THE STATE CAPITAL.

Easter at the Capital—The Philistines Departed—The Tax Levies on the Stocks: To be Launched on Tuesday—Probable Republican Opposition—Shoo, Fly, Won't Bother Them—The Countrymen's "Little Bills" in a Hurry.

ALBANY, April 17, 1870.

The Philistines have all left the city to the sanctity of its Easter festivities. The Church, and not the Capitol, holds rule to-day, but not a lobbyist nor a politician darkens the door of either church or Capitol. The ceremonies of Resurrection Day at the Cathedral were superb. At St. Peter's the solemnities of this great festival were also as grandly observed as the more simple rites of the Episcopalian faith would permit. In both edifices piety and fashion made a most respectable effort at metropolitan demonstration.

THE LAW MAKERS

and their army of camp followers will be in upon us like an avalanche to-night. There is interesting work in the coming week, especially for the camp followers, would-be sutlers, quartermasters and all the other hungry hangers-on of the Albany *corps d'armée*, because, after a little breathing time to-morrow over the usual introduction of bills, resolutions and petitions,

THE PLETHORIC TAX LEVY,

a dainty dish to be picked at, nibbled and finally devoured, is the special order for Tuesday. Then wont the cormorants open wide their bills and flap their wings! Just think of the millions to be appropriated and disbursed, and the multitude of places to be provided by the remodelled commissions! Think, too, of the starving cohorts of "outs" who, for so many dreary years have been standing at the doors of the republican commissions, like Lazarus at the gates of Dives waiting for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table! With all these the Delevan caravanserie will be swarmed, and Speaker Hitchman will be half smothered with applications for the "privilege of the floor." There have been so many wise consultations over the levies that

NO TROUBLE

is anticipated about there passage beyond a show of opposition, which is all on the surface. Sweeny and Tweed, with their lively co-worker, Aleck Frear, have doubtless made all smooth for a safe and speedy passage. Old Socrates, from the region of salt, will, of course, be very solemn in his denunciation of the bills—as solemn, but as powerless, as that Onondaga squatter, the Cardiff giant. Littlejohn's mellow tones will echo from the roof of the Assembly chamber while he "deplores" the introduction of certain features into the bills, about which he probably knows very little, and, still more probably, cares less. But then there is a republican constituency in Oswego to be gratified, and although Mr. Littlejohn is not a violent partizan and has not demeaned himself on the floor during the session in that capacity, but rather with calm and statesmanlike dignity, except when party measures were directly thrust upon him, he cannot be expected to enjoy the miraculous gift of indifference to the party prejudices of those who sent him here. And so with the sage Alvord. Syracuse has a voice, though its giant is voiceless. Due respect must be paid to the salt workers, who do not affect democracy. Alvord, therefore, has his cue, and he must follow it, like all the rest of them. A debate upon a democratic measure of any kind would be, to quote a worn-out phrase, like the play of Hamlet with the leading Dane, or first gentleman, left out, if the bucolic poetic prose of Husted were wanting. It is true that the interests of

WESTCHESTER AS A COUNTY

are not involved in the tax levies yet there are many residents there whose property lies in New York. This is enough for Husted. There is not a more

FAITHFUL WATCHDOG

for the interests of his locality who sits on the floor—or, I might rather say, stands—for it is only necessary to mention the name "Westchester" either in a bill, resolution or petition, to bring Husted to his feet, poising his head to one side like a gamecock listening to the distant crow of his enemy, with flush on cheek and flash in eye. Therefore he will surely have something to say worth listening to on the tax levies. But all this opposition from the three

LEADERS OF THE MINORITY

will avail nothing. It can only accomplish a little delay, and that is not desirable by the countrymen, whose catalogue of

PRIVATE LITTLE BILLS

is something appalling to contemplate in the coming week's work. They will insist upon the levies being pushed through to make way for their own bills, for herein lyeth the pap.

A STRANGE STORY.

A Feminine Mystery in a Jersey Jail—Is She a Maniac?—Extraordinary Escape from Blackwell's Island.

The authorities of Newark, N. J., are considerably exercised over a mysterious female now confined in the jail there. Yesterday afternoon about five o'clock the cries of a woman in distress reached the ears of a saloon keeper named Courter, who keeps a place on the corner of River and Canal streets, in Newark. The cries proceeded from a stoneyard near by, and rushing out Mr. Courter found a female of wild, maniacal appearance in the hands of a gang of River street ruffians, whose object manifestly was of the most fiendish character. Courter at once sprang to the female's assistance. Her assailants at first showed a disposition to fight, and one of them went so far as to draw a knife. Before he could well use it, however, some citizens came along and the ruffians cleared out. The strange woman was then conducted to the station house, where she gave her name as Ann Blackburn and said she was a fugitive from Blackwell's Island, New York, where she had been confined in the insane department for the last five years. She was placed in a cell and subsequently visited by a HERALD reporter in company with the Chief of Police Peckwell.

She is a woman thirty-five or forty years of age, tall and dark complexioned, and showing evidences of having been exposed to the weather. Her clothes, of the commonest kind, were ringing wet. About her eyes was a peculiar expression. She conversed freely, and answered all questions put to her with readiness and in a manner that scarcely any but a sane person could accomplish. Her story is in effect that she was born in Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, and has a mother and brother residing in Hoboken. Her uncle, who she says is Professor John McIntosh, a Canadian author, left her in his will some 200 acres of land on Prince Edward's Island, half of which is clear and the other woodland. To cheat her out of this she says her mother and brother "Dave" caused her to be placed on Blackwell's Island, where she remained five years. On Friday morning she escaped on a raft composed of two boards. When near the shore of Manhattan Island she would have been drowned, she says, but for an Irishman who rescued her. Her shawl she sold for fifty cents and so procured means to pay her ferriage across to Jersey. She claims to have walked out to Newark.

Such is her story as related by herself, and it remains to be seen whether there is any truth in it or not.

JERSEY CITY NEWS.

Yesterday morning a middle aged man named Charles Hoagier was found dead, with his head crushed against the wall, in a water closet at the rear of Mr. James Reilly's house, corner of Pavonia avenue and Provost street, Jersey City. The body was so marked that suspicions of foul play were aroused and the Coroner was notified. The latter is engaged in working up the case and an inquest will be commenced to-day.

At an early hour yesterday morning Thomas Maloney, Michael Galvin and Michael Welsh entered into a quarrel in a liquor store at the corner of North Third and Grove streets, Jersey City, which resulted in Maloney being compelled to rush out of the place to escape the fury of his associates. The latter pursued him with knives, and stabbed him in the back and in the abdomen. Maloney was afterwards carried to his home, at North Sixth and Grove streets, where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Reeves. Though seriously injured, it is thought he will recover. The assailants were arrested and arraigned before the Recorder, who held them to answer.

THE IRISHMAN WHO REPUDIATES THE BROGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Please publish the following letter to that Irish gentleman who wants to forget that he is an Irishman:—

What are you, who are you, or what part of the Blessed Isle had the misfortune to give you birth? Don't you know that half the attraction and the eloquence Sheridan, Burke and O'Connell possessed arose from the brogue, of which each one of these orators was proud? Don't you know that many a fine lady born in England goes over to Ireland and stays there just long enough to polish her tongue with the flavor of that rich brogue and then returns to her admirers more welcome than ever? There is the music of a full band in that brogue. The birds—ay the blackbird, the thrush and the skylark—try in vain to catch it. They, honest Irish minstrels, would be proud of it. What say you to this, Denis? Yes, and if the angels of heaven have any particular twang at the end of their beautiful tongues (I mean, of course, the female angels) it is taken from Ireland. Denis, I am ashamed of you, and so would your mother be, if you ever had one. Shakspeare, when he wrote his condemnation of those who had no music in their composition, did not dream there could be such a wretch as you are on the face of the globe, or he would have uttered a malediction upon him such as would make the legs of the base ingrate tremble under him. Denis, you need not try to get to heaven; the record is gone up against you. St. Peter would not look at you. TIGH MONREA.

ART NOTES.

Goupil's Gallery.

"JAMAICA," BY F. E. CHURCH.

It is some time since it was the fashion to offer an entertainment consisting of a tragedy or two, several comedies and farces, with a liberal interlarding of singing, dancing and buffoonery, all at one time, as a graceful tribute to a diversified and versatile public taste. It has not passed out of fashion in art. There a style remains much longer than in other departments of human skill. Second or third rate artists have long made quantity atone for defective quality, and sought by ingenious devices to divert the attention and so scatter the interest that the majority of mankind to this day have but the very haziest ideas as to whether the pictures of such men are very good or whether there was only very much of them. It is new, however, for men of Mr. Church's ability. No one is surprised at any number of murders or mysteries from the gifted authoress of "Aurora Floyd." One rather looks for them. One is disappointed if they are wanting. But fancy half a dozen intrigues, seductions and murders, with a general distribution of rewards and punishments at the end, from the dignified and elegant author of "Lays of Ancient Rome," or from the truthful and pathetic author of "David Copperfield." One can imagine the shiver of horror which would seize the bewildered reader, but it is impossible to conceive the impulse which could prompt either of those gentlemen to such an act. No doubt either of them might do it, and do it, perhaps, well, but it would undoubtedly awaken some such feeling as that with which one would see a clergyman dance the tight rope or a professional ballet dancer pausing in his gymnastics to preach.

It is with somewhat kindred feelings one sees a painter, who has won and obtained a position by his poetry and truth of treatment in the foremost rank of landscape painting, take to thunder storms and meteorology; not but that these are very good in their way; they are only not in his way. One is puzzled between the epic, the lyric and the melodramatic. Mr. Church's picture possesses a topographical interest probably quite beyond question. It is not with topography so much as with art that we have to do. It is with the truth and harmony of nature and art. One protests against being hurried from the quiet enjoyment of a luxuriant and gorgeous vegetation, only rivalled by the original, to the consideration of a lurid half thunder storm, half hurricane, very faintly suggestive of the original. Turner has given some very fine storms; but, then, even he did not undertake to treat his admirers to a delicately finished landscape at the same sitting. Claude Lorraine found a whole canvas not more than sufficient to give the full force and spirit of a hurricane.

It is the very essential presence of Mr. Church, in all his most charming characteristics, elsewhere throughout the pictures, which makes one regret he should have hidden himself behind the thunder storm in the left hand corner. We have a very lovely landscape, with a wonderfully well behaved tornado, which leads one, knowing their character in general, to conclude that it is one of the artist's, not of nature's, making. It has come within the experience, doubtless, of very many to see a sudden storm from an elevation where, while a part of the scene is bathed in sunlight, a heavy rain may be falling; but no one ever saw and entered into the feelings of both at one and the same time—the thunder storm, with its wild grandeur, and the quiet, sensuous beauty of a sunlit landscape. The storm is a break in the harmony of the picture. They may be common in Jamaica, but that is no reason for surprising the observer with opposing and conflicting elements. The dignity of the tornado is dwarfed by its subordinate importance, while the harmonious beauty of the scene is marred by the lurid whirl of cloud and mist.

"ROADSIDE ELMS," BY H. W. ROBBINS,

a view on a New England road, bordered by what the painter calls, with painter's license, a sort of artistic metonomy—elms. The scene, as a whole, is charming, and there is in it considerable of character and feeling. There is all the freshness and life of an early summer afternoon. His foreground, with one exception, the trees, is strong and good; his distance is excellent. The sunlight on the grass and the shadows are also very creditable. It seems, however, rather unfortunate that the artist should have selected the weakest point in the painting as the most prominent feature, the key note. To have been told that those meaningless logs, awkwardly thrust into the ground with a shapeless, senseless, sprawling mass of green at their tops, are trees, would have been bad enough, but it really is a little too much to tell us deliberately they are elms, unless an excuse may be found in the fact of their being considerately labelled as such. These evils, however, are not irremediable, and there is far too much good in the picture for wholesale condemnation. When the artist learns to make his trees grow, not into but out of the ground, as they do with very few exceptions in nature, and throws in something of the variety which bright sunlight makes on a mass of foliage, he has the feeling and force which will place him high in the lists of our better landscape painters.

"EXTREMES MEET"—W. P. W. BANA.

The dignity of common places, if not the dignity of art, may be considered as strikingly illustrated in this picture. The artist has seized on the seemingly prosaic elements of shops, shopping, showy dressing, shoe laces, buttons and beggary, and has at least attempted to invest them with the poetry of art. The measure of success is about what one might expect to meet with in such an undertaking. The result is somewhat the effect which might be produced were one to meet a verse of Scripture on a French fashion plate.

Extremes certainly do meet, but in a way possibly the artist may not have intended; for in no respect is it more singularly exemplified than in the meeting of poetry and prose in his well meant work.

Schaus' Gallery.

"CINDERELLA," BY J. VAN LERIUS.

Admitting the direct opposition of truth and fiction, and the truth of the axiom that two negatives equal an affirmative, it would seem to require no ordinary ingenuity to depart very widely from a given fiction, without at least somewhat approaching the truth. This ingenuity is possessed to no small degree by Mr. Van Lerius, of which a second example is offered us in "Cinderella." An able critic, in speaking of General Garibaldi's late tirade on Roman misrule, says it is fact based on fiction, rather than fiction on fact. The Antwerp Professor, however, has gone ahead of that even; for his work, if it can be said to have any relation at all to the fiction whose name it bears, is a fiction on a fiction. Subjected to his skillful treatment the story has come out entirely relieved of any of its original or distinguishing characteristics.

The heroine of the slipper, who, while sulkily awaiting the arrival of the prince with the glass ones, seems to have come to the determination of wearing none at all, having overthrown her distaff, evidently in a fit of temper, sits, with a gloomy scowl on her face, in dangerous proximity to the fire, probably in pursuance of Mrs. Southworth's directions for improving her complexion, which is not so very bad considering the disadvantages of hard work under which she labors. The two sisters are being overloaded with finery, with the obviously needless interference of a homely domestic with a headache, who, although not mentioned in the story, is indispensable as a balance figure to Cinderella, and must have considerably lightened the latter's domestic duties. Considering the excellence of this artist's drapery material, the temptation, after all, to put on as much of it as possible may be somewhat excusable in the two sisters, and may account for the absence of any expression, all having been absorbed in the dress. Impossible would it be for any one to recognize in the sullen, scowling creature of Mr. Van Lerius' manufacture or the two insipid, contorted recipients of his exquisitely rendered millinery the lively, patient little step-daughter or the haughty, overbearing sisters of the fairy tale, which every one at some time or other in his childhood must have so enjoyed.

With his magic brushes the Antwerp Professor has wrought a transformation compared to which those of the good god-mother in the fairy tale of changing a few mice and pumpkins into coaches and horses fade away into utter insignificance and become absolutely trivial compared to those moral miracles she would have to work should she ever meet and chance to recognize the ill-natured girl Mr. Van Lerius has chosen to call Cinderella.

Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

The Direction of the National Academy of Design, the majority of whom it would legitimately seem cannot at best have more than the most vague and confused ideas of ecclesiology—though we trust many may be Christians—have hit upon a very delicate way of paying a pretty compliment to the greater part of the Christian world, in inaugurating the present exhibition publicly on Good Friday—a day we might, by the way, inform them rendered sacred to many as associated with the crucifixion of the founder of Christianity. It really seems a pity that association with art should engender such gross ignorance in religious matters, and it is quite puzzling when one considers how long and close was the union of religion and art.

The idea would have been prettier, perhaps, and more complete had the management so arranged as to open on Ash Wednesday and to close on Easter Sunday, constituting thus what we might call an artistic Lent. As it is, however, let us and other Christian lovers of art be thankful that no definite arrangements were made for Easter Day, and hope that by next season Religion and Art may become sufficiently well acquainted as to make their separate arrangements without interfering with each other. In spite, however, of the unfortunate selection of the time of opening, the exhibition was very well attended Thursday evening by a large number of appreciative patrons of art, though there was a noticeable difference in the class of those attending from on former occasions. The attendance on Good Friday, the public opening, was a strong proof of the opinion in regard to the propriety of the timing. The exhibition itself compares very favorably with previous ones. There is scarcely the improvement which might reasonably be expected; but a slight advance even toward absolute excellence is to be hailed with some satisfaction in these days of a strong tendency toward relaxed care and study in art. Many wretched libels on the very name of art there are, and only too many very manifferent efforts; but it is gratifying to notice, on the other hand, not a small number of those which rise considerably above mediocrity, and several to the region of positive merit.

Mr. Belmont's Collection and the "Sheltering Arms."

Mr. Belmont has most kindly offered to open his gallery of paintings two days of this week for the benefit of the Sheltering Arms. This most noble charity is one which commends itself especially as being exercised in behalf of those who seem peculiarly thrown on the love and watchfulness of Him whose hand is ever outstretched to aid the weak or suffering, and who sees fit to trust them temporarily to our guardianship, and also as one which rises above the narrow limits of sectarian influence and prejudice. It is as far-reaching as the love and tender care which its name implies.

Mr. Belmont's private collection is, doubtless, well known as one of the finest in the country, though the obvious inconveniences attendant on the throwing open to the public of any private gallery prevents their being as well known to the public as one could wish. Through the courtesy of this gentleman we shall have an opportunity of enjoying the several prominent works of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, Gallait, Bouguereau, Knaus, Achenbach, Leys and Merle, which form so attractive a feature of this gallery, and whose names, at least, are so familiar to all.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS.

The real estate market, while giving signs of a possible revival of activity after the 1st of May, when the problem of rental valuations for the next year shall have been demonstrated, continues for the present dull and without new features whereby to determine its probable future in respect to values.

Subjoined are reports of sales made at the desk during the past week, in addition to those already noticed:—

By V. K. Stevenson & Son—Fifty-seventh street, south side, 410 ft. west of Ninth avenue, 15x75 ft., to Miles & Stafford, for $5,000; Fifty-seventh street, south side, 395 ft. west of Ninth avenue, 15x65 ft., to Miles & Stafford, for $5,000; Fifth avenue, fronting Central Park, 77 ft. south of Eighty-fourth street, 25x100, to B. W. Merriam, for $20,000; Fifth avenue, fronting Central Park, 52 ft. south of Eighty-fourth street, 25x100, to B. W. Merriam, for $20,000.

Wm. H. Raynor has sold the lot southwest corner Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, 25.5x100, for $55,500; one lot adjoining, on the avenue, 23x100, for $39,000; one lot adjoining, on the avenue, 25x100, for $42,000, and one on the rear, fronting Fifty-seventh street, 25x73.5, for $20,000, amounting in all to $156,500; sold to Wm. T. Blodgett for his future residence. The above mentioned avenue lots are part of the five lots Griffith Rowe lately purchased of George W. Pathon for $200,000. They have all been resold for $22,000 advance.

Walter Underhill reports the sale of house and plot, 50x200 feet, on Washburton avenue, Yonkers, to M. K. Couzens, for $13,000.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Combination of Employers at Trenton, N. J.—Distressed Condition of the Workmen—Heartless Cruelty to One Poor Man.

A case lately came to light at Trenton, N. J., which establishes the truth of the memorable lines of the Scottish bard, that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." It seems that the proprietors of the Pottery Works at Trenton have made it a rule among themselves that neither of them should give employment to any man who should have previously worked in any of the other potteries in the city. Some four months since all the hands at one shop were discharged, in consequence of some disagreement among the partners of the firm, and work has not since been resumed. The consequence was that the various hands were compelled either to turn themselves to some other work or seek for similar employment in some other part of the country. The employers at the other shops would not receive them. Among the discharged workmen is a poor man named Taylor, who has a wife and a large family depending on him for support. In consequence of the rule already alluded to this poor man has been idle ever since his discharge, and he and his family have been reduced to the verge of starvation. Some days ago he succeeded in getting work from Mr. Moses, who was induced to make an exception in his case, out of consideration for his straitened circumstances. This infringement of an arbitrary arrangement came to the ears of his last employer, whereupon that individual raised quite a "rumpus" with Mr. Moses, and succeeded in having poor Taylor discharged. This cruel proceeding has aroused the just indignation of the employes in all the other potteries throughout the city, and immediate steps will be taken to repeal the arbitrary rule alluded to, and to institute legal proceedings against the tyrannical and heartless employer.

PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN JERSEY BRUISERS.

At an early hour yesterday morning everything had been smoothly arranged for a scuffle between two pugs named John Mehan and John Flaherty, both residents of Jersey City. Several wagons and conveyances had been "hooked" from various doors, and at ten minutes past five in the morning 250 persons were assembled about one mile from Con Donavan's house to witness the "seeing out" of the little unpleasantness between the Johns. Enoch Smith was one of Mehan's seconds, while Mr. Hartigan did the handsome thing for John No. 2. The combatants are each about twenty years of age and appeared in good condition. They came up to the scratch, but the scratching was done by Mehan, who drew first blood. From the outset betting was against Flaherty, who had been vanquished on a former occasion by the same antagonist. Seventeen rounds were fought in twenty minutes. Flaherty, getting the bruises of each round, the sponge was thrown up by his friends, and Mehan was the winner of the fight and fifty dollars. During the battle sentinels were posted to "watch the peelers," and the men cheered in a whisper to prevent detection. In one hour no one was to be seen on the grounds. Flaherty was removed for medical treatment, and the affair terminated unknown to the authorities.

FIRES ON LONG ISLAND.

The people of Long Island are very excited over the occurrence of three fires in one day. On Friday the woods at Lakeland took fire from sparks thrown from a locomotive on the Long Island Railroad. The timber being dry it burned rapidly, and about fifty acres was swept away before it ceased. In the village of Lakeland a fire broke out in the house of James O'Neill, which destroyed the building and its contents of furniture, causing a loss of $3,000, on which there is an insurance of $1,100.

On Saturday evening a fire broke out in a large farm house in Newtown, adjoining the track of the Long Island Railroad, and occupied by a family named Weeden. The house was entirely consumed, as was also the furniture, with the exception of a few valuable pieces. The loss will amount to $4,000, on which there is an insurance of $2,200.

The woods at Oakdale and Islip stations on the Southside Railroad are on fire and in the evening the flames can be seen for a great distance. The buildings belonging to the Southside Sportsmen's Club are in imminent danger. A house belonging to John O'Reilly caught fire from the sparks and was entirely destroyed, causing a loss of $2,200, on which there is an insurance of $800.

IS THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY SWINDLING ITS STOCKHOLDERS?

EASTON, Pa., April 17, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I see by to-day's issue that you have an article in regard to the railroads of the United States; therefore I wish you would give the stockholders of the Central Railroad of New Jersey some information in regard to the management of it. We are aware that the plea is presented that the rolling stock and motive power have been increased to an enormous extent, and that through it we have not derived a dividend. But the inquiry we would make is why it was and what reason prompted the managers to lay up such a large surplus of rolling stock—enough to last for the next five years. Why should an outlay of this kind be made unless some ulterior object or aim was in view? Every one was aware that the prices of material were coming down to a sound basis, and that the price of labor was getting cheaper. But notwithstanding this fact the superintendent has bought at least thirty new locomotives and other equipments in proportion. After strict inquiry the road has on hand at least twenty of these new machines for which there is no use even when the road is working to its full capacity. Why have the managers so much waste on hand? The money which is invested rotting away for want of usage. Can such a ruinous mode of management prevail? No. We, the stockholders, protest, and will say it ought no longer be submitted to. And a change in the management ought to be made or else we might just as well sell out the stock we hold and seek some other place to invest our money, where our chances for realization are improved. We are inclined to think that the course which has been pursued was ruinous to the interests of the road.

We hope that you will publish this letter or take these facts and give us an article so that justice may prevail. GEO. RANDOLPH, W. B. POWELL, } Stockholders.

LECTURES LAST NIGHT.

HORACE GREELEY ON SIN.

A Fusel Oil Crusade—Death to Moderate Drinkers—Germans a Short-lived People—All Distillers Dishonest.

Mr. Greeley delivered a lecture on temperance last evening, at the Free Methodist church, Attorney street, before the Sunday school, in which he entered into the detrimental effects of false stimulation. He said it was better for a man to feel wretched for a time rather than to take liquor, as the number of glasses, like a progressive series, would increase in time. He thought it better for a man to get drunk on three glasses of rum than on eight, because the drunkenness was nature working off the poison, and the man who vomited got rid of the baneful liquid. He advised his hearers to fly the intoxicating bowl, for he never heard of a man who drank and didn't get drunk live to a ripe old age.

ADULTERATED LIQUOR

was the main cause of the increase of crime, and if the thirteen murderers in the Tombs were to be questioned each one would say that rum was at the bottom of the crime. The reveller took into his system the adulterated poison sold in almost every gin shop, the fumes of which entered and corroded the cellular tissues of the brain, maddened the victim and drove him to the perpetration of crime. He instanced a case in which he had visited a large wine manufactory in this city, where wines and liquors of all kinds purported to be sold, which were mere decoctions of alcohol. He said that liquor was different from what it was in his boyhood. Then the fermentation was the legitimate working of the mash; now, a once prominent distiller told him, twenty per cent of spirit more could be extracted from a mash by putting in that deadly poison, strychnine. There were no honest distillers, as all used some drug to increase the percentage, and as competition runs so high all must make the most of the mashes. He thought stringent sumptuary laws should be enforced to prevent the sale of adulterated liquor, as the poison alone was bad enough without concomitants. He denounced moderate drinking, and instanced the Germans, putting the question if any one ever saw an aged Teuton, who it seems, must be favorites of the gods, for they all die young. Father Mathew Greeley wound up with an exhortation to his hearers not to

Fill high the bowl with fusel oil.
With tannin let each cup be crowned,

but to keep the "bricks out of their hats" and build with them instead homes, churches, schoolhouses and charitable institutions.

OLIVER DYER ON THE "TOWER OF BABEL."

Lecture by Oliver Dyer, on "The Spiritual Significance of the Tower of Babel."

Mr. Oliver Dyer, well known throughout the country as the gentleman who first mentioned John Allen to the public as the "wickedess man in New York," delivered a lecture last evening at the hall occupied by the Universalist congregation corner Third avenue and 124th street. The subject chosen was "The Spiritual Significance of the Tower of Babel," a rather imposing though musty one, and Mr. Dyer did it infinite justice. He said science showed conclusively that there never was

A MATERIAL TOWER OF BABEL,

and that the idea was one of mere spiritual and allegorical significance. This idea was well illustrated by Swedenborg as being typical of the selfish desire and thirst for dominion in man. He gave a quotation from Shakspeare, which he said was perfect in its application, though not in agreement with the Christian dogma. He quoted freely from many authors, both profane and divine, and exhibited much skill and power, if not harmony, in illustration. Men, he said, often join the congregation of the Church from motives of selfish interest, love of gain and applause—often to whitewash a soiled name and decayed reputation, without feeling the influence of a single spark of religious enthusiasm or love of Christ. Some men, fathers of families, cultivate an appetite for a particular dish and force it upon all the rest of the family because they prefer it. These men erect

THE TOWER OF BABEL IN A FRYING PAN.

Others force their wife and children to bed at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, simply because they wish to retire at an early hour. There were but seven persons present during the lecture, which began at four o'clock, and it was not till after Mr. Dyer had retired from the hall that those who had read the notice—which called for the gathering at five—began to arrive.

JOURNALISTIC NOTES.

The *Universe*, a weekly paper published in this city, as a sort of organ of affinities, Spiritualism and a reconstruction of the marriage system, does not like being charged with Free-Loveism, and says:—

We distinctly and emphatically repudiate all sympathy with that form of sexual freedom known as promiscuity, and popularly expressed by the term, "Free Love." We demand, for woman, freedom in the control of her sexual nature, and protection against the tyrannical encroachments of the monster, lust, in the marriage relation as well as out of it; and to that end the marriage systems upheld in most of the States require radical reconstruction. The position taken by us, editorially, has now been unequivocally assumed by the New York *Independent*, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. O. B. Frothingham and many others, and the sentiment is obtaining wide approval among the people of culture, thought and humane impulse, of all shades of religious belief.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* thus gives a new beginner in journalism a fair start:—

Somewhere in the swamps of Louisiana a young man has just started a weekly newspaper, which, as a compliment to the proud bird of Jove, he names the *Eagle*. We give an extract from what is called, perhaps through a freak of the types, his "Salutary:"—

Once more at the helm we fears no storms, no thunder, no billows. The winds may roar and surge, and in wild mad career upheave the political ocean until her discolored depths are seen and bear mountain high with wild confusion the billows, and the billows spray.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightning may rage, until the heavens appear one broad sheet of fire and the torrents pour in unbroken floods, a solid mass. The ocean may rage and her billows strive to reach the verry heavens, yet, safely, proudly, fearlessly will we steer our staunch storm tossed barque until we have anchored in the blacid waters of the harbor of Constitutional Liberty.

Unless a prompt effectual stop is put to the lawless career of the robber bands that yeald the septer of power, we may have stear through an ocean of blood, a storm of sighs, a rain of tears, yet will we safely breast them all and eventually arrive at the goal for which all good men and patriot prays and strive.

It will be seen that the young man has a mind well calculated to follow the eagle in its flight. It will also be seen that his paper must have been printed a few days after the funeral of the proof-reader.

SHIPPING NEWS.

Almanac for New York—This Day.

Sun rises	5 17	Moon rises....eve	10 13
Sun sets	6 42	High water..morn	10 20

Herald Steam Marine News Fleet.

The following named yachts, which are capable of boarding inward bound vessels outside of Sandy Hook and south of the Highlands, now compose our steam marine news fleet:—

Screw propeller yacht HERALD.
Screw propeller yacht JAMES.
Screw propeller yacht JEANNETTE.

The marine news office is at Whitehall slip, where all communications from owners and consignees to the masters of vessels will be received and forwarded free of charge.

Herald Packages.

Captains and Pursers of Vessels arriving at this port will please deliver all packages intended for the HERALD to our regularly authorized agents who are attached to our Steam Yacht fleet.

The New York Associated Press do not now collect marine reports nor attend to the delivery of packages, as will be seen by the following extract from the proceedings of the regular monthly meeting held March 3, 1868:—

Resolved, That on and after April 1, 1868, the Associated Press will discontinue the collection of ship news in the harbor of New York. Passed unanimously.

Letters or news packages for the HERALD should not, therefore, be entrusted to the charge of any pretended agents of the New York Associated Press.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

DATE OF DEPARTURES FROM NEW YORK FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

Steamer.	Sail's	Destination.	Office.
City of Baltimore	April 13...	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
Nevada	April 20...	Liverpool	29 Broadway.
New York	April 21...	Bremen	68 Broad st.
India	April 23...	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
City of Wash'ton	April 23...	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
Union	April 25...	Bremen	68 Broad st.
France	April 23...	Liverpool	69 Broadway.
Colorado	April 27...	Liverpool	29 Broadway.
Iowa	April 27...	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
America	April 28...	Bremen	68 Broad st.
City of Brook'n	April 30...	Liverpool	15 Broadway.
S. Laurent	April 30...	Havre	58 Broadway.
Cambria	April 30...	Glasgow	7 Bowling Green
Weser	April 30...	Bremen	68 Broad st.
Paraguay	April 30...	London	55 Broadway.

PORT OF NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1870.

ARRIVALS.

REPORTED BY THE HERALD STEAM YACHTS.

Steamship Cortes, Nelson, New Orleans April 10, with mdse and passengers, to H B Cromwell & Co. 16th inst, lat 36 45, lon 74 42, passed bark Carl (NG), steering E. The Cortes since passing Hatteras has had thick, foggy weather, with rain.

Steamship Mississippi, Henry, New Orleans April 10, with mdse and passengers, to Frederic Baker. April 11, 130 miles NW from Tortugas, passed ship Baden, from New Orleans for Liverpool, and barq Wm Rathbone, from New Orleans for Havre; 13th, lat 28 39, lon 74 39, exchanged signals with bark American Eagle, Lindsey, from Aspinwall for New York; 16th, 6 PM, in 11 fathoms water, 10 miles west from Assateague, passed a large sunken schooner, with part of stern and both masts out of water; apparently not long wrecked and in the track of vessels bound along the coast.

Steamship Gen Barnes, Mallory, Savannah, April 14, with mdse and passengers to Livingston, Fox & Co. Is anchored in the lower bay.

Steamship South Carolina, Adkins, Charleston April 14, with mdse and passengers, to H B Morgan & Co. Had a strong E wind from Hatteras; weather thick and foggy.

Steamship Regulator, Pennington, Wilmington, NC, 52 hours, with mdse, to J Lorillard.

Bark C S Rogers, Morrison, Baltimore for Bath. Is anchored in the lower bay for a harbor.

Brig Tiber (Br), Keating, Messina Jan 22, passed Gibraltar Feb 15, with fruit, to Miller & Houghton. Came the southern passage, and had moderate weather up to Hatteras; since strong E and NE gales. April 7, lat 27 29, lon 65 15, spoke brig Emma Dean, hence for Curacoa.

Brig Juliet C Clark, Moore, Messina, 78 days, with fruit to Thompson & Hunter. Passed Gibraltar Feb 15; first 25 days had heavy WNW winds; since variable weather, and been 20 days west of Bermuda.

Schr Marcy T Trundy (of Calais), Warren, Humacoa, PR, 17 days, with molasses to Burdett & Pond; vessel to John Boynton, Son & Co. Been 9 days north of Hatteras with E and NW gales.

Schr Robert Caldwell, McCormack, Guantanamo, 13 days, with sugar to Moses Taylor & Co; vessel to Jonas Smith & Co. Had heavy weather, and been 7 days north of Hatteras.

Schr Israel Snow (of Rockland), Keating, Baracoa, 13 days, with fruit to J & T Pearsall; vessel to B J Wenberg. Been 5 days north of Hatteras with heavy weather. Sailed in company with schr Crown Point, for New York.

Schr Maggie Mulvey, Rogers, Darien, Ga, 10 days, for Boston, with yellow pine to master. Put in the lower bay for a harbor.

Schr Active, Coombs, Baltimore for Boston. Put in the lower bay for a harbor.

Schr J D Van Dusen, Young, Philadelphia for Boston. Put in the lower bay for a harbor.

Passed Tarrough Hell Gate,

BOUND SOUTH.

Schr A J Chapman, Way, Georges Bank, 12 days, for New York, with fish to C Miller. Had main boom carried away.

Schr Thos Holstrom, Kelly, Georges Bank for New York, with fish to S B Miller.

Schr A A Rowe, Chapman, Georges Bank, 2 days, for New York, with stone to S B Miller.

Schr Ocean Queen, Wilcox, Georges Bank for New York, with fish to C Healy.

Schr Mary L Newton, ——, Machias for New York, with lumber to Simpson & Clapp.

Schr G W Glover, Hall, Rockland for New York, with lime to J R Brown.

Schr Broadfield, Crowell, Hyannis for New York.

Schr E A Conklin, Adams, Providence for Philadelphia.

BOUND EAST.

Schr Ella, Gray, Hoboken for Boston.

Schr H Means, Tracy, Hoboken for Boston.

BELOW.

Bark Eliza Barss (Br), Vesey, from Bermuda, with mdse to J N Harvey.

Vessels anchored in the lower bay, bound out:—Steamships Pioneer, for Havana; Volunteer, for Philadelphia; John Gibson, for Georgetown, DC; barks Henry, for Cronstadt; Phaeton, for London; Atlantic, for Barbados; Homeward Bound, for New Orleans; brigs Alpha, for Cienfuegos; Helen M Rowley, for Havana; James Miller, for Matanzas; John Kendall, for Kingston, Ja; Lena Thurlow, for Cardenas; Proteus, for Morehead City; Robert Mowe, for St Pierre, Mart; H Trowbridge, for Fernandina; Alice, for Falmouth, Ja; schr John Rose, for St Marc.

Vessels anchored at quarantine, outward bound:—Barks Alert (NG), for Cronstadt; Iola, for Tarragona; Stampede, for Matanzas; St Ursula, for Rio Janeiro; brigs Havana, for Havana; Flora, for ——; Jura, for St John, NB; Nellie Gay, for Maracaibo; schr Petronella, for Wanic's River, Nic.

Wind at sunset E, fresh.

Shipping Notes.

The weather yesterday was very unpropitious, the wind being from the eastward, which, together with the thick weather, obliged many vessels to keep off shore, thus reducing the arrivals via Sandy Hook very materially.

The steamship Union, Capt Dryer, of the North German Lloyds, which arrived at this port yesterday, and detained at Quarantine by the Health Officer because of the sickness of the passengers, has been thoroughly fumigated, and will come up to the city this morning.

Captain Wm P Henry, of the steamship Mississippi, which arrived at this port yesterday, reports that he also passed the sunken schooner off Barnegat, referred to previously. He reiterates the statement that it is in an exceedingly dangerous position, being in the track of all vessels bound along the coast. It would seem that a matter of this character should receive the attention of government authorities, and measures taken to destroy such wrecks at once. Numerous like instances along the coast have occurred within a year or two, and mariners cry aloud for relief in the premises.

The work of dredging and blasting to receive the colossa caisson for the East river bridge goes on uninterruptedly at the Fulton ferry, Brooklyn. Already the excavation has reached the depth of eighteen feet at high water, and the piling to enclose the space allotted to the caisson is more than one-half completed. The bottom of the river at that particular point has been found to be one of the worst in the world for the object intended, and worked with the greatest difficulty. Huge boulders are met with almost daily, and some of these weighing over fourteen tons have been removed from their beds and placed one side, out of the way. The only manner in which the bottom of the river can be worked to that degree which the enterprising gentlemen in charge of it have desired is to take a huge bar of iron, 24 feet long and 6 inches in diameter, and drive it down into