NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMORIAL OF MRS. H. M. FIELD.

HOME SKETCHES IN FRANCE, AND OTHER PAPERS. By the late Mrs. HENRY M. FIELD. 12mo. pp. 256. George P. Putnam's Sons.

The numerous friends of the lady whose recent death has called forth such sincere expressions of grief from a wide circle of acquaintance, will welcome this volume as a precious, though inadequate, memorial of her rare social virtues and the brilliant powers of her intellect. They will not, indeed, find in its pages the cordial tones of her voice, and the animated features of her countenance, which imparted a perpetual charm to her presence, but they will everywhere perceive the tokens of the singular acuteness of observation, the clear and vivid perceptions, and the pervading sanity of intellect which marked her social intercourse, and made her conversation as instructive as it was delightful. Had Mrs. Field chosen to devote herself to a literary career, it is certain that she would have won signal triumphs. She possessed a breadth and solidity of mind which is seldom found even in the most popular female writers. Her creative fancy was always under the dominion of good taste and good sense. Free from every tendency to erratic excesses, her sound judgment was no less conspicuous than her brilliant imagination. Combined with these intellectual qualities, her power of expression, in spite of the embarrassments of a foreign language, always enabled her to present her thoughts in the purest light of truth, without invoking the aid of artificial embellishment. Her success in literature was thus assured both by the structure of her intellect and the traits of her character. But she possessed little of the ambition which is the usual spur to productive authorship. She was content with the ample triumphs which never failed to await her in the intercourse of society, and cherished no lingering desire for distinction in a wider sphere. Hence, she was far less known by her writings than by her personal influence. The justness of thought and vivacity of expression which would have given her a name in literature, had they been treasured in the pages of a book, were only embodied in the transient graces of her conversation. The present volume consists mainly of fugitive papers, which she had written under the impulses of friendship, without the thought or the desire of a large publicity, but which afford a faithful transcript of the feeling and intelligence which distinguished her character. As a specimen of her talent for vivid description, we take the following passages from a letter on Père Hyacinthe at the church of Notre Dame in Paris:

At last I have seen and heard the famous Père Hyacinthe, whose name reached us on the other side of the ocean. He was one of the celebrities who attracted me to Paris; but as he had left for Brussels, where he was to preach in Lent, I had little hope of being able to gratify my curiosity. But when the journals announced that he was to appear yesterday at Notre Dame, I resolved not to lose this opportunity; and at 11 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a friend from New-York, I was at the cathedral. I supposed that we should be the first to arrive; but already a numerous crowd occupied the chairs around the pulpit. We succeeded, however, in finding places from which we could see and hear perfectly; and, as the sermon was not to commence till 2, we prepared ourselves for a long meditation. I pitied a little my young companion, but gave myself up without reluctance to these three hours of revery. You know my fondness for these old cathedrals, gray with centuries, and full of a solemn melancholy. Although the edifice filled rapidly, there was no rush or noise. The crowd entered quietly; and the silence of the vast pile was unbroken except by the chanting of some priests around the altar for one of the canons of the cathedral, to whom they were rendering the last rites of religion. The whole chapter, in full costume, entered in procession, and joined in the solemn service for the dead. We were seated too far to distinguish clearly what was passing around the grand altar; but the chanting, now grave and now plaintive, mingling with the deep tones of the organ, as it swelled and died away in the arches above, had an effect indescribably mournful, and formed a fitting prelude to the service which was to follow, since it was of our Savior's "cross and passion" that the preacher was to speak.

The service for the dead ended, the funeral *cortège* passed slowly through the church; and again all relapsed into silence, until the moment when the high altar was lighted up as by magic, and the voices of children that seemed to issue from all sides, were heard intoning the *Miserere*. The singing of these boy-choirs is shrill and piercing, and as that sharp cry rang through the long aisles, it seemed a wail of anguish wrung from human hearts, imploring peace from the Savior of the world. At this moment, Notre Dame was black with the immense crowd, which filled every corner of the vast edifice. Yet the feeling seemed not one of curiosity, so much as of awe and solemnity, which was especially moved as a procession of priests appeared, laying sacred relics upon the altar—the crown of thorns, the nail, and the spear,—which for this one day were offered to the adoration of the faithful. The signal of this act of superstition for a moment spoiled the whole impression of the scene.

I looked at the congregation, which rose *en masse* at the sight of these relics, with a feeling of astonishment and pity. Had they been presented to us simply as emblems of the real objects associated with our Lord's last agony, we might salute them with respect; for we must confess the immense influence, over the masses, of that which speaks to the eye and imagination. But when they are held up as authentic relics of our Savior's death, we cannot but regard it as a wanton practicing on popular credulity. I observed that the preacher, in the discourse which followed, made but a very faint and cold allusion to these sacred relics, which he did not like to see put on exhibition.

But now the tall Swiss halberdier, making a passage along the aisle, announces the approach of Père Hyacinthe and instantly this whole sea of faces is turned toward him, with an expression of sympathy so intense, as seemed enough to electrify one who came in all simplicity and sincerity to bring them to the words of life. He followed slowly, with his eyes cast down, his face pale and, mounting the steps of the pulpit, he knelt down, and buried his face in silent prayer then, rising, he stood with erect and majestic form, and for some moments regarded in silence those to whom he was to speak, while a deep sigh involuntarily escaped from his large chest.

Although I was already under the magnetism of this extraordinary man, my eye as an artist took in all the surroundings of the scene. In scenic effect, nothing could exceed the beauty of the tableau,—the dark background of the pulpit in ancient carved oak; the form of the preacher, rendered more striking by the robe of his order (he is a Carmelite monk, and wears a long serge gown, with only sandals on his feet), with his white cowl thrown back upon his shoulder, his head shaven so as to leave only a chaplet of hair upon his brow while the light from above fell upon his bare head and his countenance, so sad and beautiful, yet responding with quick sympathy to all the regards turned toward him. Surely, if he had studied all this *mise en scene*, he is a master in the art.

He began to speak; and from that moment I wished to believe in the sincerity in the piety, in the Christian faith of this man, for, if he is not all that, he profanes the most beautiful gifts of Providence. Never did a voice more sympathetic strike my ear; never did art more perfect captivate and control the human heart.

The paper entitled "Home Life in France" will be read with interest as a defense of French society against the assertion that it does not possess the elements of household feeling or the love of family. Foreigners, as Mrs. Field remarks, are apt to take their impression solely from Paris, which attracts them by its brilliancy; they see a great deal of gayety and frivolity on the surface, and hastily conclude that this is the whole of French domestic life; but Paris is not France; nor have they had access to French society of the better class. A more correct impression is given in the following picture of the interior of a French domestic circle:

If I might, without indiscretion, lift the curtain, for a moment, from an interior such as I have often seen, it would give a better idea of a French family than any general description. In the large *salon*—which is not reserved for "company," but is the place of reunion for the whole family—parents and children are seated together around a table, whose central lamp lights up the faces of the whole group. The children are not banished; for in France they are so well trained and well mannered, that, instead of being a pest, as they are in ill-governed homes, they are the joy of the whole household. How cheerful the aspect of the room! What an air of culture in the choice books, and in the exquisite paintings hung on the walls! The mother, still young, is occupied with her needle-work, the father absorbed in reading, and the boys perhaps studying the lesson for the next day. But, among all the figures in that circle, the one which is the center of interest is seated in an easy chair, at the corner of the fire, her feet resting on a foot stool, and her knitting lying negligently on her knees. It is the grandmother, the queen of that little realm. How charming she is, with her white hair, and that little cap so matronly and becoming, which French taste only can create with a bit of lace and a few bows of ribbon! "Grandpapa" is a little old; with his business—the great interest of life—is over. But the grandmother has nothing of that sad silence which in old people is at once so touching and so painful. She is still young in her feelings. Woman in France, repressed and restrained in early years, develops slowly; and hence she retains her freshness so long. This natural vivacity, when united with observation and experience of life, renders her, even in old age, the most charming of companions. She is the one of whom the young married couple take sage counsel; it is into her discreet ear that the son, just home from college, confides his first attempt at poetry or eloquence; to her the young girl whispers the secret of her first love, which even in France sometimes escapes maternal vigilance. In a word, she is the universal confidante and counselor.

French novels have held up to unsparing ridicule the mother-in-law, the terror of young husbands; and it may indeed happen that the mother is not always prudent enough to release a daughter from her control, and to give her up to another. She may well show a little impatience before she abdicates her power. But the good grandmother has long since renounced any such antagonism. The object of affectionate reverence, her mission is to draw all hearts together; and in that soft adjunct place of love she passes the evening of her days.

In this quiet picture of domestic love and happiness, one thing only is wanting to render it complete—that faith which is the purest source of earthly joy. In France, religion has fallen into decay. It lingers in old families in the country; but, as they come more in contact with the world, it is apt to grow reserved and formal, if it does not give place to total indifference. Why is it that it commands but a cold respect, or the mere ceremony of worship? It is not that the French are more irreligious than other people. The dislike is not so much of religion as of the Church. The latter dreads the priest coming into his home, gaining influence over his wife and daughters, by the confessional prying into the secrets of the family, and assuming to rule their conscience and their life. It is this shadow creeping between him and those he loves that excites his aversion. The mother tries to keep alive a religious faith among her children; but as there is no reading of the Bible, as in Protestant countries, it is only a vague sentiment. Yet its secret influence appears in a high and inflexible morality, and constant acts of Christian charity; and, in the avidity with which they follow eloquent preachers, there is more than a merely intellectual interest. This yearning after a spiritual life sometimes brightens into a character so pure and good, that none can deny that the spirit of religion is there; and we are spared the sad confession that the French home—so beautiful in all beside—is yet without a God and without an altar.

An admirable paper on George Eliot, besides a fine discriminating criticism on the character of the writings of that gifted woman, contains an account of a personal interview with her, which presents both the great novelist and her visitor in a highly favorable light.

In a late visit to the old country, there was no one whom we more desired (though less expected) to see. And we accounted it a fortunate circumstance which permitted us, without intrusion, to spend an hour or two with her in her own home. She lives in London, near Regent's Park, on what is called the "North bank," where the great city verges away into the country; and, spreading out in all directions, the houses are no longer crowded together in solid masses, each square looking like a huge factory, but stand apart, surrounded by grass and flowers. Such a position has all the convenience of the city, with rural retirement. The roar of London, which never ceases day nor night, here sinks into a faint murmur, as if dying away in the distance. All is silence, comfort, and repose. In this beautiful suburb, hidden by a wall which shuts out all jarring sights and sounds, stands the home of the author of "Adam Bede." Enter the gate, and you see a square house of two stories, with no architectural pretensions, but which yet has about it an air of taste which is very attractive. The plainest dwelling is made beautiful when it stands on a carpet of green turf, embowered in roses and honeysuckles. How delicious this quiet, and this air of the country, on the borders of a great city! What a retreat for an author! Not Southey or Wordsworth, amid the hills and lakes of Cumberland, lived and wrote with more profound transquillity. The interior has the same character of refined simplicity. There is nothing pretentious. The furniture is simple and modest; yet there is a harmony of color which pleases the eye. White draperies soften without intercepting the rays of the sun, which play among the flowers in the window, the smell of which fills the room. All this the eye takes in at a glance, before it rests on the mistress of this charming English home.

The appearance of "George Eliot," or Mrs. Lewes, has been often described. There was a very good portrait of her in the exhibition last year at the Royal Academy. No one who had overseen her could mistake the large head (her brain must be heavier than most men's) covered with a mass of rich auburn hair. At first I thought her tall; for one could not think that such a head could rest on an ordinary woman's shoulders. But as she rose up her figure appeared of but medium height. She received us very kindly. In seeing, for the first time, one to whom we owed so many happy hours, it was impossible to feel toward her as a stranger. All distance was removed by her courtesy. Her manners are very sweet, because very simple and free from affectation. To me her welcome was the more grateful as that of one woman to another. There is a sort of freemasonry among women, by which they understand at once those with whom they have any intellectual sympathy. A few words, and all reserve was gone. "Come, sit by me on this sofa," she said; and instantly, seated side by side, we were deep in conversation. It is in such intimacy one feels the magnetism of a large mind informed by a true woman's heart; then, as the soul shines through the face, one perceives its intellectual beauty. No portrait can give the full expression of the eye, any more than of the voice. Looking into that clear, calm eye, one sees a transparent nature, a soul of goodness and truth, an impression which is deepened as you listen to her soft and gentle tones. A low voice is said to be an excellent thing in woman. It is a special charm of the most truly cultured English ladies. But never did a sweeter voice fascinate a listener—so soft and low, that one must almost bend to hear. You can imagine what a pleasure it was thus to sit for an hour beside this gifted woman, and to hear her talk of questions interesting to the women of England and America.

But I should do her great injustice, if I gave the impression that there was in her conversation any attempt at display. There is no wish to "shine." She is above that affectation of brilliancy which is often mere flippancy. Nor does she seek to attract homage and admiration. On the contrary, she is very averse to speak of herself, or even to hear the heartfelt praise of others. She does not engross the conversation, but is more eager to listen than to talk. She has that delicate tact—which is one of the fine arts among women—to make others talk, suggesting topics the most rich and fruitful, and by a word drawing the conversation into a channel where it may flow with a broad, free current. Thus she makes you forget the celebrated author, and thing only of the refined and highly cultivated woman. You do not feel awed by her genius, but only quickened by it, as something that calls out all that is better and truer. While there is no attempt to impress you with her intellectual superiority, you feel naturally elevated into a higher sphere. The conversation of itself floats upwards into a region above the commonplace. The small talk of ordinary society would seem as out of place as would a singular extravagance about her, as of those mild eyes looked deep into your soul, and awaked truths of existence. To her, life is a serious reality, and the gift of genius a grave responsibility.

The closing part of the preceding extract might almost be taken as a portraiture of the writer herself. Without claiming the gifts of genius, which have given the name of George Eliot such a unique distinction in modern literature, Mrs. Field unconsciously describes the characteristics which made her so remarkable a power in the society of New-York. The volume of "scattered leaves fallen from her hand, which are now laid as a withered wreath upon her grave," will recall those characteristics to many who enjoyed the honor of her friendship, and who will long tenderly cherish her memory. The fleeting lights which adorned her social intercourse will find a welcome place in the more permanent forms of literature.

OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. By C. EDWARDS LESTER. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 482. United States Publishing Company.

The present volume of Mr. Lester's historical offering to the approaching anniversary completes the narrative of events to the close of the war with Great Britain in 1815. It exhibits the successive steps in the establishment of political liberty in this country from the discovery of the continent to the third year of Mr. Madison's administration. Mr. Lester's method includes a large proportion of biographical notices, which relieves the narrative from the monotony of purely historical statement, and affords ample scope for the personal anecdote and picturesque delineations which form a prominent element in his style of composition. His work is evidently the fruit of study and research; without adding at new results by the comparison of original documents, which would perhaps be a thankless task at the present day, he has made diligent use of the highest current authorities; and with unusual power of compression has exhibited a vivid panorama of incidents, which are usually scattered over a wide space. His peculiar tastes doubtless lead him to the romantic features of the history rather than to the severe analysis of causes and principles, but we do not find that he is disposed to sacrifice the accuracy of his narrative for the sake of vivacity of expression and brilliancy of effect. The reader who demands a certain range of expression as the highest merit of the historian, will take a delight in the florid portraitures of the author, who never scruples to enliven his pages with the hues of the rainbow instead of confining himself to the sober colors of household prose. Still no one can contemplate his living dramatic pictures without receiving a profound impression of the scenes to which they are devoted, and will perhaps bring away as great an amount of exact knowledge, as if it had been presented in the form of a dissertation rather than a dithyrambic.

WHAT IS MUSIC? By ISAAC L. RICE. 12mo. pp. 91. D. Appleton & Co.

Before presenting his own views on the fundamental theories of music, the author of this essay gives a summary of the opinions that have been held in ancient times and during the middle ages, together with a discussion of the more recent doctrines of Euler, Herbert Spencer, and Professor Helmholtz. Waiving he cannot accept the theories of Mr. Spencer on the subject, he has the good nature to inform us that the ideas of Helmholtz are "broad and comprising, resting upon the strongest natural proof, and more nearly approaching the truth than any that he has yet had occasion to notice." This is a concession for which doubtless the Heidelberg and Berlin professor will be duly grateful. Mr. Rice does not however vouchsafe to let us know whether he regards his own theories as a substitute for those of Helmholtz, or as their further development and completion. The gist of his doctrine consists in the principle that the forms of the Beautiful in time and space are not separate and distinct things, as they appear to be, but are connected by the strongest and most positive analogies. Music existing in time, and time being motion, it is the characteristic of music to be emotive. The principles that are manifested in the forces that govern external nature, gravity, centrifugal force, and attraction, are likewise manifested in the internal government of music. Hence, music is not accidental and human, but dynamical and cosmical. These speculations are certainly novel, if not profound or instructive, but they will scarcely do away with the need of studying the analyses of Spencer and Helmholtz, though they may be mastered with a much smaller outlay of time and labor.

NEW NOVELS.

A FICTITIOUS MONSTER—A WASHINGTON STORY—OLD MR. SMITH.

EMERSONVILLE, April 29.—Our old neighbor said meditatively the other day, "What you call the 'progress of civilization' does away with a great deal I should be glad to retain. I'm not quite an 'old fogy,' but I really wouldn't object to bonfires of books clerically hit after the fine old fashion. I'm not sure but that those priests whom bibliomaniac must do execrate were wise rather than otherwise. I can imagine a not unpleasant kindling out of my library if the Rev. Mr. MacNab of the First Presbyterian Church down in the village had the privilege of making a sacrifice under my apple-trees. There are twenty volumes of transcendental trash and of merely emotional orthodoxy—they might burn and welcome. There are books of poetry no end on that shelf—most of them may go. And as for novels—blessed would be the clerical censor who would give over to cremation ten out of a dozen of them.

"I went through this new thing of Mr. Benedict's yesterday—'Mr. Vaughan's Heir'—and came out gasping. The chief character is a cultivated man in good society—though a member of Congress—and a more unreasonably diabolical monster than ever decorated the pages of my youthful reading. He defrauds men and destroys women, he tries to murder, and sells the grave of his mother-in-law—he is a thoroughly unpleasant fellow and he dominates the book like a very bad smell. It takes a great genius, a magnificent art, to make such a character tolerable; his lordship, the Marquis of Steyne, may grin on my shelf, but Master Vaughan is a milliner's villain whose existence in real life or in a novel is equally without excuse. If I were obliged to choose between a bad smell and no smell of any description whatever—say between Mr. Benedict's book and 'Arthur Bonnicastle'—I really think I should submit to the odorous alternative. Yet 'Mr. Vaughan's Heir' is the kind of fiction that pleases the average novel reader; and indeed it has a better style and method than the average popular novel; sometimes it even suggests that really clever and agreeable story of Mr. Benedict's, 'Miss Van Kortland.'

"'Alice Brand,' another new American novel, I have felt a certain interest in because it assumes to give a picture of Washington ways at a particular political period. Miss Alice is a pretty girl who goes to the capital at the close of the civil war, becomes acquainted with various typical characters of that time, all more or less outrageous, and when enters a great suit at law which Mr. Riddle's profession gives him the ability to describe with a good deal of vigor and picturesqueness. The hero is the usual frank and energetic American of our novels, and ends his troubles by getting all he wants, particularly the pretty heroine. The book has a masculine style, and here and there shows a good bit of work; I wouldn't exactly devote it to the MacNab sacrifice, but it was written with too evident haste. There isn't much literary conscience in the possession of modern story-tellers, I think. They write fast and recklessly, and make a murder serve for matter and soap-suds for subtlety. It is at their peril; perhaps even I shall live to see that inevitable happy day when Wilkie Collins, for instance, will be as truly forgotten as is Mistress Anne Radcliffe.

"There's one sort of story that is a constant aggravation to me—that which is almost as faultless and meek as Moses as to its style, but which has no particular reason for being. It hurts nobody, and if nobody is a critic nobody wants to hurt it. It is too still to give you an indigestion, but you don't like it any the better for that. It is like a strawberry that has ripened in the shade or a good woman without sentiment. Such a book is 'Elsie: A Lowlind Sketch;'—a pretty story enough, but without the delicate will-o'-the-wisp quality which its style of quiet simplicity calls for. The book is unimportant if true. So, too, is 'Ralph Wilton's Weird,' which brings back the governess-heroine—the young woman who is always very strong in her mind and weak in her purse, and who is inevitably very much crushed by her feminine employers only to be exalted by the most eligible bachelor in the company. In this case the governess turns out to be an heiress, which would seem to be a rightful reward for the man who resistedly marries a beautiful, clever, and adoring girl. Here is another reconciliation—'Slowly Married'—a tale of the British aristocracy. 'It is very pretty,' as the young lady said when she gazed for the first time at Niagara. It is a mixture of 'petite foot,' despair, pink cashmere and swans-down, fervid affections, black satin, injured husband, toast and tea, insanity and frilled nightcaps, pistols, any do, I shan't mind, and general illustration of combination for which the British aristocracy is widely noted. The heroine is a mischievous imbecile, the hero is a crooked sketch done in gruel, the villain is a vulgar maniac—and they are all very fashionable and exquisitely well dressed. This is one of those remarkable volumes the existence of which goes to prove the truth of Mr. Carlyle's opinion as to the great fools in society. Their situations rarely vary. The beautiful and ethereal wife lies in a white heap on the floor or bounces about with floating hair and gleaming feet; the young husband holds a pistol in a shaking hand with some large rings on it, and observes wildly, 'What is life worth?' And the villain is always chewing his mustache and making stupid remarks in a tone of cold indifference.

"The best novel of the Spring is 'Mr. Smith,' by an unknown L. C. Walton. It is as original as its title is common. Of John Smith has been made a character so fine that even his name grows inventive. He is an ancient bachelor, with money, gray hair, a good heart, a sad history, and a generous overflow. He drops into a nook of Ireland where three pale women determine to marry him for his money—at least of his possessions. Here is the old ending. He force of his thoroughly noble and manly character the old bachelor wins the brightest coquette of all to love him very truly, and to such he dies almost in the hour of betrothal, he leaves her altered for life to a high-minded and sincere woman. Poor old Mr. Smith sweetens everything that is disagreeable in the book, and when he closes his honest and kindly eyes for ever remains a healthy and happy memory."

And here, this paper ordained, our neighbor grew silent, and went into a reverie before the red and hospitable hearth. L. L.

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Below Fourteenth-st.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE UP-TOWN OFFICES, Nos. 1,238 Broadway, cor. Thirty-third st., or 308 West Twenty-third st., at the HARLEM OFFICE, Third Avenue, cor. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth st., Harlem Savings Bank Building; and at the BROOKLYN BRANCH OFFICE, No. 5, Washington st., next door to the Post-Office, in the P. O., at regular office rates.

A HANDSOMELY furnished ROOM to let; 2d story front; 157 West Houston st., near Macdougal st.

A YOUNG man will give $50 to any person who will find him a BOARDING-HOUSE, receiving first-class references and 3 years experience. Address M. S., Tribune Office.

A RESPECTABLE American gentleman can have a comfortable furnished room, also board if desirable for good friends; location central, near Lexington ave. and 42d st. Best of city. Address Tribune Office.

HIGH-ST., 150 West, near Sixth-ave., with board, large pleasant rooms, hot and cold water, gas, fire-places, every convenience; location unusually pleasant and desirable. References.

WAVERLEY-PLACE, HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET, to gentlemen, with board, single or en suite; location only one block from the New-York Hotel; home comforts; terms moderate.

EAST 10TH-ST., near University-place—Handsomely FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET, to a private family, without board, to gentlemen only; references required.

BEDFORD.—Newly-furnished ROOMS to LET, with BOARD, at very moderate prices, between Grandine and Lefferts.

9TH-ST., between Broadway and University place—Elegantly furnished ROOMS, single or in a suite, terms reasonable; house and table first class; references exchanged.

GRAMERCY-PARK, East 20th-st.—Large front room on second floor, for a first-class party, with board; other vacancies soon; house extra size; location superior; privilege of the Park.

East Side.

FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED ROOMS to LET, with or without Board. 206 East 40th st.

22D-ST., 116 EAST.—To let, handsomely furnished PARLOR floor, three rooms deep; together or separately; also other nicely furnished rooms on third floor; to gentlemen only.

27 BEEKMAN-PLACE.—SUIT OF ROOMS, third floor, splendid water view, with BOARD; gentleman and wife, or gentleman; one room on fourth floor; American private family.

35 EAST 21ST-ST.—Desirable ROOMS, with good BOARD.

35 EAST 22D-ST.—Nicely furnished ROOMS TO RENT, with first-class BOARD; also, table boarders taken; references exchanged.

36 EAST 20TH-ST.—PARLOR FLOOR, 3 large rooms, handsomely furnished; private bath room, closets, &c.; with private table; also rooms for gentlemen, without board.

115 EAST 26TH-ST.—Two very pleasant front third story ROOMS, newly fitted up; price reasonable, with the use of second story during hot months; BOARD if required.

121 EAST 23D-ST.—FURNISHED ROOMS, with BOARD, en suite or singly; house and appointments first class; references exchanged.

151½ EAST 26TH-ST.—A few young men can have good BOARD and pleasant Rooms for $5.50 per week, where home comforts can be had; also two connecting Rooms to let, nicely furnished, with or without board.

272 MADISON-AVE.—FRONT ROOMS, second story; all conveniences; large pantry, to let, with board; terms moderate; references.

$6.—LARGE, fully furnished OFFICE TO LET to a physician several hours each day; breakfast if desired. 129 East 29th st., corner Lexington ave.

Brooklyn Board.

TWO elegant, second-floor, front ROOMS, with first-class board, for adults; residence completely furnished; beautifully and conveniently located; accommodations unsurpassed; liberal terms to desirable party. Address, for interview, Post-Office Box 2,503, New-York City.

Country Board.

A FEW FAMILIES can obtain BOARD and pleasant ROOMS among the mountains, from May 1; terms moderate. Address L. TITUS, Central Valley, Orange county, N. Y.

BOARD at GLEN RIDGE, Cornwall, N. Y.—House open from May 1. JAMES G. ROE.

BOARDING in the COUNTRY for CHILDREN from 3 to 7 years old. Addr. as S. M. G., 17 Bond, Kings Bridge road, or at 952 3d-ave.

BOARDERS WANTED.—Any one wishing board in a private family can find good accommodations at A. L. WAITES', East Dorset, Vt., one mile from depot.

COUNTRY BOARD from May 1.—Location quiet, retired, healthy, and remarkably pleasant, spacious rooms for families declining housekeeping; prices very low; unexceptionable references. L. F. BUDLEY, Cornwall, Conn.

COUNTRY BOARD.—Elegant farm and mountain air, plenty of fruit and vegetables; 26 miles via Erie Railway. Terms $7 per week; children half price. Refer to J. H. Pulis, northeast cor. of Hudson and 13 sts., P. O. address, WM. ACKERMAN, Saddle River P. O., Bergen Co., N. J.

DESIRABLE ROOMS with first-class BOARD, may now be engaged by the season or permanently; mountain air, large grounds; shade and fruit; two minutes from station. Apply to Mrs. MATTHEWS, corner Maine and Grove sts., East Orange, N. J.

ONE of the finest places to spend the Summer is on the Highlands of Somerset, New-Jersey; entirely free from chills and fever; any malaria; no mosquitoes; a good table at moderate prices; plenty of strawberries, pure water, &c. W. SCOTT, Shongum Leather Bank, Flemington, Proprietor; Bernardsville, Somerset Co., N. J.

PARTIES looking for a good COUNTRY HOME may be accommodated with BOARD and HOMES from May 10, for the season, at farm-house in high ground near the Catskills, with beautiful surroundings, plenty of shade, milk, etc., piano in house and good sailing for boats. Reference, D. C. HALLOCK, 151 West 36th st. Address P. O. Box 55, Freehold, Greene Co., N. Y.

VERY desirable accommodations and first-class BOARD can be had for a season of twelve weeks from the 24th of June at Morristown, N. J. Address P. O. Box 48.

$12 PER MONTH will pay the BOARD of one lady of refinement and required. Address Mrs. T., care of W. H. Wells, 202 Broadway.

Board and Rooms Wanted.

BY GENTLEMAN, engaged in a Seminary, BOARD in a family willing to take French lessons as part of expenses. D. B., Tribune Office.

Summer Retreats.

GREYLOCK HALL, Williamstown, Berkshire county, Mass. This delightful summer resort, located among the hills of northern Berkshire, commanding grand mountain scenery, is now in its usual elegant and attractive condition for the season, and will be arranged for the comfort of its guests, will be opened June 10, with a scale of prices to meet the requirements of the times. STREETER & SWIFT, Proprietors.

HIGHLAND HOUSE, Garrison, N. Y.—In the Highlands of the Hudson. 350 feet above the river. Terms, June and September, $12 to $15 per week; July and August, $15 to $18. Apply to Grand Union Hotel, 42d st. & 4th-ave. for particulars. G. F. & W. D. GARRISON, Proprietors.

ROUND HILL HOTEL, Northampton, Mass. "PARADISE OF AMERICA."—Jenny Lind. Opens May 1. Terms reasonable; great inducements for Spring, Fall, or Winter. Send stamp for "Tourist's Guide."

SEVEN SPRINGS MOUNTAIN HOUSE OPENS JUNE 1, affording the all pleasures and highest comforts; band of music as formerly; early and late sea bathing; no mosquitoes; for circulars address DAWSON & CO., 10 Broadway, or Montgomery, N. Y.

SUMMER VACATION IN BERKSHIRE, at Maplewood Hall, Pittsfield, Mass. A region of rare attractiveness and unbroken seasons. Best five hours from Boston and New-York. Open for guests May 1. Terms moderate. Address E. F. CARRIER.

Hotels.

Out of Town Hotels.

SANDS POINT HOTEL,
SANDS POINT, L. I.,
will open May 1 for Summer guests. Steamer Seawanhaka leaves Peck slip daily at 4, and Thirty-third st., E. R., at 4.15. Returning, leaves Sands Point at 7.30 a. m. G. DUNSPAUGH.

Sales by Auction.

A. Merwin, Auctioneer.

BY HANGS, MERWIN & Co., 656 Broadway, near Bond st.—Sales of Books, Works of Art, Fancy Goods.
WEDNESDAY, May 5, at 7 p. m. RARE ILLUSTRATED STANDARD BOOKS, choice and usual. Catalogues ready.

George J. Smith, Auctioneer, No. 11 Chambers-st.

BY VIRTUE of a foreclosure of chattel mortgage I will sell at 10 o'clock a. m. on TUESDAY, May 4, 1875, on the premises in West 26th st., between 11th ave. and North River, all the Machinery, Brass Saws, Shoe Fixtures, Steam Fitting, &c. GEO. J. SMITH, Attorney for Mortgagee.

JOHN H. DRAPER, Auctioneer.—JOHN H. DRAPER & CO. will sell on FRIDAY, May 7, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, by order Vice-Admiral Jenkins, U. S. N., condemned stores, comprising—Miscellaneous Department: 6,000 cartridges for rifle, pistol, carbine, &c., in assorted quantities and qualities. Equipment Department: 100 old pounds old chain, 4,000 pounds old rope, hose, hair, sail cloth, &c. Navigation Department: Musical instruments, lanterns, lamps, compasses, mathematical instruments, &c. Catalogues may be had on application at the Yard. A deposit of 25