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PUBLISHED DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED)
BY JOHN W. FORNEY,
Office, No. 417 Chestnut Street.

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au23-dtnovl

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Having completed the alterations to their store, invite special attention to their stock of Silverware, which is now unusually large, affording a variety of pattern and design, unsurpassed by any house in the United States, and of
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Our standard of Silver is.....985-1000 parts pure
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Dry Goods Jobbers.

1858 FALL GOODS. 1858
THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their friends, and country merchants generally, that their stock of
HOSIERY,
GLOVES
SHIRTS,
DRAWERS,
WOOLLENS, and
SMALL WARES,
is now complete, comprising their usual assortment, and which they will sell at the lowest market rates.
They would especially call attention to their stock of
BUCKSKIN GLOVES AND MITTENS.
Comprising the
HANOVER, GERMANTOWN, JOHNSTOWN, AND OTHER DESIRABLE MAKES,
Which they have purchased directly from the Manufacturers for cash, and are now prepared to sell at reduced rates.
SHAFFNER, ZIEGLER, & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS,
26 N. FOURTH Street, Philadelphia,
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SMITH, MURPHY, & CO.,
237 MARKET ST. AND 226 CHURCH ALLEY,
Are now opening
A FRESH STOCK
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STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
To which they invite the attention of
CASH AND PROMPT SHORT TIME BUYERS.
PHILADELPHIA, August, 1858. au24-2m

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FALL TRADE.
The completeness of their Stock, both for
VARIETY AND PRICES,
Will be found to offer advantages to buyers, unsurpassed by any other in this country. au11-3m

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FITHIAN, JONES, & CO.,
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THROUGH TO
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Have now in store a
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OF
SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,
To which they invite the attention of Buyers from all parts of the Union. au16-2m

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au17-dtnovl

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TENNENT-SCHOOL.—HARTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.
BOYS FITTED FOR COLLEGE —OR— BUSINESS.
NEXT TERM COMMENCES NOVEMBER 2.
M. LONG, PRINCIPAL.
References—Rev. ALBERT BARNES, Lewis R. ASH HURST, Esq., Hon. CHAS. J. FAULKNER, Virginia, Hon. HENRY CHAPMAN. se6-eod6w*

CAMPBELL'S DINING SALOON,
Corner of THIRD St. and HARMONY COURT,
Has been closed for several days past, in order to be regenerated and disenthralled. It will be opened on MONDAY next, 20th inst., with improvements and alterations which will astonish the town. The host has thrown his soul into the task of iron seal, and we think that his efforts will meet with universal approbation. When reopened it will be a model establishment.
se11-tf

The Press.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1858.

Longfellow's New Poem.*

Among the living poets who use the Anglo-Saxon language, our own LONGFELLOW occupies a foremost rank. With the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. BROWNING, not one of them is entitled to so much honor. Not BRYANT nor HALLECK, who have chiefly made brief excursions with the Muses, nor TENNYSON has so thoroughly deserved the high title of Poet. How largely has he written—and how well. How profitably, for humanity, has he employed himself. Only fifty-one years old, and so much done for posterity. Well do we recollect, some three and twenty years ago, receiving the two volumes of *Outre Mer*, then just published by the HARPERS of New York. The books in thin red-calico binding (a novelty then) seem to be upon our table now, inviting us to read them. No author's name was given, but we saw, at once, that a master-spirit had arisen. There was something in the work reminding us of *The Sketch Book*, but the field of observation was larger, and the style had more coloring and breadth. A vein of poetic feeling ran through that beautiful prose. Another volume followed a few years later; this was *Hyperion*, literally a poem in prose, imbued with fine scholarly feeling, and full of romantic sentiment. By this time, we know that this promising writer was HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor in Harvard University, and (we rejoiced to learn) a young man. The "imagination all compact," the fine taste, the genial scholarship, the fertile fancy which *Outre Mer* and *Hyperion* exhibited, prepared us for LONGFELLOW's next volume—a collection of poems called *Voices of the Night*. Rapidly, but not exhaustingly, followed other noble volumes—*Ballads, The Spanish Student, The Belfry of Bruges, Evangeline, Kavanagh*, (which is a poem,) *The Seaside and the Fireside, The Golden Legend*, (which we have heard the late HENRY W. HERBERT admiringly read, with tear-filled eyes and faltering accents, so deeply did its beauty charm him,) and, last of all, that surpassing *Song of Hiawatha*, which so delightingly charms the heart with legendary lore.

If the subject, as well as the metre, of *The Song of Hiawatha* was a surprise, how much more surprising is the selection, from such unpromising materials as the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, of a theme for as charming a love-tale as poet ever penned. *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, which will this day be published in Boston, relates certain love-passages in the life of the sturdy Puritan Captain—relates them with simplicity and power, as well with a certain infusion of pathos, passion, and natural humor. We must give some idea of this poem.

It is written in the hexameters which LONGFELLOW had already employed in Evangeline. The scene is at Plymouth. The persons of the poem are Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain; John Alden, one of the bold yeomen who sought freedom of religious thought far away from his own native England; and a fair maiden named Priscilla. Miles Standish, a man of action, and a mighty warrior, is described thus:

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

While, with a martial air, this brusque Puritan walks about his room buried in thought, there sits before him—

John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
When Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Standish vaunts not a little of his arms of warfare and what he has done with them—vaunts, too, of the twelve stalwart men who compose his little troop, the defence of the young Colony—vaunts largely of the solitary brazen howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen,

and boasts, *most defyingly, that he is ready* for any assault of the Indians.

Soon his thoughts are changed, and fall upon his wife, the buried Rose Standish.

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomest for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower.

He selects, from his scanty collection of books, a translation of Cæsar's Commentaries,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the tracks of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.

Meanwhile, John Alden is writing letters to be sent to England by the May Flower, which is about returning; letters full of the name of Priscilla.

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
'Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla.

He is interrupted by Standish, who, quoting the Scriptural aphorism, "'tis not good for man to be alone," informs him that he has seriously thought of the maiden Priscilla, and desired to wed her.

Said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds on my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.

He entreats John Alden to woo Priscilla for him, "a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions." Alden, whose love for the maiden is a part of his very being, would fain decline this mission, and quotes the Captain's favorite maxim, that what you would have well done you must do it yourself. But, appealed to, in the name of their friendship, to do this proxy-wooing, he consents.

The poet beautifully describes the young man's sensations as, with the arrow in his heart, he goes through Plymouth woods, on this difficult errand. He finds Priscilla

Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses,
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Girding his soul up for his hard duty, Alden enters the house, and is greeted by the maiden, who says—

I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage,
For I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning.

At last, he makes the proposal, which is heard with amazement and sorrow, and coldly received. Alden goes on, right loyally, to praise *his friend's merits*:

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?!!"

We can see how it will end. Ere the autumn falls charming Priscilla will be Mrs. Alden. Not a thought, not a hope of this has the young man. He rushes into the open air, his mind agitated by conflicting emotions. He sees the May Flower riding at anchor, ready to sail on the morrow, and resolves to return to England, heart-broken, rather than remain. Returning to Plymouth, then with its seven houses, he tells Miles Standish, word for word, all that had been said, and is accused of being a traitor to his friend. While the captain's wrath yet rages, he is summoned to the council, where he finds an Indian with a challenge of war, and, in his heat, accepts it.

The May Flower sails—without bearing off John Alden. He cannot depart. Miles Standish has *gone away, armed for battle*, without a word between them. He sees Priscilla, sadly gazing upon him, as if she divined his intention, and resolves to remain for her sake;

and like an invisible presence
Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness.

The two walk home together, Priscilla explaining—very frankly, but in language not half so plain as we expected—that she liked Alden, and would over be to him the first, *truest, nearest, and dearest of friends*. There is no mistake about it: Priscilla will certainly marry him.

Meanwhile, Miles Standish and his band march to battle with the Indians. As he plods his way, he sensibly resolves to tear from his heart both the love and the anger. Two chiefs he meets and slays, sending the head of one of them to Plymouth, where it

Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress.

Months pass away, and the village is prosperous and peaceful, Miles Standish and his little band manfully battling, at a distance, with the opposing Indians. Alden has built him a new house, which is admirably described in a few words. Often do his feet carry him to the house of Priscilla. One afternoon in *the Autumn, as Alden sits by her watching* her at the wheel

As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

he likens her to the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the Queen of Helvetia,

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley, and meadow, and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.

What follows is one of the most pleasing passages in the poem, and is a curious instance of the manner in which LONGFELLOW's grace of diction brightens, into beauty, one of the most ordinary incidents of domestic life:

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unaware—for how could she help it?
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

We know, as we read this description, that many a poet-painter in America and in England will put, in colors, on the canvas, John Alden holding the skein and beautiful Priscilla winding it off his awkward hands. Surely, THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, who is painter as well as poet, will gloriously illustrate this charming subject?

Suddenly comes news of the death of Standish. A poisoned arrow had slain him; and the foes, having cut off all his forces in ambush, threatened the village:

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"
Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

This, it must be confessed, is poetry of a high order. The rest of the story is soon told. The lovers wed, in the assemblage of the people:

The Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth, and one with the blessing of heaven.

The service ended, Miles Standish appears on the threshold, and renews his friendship with John Alden. All ends happily. Leading out his snow-white steer, "covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle," the bridegroom will have Priscilla ride to her future home:

Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, *Priscilla mounted her palfrey.*
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"
Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

So concludes the poem. It occupies one-half the volume, and we have only the one regret, on finishing it, that it is too brief. It was published in London three weeks ago, and we perceive that the critics there consider it a noble contribution to the poetical wealth of our common literature.

The remainder of the volume is made up of various lyrics, most of which have already graced the pages of American periodicals. Among these we are delighted to meet, far superior to TENNYSON's weak and labored effusion on the same subject, The Warden of the Cinque Ports, that exquisite poem of The Two Angels, Santa Filomena, and the beautiful stanzas on Childhood.

Notices of New Books.

Childs & Peterson have brought out a school-edition of *Bouvier's Familiar Astronomy*, with over two hundred finely executed engravings. It is published at one dollar—half the price of the library edition. This is the latest, and also, we believe, the best Treatise on Astronomy. It certainly is one of the most readable scientific works we have yet seen. It comes recommended by the best practical astronomers in the word—Bond, Gould, Maury, Olmsted, Bartlett, and Alexander, in this country, and Herschell, Airy, Hind, Smith, Dick, Pepper, Ffarrion, Lardner, Nichol, and Bishop, in Europe. Its introduction as a school-book is decidedly a good thought.

Rudd and Carleton, of New York, have just contributed an amusing volume to what may be called eccentric literature. It is the famous *K. N. Pepper Papers*, at which so many thousands have laughed, in the *Knickerbocker Magazine, during the last four years*. Mr. Pepper is a most original and remarkable genius. He is the only man, with the exception of Smollett and Thomas Hood, who has consistently carried out the illogitimate system of purposely spelling words merely by sound. Smollett commenced it on "Humphrey Clinker," where Mrs Winifred Jenkins epistolizes in a ludicrous manner, with her primitive orthography. "Hood's Own" contains some specimens equally good—such, in fact, as a semi-educated person might have written. Thackeray has attempted much in this way, but with no effect, save an ostentatious failure. His bad spelling is too *studied, and smells terribly of the lamp*. Above all, it is not natural. Two such persons as Charles Yellowplush and James the footman, whatever other mistakes they made, never *could* have written their own names *Chawles* and *Jeemes*. R. N. Pepper monstrously misspells. But he does it naturally—just as an ignorant person would. We cannot help laughing at his writings, in which humor and wit largely flourish. Some of his "pomes" are inimitable. His "Noad to the Grek Slaiv" would have made Tom Hood roar again with laughter. His great opic, upon "Tirkel" also loams largely out; while his latest effusion entitled "Pete: *an avorig pome (for length)* dedecait to L. Galerd Clark," is exactly what Sam Weller, who had peculiar orthographic notions, might have dashed off, in a fortunate hour, had the gods made him poetical. The prose of this volume is also worth notice. Mr. P. Pepper Podd, who edits the book, is an original in his own way. Finally, and to conclude, we recommend the reader to buy (in default of begging, borrowing, or stealing) this amusing book, and medicinally apply it, with discretion, as a care dispeller. It will make him laugh, until his sides ache and his good-looking eyes shed mirthful tears.

"Slate a Substitute for Marble"—The Glasgow Herald Answered.

On the nineteenth day of June last, an article was published in *The Press*, entitled "