NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have added to their popular series of "Abbott Histories," the life of Joseph Bonaparte, by Mr. John S. C. Abbott, whose researches in the annals of the Bonaparte family, with whom his sympathies are singularly earnest, constitute him in some sort an authority on that particular field of history. The book is written in the plain, lucid style which Mr. Abbott commands in such perfection, and gives that skimming bird's-eye view of events which, as President Lincoln said of this series, is precisely what a busy man needs to maintain himself in equality with the general information of cultivated society.

To their "Illustrated Library of Wonders" Messrs. Harper annex "Adventures on the great Hunting-Grounds of the World," by Victor Meunier, with transfers of the original French illustrations. It is pretty much a gathering from English and American sources, for the French have had hardly any great sportsman besides Gérard; but it is arranged with that graceful orderliness and sequency which distinguish French compilations, and hardly lets escape a single really good hunting-story from the literature of any country.

Appleton's selections from the same *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* now include «Illustrations of Zoology and Botany, Popular Astronomy, Storms and Atmospheric Phenomena," with transfers of twenty-three cuts after Lebreton, and Lacomblaye's "Arms and Armor," the illustrations to which, of exceeding fineness, form an admirable museum of antique weapons, though principally of French and Italian make. Sold by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering Magazine is out for November, with its usual variety of selected articles from foreign and native authorities. The papers on Steam, Manufacture, Mechanical properties of Steel, Boiler Explosions, Modern Artillery, and Patent Laws, are particularly interesting to persons concerned with practical mechanics.—23 Murray street, New York.

Zell's Encyclopedia reaches No. 62 and CHRADRAMA. It continues to be well edited and abundantly illustrated. The utmost care, however, can hardly keep from a work of this kind an occasional lapsus, as where Cellini's "Perseus" is said to be at Bologna, instead of at Florence.

LEWD AND CRIMINAL DRAMA.

Formosa and Company.

The New York *Times* has the following article:

We have already said enough to explain our own reserve touching the play of *Formosa* and its moral influence, and the reasons that prompt our choice of the present time for some observations concerning it. We did not feel called upon to...attempt a review of a work of art was at once easy and unwholesome; and the consolation that *Formosa* is on the whole a very dull play can be offered with undoubted safety and pertinence when it is no longer to be seen. Its moral tendency, good or bad, has naturally been discussed in the ratio of its dullness—or, indeed, of its qualities as a work of art. This tendency, in the present instance, is of more unusual dull their best to vindicate; and, this as usual, not upon its own merits, but by the doubtful process of comparison. No equivocal play or book or newspaper ever appears, we should say, without some such attempts at vindication, founded on false uses or plausible analogies. Thus Mr. Boucicault's defence of his version of *Pauline Times* in justification—as a parallel *roman d'être—of Formosa*. That is to say, because exact accounts are given in a journal, as news, of things that have happened, mercenaries representations may be given in a drama of things that have not happened. And Mr. Chatterton defends the lewd and criminal drama by what more scrupulous men than himself, both in London and New York, have made and are making of Fanny by—unobjectionable dramas unobjectionably performed. Again, Mr. Boucicault invokes the example of *Nana*, *La Traviata*, and others, in which bad women are introduced; but fails to mention that in each of these cases, whatever their faults otherwise, the life of the heroine is shown to be thorny and full of sorrow, and that the end ends in death or inextricable misery. How does this compare with *Formosa*, and does her existence enforce a similar moral? We know very well that it does not. Her story is that of a woman who is not only a successful courtesan, but a prosperous sharper as well; of a creature who is a two-edged sword, cutting alike both friend and foe; of a criminal destitute of remorse, who, never brought to punishment, if she may sort, winds up her flagitious career by a form of good fortune that most of the good and pure of her sex might envy and pray for in vain. Such is, literally the question as to the morality of *Formosa*, and in this reply lies the gist of the whole question.

The point is, whether the general incentive, the teaching of the play, is good or evil, true or false. The outcry that *Formosa* is abused because the author has dared to introduce vile women in his play is a mere nonsense. "Hide" is "Milwood in *George Barnwell*? And who can doubt that Jonathan Wild is the hero of the play? On the other hand there are vicious women in *Jack Sheppard*, a piece in which the hero, like *Barnwell*, also comes at the gallows; and we have indisputable evidence that *Jack Sheppard* is one of the most popular dramas ever acted. The whole action of the first-named play is a warning of the misery of crime; the action of the second is a constant illustration of its pleasantness; and although, to follow history and the novel, Tyburn Tree is seen at last, Jack dies more like a hero than a malefactor, and has the excellence to "Blueskin," might not have died at all. Here is the measure, and there is no other just measure of the desert of *Formosa*. Does it tend to make women pure or impure? Does it show young girls, in their proper colors, the shame and the woe of vice? If it does, well. If it does not, dealing with the subject as it does, the author who write, and the managers who produce such a drama, are public nuisances, who deserve some condemnation and who should receive it at the hands of all who have the means to make their condemnation effective.

It seems a frivolous thing to say, and yet the talk constantly heard around us urges the suggestion, that the effect of a play is not upon the experienced, the mature and the educated, affords no test of its effect upon the probable average audience. The proper way to gauge the tendency of *Formosa* and *Jack Sheppard* is to look at them through the eyes of simple youths and maidens, whose imaginations are prone to be led captive, and whose principles to be corrupted by a glittering show of pleasure whose hollowness they are utterly without means of judging. Heaven knows there are temptations and facilities enough to lure the young or else in real life, without adding the artificial illusion to carpet with velvet and line with flowers the path that leads to the pit. And there is not a single incident in these works of art which is not as culpable in their way as the manufacture of the footlights or the gaudy sheets which have of late so disgraced our newsstands, and which, now and then, are tardily suppressed by the police. Mr. Chatterton's plea that the public will not come to decent plays if we withhold the vendors of dirty prints and smutty for both. That the public go to *see Formosa*, or any immoral publications is a libel of the public. Were a manager to advertise that all the ladies in a given *piece* would appear in the costume of "Godiva," he might get a full house, but, which, however, as a work of the character of the performance, would be universally admitted to be worthless. It would prove no more as regards moral or intellect than does the number of copies sold of a Bank newspaper. The question to be determined is in both cases the same, *i. e.*, whether the speculator who is willing to sacrifice character for immediate profit shall be permitted to do so at the expense of public morals. We shall hardly be accused of Manichæism when we affirm that both the Stage and the Press show symptoms of corruption which strongly indicate a tendency to the extremes of licentiousness, or of public opinion,—and keeping it pertinaciously there until a righteous decision shall be attained.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

Their Idols—How They Live—Their Cleanliness—They Will Never become Americanized—Chinese Barbers, Chinese Merchants, &c., &c.

[Editorial Correspondence of the Hartford Times.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11, 1869.—In my last letter I alluded to the Chinese, though laborers are needed in this State, and the Chinese adapt themselves to most kinds of service, there is a deep-seated prejudice against them. They can live on 20 cents a day, when it costs white men and women $1 a week. Wash-men mine in food and room. Fifty of them will work in a room where fifteen Yankees would hardly consent to stay. They do what others will not touch. Their loose blouses and baggy trousers cost little. Their wives make up of carpets they make slippers; and they furnish shoes for 50 cents, when others are paying from $3 to $5. For months they can be detected in no dishonest transaction—then suddenly they do a job and run off with the pay. They will never mix with, nor conform to the customs of the Americans and Europeans. They are pagans, and are busy on Sunday as on any other day. They have no day of worship, except their holidays at New Year. Yesterday we went into one of their largest temples. It was a room 18 by 26 feet, and the idols are scarcely distinguishable. Perched one-half of it. Fifty people would have been crowded in that temple—a dingy, gloomy sort of room. The idol was of the color of scaling-wax. A great uncouth-looking Indian-rubber concern, representing a man, weighing about 300 pounds, dressed in red cambric, with a spangled turban, and sitting in a great street. It continues to be worshipped as of the thing.

In front of him a dim oil lamp was burning, and there was a strip of board on which food and offerings are placed, about once or twice a year. The idol does not get the best of offerings after all. The priests grab them all up, eat what is edible, and carry off what is valuable. You see they feed the idols by proxy, as Brigham Young marries or seals wives for Joe Smith, defunct. Six feet from the idol, in front, is a platform on which there is an immense German silver urn, of the capacity of thirty gallons. Two or three young Chinamen were running about. One could talk English, poorly. He said the urn was for "belly good thing," offerings for the idol I presume, rich dippings for the old priests. In front of this were about 500 bass images, two or three inches in length, some kneeling before idols, some holding others up, others bowed down around loose—most of them with ugly faces. Around the room were many Chinese spears, helmets, hatchets, bass dragons, banners with scowling faces and open mouths, dogs, and Lyrenian—a great variety of things. In the rooms above and the rooms below, were many beds and coarse furniture, little stoves fired up, with pork sizzling in the pans, and Chinamen making shoes and blouses, and filling the air with the fumes of tobacco. Not so they live within these blackened walls, surrounded by an old Cock Idol, hundreds of little Joshes, and bass dragons, and grinning figures.

The Chinaman can never be brought up to the standard of Christian civilization. They look upon the people here as dogs and barbarians. Not one of these women are abused to rest long on this soil. Every one is sent back to China, to bade in the smiles of some brass-crowned idol, to be the bond of bliss. But the women! They have no souls, and their bones may crumble in the dust of California, by the side of the Christian dogs. There is no record on earth or in heaven for a Chinese woman!

The heads of Chinamen are shaved, they wear wooden-soled shoes, pigtails behind—per Chinamen all over and forever. They cannot be Americanized. China can throw a hundred millions of this race upon our shores, and only feel a source of relief. One-fourth of that number would be a moral pestilence—ruining, never-ending sore, which would sap the energy and life of our young nation. It would demoralize and crush labor—degrade the laboring and producing classes to the pagan rut and offal-eating tribe. A few thousands or hundreds of thousands may be used to advantage in all parts of the country. But when the millions come, they will be very unwelcome. The buzzard will roost upon your possessions, and make the place too filthy for human habitation.

In a little room six feet square I saw one Chinaman shaving another. The razor was two inches long and an inch and a half broad, and half an inch thick, and square at the end. It looked like nothing on earth. He lathered the his customer's head all round, leaving the tuft and queue. Then he shaved his face and his forehead, pulling the razor from ear to ear of the razor. Then he shaved off one-half of the queue, and then shaved the balance, leaving little tufts next to the nose; and then he shaved the nose all over carefully, and polished that. What men will do for a dollar! This Sun Chief is not upright in a little street, both feet collar under long I knew not, for I was away. Why he shaved the creature at all I could not tell, he had no beard. Perhaps he blushed him with with pork fat as a finish. If so Chang Wu was ready for business, and would go through you in a trade.

Some of the old Chinese merchants here are quite rich; but few own real estate, as it requires naturalization in California for that. Eight hundred Chinamen went out in the steamer last week to attend the New Year at home. They are coming back, and will set eight thousand more to come to the land of gold and plunder.

The Chinese merchants here, it is said, deal fairly, and as they agree—it being the policy of their great companies to gain the confidence of the people, and on the ground also that "honesty is the best policy."

Life in the White Pine Silver Mines.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes from Nevada:

"The White Pine district has a population of about 1,100, made up of adventurers. Although the demand for remunerative labor has been comparatively unknown, the population during the past six months has been gradually decreasing, being now twenty-five per cent. less than at the beginning of the year, which has long since subsided.

"Of the population nearly one-half, or four thousand, claim a home at Hamilton. Great improvements have been made in its buildings since the warm weather of a month days ago came on, and since lumber made of the rude pines, which grow in the mountains, has fallen from $350 to $125 per thousand. Still it is a crude town, having only one street and down upon it are provided with stores, on this are several well-built structures, of which the two principal are the Cosmopolitan Wells, Fargo & Co., and the Bank of California. Here also are the leading groceries, clothing stores and the principal saloons, of which there are twelve. Stumbling upon Voltaire or some other similar work, have become, and are still becoming in the place to a greater or less degree. These, too, are generally respectable, and ardently devoted to the liberty of their country as against priestcraft and tyranny.

"On Sunday last I attended service, forenoon and afternoon, at one of these evangelical places of worship. There were present about one hundred and fifty men, women and children. There were probably seventy-five foreigners present—German, English and American—all meeting together as so many brothers.

A Flying Tupper.

Among the distinguished Dedalites of the day, it is plain to predict a second place for Mr. Tupper. It appears, from a letter contributed by Mr. Tupper to the London *Builder*, that he is, or at least was, a great amateur inventor of "flying machines." Mr. Tupper is a candidate for flying in the air. Above a quarter of a century ago, he published a pamphlet on the subject in one of the reviews, advocating the expediency of wings for everybody. Tupper, he said, had made so many failures in the bardic sense, that he discerns a Pegasus in every clumsy donkey. His "Proverbial Philosophy" had a strange success, chiefly among elderly maidens and spasmodic spinsters of the Miss Byrne type, and so it came to pass that Tupper flattered himself on his goose quill is in very satisfactory, and, metaphorically speaking, and now he is impetuous to make a bravet cherub of himself by assuming material wings. The idea ventilated on the subject of soaring, in the Tupperian community, appears to have spread "epidemic:—"Wharever, wan," says Tupper, "is not so much levitation as an enlarged and continued power of flapping." Then he admits that even the best educated human muscle is not equal to this, and proposes to clothe mankind with a system of artificial muscles and other complicated machinery. Picture to yourself, if Tupper thus accomplished his purpose, a naked Tupper endowed with, "an enlarged and continued power of flapping." Think of Tupper as he would appear cleaving the blue expanse at the head of a wedge-shaped flight of gaggling spinsters, each of them elegantly attired in cogwheels and iralia-rubber bands, and beating along to windward with "an enlarged and continued power of flapping." Tupper positively states that the time is at hand when universal flap will be the regular order of things. Surely Tupper is one of the "sparks" that "fly upwards." We seem to hear his voice in the future empyrean, as he flapping his way, with wheels, with trumpet-note; and, as we gaze in fancy on his daring flight, sometimes urges us to lift our voice and greet him with a cheery "Go it, Tupper!—go in and wing!"—*World.*

Operation of a Russian Spy.

A curious book, entitled «Notes of a Spy," was lately published at St. Petersburg. These notes are the memoirs of a Russian sub-officer named Beniatzeff, who, was, according to his own showing, acted as a spy for the Russian Government during the last Polish insurrection. Beniatzeff lived for ten years in Poland, he had completely mastered the language, and by this means was able to gain his patriotic professions, he made himself the confidence of several of the instigators of the Government, he ingratiated himself with the Government, he ingratiated himself with the Government, he ingratiated himself with