out meditation, reading the divine word, visiting the sanctuary, longing for purity, faith and lovely prayer, praise and worship, were manifestations of right dispositions towards God. Everything that we learned, possessed or enjoyed was given to teach us something about God, and, therefore, it was strange and unaccountably foolish in man not to think of, love and obey God. Men ought to think more of God than the farmer of his fields, the merchant of his goods, the mariner of the deep and parents of their children, for everything around us was made to remind us of the Creator and to bind us in love and gratitude to our greatest benefactor. God must have attached infinite value to the immortal soul of man, for He not only subjected all creatures to his dominion, but poured out in rich abundance the treasures of His grace and the riches of His love. And still more, as our bright and glorious example, the earth has been trodden by the blessed feet of the incarnate Son of God, through whom came light, comfort, peace and joy in the midst of all our sorrows and by whose instrumentality we were permitted to drink of the river of God's pleasure. Next to the mountains and the seas, rivers were the most strongly

MARKED FEATURES OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE,

and it was not surprising that the sweet singer of Israel should refer to the river of God's pleasure as affording the greatest possible comfort to His people in this life and in that which is to come. The preacher then proceeded to speak of the great rivers of the world, and to dilate in eloquent terms upon the spiritual lessons which they taught. He inquired why it was that desolation came upon Rome, and answered by saying that it was not so much because the water had ceased to flow along her streets as because the river of God's Word was no longer free to flow and to refresh and vivify her inhabitants. Let the Divine Word be thrown broadcast among the people and the blessed streams of salvation come freely into all her streets, and her waste places will be rebuilt with a beauty and splendor that will astonish the world. The river of God's pleasure was destined to flow over the whole earth, and all men will be made to drink of it, and everything shall live where this river cometh. The speaker pictured in glowing terms the change that would then take place. There would be fidelity in friendship, justice in trade,

KINDNESS ON THE LIP AND LOVE IN THE HEART;

courtesy and truthfulness would pervade society, and there would be happiness and purity in private life. Children would love, respect and honor their parents as now they did not, and parents would be blessed in their offspring. Every house would be a sanctuary, and "holiness to the Lord" would be written upon the walls and upon the gates that led to their dwellings. When all men learned to drink of the river of God's pleasure every human talent and possession would be an offering well pleasing unto God; every soul would be a living temple unto the Lord, and the sanctuary would be thronged with devout and humble worshippers. Life was real and earnest only when it was devoted to the service of God. The folly of those who depended upon wealth, fame and worldly pleasure or happiness and who turned their backs upon the holy sacrament was dwelt upon, and the bliss of those who feasted upon the rich viands of God's grace depicted in appropriate terms. Men in their unregenerate state could not conceive how much of Heaven the blessed exercise of faith could bring down to earth, and yet

THE RIVER OF GOD'S PLEASURE

sent its life-giving streams along every man's path; its healing flood was being poured into every man's home; the refreshing waters issued from every pace of the Divine Word, and the institution of the Church and the means of grace were channels to convey it to every soul. In conclusion, he urged his hearers to take the hand of Him who was mighty to save through the journey of life, assuring them that they would be finally rewarded by inheriting a crown of glory and a kingdom of peace, righteousness and salvation beyond the dark river of death.

The holy communion was celebrated at the close of the sermon.

REOPENING OF TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE.

Vast Congregation and Large Contributions—Christian Unity Preached and Exemplified.

The immense semicircular structure in Schermerhorne street, Brooklyn, known as "The Tabernacle," which has recently been undergoing improvements, was reopened and rededicated yesterday morning. When the exercises opened the vast building was closely packed to the doors.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, pastor, officiated, assisted by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr. (Episcopalian); Rev. J. Hyatt Smith (Baptist); Rev. Dr. Crooks (Methodist); Rev. Dr. Prime (Presbyterian), and Rev. Dr. Ives (Methodist.)

Rev. Dr. Crooks read the Scriptural lesson and Rev. Dr. Smith delivered the prayer.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage said he was glad to see so many brethren around him, representing all the great denominations. He was glad that the building was now completed, and capable of accommodating 300 more than by the old arrangement. The experiment of filling a free church, without regard to denomination or to the dollar question, only giving priority of choice to the first applicant, had succeeded. They were one year in occupation, and the income was $19,000 and the expenses $17,000.

THE SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Tyng, Sr., preached from St. Matthew xvii., 20-21, which he regarded as the great dedicatory prayer of the High Priest of our faith, making one of all those who believe on Christ and in His ministry, and which prayer is assuredly verified, in spite of incidental separations and the varied aspects of human life. They were all one in hope and faith and looking to the one inheritance. He stood before an array of brethren, every one of whom he was ready to take by the hand on that question of

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH,

a truth so remarkably and truthfully illustrated in that gathering of worshippers. If they were faithful and earnest the glory of God would descend upon them as upon the tabernacle of Moses and the temple of Solomon.

COST OF THE CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Ives made a financial statement. The cost of the church, including ground and the grand organ, was $80,000, and there remained a balance of $21,000, which he expected that immense congregation to contribute on the spot. The reverend speaker appealed to the congregation in so persuasive a way that very soon upwards of $12,000 was contributed, in sums from $500 down to $10.

Rev. Dr. Prime then delivered a dedicatory prayer, and Rev. Dr. Crooks gave the benediction.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., preached at midday service, and the pastor preached in the evening.

TEMPLE "BETH ELOHIM."

Dedication Services Yesterday.

The temple "Beth Elohim," Pearl street, between Nassau and Concord, was reopened with appropriate dedicatory services at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The order of exercises was commenced with an opening chorus psalm

IN THE HEBREW LANGUAGE;

after which the minister of the congregation appeared in the vestibule, when another hymn was sung and the ministers, trustees and procession then entered with the sacred scrolls. The congregation, which was very large and fashionably attired, arose and sang. The minister, Rev. L. M. Isaacs, was assisted by Rev. Wassermann, of New York, and Rev. Brandenstein, the latter gentleman being the Rabbi of the Beth Elohim.

The procession, which was formed at the residence of M. Hess, President of the Society, was headed by about fifty young misses,

IN WHITE AND BLUE

ribbons, preceded by a band of music. Three of the oldest members of the congregation carried the scrolls of law, which were heavily ornamented with silver. After a circuit of the building

HAD BEEN MADE THREE TIMES

the ark was opened, and a prayer in the German language was offered by Rev. G. Brandenstein. The scrolls were then deposited in the ark. An English sermon was preached by Rabbi Isaacs. The interior of the structure is very handsomely fitted, and a new organ has replaced the old instrument. The cost of the improvements was $8,000.

BAPTISM IN FLUSHING, L. I.

Services in the First Baptist Church—Building a House of God from the Souls of Men—The Rev. R. T. Middleditch and His Flock.

FLUSHING, Sept. 10, 1871.

In this staid village the Sabbath is heralded by a dozen admonitory bells. Some of these might be called "sweet lipped;" but others have a nasal accent decidedly, like that of the prosaic cowbells of the pastures. The minority of the populace presently flock forth from their shaded homes, clad in all manner of clean, starched and shining vestments, and the streets at the going and coming present a lively appearance, worthy of Fifth avenue on a winter Sabbath. However, one of the characteristics of

THE PIOUS FLUSHINGER

is to affect a manner of great sobriety and deep meditation, observing in a churchward walk a rigid decorum that can only be the result of great and painful self-denial. Divers comely damsels likewise walk churchward, and, although demure and modest, present not unattractive pictures to allure the most devout mind to the contemplation of what pertains not to holiness.

Among the dozen churches of Flushing there is one miniature edifice which is doubtless smallest of them all. In the archives of the town it is designated as the First Baptist church; but, as there is no other Baptist tabernacle hereabouts, the word "first" is plainly an unholy addition, which serves merely to tickle the vanity of the members of the congregation. This latter is extremely small. The number of persons who assembled to-day to be encouraged on the heavenward road by the Rev. R. T. Middleditch was exactly thirty-three. At half-past ten, the hour advertised for the services,

THE AUDIENCE BEGAN DRIZZLING IN,

one by one. Those who had already arrived seated themselves and waited in profound silence during a half hour for the coming of three tardy members. Each of those present sat bolt upright, and one aged gentleman wore an expression of mingled despondency and dogged gloom that gave a pathetic effect to his efforts to evade

THE ALLURING EMBRACE OF MORPHEUS.

The Rev. R. T. Middleditch announced a hymn, the most noticeable line of which was

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,

which was sung by a sleepy choir, assisted or deterred by a sleepy congregation. He then proceeded to pray, in a voice which was pitched an octave too high, for all the good things conceivable to a discontented man. In the midst of the supplication the last of the three tardy members came in, causing thereby the good pastor to open his eyes unawares, snowing how easily his mind was detracted from the would-be eloquent words that he was uttering.

The sermon was a rather feeble attempt to illustrate the Christian work by the building for the second time of the Temple of Solomon, as enjoined to the children of Israel in the word of the Lord which came to the prophet Haggai:—"Go up to the mountains and bring wood and build a house, and I will take pleasure in it; and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." The reverend preacher educed no new thoughts and few striking ones. We were to remember that

THE CHURCH OF GOD

was no material building. It is

BUILT OF THE SOULS OF MEN,

of which Jesus Christ is the corner stone. All men are to labor to save and collect the material. Every man has much to do. We are all priests, and we are all to offer sacrifices to God in self-denial and to labor to add stones to the great edifice which God is erecting. As every man receives grace so let him minister the same. The day will come when the building will be completed, the work of ages will be accomplished and glory perpetual will fill it. What strong motives, then, have we to gather in the stones and to build diligently! The reverend gentleman, before this, had asserted that the building of this spiritual house of God was not to be entrusted to the inefficiency of man; but that God's spirit alone was to build. His mind was evidently bewildered as to the real character and aim of the building, provided such a one is now in process of erection. He never exhorted his hearers to build diligently on the house of God, and to show that he could not easily go out of the ordinary rule of pulpit preaching he admonished for a space on

THE GROWING WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD.

It seemed, indeed, that integrity and all her sister and brother graces had become disgusted altogether with this our land, and had packed up with the intention of departing forever. We erred, indeed, in a selfish way for our country—for its national stability and prosperity—but we did not care for the honor of God.

In closing his barren discourse he propounded the following

CONUNDRUMS:—

When that temple is built will you have a place in it? Will you be in the temple? Suppose you are shut out; what will you do about it? No one seemed to know or was at least desirous of disclosing what he designed to do in such an emergency. So, without obtaining this valuable information, the Rev. R. T. Middleditch consented to permit the meagre choir to sing the closing hymn, which it did in a manner, doubtless, untimagined by the original composer. The audience, after the collection, in prefacing which the reverend gentleman said it was both desirable and reputable to "do these things up square," dispersed with a mighty sigh of relief.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY HUMBUG.

The Pugilistic Prophet Spies a Herald Reporter (?)—A Stalwart Saint Ejects the Wrong Man.

At the time the Millerite excitement broke out in this city, many years ago, there was a man named S. S. Snow who enjoyed—for he doubtless did enjoy it—the reputation of being one of the loudest-mouthed pothouse politicians of the period. Something in this man's composition, however, caused him to unstrap from his back his bag of sin and join the ranks of the prophetic Millerites. The world was set down to be destroyed on a certain day, and Snow, with all the pious enthusiasm of a fresh convert, impatiently awaited the dawn of that day on which the crack of doom was to open and swallow up everybody who had not "made his peace." For some reason the curtain did not rise, and the play, therefore, did not come off. Snow's vision of judgment was not half as interesting as that of Lord Byron, who, simply by the power of poetic license, slipped George III. through the celestial gate and into Paradise while the spiritually reconstructed King was engaged in singing the hundredth psalm. The failure of Snow's vision caused the new convert to enter the ranks of prophecy, and from that time to the present he has been known as the Prophet Snow. For several years past this snowy prophet has profited by expounding and pounding the Book of Revelations on Sunday afternoons in the chapel of the New York University, as the readers of the HERALD well know. Yesterday afternoon about forty individuals assembled to listen to his

MELLIFLUOUS ELOQUENCE.

A hymn was sung, in which the author poured forth a spirit of vengeance, as if somebody had kicked him in a tender spot, thereby rendering it necessary for the battered poet to take his revenge by speaking his mind freely in doggerel. Then Snow, the prophetic Bishop, read a chapter from the Old Testament and gave a running, idiotic commentary as he went on, much to the mystification of some old women, who hung upon the eloquence of his tongue, and greatly to the amusement of some young students, who had come to look upon the prophet just as they might have gone to

A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

to look upon a three-legged donkey. Another hymn having been warbled the terrible prophet began his sermon. His text comprised eleven verses from the Revelations. It was all about the white horse with fiery nostrils and a sword for a tongue. The mighty prophet explained the matter of the horse, but had nothing to say as to whether Goldsmith Maid really made 2:17 and robbed Dexter of his great reputation as king of the turf. Allusion was made to dragons and beasts with many heads and horns. The erudite prophet showed a thorough acquaintance with the beast. By and by the rat-smelling prophet suddenly paused, and, casting a frightful glance at a young man occupying a seat in a remote part of the chapel, exclaimed,

"GOT IT DOWN?"

Then came another brief pause. Uplifting his anti-muscular arm and shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the obnoxious young man, the pugilistic prophet shouted, "That's a HERALD reporter." Simultaneously several of the squeaky-voiced saints yelped, "Put him out; put him out." A stalwart saint arose, and approaching the wrong man seized him by the collar, and was about to eject him from the Church of the Holy Humbug when the Holy Humbug himself shrieked, "That's the wrong man, it's the t'other one;" and the "t'other one" was immediately grabbed and pushed out of the sanctuary. The young man who was thus assailed declared the bilious prophet had made a mistake, but the stalwart saint refused to see it in that light. As soon as the ejected young man reached the hall he was surrounded by a number of the unsainthy attendants of the Church of the Holy Humbug and much

INDIGNATION AGAINST THE SLASHING PROPHET

was expressed. "But I'm no reporter," said the mortified young man; "I'm a mechanic and I work for a living." Several gentlemen who witnessed the high-handed outrage advised the young man to prosecute the stalwart saint for assault, and the indiscreet prophet and squeaky-voiced saints who urged the commission of the breach of the law as accomplices. After receiving the address of a well known lawyer the young man left to seek counsel. It is quite likely that the guilty parties will be arrested this morning.

A BOLD JERSEY BURGLAR CAGED.

A short time since a robbery was perpetrated in Lambertville, Hunterdon county, N. J. Mr. Talcot's store was entered and a great quantity of silver plate and jewelry was taken. The burglary was a bold one, as Mr. Talcot's store is on a main street in the snug and pretty Hunterdon county city. Officer Dean, of Trenton, was put on the track, and after a time found James O'Neill, the man wanted, at the house of the notorious Bella Brannan, in Philadelphia. Belle, as she is called, had in times past obtained unenviable notoriety in Trenton as a keeper of a house of ill fame. There ensued, when the capture of O'Neill was attempted in Philadelphia, a bloody fight, and

THE PRISONER WAS SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

After the first capture he escaped from the officers, and was only caught through a mistake on his (O'Neill's) part in going up a court which he supposed was a street and had a way out into a main thoroughfare. Finding he was caught again, he turned and fought the officers, and was only with great difficulty held. He was conveyed to Flemington jail, which is a new one and considered very strong. Jim O'Neill, as he is called, nearly gave the jailor the slip. While that functionary was dreaming of the strength of the walls and bars with which his prisoner was confined, Jim

CUT THROUGH SOLID IRON BARS,

and, within an ace, obtained his liberty. Jim has been tried before Chief Justice Beasley, at the Hunterdon Court, and, having been found guilty, was sentenced to eight years' hard labor in New Jersey State Prison, at which institution he arrived on Saturday. They will have to take care of Jim there, or he will find some means of escape. After his arrest a quantity of silver plate was found in Philadelphia, where the bold burglar had been staying.

COURT CALENDAR—THIS DAY.

MARINE COURT—TRIAL TERM—Part 1—Before Judge Tracey.—Nos. 5794, 5819, 6336, 6387, 6380, 6381, 6382, 6383, 6384, 6390, 6391, 6392, 6393, 6394, 6395. Part 2—Before Judge Shea.—Nos. 6385, 6386, 6204, 6265, 6251, 6979, 6369, 6370, 6371, 6372, 6472, 6368, 6374, 6375, 6376, 6379. Part 3—Before Judge Joachimsen.—Nos. 6552, 6552½, 6893, 6909, 6009½.

LITERATURE.

Criticisms of New Books.

ARMY BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur T. Lee, U. S. A., with illustrations designed by the author. 1871. 12mo, pp. 160.

Whoever has made acquaintance with the suburbs of Washington has seen the beautiful and picturesquely located "Soldiers' Home," looking down from its commanding height upon the federal capital and the Valley of the Potomac. In command of this refuge of the invalids of our army is Colonel Lee, the genial, jovial military gentleman who wrote this little volume of poems. Most of them were written as songs for vocal use and on themes of passing interest. Some of them have been in gatherings by Florida watch-fires, or in Mexican bivouacs, and all of them bear marks of having been dashed off without any very close attempt at finish of style. The following, from the initial poem in the volume, is a fair average specimen of the quality of these songs:—

Oh! the moon is shining down
On our snowy canvas town,
And the rivulet runs laughing to the sea, my love;
But my heart is sad and low,
For I think of long ago,
When the rivulet but laughed for thee and me, my love.

The little volume is elegantly printed, and, being without publisher's name, we infer that it is wholly a private venture. The few wood cut illustrations are so good that we could wish for more of them.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON LABOR. By Hendrick S. Wright. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. 495.

The chapters of this book, by the late Representative in Congress of the Luzerne district, in Pennsylvania, were first written as contributions to a country journal. The author disclaims for his work "any especial claim to literary excellence," and thereby disarms criticism except on the score of opinions. The volume contains much good advice to workingmen, and is almost wholly didactic in its style of treatment. When Mr. Wright tells the laboring class that "no industrious, sober and moral man will better his condition by becoming a politician," we take it for granted that he speaks from experience and should be heeded. When he strongly advocates a high protective tariff, at least for Pennsylvania coal and iron, we are not sure that he is a safe or disinterested advocate. When he argues that the national banks have been endowed with special privileges too great to be compatible with the interests of the people, and that labor is paying too high taxes in order that capital may roll up heavy dividends, we see much reason in what he says. When he sides with the strikers against the coal companies he makes out a very strong case for popular sympathy.

But Mr. Wright's democratic sympathies for the workingman and for the entire equality of all before the law break down when he comes to the limit of his own race. No Californian could be more strenuous in his Chinaphobia than he. Hear him:—

Laboring men may here not merely assert, but maintain, if they will, perfect and exact equality. I mean the men of that caste who have made the country what it is; for them it is none too large. There is no room here for China or Japan, Polynesia or Africa. It is American as we understand that word, and for the occupation solely of those who are of the same race with us.

And again:—

Will the toiling, laboring men of this country permit—aye, that is the word, permit—the cunninghand alighting of these Chinese swarms upon our shores? Like the locusts of Egypt, they will eat up the substance of the land; nay, they will do more—they will blot out that fair type of progressive manhood which has ennobled the nation. The national legislature should prohibit the importation of Chinese. The legislature should do more; it should prevent their immigration. It may seem proscriptive, but self-preservation is the first law of nature.

We are sometimes tempted to think that these advocates of the exclusive doctrine, who would "shut the doors of the United States" against men coming from Asia, would have been apt to cry fire in the Deluge. So long as we have so many millions of acres waiting to be cultivated there is little danger that the Chinese immigration will increase too fast for our national welfare. All industrious immigration means growth, development, wealth for the United States. We are really the richer for every recruit to our banner.

UNITED STATES IMPORT DUTIES, under Existing Laws and Decisions, and Digest of the Tariff Laws. Second edition (August 1, 1871.) compiled by Samuel T. Morgan. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. 1871. 8vo, pp. 130.

This useful manual has one very decided advantage over other compilations of the tariff laws that we have seen, even including the very accurate and full manual of tariff duties so long edited by E. D. Ogden, of the New York Custom House. We refer to the fact that in the alphabetical index, where the duty on each article is stated, a reference is uniformly given from the article to the section of the act or acts fixing the duty. As these acts are given in full the reader has before him at a single glance all the legislation in force on the subject of his inquiry, and can find it instantly by turning to the index. All the articles exempt from duty under the last tariff revision are embraced in the same alphabet as dutiable articles, and are marked "free." Tables of foreign moneys and of weights and measures are also given.

THE HEART OF THE WEST: An American story. By an Illinoisan. Chicago: Rand & Hart. 1871. 8vo, pp. 229.

This is an unsuccessful attempt to make the author's political notions more interesting by putting them into a story. Result—the politics are obscured, while the story is spoiled. Moreover, the book is as badly printed as it is written, and that is saying a great deal.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S STORY OF "LADY JUDITH," which has been running as serial in the *Galaxy*, will appear in an octavo volume from Sheldon & Co.'s press.

GEORGE M. BEARD, will soon publish, through Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons, "Stimulants and Narcotics, Medically, Philosophically and Morally Considered."

MR. BENSON J. LOSSING has in the press of G. P. Putnam & Sons a new history of England, political, military and social, from the earliest times to the present.

MISS M. E. BRADDON WRITES TO THE *Athenæum* to protest against the American publishers who palm off upon the public in the United States stories as "by Miss Braddon," which were never written by her. The latest cause of complaint is a New York Sunday paper, which, she says, prints as hers, "Leighton Grange; or, Who Killed Edith Woodville?" not one word of which she ever saw before. Miss Braddon thinks that "a sharp outcry for an international copyright" would follow such treatment of American writers by English pirates.

THE NEW "DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCE," by Laurence B. Phillips, just out in London, is complained of by the *Athenæum* for commemorating too many American names. That should render the book popular in this country. It contains brief biographical sketches of 100,000 persons, and in one compact volume.

THE ENGLISH JOURNALS ADMIT THAT the celebration of the Walter Scott Centenary was a comparative failure, and awakened far less interest and enthusiasm than the Burns Centenary commemoration of 1859. The poet of democracy is deeper down in the hearts of the people than Sir Walter, the tory baronet.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, EDITOR OF THE *Army and Navy Journal* and correspondent of the London *Times*, is about to publish his "Private Diary of the Franco-Prussian War," as viewed from the Crown Prince's army.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD'S new volume of poetry will be entitled "The Book of the East, and Other Poems." It will appear this month, from the press of the publishers in ordinary to Parnassus—James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston.

A NEW DEFENCE OF CHRISTIANITY IS TO APPEAR under the title of "God, Reason and Science: a Defence of Christian Ethics against all Popular Objections—Scientific, Philosophical and Exegetical—with a Concise View of the Religions of the World." By D. M. Evans, A. M.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who lately bagged £500 damages from Hain Friswell for an attack upon the former in "Modern Men of Letters," now sues the London publisher, Solon Camden Hotten, for damages in reprinting Bret Harte's burlesque on Sala's style in the "Condensed Novels." The sensitive Sala should learn that malicious libel is one thing and good humored burlesque is another.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS to the Strasbourg Library, says the *National Zeitung*, are advancing rapidly. The Grand Duke of Baden has given 2,000 volumes from his library at Carlsruhe. Switzerland is generously contributing and Vienna proposes to do something handsome.

ROBERTS BROTHERS are still behind with the American edition of Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras," but it is said that the quality of the book will not suffer by the delay.

THE ACADEMY says:—In the *Cornhill Magazine* for August, Miss Thackeray writes of Jane Austen with profound and unfeigned admiration for the creatures of her fancy, and with the warm personal regard which springs upon finding that a favorite author was one of those women "true, gentle and strong and tender, whom to love is a liberal education."

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO. will publish, this fall, Rev. Charles Hodges' "Systematic Theology," in three volumes, a work which, it is said, sums up the results of a long life of theological study and investigation.

THE SAME HOUSE has in press "Americanisms," by Professor Scheie de Vere, an attempt to classify and group according to derivation the whole vocabulary of "slang" with which our progressive people have loaded the noble English speech.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From Harper Brothers:—"King Arthur," a poem by Lord Lytton; "Agatha's Husband," a novel, by Miss Muloch.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia:—"American Wonderland," by Richard Meade Bache; "Aureola, or, the Black Sheep," a story of German social life, by Mrs. A. Shelton-MacKenzie.

From George W. Carleton:—"Crown Jewels, or, the Dream of an Empire," by Emma L. Moffit.

From Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia:—"Questions of the Day," economic and social, by Dr. William Elder.

From Hurd & Houghton:—"The Last Night," romance, Garland; from the German of "Anastasius Grün," translated with notes, by John O. Sargent.

THOMAS NAST'S Illustrated Almanac for 1872 is already in the press of Harper & Brothers.

H. HUDSON HOLLY has a new work on Church Architecture in the press of M. H. Mallory & Co., Hartford.

THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD will be glad at the renewal of the publication of "Les Mondes," that invaluable weekly journal, edited by the Abbé Moigno, whose interruption during the disastrous siege of Paris has been much lamented.

IN AN ARTICLE on "Mr. Seward in Mexico" the *Saturday Review* says:—"If to any one man in particular is due the suppression of imperialist designs and Old World meddling in the West Mr. Seward is the man. In Mexico, especially, set free by his hand and brain from French domination and intrigues, is he the god of popular idolatry, and Colonel Albert S. Evans is his prophet." All of which is apropos of a review of "Our Sister Republic; a Gala Trip Through Tropical Mexico in 1869-70, by Albert S. Evans."

ART MATTERS.

Stademann's "Winter Scene," and "A Study from Nature," by Calame.

In Schaus' Art Gallery there is on exhibition a modest-looking little cabinet picture, by Stademann, representing a winter scene on the ice. It is a combination of figure and landscape, and, in spite of the extreme smallness of the figures, a great deal of life and movement is thrown into their grouping. In the foreground of the scene we see

A FROZEN RIVER,

upon which a large number of people of all ages and conditions are skating. Trees, looking bare and forlorn, occupy the bank of the river on the right of the composition, and a few brown leaves that have defied the autumn gales hang dead from the weird-looking branches. On the left there are some trees and a house. The background is occupied by a town, whose snow-covered roofs shine in the distance, in contrast with the black curling smoke rising from tall, dark chimneys. A dull, leaden sky,

PATCHED WITH THE BLACK SMOKE

of the chimneys, which seems to settle down low in the heavy atmosphere, throws a hazy and indistinct light over the picture that makes us almost smell the wintry, fog-laden air. On the ice the scene is exceedingly animated, and the artist has managed to pose his little men and women in a most natural manner, and as the figures move about they seem full of life. In the arrangement of the groups the artist has been very happy, and has disposed them all so as to fill up the scene without wounding or leaving any large space unoccupied. Relieving the monotonous and serene quiet of the dull gray colors, by

HIS WARM TINTS

in the costumes of the skaters the artist displays an excellent judgment, just introducing enough warmth to break up the icy coldness of the scene without distroying the harmony of the tones. When looking at this little picture we are struck with its truthfulness to nature, and can almost imagine that we have been present at the scene. Much success has attended the efforts to reproduce on the canvas the peculiar glassy effect of the ice. Much labor has evidently been bestowed on this part of the painting, and even the

CRACKS ON THE SURFACE,

which, having been frozen over, still peer through the transparent covering. The composition of the picture has been carefully studied, and, by an arrangement which makes the high lights proceed from the snow-covered roofs and the snow-covered space in front of the town, the artist has given great depth to his picture and produced a soft, pleasing, light effect. In addition to other good qualities the sky painting is very fair. There is certainly

WANT OF FORM

in the clouds, but the dull, murky sky, betokening the presence of snow, and the leaden gray tints which prevails during the winter season, have been well seized and admirably rendered. Wintry bleakness stares at us from every side. Even the desolate aspect of the trees seems to be increased by the few forlorn-looking red-brown leaves that have survived the autumn winds and just serve to soften the bleak aspect of the bare branches. The quiet, subdued tone of the painting adds greatly to its effect, strict attention being paid to the harmony of the colors. Brown and red have been sparingly introduced to relieve the

COLD MURKINESS OF THE SCENE.

Both in the groups and in the landscape they are used with good effect. This little painting belongs to a pleasing school of art which we would desire to see more cultivated. It presents us with a scene of common life, but one with which there are no vulgar associations, but which affords ample scope for dramatic effect. The artist in the work before us has treated his subject in an intelligent and pleasing manner.

A STUDY FROM NATURE.

This little picture was painted by a Swiss artist who has passed into the shadow of eternity. It is the work of a man who could recognize color and reproduce form. In the study before us there is little pretension; but *en revanche* there is much evidence of power. Colors are boldly laid on, and the tints of

AN AUTUMN FOLIAGE

forcibly rendered. "The Study from Nature" is simply a sketch of a piece of muddy roadway, with bushes on the right and left, and in the background spreads out a large, expansive landscape, becoming dim in the bluish purple tints of the deepening evening gloom. The piece of roadway is deeply marked with the ruts made by the cart wheels, which are the only indications that any living thing passes that way. Without being very closely worked out in detail the bushes in the foreground are capitally painted and produce a most striking effect. The

COLORS ARE DEEP AND RICH, BUT NATURAL,

and, though the artist has not drawn individual leaves, by careful painting of their forms as he saw them he produces a wonderful effect of foliage. This is one of the rarest qualities found with painters, who seem nearly always oppressed by their knowledge of the actual form of what they paint and cannot resolve to paint correctly this form or color as it appears in combination with other forms and influenced by adjacent forms and color. Here we have the forms generalized and the patches of color as they appear under the softening

EVENING TWILIGHT.

The bushes are real bushes, such as we have seen a thousand times in nature, and yet if we examine the picture closely we will find little or no detail, only the patches of color have been truthfully painted in to the neglect of detail form. The sky treatment has not been nearly so successful, but also exhibits traces of power. It is, however, very

SKETCHY IN CHARACTER,

and though the colors are strongly treated the tints do not very well harmonize with the rest of this composition, nor are they true to nature. Cold gray and white clouds, tinged with blue, occupy the sky background, and though the form is very poor, and the tints such as are seldom ever seen in nature, still there is

A SENTIMENT OF ATMOSPHERE

in the sky that almost redeems its shortcoming. The study has been strongly treated, and though materially wanting in finish is full of vivid effects. Nothing that could interfere with the quiet harmony of the scene has been introduced, and the evening shadows seem to be visibly stealing over the landscape. It is full of evidence of feeling and imagination.

JAPAN.

Rescue of European Captives in Corea.

Documents Clearing Up the Mystery of the Loss of the Brig General Sherman.

Suppression of Gambling Houses at Yokohama.

YOKOHAMA, August 5, 1871.

The Pacific Mail steamship Alaska has been put on as a supplementary vessel and sails for San Francisco to-morrow at daylight. Next month another vessel will be despatched on or about the 6th of the month, and the arrangement will continue, provided sufficient inducements are offered during the height of the tea season. The Alaska carries away to-morrow 3,500 tons of cargo, mostly teas.

By the last mail steamer intelligence was sent you of the departure of the United States naval expedition from the Corea, and the, at least, temporary abandonment of all further designs to make a treaty. Also of the probable interference of England in the matter on account of the detention of two British subjects in Corea. Immediately upon the news reaching Chefoo, the British war steamer Ringdove was despatched to demand the surrender of the men. Mr. Mayers, the English Consul, and an officer of the Prussian man-of-war Hertha, went on board the Ringdove, the latter to demand the person of a German, who it was also supposed had been taken off the wreck of the Chusan. The Ringdove returned to Chefoo on the 12th of July, bringing back the two British subjects, Starick and Campbell, besides eleven Chinese who were surrendered by the Coreans immediately upon Consul Mayers making the demand. The third European, Brinckmann, the German, could not be found, and it is presumed that he met with foul play on board the junk, as he had not landed in Corea.

The wreck of the Chusan had already been burned by order of the government, so far as the Coreans knew how to burn her, and the English were allowed to take what they wanted of the rescued property. The two prisoners had been kindly treated, and had been sent ten miles back into the country, and orders had been asked from the government as to what they should do to them, but no answer had been received from Seoul, the capital, when the Ringdove arrived. So that the promptness of the Consul's action probably saved disagreeable complications.

The Hertha is to go down to the scene of the wreck to clear up the mystery of the fate of the German and to inquire into the particulars of the wreck of the Volador, another vessel just lost on the Corean coast.

I take the following from the Shanghae *Evening Courier*. As the documents have never before been published they will be found interesting as containing what is most probably the solution of the General Sherman mystery. They now come to light through the Chinese Foreign Office:—

COREAN REPLY TO INQUIRIES OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER WACHUSETT.

The Intendant of Circuit in the Hwang Hae district, Corea, and *sandieu* Inspector of the Imperial Board of Directors, makes the following reply to the commander of the steamer Wachusett, anchored on our coast, off the district of Chang-Yuen, viz., that he has examined the captain's letter of the 14th inst., forwarding a communication which you simply wish to be transmitted to my Sovereign, and proposing to wait the reply of the Minister of the Frontier. The local magistrate of the said place was in duty bound to have informed you that the road going and returning would be quite long, and to have treated you with kindness and sincerity, so detaining your honored vessel for a reply. Now, however, before the arrival of the reply the guest from afar had already departed; so doing, how grievously have we offended the rules of propriety! Aside from the fact that the local magistrate has received a demerit mark, I have prepared a despatch in reply, to be kept in readiness in case your honored vessel should return.

And, first, I beg to state in general, as regards the circumstances of this affair, that the local regulations of our country are preferences to the merchant ships of a foreign country driven hither by adverse winds are, that in case the vessel is sound, we are to furnish provisions and whatever she needs while waiting for a wind to depart. In case the vessel is not sound, and there is no means of proceeding by sea, then we are to follow their wish in sending an officer to escort them by land to Peking, which thing has occurred heretofore, not merely once. Such a course we look upon as in accordance with true benevolence. He who is in heaven above regards the people of neighboring nations just as he does our own. Your worthy communication, which I have just received, is so exceedingly complimentary as to make us feel quite ashamed.

With reference to the affair which transpired last autumn in the Ping-Yang River I would state that at that time there was a foreign vessel entered the lower waters of the Ping-Yang River, and the local magistrate of that place, supposing that the vessel was driven hither by distress of weather, and consequently sent a vessel to examine or proceed to make inquiry into the matter. But the men on board of the vessel became greatly enraged at the messenger and refused to make any reply, shutting their eyes and laying down at their ease, clearly intending to offer insult. Our people restrained their anger, and by the most humble address and earnest entreaty found out that they were not driven by storms. There was one man named Tsuy, calling himself a Frenchman, and another, said to be an Englishman. They said that a large number of French men-of-war were about to come to this place, and that if the local magistrate would suffer them to open trade with the people it would secure the dispersion of the soldiers of the two countries.

The local magistrate replied that permission to trade was not a thing which a local magistrate could assume to promise. The man Tsuy, however, refused to regard it, becoming more and more unreasonable and violent. The water in the Ping-Yang River is shallow and unfit for running large vessels; but he disregarded this, and every day riding on the tide, went up a few miles further. Our people were specially anxious that the affair should not become serious, and so presented them with rice, meat, vegetables, fruit, fuel, &c., &c., viz.:—the man Tsuy, replied that he would leave the next day, but when the next day came, instead of leaving, they advanced again, evidently intending gradually to push their way to the provincial city. The Adjutant General of the provincial city went out in a vessel every day and escorted them, in order to guard against trouble from a collision between these people and ours. One day they threw out grappling irons and ropes and captured the vessel of the Adjutant General, seizing him with his official seal and confining him on board the vessel. In some cases the trading vessels they met passing to and fro they rent to pieces with their cannon, carrying off the goods and killing the crew. I do not know to the extent of how many. Far and near all were exceedingly alarmed, and fled in continuous streams. How extreme was the disgrace of the Adjutant General thus to be seized before hostilities had begun; nevertheless we still resorted only to mild words and earnest entreaty, requesting that the Adjutant General should be given up, but the reply was, "Wait till we enter the city and we will restore him." This man Tsuy could speak Chinese, and was without a match in fierceness and boughtiness, and seemed determined to force his way into the provincial city, though we did not know what his intentions were. The whole city, including several ten thousands of soldiers and people yielding to their indignant rage, came out in a mass to the river and commenced an attack with all their might, intending to rescue the Adjutant General. Several tens of people were killed by the cannon balls, whereupon, becoming infuriated, rushed on in a mass, the force of which was irresistible; fire was opened on both sides, and masses of burning wood were sent forth. Finally the powder stored in said vessel exploded, rending it to pieces and sending the black smoke up to the heavens; the vessel was entirely burned up and the men all killed. We do not still know whether this vessel belonged to your honorable country or not. This man Tsuy without cause pushed his way into the interior of another country and provoked this affair, and examination has to this time failed to discover his object in acting thus.

It appears from your honorable communication that the vessel of our guest is of a different nationality from that claimed by this man Tsuy. The beginning and end of this affair amount simply to this—That your honored country's customs greatly tend to produce propriety in intercourse with others is well known to all the provinces, as well as to our illustrious neighbor in China. As to what is said in your honored communication about continuing former relations of friendship without any occasion of mutual injury (I will simply say that this affair) is, but as a particle of autumn dust, not worthy to be entertained as a matter of doubt and solicitude. I now respectfully present this reply, asking you to make all