of *escalade*. Outline night in question, nervous with the excitement of travel, and the novelty of this wooing, I threw open the window, and gazed out. The storm which had continued during the early part of the night, now broke away, and the moon came out in all her glory.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo, tu-whoo-o-o!"

The sound was almost in my ear. I was startled; but even more so, when I saw a gigantic, spectral-looking, owl flit upward from beneath me, and circling thrice around the turret, float away in the moon toward the distant Brocken.

I alluded to the incident the next morning at breakfast.

"These old German castles," said she, "are full of them; our forests abound with them, as well as with vast multitudes of game. By the way, Herr Sigismund, do me the favor to help me to the breast of that partridge."

"Tell me," inquired the Countess, "do you ever hunt?"

"Sometimes," I returned; "I am an unerring shot; but my game at present is a search after the mysteries of the Brocken. I should like to attend a witch meeting, and join in the mad revelry."

"And you believe in such follies?" said she; "well, there stands the Hartz, not very far distant. Start early in the day, I will furnish you with a guide to the edge of the haunted ground; but I warn you that he will go no further. You will watch until midnight, and return next morning—that is if you return at all—and relate to me the wonders that you may have seen."

"This is mere *badinage*," said I, in reply; "your very words contain an under current of meaning and belief. Indeed, they deny what you say. Have you ever visited the Brocken?"

"I have."

"And you saw——"

"A great many fine things—fine streams, fine vistas, and fine glens."

"No spectres?"

"What, in day-time?"

"And you don't believe in witches?"

"Implicitly; but only in such witches as myself, young, handsome, captivating; fond of exercising their craft on young gentlemen, like yourself."

"Will you ride with me to the Brocken?"

"I never ride in day-time."

"Well, by moonlight, then?"

"It is only at the midnight that the Brocken can be seen in the full magnificence of its beauty, and midnight is too late. Beside, there is danger. What should we do without a guide? Ours would leave us.

"Did you ever see a Wehr-wolf?"

"I have seen wolves," she replied, "wolves in great numbers; with, at the same time, an irrepressible shudder, which I faithfully placed to the account of the ferocious animal.

"Then our joint journey to the Brocken is impossible?"

"Well, I will go alone, then."

"Fear prevents you."

"How?"

"By my entreaties, you might be in danger."

The conversation ceased.

There was something so utterly inscrutable about this woman that, out of sheer pickedness, I believe I loved her.

We were married, my wife wearing, she said, as a matter of compliment to me, the dress in which I first saw her.

During the marriage services a similar storm to that which introduced me to her, broke over the castle. Hardly had we closed the gates behind us before it burst upon the building, its shrieks, stalked, like ghosts, their cries reverberating through the vaulted corridors. The air was aflame with lightning. Gazing through the casement I beheld hundreds of owls flitting around. "Tu-whit! tu-whoo!" came from every tree. Wild boars rushed across the esplanade; wolves came up to the very edge of the dry ditch, while night ravens croaked in fear of the terrible tempest. It was a Walpurgis night—without the Brocken.

The excitement of the day, the freshness of my new situation, the delirium without the castle, followed me to my couch. That night, although every night since, my arrival the unearthly "Tu-whit! tu-whoo!" of the owl was part of my nightly entertainment, I heard it not;—I was in a deep sleep; but in my dreams it seemed to rise from my side, and, flitting thrice around my head, pass away through the casement.

I never heard the bird but once afterward.

I was now domesticated, and resigned myself, as in former years, to study, in which I again made great progress; but at the expense of my health. I resorted to exercise. With my vassals I sought out all the secret recesses of the Harz—visited the charcoal-burners—the wood-cutters—the miners, who brought to my mind the ancient legends of the even then still existing Rosfercucians, children of the Rosy Cross. Each one had his tale. Every one had heard—no one had seen—but every one believed.

"The witches," they said, "held their voluptuous orgies during the presence of the moon, on a plain, on the summit of the mountain. Thither they came, none, however, in their natural shapes; but as birds, beasts, reptiles, bats, or insects. Once there, they resumed their proper figures, and at the approach of day, sought their homes—husbands to the couches of wives—wives to the beds of husbands—brother to brother—sister to sister—mother to daughter—all left in a charmed sleep."

"It was strange," said one, "that these night-wanderers never endured the light of day; they never let the blessed sun shine on them. They were," he continued, "like owls, concealing themselves in old castles, with but one object—making some human soul their prey."

A chill crept over me, but I smiled at my folly, and plunged with mad zest in the wild fury of the chase.

A noble boar graced my triumph, and we retraced our steps to the castle. As we reached the edge of the forest, a large horned owl fled, with a "Tu-whit! tu-whoo!" from a larch above my head, out into the twilight, and hung relieved against the still crimson sky.

I know not what tempted me; but I throw up my yager and fired! One of my vassals brought me the bird. I examined it closely, and as I was a practical naturalist, quickly made out its points.

'Tis from was of a faxen color, almost deepening into brown. The brow low and retreating. The ears projected. The bill was strongly aquiline. The mouth thin and firmly set. The color of the back was brown. The breast was a delicate fawn color, and the lower part of the stomach was white.

I was struck with the colors, and took the bird home as a present to the Countess.

My wife met me at the door, with a smile and a kiss. After congratulating me on my success with the boar, she examined the owl.

"Ah," said she, "I hope this is your long-lost nocturnal minstrel, who you said kept you awake of nights. You will now be certain of repose."

"Tell me, my love," said I, one day, when the thought suddenly occurred to my memory, "how came you to have a presentiment of my arrival?—The seneschal told me I had been long expected."

"You stopped a-day at the Count von Bichenstein's, you remember; he sent me a courier announcing your presence there, and intention of journeying further.

"But no courier preceded me on the road: I must have either seen or heard of him."

"He must have travelled while you slept. How else could I have foreseen your arrival?"

Day after day the forest became more and more my home, and in the veriest spirit of petulance, I slaughtered all the birds I could find. Hawks, owls and other vermin of like character, were my absolute abhorrence. I never suffered one to escape me. I returned to the castle with heaps of them. I nailed them *in terrorem* on every tree.

"Why, Sigismund, my dear," said my wife, one day, "you will devastate my forests at this rate, but amuse yourself; only spare the birds about the castle."

I promised.

Some months after this, I summoned all my wife's retainers to a grand hunt, which I intended to extend for several days. We departed, leaving no one but the Countess and her female domestics, at home. The first day, however, sufficed, and we returned just after twilight to the castle. To forbade all noise, I intended to take my wife by surprise. I paused, as I had done many a time before, in front of the old tower, to gaze on its majestic proportions. Just then the moon arose, and seemed to me to leap into the upper heavens. Down in a shower of silver fire, fell her radiance on the ivy tods that enwreathed the casements under which I stood—they in light, I in shadow; when from the ivy came the cry—

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo! tu-whit! tu-whoo!" and the unearthly owl floated out into the moon. Around and around the tower it swept once—twice—thrice, when at the last circle my yager touched my shoulder. There was a flash—a sound—a dull, heavy, inanimate fall in among us, hunters—retainers—even at my very feet; and, saints of heaven! what did I see!

There lay the corpse of the Countess, with a bullet through her left breast. Dead—dead! An instant, and a shriek arose from the vassals, and a flock of owls, ravens, and other hideous night-birds flitted from around me, with wild, weird "tu-whits," caws and shrieks towards the Brocken.

I looked for the body; it was gone!

My servant and I sat there on our steeds!

Another second, and a third storm—terrible—terrible—terrible, in its majesty! From a cloud above our heads peeled a crash of thunder, leaped a flash of lightning and while we sank in prayer, that most accursed of unholy edifices was slowly consumed. The light of the burning building followed us, like a ghost, in our hurried flight!

But I—I, the student, the metaphysician—I, the unraveller of the mysteries of the Harz and Brocken—where was I?

I had lived with demons, and knew them not—had wedded a demon, and dreamed not of my sin. Gold help us! Great wisdom is always great folly, and in its extreme exaltation, great madness.

I sought my friends, the charcoal-burners, and told them my story. They crossed themselves.

"By my faith and Saint Peter, sir Knight," quoth my orator of the few months before, "I had you not accidentally killed your wedded wife, it would have taken the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals to have prayed your soul out of purgatory!"

Philadelphia, August, 1857.

The Form of Continents Determined by the Sun.

[From the Christian Examiner of July.]

The scientific circles at Cambridge have been recently interested in an examination of Professor Pierce, not yet published, upon the form of the Continents. If we elevate a terrestrial globe until the Arctic and Antarctic circles are tangent to the wooden horizon, and then cause the globe slowly to revolve, we shall find that a majority of the lines of elevation in the earth's crust—*i. e.*, coast lines and mountain ranges—will, either as they rise or as they go down, coincide in passing with the wooden horizon. For example, the main coast of the United States tending northeast will, if carried on in a great circle, graze the Arctic circle, and the coast of Florida and Labrador, tending northwest will graze it on the other side. The same is true of the east coasts of South America and Africa, the coasts of the Red Sea, of Italy, of the Black Sea, of Hindostan, of New Zealand, &c. The Arctic and Antartic circles are also coast lines, being always tangent to the horizon.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this fine discovery, proving as it does, by geological facts, that the obliquity of the ecliptic has been essentially unchanged since the dawn of creation, and that solar heat was the agent to carry out the command on the second day to let the dry land appear. The line of separation between light and darkness, between solar heat and the coolness of night, travelling daily for two months in Summer, and again for two months in Winter, in such a position as to coincide in passing with the lines of upheaval, indicates unmistakeably that it was connected with the determination of those lines; the slight expansion and shrinking being sufficient to determine the line of rupture of the crust. From a comparison of the forms of the continents, Professor Pierce also draws the order of their upheaval; showing, for instance, that the Western Continent is older than Europe, and that the Gulf Stream, during a second day of creation, caused the greatest variety of outline in that continent.

We have, in the Chicago *Press*, a detailed history of the progress of the grain trade in that city, from which we glean some interesting facts. The first vessel, wholly loaded with grain, which left the port of Chicago, was a small schooner, named after General Harrison, of one hundred tons burden. She was loaded with 3000 bushels of wheat, and sailed for Buffalo in the summer of 1840. In 1855 the grain shipments were 21,500,000 bushels.

The following brief but telling paragraph is from the obituary announcement in the Montreal *Gazette*, of Wednesday last:—"Palsied on the pleasant Montreal, June 26, Bryce Hall, Brydekirk village, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, aged 43; also, Jane, his wife, aged 41; William, their son, aged 23; Simon, 14; Robert, 10; Peter, 7; Catharine, their daughter, aged 18; Mary Ann 12."

The United States Democratic Review for July, commences a new series of that periodical, which is now in its twentieth year, having outlived a large portion of its original cotemporaries.

A man named Clark Kelley, and a boy named William Swayne, both of Port Harmon, Cecil county, Md., were drowned at Chesapeake City, on Saturday week.

CHARACTER OF JONATHAN WILD.

[HENRY FIELDING, the father of the English novel," as he has been justly called, was born in 1707. He was the son of General Fielding, a descendant of the Earls of Denbigh. His means, however, were limited; his habits expensive. His life was one of difficulty in its middle period, and of suffering in his decline. He died at the age of 47. Fielding's first novel was "Joseph Andrews," which was intended as a burlesque on Richardson's "Pamela." But, unlike most satirists, the author was led away by his genius to produce something more enduring than banter or travestie. He found out his power of delineating character—and "Parson Adams" will live as long as the language. "Tom Jones" is unquestionably Fielding's greatest work. "Amelia" is more unequal. How greatly is it to be deplored that productions of such undoubted genius have corrupting and grovelling passages in them—in a great degree the result of the habits of the age in which they were produced—which exclude them from general acceptation! "Jonathan Wild," from which our extract is taken, is a remarkable production, full of that knowledge of the world which made Fielding the first of novelists, and the most acute of magistrates.]

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them; for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of *honosty*, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole: for, however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for those of *prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never, therefore, more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honored in others, was hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues: wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action; for which reason he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honor, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims as the certain method of attaining greatness, to which in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As—

1. Never to do more mischief to another than was necessary to the affecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.

3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.

4. Not to trust him who has deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.

5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge.

6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.

7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.

8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang one of another.

9. Never to reward any one equal to his merits; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.

10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.

11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.

12. The virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; but the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.

13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.

14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.

15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred; and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his walnut, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles I.; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime; but having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions; whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming everything he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded; for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or who have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors, who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory, *i. e.*, as the tragic poet calls it,

"a privilege to kill,
A strong temptation to do bravely ill;"

yet when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance not only of the laws of his country but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which, without any hazard, they might have retained; here surely he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction, to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have by the judicious readers been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose or any other feature of a Venus to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to extend dominion and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency?

POLYGAMY.—From time to time evidence comes to us that polygamy is regarded as an abuse by those who are its victims. In one of the published sermons of Gov. Young rebukes the dissatisfaction of his wives, and offers them the alternate of submission or banishment from Utah. The system is one that must be unpopular from the inequality and hardship of its operation. The proportion of the sexes is so nearly equal, that if one man has two wives another must go without any. Then, where there are more wives than one in a family, one will commonly be the favorite, and the others neglected drudges—unwilling workers for an estranged husband. Only "the labor that delighteth physics pain." The work that women do for an unfaithful lord, is the constrained labor of a slave. The disaffection now suppressed by fear, will find speedy expression when it is certain of the relief that it invokes, and is no longer in danger of incurring punishment for complaining of oppression. In this way, the action of the general government in dispatching troops to Utah may be expected to undermine polygamy, and to set in motion causes that will ultimately effect its extinction. Thus the protection given to the people of Utah, will enable them to throw off a corruption of morals which had its origin in ecclesiastical fraud, intrigue and oppression. The exercise of popular sovereignty will extirpate an abuse of power and a public shame, as tyrannous and degrading in its influence upon those who practice and permit it, as offensive to the civilization of the age. The principle of local freedom and independence, operating to relieve the territory of the odium which is falsely alleged to be a probable consequence of its maintenance, will at once vindicate its own beneficence, and silence the clamorous levylins of its calumniators.—*Buffalo Courier.*

NICARAGUA.—General Walker has written to the *National Intelligencer*, in which he accuses General Wool of a want of "fairness and frankness," because the General denounced his filibustering schemes. Nothing like pulling wool over the eyes of the public if you cannot do it without leaving the ends sticking out.

VIRGINIA.—Hon. Fayette McMullin, of Va., has announced that he will be a candidate for Congress in 1859.

NEWS OF LITERATURE & ART.

A forthcoming local work, which promises to be of considerable interest, (and part of which we have perused,) is "Philadelphia and its Manufactures in 1857." Its purpose will be to exhibit the development, variety, and statistics of the manufacturing establishments of the city, with sketches of remarkable manufactories, and a list of all articles now made here. The ruling idea is to show, (competent persons reporting upon, and describing the leading branches of our manufactures, and pointing out articles which may advantageously be produced here,) how well qualified, particularly by locality, Philadelphia is for becoming a great manufacturing centre—she already being a great manufacturing city. We strongly approve of the work, judging from that portion of it which is before us. Its plan and purpose are good, and our manufacturers should take an interest in a book intended largely to benefit them. It will be edited by Mr. Edwin T. Freedley, author of "A Practical Treatise on Business," and other works.

Messrs. Lippincott, of this city, have just published "Climatology of the United States; and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent."

The first number of Appleton's "Railway Library" is "Punch's Pocket-Book of Fun," being cuts and cuttings from the wit and wisdom of twenty-five volumes of *Punch*.

Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have just published the first part (to be completed in four) of a new novel by Charles Reade, called "White Lies." They have put Mrs. Jameson's "Loves of the Poets" in a little blue and gold volume.

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are about publishing, by subscription, "The Life, Letters and Dispatches of Major General Nathaniel Green," in 7 vols. 8vo. With portraits, maps, and battle-plains, in style similar to Sparks' "Washington" and the works of John Adams. From the original manuscripts in the possession of his family. By his grandson, George Washington Greene.

Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston, have got out Remarks upon Alchemy and the Alchemists, including a method of discovering the true nature of Hermetic Philosophy; and showing that the search after the Philosopher's Stone had not for its object the discovery of an agent for the transmutation of metals. Being also an attempt to rescue from undeserved opprobrium the reputation of a class of extraordinary thinkers in past ages.

Randall's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," which will soon be published by Derby & Jackson, of New York, will extend to three 8vo. volumes. The same publishers have nearly ready "Moss-Side," a new book, by Marion Harland; a new edition of Frank Goodrich's "Court of Napoleon;" Peter Parley's "Hundred and One Stories," with three hundred engravings; Douglas Jerrold's Works; Hoody Mimsey; Curious Works; New Works of Fiction, by P. H. Myers, Thrace Talmon, and Flora Neale, of Baltimore; a Library of Sacred Classics, including Baxter, Doddridge, Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor; and, what undoubtedly will be a work of much interest, "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," by Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher.

The *American Publishers' Circular* (a very useful weekly, conducted by Mr. Charles R. Rode, and issued in New York,) commenting on the well-known fact that the book-trade has been much depressed of late, mentions, "as a gratifying indication, not only of the sound principles upon which the book business in America is conducted, but of the honorable character of its members, when we state, as an illustration, that Messrs. Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., who conduct the Trade Sales for the New York Book Publishers' Association, and who held notes from about one hundred and fifty booksellers, scattered all over the country, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of $100,000, all falling due on the 3d inst., inform us that every note was punctually taken up at maturity, except three, the money for two of which was delayed by mail, leaving only one note of $150 remaining unpaid."

There is a prospect, of a treaty being concluded between France and Russia, for the protection of literary and artistic property.

In the principality of Rudolstradt, Mr. Henigee, formerly a Councillor of the Government, and member of Parliament of Frankfort, has been condemned to three months' imprisonment for having published a selection of pithy passages from the writings of Luther, concerning the princes and persons of his time. The Prince of Rudolstradt imagined that some of these passages were aimed at him. The defendant strove in vain to convince them that the obnoxious passages were literally found in the works of the great Reformer, and that a condemnation of his pamphlet would involve a condemnation of Luther himself. The Court, all members of which are Protestants, found the defendant guilty, to the great amusement of the Catholic press of Germany.

Beranger had but two relatives in Paris at the time of his death, both nephews; one a journeyman compositor, and the other an assistant leader of a military band.

The New York *Times* says:—"We understand that the Superior Court of this city has recently rendered a decision in the case of S. G. Goodrich against J. B. Dexter & Co., of London, for getting up spurious books under the name of Peter Parley, giving to Mr. Goodrich about $8,000 damages. The grounds of the action were that the said Dexter & Co. had for some dozen years past published various works, by different authors, and put them forth as by Peter Parley. The name of Peter Parley Mr. Goodrich claimed as of his invention, that he had given it a commercial value, that it was in fact his trade mark."

Prince Albert's speeches, (which were written for him by Dr. Lyon Playfair) have been collected and published in London, in 4to. form, at the price of two dollars and a half per copy. There is a six cents edition for the people, with the price more adapted to the value of the work.

In July, *Punch* completed its thirty-sec ond, and *Household Words* its fifteenth volume.

The Farm and the Garden.

The following extract, from Judge Butler's address before the Connecticut State Agricultural Society, ought to be printed in letters of gold and hung where every farmer in the land would be compelled to read it every time he sat down to his meals, and to be daily taught to his children as the golden rule for farmers—one which, well kept, will insure to produce gold. Here it is:

"Do not go on dividing upon using up your capital by propping without manure. Make it a cardinal principle of action, never to be swerved from, that you will not, in any instance, in relation to any field, or crop, or rotation, plant or sow without a supply of manure—sufficient at least to preserve the original fertility of the soil. So you will take the first great step, as far as it depends upon you, toward the redemption of Connecticut husbandry."

KEEP A GOOD COW, OR NONE.—Amos Kinsley, of Chautauqua county, N. Y., gives the following account of the product of a good butter-making cow for one month, between April 25 and May 25, 1857. He says:

"Said cow is of our common breed; medium size; seven years old; was fed on corn fodder, and the product of one and a half acres, together with one quart of corn meal night and morning, wet with the slops of the house, when I had any, and when not, with water, being stabled constantly except in absolute pleasant or comfortable out doors. The butter was manufactured by a young woman who lived with us, (my wife being sick at the time,) who professed no particular skill in butter-making; the cream was taken off in shallow pans and ten ounces of butter of first quality. And now permit me to remark that is my opinion that if dairymen in general would keep one-half as many cows as they now keep, and stable them and keep them in comfortable order and fatten the rest, they would realize a third if not double the profit they do from the whole number. Farmers often milk whatever falls into their hands that looks like a cow, not realizing perhaps, that it costs just as much to keep one that makes half a pound of butter a day, as it does to keep one that will give a pound and a half a day. My cow does not give what would be called a large mess of milk—averaging only about seven pounds to the milking in the best of the season; yet she averages over one and a half pounds of butter a day. Her butter has sold for what it will average a pound a day for half the year should be discarded from the herd devoted to butter-making.

The midge is, we have reason to fear, destroying the wheat crop of this region. We hear of its ravages in most every direction. In some localities, where the appearance of the wheat would indicate a yield of thirty bushels to the acre, not over five to ten bushels is expected. From a bunch of wheat heads, we have taken a dozen or more shriveled kernals, and found on the berry and inside of the husk of each, from ten to fifteen larvæ deposited by the midge—a more numerous product than we ever before observed. From this evidence, and the testimony of creditable farmers, we are constrained to believe that, in this section at least, the wheat crop of 1857 will prove a failure.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE HARVEST AT THE WEST.—The Cleveland (O.) *Plaindealer* of the 11th ultimo, says—"Wheat cutting is now going on throughout the central line of the States, including Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, it having been completed in all the Southern States, and up as far North as Maryland and Virginia. So far as gathered, the crop exceeds in breadth and quality that of any former year. Very little damage seems doing by the weevil, and no rust as yet has appeared. Ohio will raise the greatest crop of grass, grain and fruit this year she has ever produced. The farmers are now mowing in many parts of the State—the frequent rains having pished forward the grass to a very rank growth. Corn is backward, say all our exchanges, but stands even and looks healthy. Potatoes promise a mammoth yield—new ones begin to show themselves in market.

Attempt to Burn the Western Penitentiary.

On Thursday morning, about one o'clock, Mrs. Beckham, wife of Major Beckham, the Warden of the Western Penitentiary, was aroused from sleep by a crackling noise in a room adjoining their chamber, upon the first floor. On rising, Major Beckham saw smoke issuing from the room, and upon entering it discovered a quantity of hay burning upon the floor. The prompt application of a bucket of water extinguished the fire. It was found that the incendiary had gained access to the yard by climbing the Webster street gate, and had reached the window by placing a piece of timber between the iron bars, and ascending it. The sash being open, the hay was thrown in and lighted. Footprints were discovered near the gate, in some clay or plaster, used in repairing the building. The foot was so small as to lead to the conclusion that the attempt to burn the institution was made by a boy, most probably under the direction of some person outside. No damage was done to the building, although the fire had communicated to the washboard, and its timely discovery was most fortunate. Prior to the late fire, Major Beckham slept in the room which was fired, and from the position of the hay, it is not unlikely that the design was to cut off the escape of the Warden, in case the fire should make any headway before its discovery.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

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