of Gospel progress. Go on, good Superintendent, in your cleansing of our Augean stable; thankful thousands of your fellow citizens will reward you. But ye, Oh, ministers of Christ! the field of sin is before you. Fear not, but tread boldly; the satisfaction of your own consciences must be your guerdon. If crime must exist, let it be in the despite of your best efforts. Do not, at least, leave all the work to the police.

The Gate of the Tomb.

Of all the themes for Christians to think upon that of the resurrection furnishes the greatest number of contemplative points. This is because it is the hinge on which the gate of heaven hangs and swings before the face of mankind. Christ has given us a key of grace; but of what avail if our lives ended in the grave? The Rev. Mr. Hepworth, in his sermon of yesterday morning, grasped this view in all its broadness. Many were the sermons preached on the subject yesterday. In his this examination of the resurrection as the *sine quâ non* of Christianity was forcibly put indeed. He takes the huge stone rolled away from the tomb as the type of the opening of the gate of death. Fancifully, but pointedly, he makes it the capstone of the Christian edifice—that is, the consummation of the work of the Redeemer. The tomb before this day was closed to hope. The stone rolled to its cavernous mouth was the seal of despair. The sunlight and the starlight dwelt without; the voices of men, the whispers of women, were heard about it; the trees bloomed, and faded to bloom again; but over that tomb the unmastered secret of death hovered, and man either turned away in horror from its portal or prepared to enter it with a stolid, heartless stoicism brave only in its blindness. Herein was a change to be desired. The spirit of man felt this, and groped, like Plato, after immortality. The boasted process of reason on which modern schools lay so much stress found itself insufficient. Nature in its recurrence of life tempted him, but was silent when his heart questioned. This doubt has not all vanished. Says the reverend gentleman referred to above:—"Fears and doubts arise, like ghosts, in the night, to taunt us with their spectral forms. But when God, speaking through that wondrous Being, who is the exact image of the Father, and who represents Deity to us, tells us plainly that the human soul is immortal, and then, as it were, submits to death only to rise from its gloom a victor, a breathless race listens, at first with wonder, then with the faith which is born of sight, and thereafter chants its triumphant song over the newly made grave." The "faith born of sight" must be looked on carefully in this matter. The sceptics ask not for revelations and signs in the heart alone. They want something tangible to the senses. They stumble over missing links in the chain of evidence. Was ever case more clearly proven? The sceptic pretends that he would fain believe man to be a mere machine that, like the steam engine, loses its action when the vital fuel is wasted away, that there is no gate but the one of entry to the tomb, that not even an angel should roll away the stone from this self-burial of the soul. These men are the would-be suicides of the spirit. They do not examine the witnesses, but cry "not proven" with the prejudice of a false and empty pride which is virtually the madness of self-destruction. They would formulate a code of morals upon the "honesty the best policy" plan, and leave the inner recesses of the heart which belong to the individual alone to the play of his passions. This want of a pure motive for pure good was what tortured the heathen Cato with the "longing after immortality." We now catch a glimpse of the "secret dread and inward horror of falling into naught," which Addison places in Cato's mouth. We know that in the desperation of his worldly prospects, in the thought that "this world was made alone for Cæsar," it led him to settle the controversy by falling upon his sword. To him no angel had rolled back the stone from the gloomy cavern, no Saviour had arisen impassible and victorious over the ghost of death which had, with the eye of a basilisk, transfixed Him before he rushed to its fangs.

The Christian creed without this cornerstone of the Resurrection, were indeed a vain and dangerous structure, and we join in the words of Dr. Hepworth in saying, "it is worth more than everything else to us."

CITY MORTALITY.—The deaths in the city for the past week are officially reported at 556—twenty-nine over the previous week. Diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs have been remarkably fatal during the last quarter, due, we have no doubt, to the frequent sudden and violent changes in the weather. Otherwise the general health of the city this year compares favorably, so far, with the record of last year.

CUBA.

Destruction of Bridges—The Exiled Bishop of Havana Returns.

HAVANA, April 9, 1871.

The insurgents have destroyed a bridge on the Santiago de Cuba and Villa del Cobre Railroad.

Generals Caro and Chinchilla have arrived at Havana. General Caro is on his way to Spain.

The journals announce the return of the Bishop of Havana, who was banished by Lersundi.

SUICIDE OF A LADY.

For some time Miss Susan Corwithe, of Bridgehampton, L. I., had acted strangely, but her friends paid little attention to it further than wondering why she went to the beach so often. On Wednesday evening, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, she went down to the beach and did not return that night. On Thursday search was made for her, but no trace of her could be obtained. On Friday her shawl was found on the beach, and it was then believed that she had drowned herself. The bay was immediately dredged, but the body could not be found. On Saturday the dredging party observed a fisherman's signal about two miles from shore, and on reaching the boat it was found that the fishermen had picked up the body. It is thought that owing to the skirts which she wore she did not sink, but drifted out and that she died from exhaustion. She was unmarried and fifty years of age.

WORK AND WAGES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 9, 1871.

A large number of the workmen in the Washburn & Moen Wireworks, this city, have been on a strike for some time to compel a reduction of the hours of labor from eleven to ten a day. The proprietors refuse, unless the men consent at the same time to a reduction of five per cent in wages. About three hundred of the workmen last evening resolved to reject the propositions of the proprietors and to seek employment elsewhere.

THE ROUGE REVOLT.

Desperate Fighting Around Paris on Saturday.

Porte Maillot Bombarded and the Champs Elysees Shelled.

A BATTLE AT VILLEJUIF.

The Army of Versailles Gaining Ground.

Thiers Averse to Forcing an Entrance Into Paris.

BISMARCK A BONAPARTIST.

The Communists Fighting Among Themselves.

THE DRAMA OF BLOOD.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Desperate Fighting on Saturday—Engagements South of Paris—Gunboats and Siege Guns En Route—M. Thiers Averse to Fighting.

LONDON, April 9, 1871.

I have received the following intelligence from Versailles, and forward the same for publication in the HERALD:—

DESPERATE FIGHTING ON SATURDAY.

There was desperate fighting around Paris on Saturday. Fort Valérien and the advanced batteries of the Army of Versailles steadily bombarded Porte Maillot, their shells falling in the Champs Elysées.

ENGAGEMENTS SOUTH OF PARIS.

An engagement took place at Villejuif, and there were skirmishes at Bergneux and Billancourt. All the southern forts have resumed firing. The government forces are gaining ground in front of Montrouge and Bicêtre. A decisive struggle is expected at the gates of the city.

GUNBOATS AND SIEGE GUNS EN ROUTE.

A flotilla of gunboats has been sent from Havre up the Seine to assist in the operations against Paris. Siege guns have also been despatched from Havre to Cherbourg for an attack on the forts occupied by the insurgents.

M. THIERS AVERSE TO FIGHTING.

It is reported that M. Thiers is averse to forcing an entrance into Paris by fighting, and that he prefers to reduce the city by investment.

THE PARIS COMMUNISTS.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Insurgents Fighting Among Themselves—Refractory Patriots—Recruiting the Army—Insufficient Ambulance Service.

LONDON, April 10—Morning.

Advices from Paris, dated up to last night, contain the following news, which I transmit for the use of the HERALD:—

INSURGENTS FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES.

To-day a conflict occurred among the insurgents themselves in the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, in consequence of the refusal of a portion of the National Guard to march beyond the walls.

HOW THE COMMUNE GETS RECRUITS.

Domiciliary visits will be made to-morrow to seek for refractory nationals.

The recent decree of the commune has been modified so as to make military service compulsory on all between the ages of nineteen and forty.

INSUFFICIENT AMBULANCE SERVICE.

The *Moniteur* reports that Delescluze is under arrest; also that the ambulance service in Paris is insufficient, and the wounded are suffering greatly for want of proper attendance.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Arbitrary arrests are increasing in number in this city. Many more *curés* have been thrown into prison. Church services are generally suspended, and the doors of the Cathedral of Notre Dame have been closed.

General Bergeret is under arrest.

THE PARTY OF CONCILIATION.

The party of reconciliation are redoubling their efforts. They have held public meetings in favor of peace at which members of the Commune were present.

MORE BARRICADES.

The Communists are building additional barricades in the quarters threatened by the besiegers.

GENERAL REPORTS.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Bismarck a Bonapartist—The Marseilles Insurgents Disarmed.

LONDON, April 9, 1871.

I am enabled to report the following intelligence to the NEW YORK HERALD:—

BISMARCK A BONAPARTIST.

The London *Observer* says that Prince Bismarck is still favorable to the re-establishment of the empire in France, and the restoration of the ex-Emperor Napoleon to the throne.

MARSEILLE INSURGENTS DISARMED.

The insurgent National Guards in Marseilles were disarmed without resistance, and all who were taken prisoners have been sent to the Château d'If.

ADDITIONAL REPORTS.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Positions of the Government Forces—The Communists Reinforced—An Incessant Bombardment—The Champs Elysees Evacuated.

LONDON, April 10—3:30 A. M.

I have received the following intelligence dated "Before Paris, Sunday evening, April 9," and forward the same for publication in the NEW YORK HERALD:—

POSITIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES.

The government forces are successful in Courbevoie and occupy the bridge of Neuilly. They are barricading the village and the bridge.

THE COMMUNISTS REINFORCED.

The Communists have reinforced their artillery at Porte Maillot and Porte des Ternes.

AN INCESSANT BOMBARDMENT.

Mont Valérien and the batteries at Courbevoie have maintained an incessant bombardment all day and their shells fall beyond the Arch of Triumph.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES EVACUATED.

The Champs Elysées are completely deserted and the National Guards are hiding in the cross streets, seeking protection from the shells which fall in every direction, many close to the American Legation.

THE TROOPS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The result of the forty-eight hours' cannonade is that the Versailles troops have crossed the Seine at Asnières, and occupy Sablonville and Longchamps. The drawbridge and floor of Porte Maillot are broken.

WON'T FIGHT.

The efforts of the Communists to force the citizens generally to take up arms have so far failed.

LITERATURE.

Criticisms on New Books.

A SILENT PARTNER. By E. S. Phelps. James R. Osgood & Co., publishers: Boston.

All true women should hold Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in grateful remembrance. She comes as a ministering angel, a healing balm in her hand, faith in her soul, love in her heart and a hope begotten of reason on her lips. She has borne some heavy cross that the crosses of others may be lighter. The sad experience of one is the solace of many. The desire to do good in her generation almost amounts to a passion with Miss Phelps, who forgets the art of writing in her eagerness to bring about reform. And now, with this noble woman's three books before us, we are forced to ask whether Miss Phelps is not injuring herself and her subjects by hasty expressions of opinion on very profound subjects; for when a young author's first book is his best, it becomes a question whether he is not writing too fast for mental digestion. In "Gates Ajar" Miss Phelps produced a remarkable book, remarkable because she gave to a grim, orthodox religion all the beauty and nearness which has long been the consolation of Swedenborgians and Spiritualists. She robbed death of its terrors and gave to grief so tender a sympathy as to cause sorrow-laden men and women to close the book with a "God bless her" upon their lips. For heart, "Gates Ajar" is incomparable; for art, it is faulty. Occasionally there is an exhibition of flippancy that, with more care, might have been avoided. Worse, however, is a wrong relationship between hero and heroine. The loves of Mamie and Ray are neither sisterly nor brotherly. They are as much beyond the affection of consanguinity as the light and warmth of the sun exceeds that of the moon. Mamie and Ray are nothing more nor less than lovers, and to make them anything else is as unnatural as it is inartistic; nothing, however, that is unnatural can be artistic. Much as sisters may love their brothers they are not defiant, heartbroken at their decease. "He was an inexorable mystery who took Ray from me to lose him in the glare of an inexorable heaven. He is a Father who knew better than that we should be parted for a while, but He only means it to be a little while. He is keeping him for me to find in the flush of some summer morning, on which I shall open my eyes no less naturally than I open them on June sunrises now." This is the love that passeth all understanding. It is the love that leads Mamie to a life of singleness. Miss Phelps made a mistake, which is palpable to the airiest reader; but there is no mistake in the lesson learned from "Gates Ajar"—a lesson that will give vitality to the book for many years. "Hedged In," published in 1870, one year after "Gates Ajar," fails to show growth in Miss Phelps, either as artist or thinker, principally, we believe, because of haste in its composition. Nobly espousing the neglected cause of unfortunate women, Miss Phelps has told a touching story that brings tears to the eyes, but, alas! leaves hope behind; hence it throws no light upon the darkest problem of the age. She takes a young, ignorant girl, who knows no difference between virtue and sin, makes her the mother of an illegitimate child, causes her to become an outcast, at last finds a kind home for her, where she leads the life of a saint, kills off her baby and finally kills her off too, as the only means of disposing of her. Angel as she is, there is no room for her in this world; she must go to the next. This is poor consolation to miserable, struggling women. "Go and sin no more," says the Saviour. "Go and repent and then die," is the moral of "Hedged In." Society is intolerant enough, Heaven knows, of erring women, but given such a character as Miss Phelps has drawn, we believe that there is no village, however Puritanical, in which, under similar circumstances, she could not live down her past life. We know of a case where this has occurred. Though a prominent member of an orthodox church, the woman is in no way the lovely creature depicted by Miss Phelps. "I find no satisfaction in 'Hedged In,' says a teacher of abandoned women with a sigh. I cannot give it to my poor women. It is not the book we need. There is no comfort for them in it." Herein lies the mistake of this book. It fails to answer a terrible question, but it shows the outrageous injustice of society to helpless wrong doing; and though it brings no hope to the outcast, at least it tells a story that should make all so-called good women think and reform. They need reformation quite as much as their wretched sisters. We close Miss Phelp's last book, "A Silent Partner," with mingled feelings of admiration and disappointment. Miss Phelps, the woman is as noble as ever; Miss Phelps, the artist is less satisfactory than ever; and again, we believe, because of undue speed in production. We see the creed of her life in the quotation from Isaac Taylor, which she puts into the mouth of her heroine:—"To insure, therefore, its large purpose of good will to man the law of Christ spreads out its claims very far beyond the circle of mere pity or natural kindness, and in absolute and peremptory terms demands for the use of the poor, the ignorant, the wretched, and demands from every one who named the name of Christ the whole residue of talent, wealth, time that may remain after primary claims have been satisfied." With this great law in her heart Miss Phelps has written "A Silent Partner." It is magnificent philanthropy in certain ways, but it is not art. It cannot fail to set its many readers to thinking more earnestly about the relations of capital and labor; but it leaves the critical not a little dissatisfied to see so great a subject disposed of without displaying any reverence for artistic structure and probability. The heroine, Perley Kelso, is a fashionable young woman, engaged to a fashionable young man, who trifles with life in the usual fashionable manner. She lives in Boston. Her father meets with an accidental death, and Perley immediately gives up city life and retires to her country home—a rather unnatural proceeding—as Perley's grief is by no means deep. Perley goes into the country in winter, not because Perley would have done this in real life, but because the author must get her there in order to tell the story. A few interviews with Siss Garth, a factory girl, transformed Perley's whole character; and, having grown away from her lover, Perley says to him, "If there is any love in the world, Maverick, that ought to be independent of moods and master of all moods, it is the love that people marry on. Now, I'm neither very old nor very wise, but I am old enough and wise enough to understand that it is only that part of me which gets tired and has the blues, and minds an easterly storm, and has the toothache, and wants to be amused, and wants excitement, and—somebody the other side of the silver teapot—which loves you. I do not love you, Maverick Hayle." "You haven't thought how you will miss me," exclaimed Maverick. "I shall miss you," replied Perley. "Of course I shall miss you, Maverick. So I should miss the piano if it were taken out of the parlor." Such being the condition of affairs, Perley Kelso does well to break her engagement. But what does this mean? "There is no other man," expostulates Maverick. "No other man," says Perley, thoughtfully (?) "could come between you and me. I do not see now I could ever speak of love to any other man." This she said with her head bent and with grave, far-reaching eyes. "A woman cannot do that thing. I mean there's nothing in me that understands how she can do it. I was fond of you. I promised to be your wife. I do not think I could ever say that to another man." Here is a young woman not "very wise," of big heart and large sympathies, who tells a man that she does not love him, that he is no more to her than an agreeable piece of furniture, and yet declares that no other man could come between her and Maverick Hayle; that the power of loving is forever dead. We maintain that such a position is contrary to nature. The larger a woman's heart the greater the necessities for loving. It would be well enough to indulge in similar language were Perley in love with one whom she casts off as unworthy, but the man is nothing to her, and so we make bold to assert that Miss Phelps is mistaken in womankind if she believes that there ever lived a Perley Kelso. A man made after Perley's own heart—a man who, risen from the poor, devotes his life to the amelioration of the factory "hands" in his employ—a man who aids Perley in all her good works, the one person who "in all the world comes within calling distance of her life," "the knightly soul that her's delight to honor," this man stands before her saying, "I have loved you so long! My life has not been like that of many people. I have taken it hard and slowly. I have loved you slowly and hard. You ought to love me. Before God, I say you ought to love me!" "The fact is," says Perley, in her sensible every-day voice, —

Stephen Garrick drew breath and straightened himself. We should think he would; any young woman who, after listening to such a desperate avowal from a noble man, can reply in her "sensible every day voice." "The fact is that I have no time to think of love and marriage; that is a business, a trade by itself to women. I have too much else to do. As nearly as I can understand myself, that is the state of the case. I cannot spare the time for it." It's a monstrosity; a cold, heartless woman might employ such language; a cruelly deceived woman might play such cards, but not a woman of sensibility. An avowal of honest love must beget a certain amount of sympathy and kindliness with which "sensible every-day voices" are incompatible. And we have little faith in that philanthrophy, be it in men or women, which allows no time for love and marriage. "We have little faith in it because it is contrary to nature, and when Miss Phelps speaks of Perley Kelso's "womanly, wonderful suited face, opulent and warm, begging for nothing, life brimming over at it," we simply disbelieve in the reality of her heroine. Selfish, ambitious men and women will deliver such speeches as are spoken by Perley Kelso. The flesh and blood women who dedicate their lives to the poor and suffering, are only too thankful to find sympathetic companions and helpmeets. True love doubles usefulness instead of dividing it, as Miss Phelps' book implies:—"Stephen Garrick, on the opposite side of the road, climbed the hill alone. It was a late November day, a day of cleared heavens and bared trees. Yet he looked about for bright maples, and felt as if he walked under a sealed sky, and in an unreal light of dying leaves." Of course the light is unreal. If Perley Kelso's face were "womanly" she would be climbing the hill with this man, and would welcome the advent of children that she might teach them to carry on the good work of reform when death or age cut short her mission. There is no sense in the single career of Miss Phelps' heroine; there is some reason in Siss Garth's decision never to marry. She is a wretched factory "hand," who will not bring children into the world to inherit the kingdom of hell. Having taken exception to Miss Phelps' construction of her story, wishing that her English were less forced and jerky, that she were less sentimental, and that her "Silent Partner" were more of a book and less of a sketch, with genuine pleasure we, turn to the reverse of the medal. It is fine in purpose, it is forcible in much of its dialogue, it is beautiful in some of its passing thoughts, it is dramatic in the description of a flood, it touches the tendrils of the heart. It does not settle this matter of capital and labor but it puts some of these laborers before us and asks us to "weigh and consider." "In the name of Massachusetts this is what I've got to say," declares Bijah Mudge; "I've worked to factories fifty-six years. I haven't got drunk not since I was fifteen year old. I've been about as healthy, take it off and on, as most folks, and I gu ss about as smart. I'm a moral man, and I used to be a Methodist class-leader. I've worked to factories fifty-six years steady, and I'm sixty-six year old, and in the poor'us." When Massachusetts and every other manufacturing State can answer this question satisfactorily people may cease to read such books as "A Silent Partner;" not before. Miss Phelps possesses the rare quality of making people feel, therefore she is a power, for "O 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round." Let her take time to become an artist and she will be more than "A Silent Partner" in the great world of letters.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR IN A NUTSHELL. By Melville D. Langdon. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

This work contains a diary of the diplomacy, battles and literature of the late war between France and Germany. The author obtains his information from the published accounts from the different newspapers of France, Germany, England and the United States, as well as from the official despatches, papers and proclamations of the governments of the two contending Powers. The book is prepared with evident care and will be found to contain a comprehensive compilation of the stirring events of the war, coupled with much valuable information regarding the strength and efficiency of the contending armies.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN, OR THE THREE MOUSQUETAIRES. By Alexandre Dumas. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, publisners.

A new edition of this favorite novel, uniform with the author's other works, has just been issued by the above named house.

A DISASTROUS ROW.

A Man Kicked and Stamped Nearly to Death by a Newark Brewer.

On the night of the 27th ultimo Victor Bohrer, who resides at No. 117 Ridge street, became engaged in a quarrel with Jacob Hoag, a Newark brewer, in the gin mill No. 113 Ridge street. Words ran high and soon led to blows, which fell thick and fast on the heads and bodies of the combatants. Bohrer getting very much the worst of it the bystanders interfered and separated them, when they adjourned to the sidewalk and commenced hostilities again. After fighting some moments Hoag threw Bohrer, and while he was prostrate jumped upon him and stamped and kicked him most unmercifully. Bohrer, after

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE,

finally regained his feet and commenced striking out right and left. Hoag again threw him heavily to the pavement and again jumped upon him, this time lighting upon his stomach and legs. Bohrer, seeing he was in imminent danger of being killed, commenced calling "watch" most lustily, whereupon his persecutor took to his heels and has not been seen on this side the Hudson since. Bohrer, as soon as Hoag had decamped, attempted to regain his equilibrium, but could not do so, as one of his legs seemed to be broken. He was taken up by a couple of officers and afterwards removed to St. Francis' Hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate his limb, it having been frightfully broken and lacerated. Ever since the operation was performed the unfortunate man has been gradually sinking, and the attending physicians, fearing he will die, notified Coroner Young, who yesterday afternoon took his ante-mortem statement, when the above facts were elicited. The Coroner issued a warrant for the arrest of Hoag, and the officers are now on his track.

A ROW AMONG THE ROSES.

How George and Elizabeth Quarrelled and What Came of It.

George Rose, who is evidently a sweet-scented cuss, and his gentle wife, who live at No. 54 Oak street, quarrelled yesterday afternoon—yes, actually quarrelled and called each other all sorts of naughty names, notwithstanding it was Easter Sunday and the Germans are going to have "von grosser sphree" to-day. Among other things Elizabeth insisted that George was a "great big nasty brute, so now," whereupon the "brute" threatened to demolish her with a large kerosene lamp. The persuasive eloquence of a broomstick in the hands of Elizabeth dissuaded him from executing his threat, but not, however, from upsetting the cook stove and throwing the lamp, filled with oil, upon it. Of course this made a beautiful fire, and gave the various engine companies in the vicinity a chance to display their skill and agility in extinguishing it. Before the firemen arrived, however, the male Rose, who was by this time

THOROUGHLY ON HIS MUSCLE,

kicked the best leg from under the table, breaking pretty much all the "chana" the shebang could boast of, and then lit right out for the street to cool his heated temples with the balmy air of spring and to evade a fleet footed "peeler," who wanted to interview him for a couple of minutes. He proved himself a regular Dexter on the road, but the "cop" was too many for him and finally scooped him in. The devouring element destroyed only about fifty dollars' worth of property and an innumerable number of cockroaches and other "insects." Mrs. Rose is now in sorrow, and her George is in the lock-up—for arson.

THE LATEST CHICAGO SCANDAL.

Shooting of Dr. Scanland by His Brother-in-Law—The Jealousy of Scanland's Wife the Probable Cause.

CHICAGO, April 9, 1871.

The affray of Friday evening, which resulted in the shooting of Dr. S. C. Scanland by his brother-in-law, Percy H. Leonard, has caused much excitement in this city. A lady, well known in fashionable circles, and who had Dr. Scanland for her family physician, is associated with the affair. Of this lady, it is alleged, Mrs. Scanland became very jealous, but the public sentiment is that she in no way gave cause for the feeling. An inquest was held over the body of the Doctor on Saturday, and Leonard was committed for trial.

FINE ARTS.

The Mount Collection.

This collection comprises a number of characteristic works by the late W. S. Mount, N. A. Among these the following may be specified:—A variation of a copy from Diaz, with three additional figures; "Burying Cracking Nuts;" "The Old Family Kitchen Ground;" "Primitive Times;" "The Old Kitchen Fireplace;" "Waiting for the Tide to Fall;" "A Truthful Bit of Long Island Scenery;" "An Afternoon in Autumn;" "Waiting for the Packet;" "On the Hudson;" "Eaton's Neck;" "Long Island Sound;" "Cabinet Portrait of Daniel Webster"—a vigorous and faithful likeness and a fine specimen of a class of portraiture in which Mr. Mount excelled; "Snowballing," in which some urchins just released from school are enjoying—as only country children can enjoy—the first snow of the season. One ball has missed its aim and made sad havoc with a window pane. The good dame, to whom a "seven-by-nine" is as precious as "the best French plate," rushes out in irate mood to wreak summary vengeance on the little miscreants, who are too much absorbed in their fun to heed the besom of wrath which she wields so powerfully. "Flowers;" "Cherries;" "A Glimpse of Long Island Sound;" "Nantasket Harbor;" "The Old Woodhull Homestead;" "Resting on the Oars;" "Sportsman at the Well;" "Mill Dam at Madison, in Greene County," and "Five O'clock in the Morning," and other interesting examples. "Early Spring" contains many small, but effective figures, painted in the artist's best manner. "Coming from the Orchard" is also a specimen of Mr. Mount's most finished style. "Card Players," a capital picture, embodies many of the peculiarities of his earlier efforts. Two rustics have stolen away to enjoy a quiet game of euchre, having chosen for their retreat a dilapidated building, where there is little probability of their being interrupted by a call to neglected duties. The genial humor, born of success, on the face of the younger and evidently lucky player is inimitable. "Swapping Hats, or Exchange is no Robbery," represents a countryman, who, while crossing a field of corn, finds—as is often the case in this world—that a blessing has alighted on a head which cannot appreciate it; he hastens to exchange his own well worn chapeau for the more presentable Panama of the scarecrow. The gratification occasioned by this piece of unlooked for good fortune is well depicted on the face of the young man, and the straw man is quite equal to Hawthorne's "Feather Top." "Mill at Stony Brook, Long Island," with nine small figures, "Washington Crossing the Alleghany on a Raft," and "Catching the Tune," fully reveal Mr. Mount's genius. The three principal figures are admirably well painted. One can almost hear the notes issuing from the whistler's lips, and the art of listening has never been better illustrated than by the figure of the violinist. "Dawn of Day" gives a truthful representation of a young negro, one of those genuine Long Islanders of whom it has been asserted that "love of ease is their chief characteristic." The day of his prosperity is about to dawn, but not even the shrill crowing of Chanticleer can awaken him to a consciousness of the fact. "Banjo Player" gives one finished figure, exceedingly well painted. All these pictures confirm the opinion expressed by Mr. Tuckerman, in his "American Artist Life:"—"Very expressive and clever are Mount's happy delineations of the arch, quaint, gay and rustic humors seen among the primitive people of his native place; they are truly American." Mr. Tuckerman also says that one of the first American painters to do justice to the humorous and genial phase of the negro character was William S. Mount. As an accessory to the rural scenes of Long Island—the artist's home—an old and quaint or young and funny African forms a significant figure; whether fiddling in the barn or restlessly turning about his ebon pate when asleep in the hay and tickled with a straw by the mischievous farmer, so expressive and well wrought are these pleasant local compositions that several of them have enjoyed a wide popularity, and been circulated in the shape of lithographs and engravings. A favorable opportunity to secure pictures by the late Mr. Mount will be offered at the executor's sale, which is to take place this evening and to-morrow evening (April 10 and 11), at the Somerville Art Gallery, where there will also be sold a collection comprising works by Borkman, Brochardt, Bristol, Butler, Thomas Cole, Chapin, Duverger, Hall, Hubner, Kaufman, Le Vasseur, Verboeckhoven, Webb, Theodore Wust, Alexander Wust and several other well known artists.

Picture Sales at Auction

are advertised for Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Leeds Art Galleries, 817 and 819 Broadway, including the works of the late lamented Adolphe Vogt, together with numerous examples of European and American artists; for Friday evening, at Clinton Hall, Astor place, the private collection of Count de Marnefe, of Brussels; as well as on the 25th and 26th of April, at the Somerville Art Gallery, an important consignment from Messrs. Goupil & Co., together with the entire and valuable collection of Mr. John Snedecor, who is about to leave for a European tour.

Art Notes.

MR. FRANK BUCHSER will to-day place on exhibition at Tiffany's, Union square, his large painting, entitled "Mary Blaine," which puts beyond all cavil the claims of this artist to be at once the boldest and most faithful delineator of the negro as a picturesque element in American life. A group of eager listeners to the pathetic ballad, "Mary Blaine," as performed by the banjo player, display in attitude, features and expression the mastery which Mr. Buchser has acquired over his difficult, important and deeply interesting subject. All the accessories, including a view of Monticello in the distance, are very skilfully managed, and few modern pictures illustrate more effectively the chiaro-oscuro in which the old masters delighted. Such a picture as "Mary Blaine" will gain a historical value if the predictions that the negro race is to become extinct in the United States shall be verified. As a work of art it is worthy of a conspicuous place in any of our public or private galleries.

Mr. O'DONOVAN has completed his splendid colossal bust of General Robert E. Lee, late President of Washington College, in Lexington, Va.

Mr. S. R. GIFFORD'S "Lago Maggiore" is pronounced by all connoisseurs to be one of his finest productions.

Mr. W. F. DE HAAS has finished a striking picture—"Sunset on Passamaquoddy Bay."

Mr. F. H. DE HAAS has commenced a large painting entitled "Praise Meeting," a wilderness scene in the early days of the Massachusetts Puritans.

Mr. J. G. BROWN has finished one of his prettiest pictures, illustrating child-life. It is called, "Going Out to Spend the Day." The little girl, and, we were about to add her very doll, is fairly alive.

Mr. VAN ELTER has added yet another to his series of exquisite scenes in Holland.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN will open on the 14th of April.

NEW YORK CITY.

The following record will show the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding day of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's Pharmacy, HERALD Building, corner of Ann street:—

	1870.	1871.		1870.	1871.
3 A. M.	53	68	3 P. M.	72	84
6 A. M.	55	70	6 P. M.	59	81
9 A. M.	60	73	9 P. M.	58	75
12 M.	63	81	12 P. M.	56	73

Average temperature yesterday 75½
Average temperature for corresponding date last year 60½

A grand fair and bazaar will be opened this evening at the Twenty-second regiment armory, in Fourteenth street. The proceeds of this fair will be devoted to the benefit of the Chapin Home, which receives and cares for aged and indigent persons without distinction of race or creed.

Mr. T. W. M. Marshall will deliver a lecture at the Cooper Institute on Thursday evening next on "Liberty and the Catholic Church." The proceeds of the evening are intended for the benefit of the Poor Boys' Lodging House, which is under the care of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Mr. James Donahue, Superintendent of the Free Labor Bureau, Nos. 8 and 10 Clinton place, makes the following report of business for the week ending April 8:—Applications for employment, 1,075; of these there were 170 males and 905 females; male help required, 94; female, 1,001; situations procured for 92 males and 847 females; whole number of situations procured for the week ending April 8, 930; total number of situations procured for the month of March, 3,515.

Counsel who have been engaged by the keepers of the houses of ill-fame "pulled" on Saturday came before Judge Hogan yesterday morning and demanded a trial by jury for their clients in the Court of General Sessions. It was the intention of the Judge to send the cases to the Special Sessions for trial, but now the papers will be laid before the District Attorney at twelve o'clock to-day, and counsel will probably ask for a hearing of the arguments for the defence at an early day.

LYNN SHOE BUSINESS.—The shoe trade of this city is very brisk indeed, some of the manufacturers being compelled to run their factories late into evening hours to supply orders. Operatives on all kinds of work are in demand, and goods are being pushed into the market as rapidly as possible. The number of cases forwarded during the five days ending last Wednesday was 5,835, against 4,405 for the corresponding period of 1870; showing an increase of 1,430 cases. The total number of cases sent from Lynn during the quarter ending March 30 was 66,773, against 61,672 for the first quarter of last year; showing an increase of 5,101 cases over the corresponding three months of last year.—*Lynn (Mass.) Reporter, April 8.*

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS ITEMS.

Judge Oliver B. Morris, of Springfield, Mass., who was the oldest man in that town and the senior living graduate of Williams College, died this morning, aged 89. He was for sixteen years Register of Probate in Hampden county, and for twenty-nine years subsequently Judge of Probate. Four times he was elected to the Legislature, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1820.

The Coroner's jury in the case of Timothy Lynch, who was killed by an officer in East Boston, while resisting arrest, gave a verdict of justifiable homicide, and added—"If mobs or collections of people assemble with mobocratic demonstrations violence from the officers must be considered in the light of self-defence."

The journeymen bakers in Boston are organizing there preparatory to asking an increase of wages. They say that they work eighty hours a week, for which they receive but from [illegible] to fourteen dollars. They want eighteen dollars a week.

[illegible]hael O'Hara was shot by James Underwood, at Oreville, [illegible] Saturday, while engaged in a quarrel about a law Ca[illegible] suit.

Lotteries [illegible] and gift concerts on a mammoth scale are being run in nearly [illegible] the interior counties of California, in direct violation of law, [illegible] but justified, as claimed, on account of the action of the Leg[illegible]ature in permitting the Mercantile Library Lottery last year.

All the correspondence [illegible] between Mrs. Fair and Mr. Crittenden, whom she killed, a[illegible] amounting to two hundred love letters, were admitted as evidence. The trial will occupy the greater part of this week.

Colonel Snively and three [illegible]mpanions were murdered and their bodies shockingly mutilated by Apache Indians, between Phoenix and Bradshaw, Ari[illegible]na.

Harris's freight train was attacked March 18, between Phoenix and Wickenburg, by 150 Apaches. Mo[illegible] Harris and another man were murdered, the [illegible]ursued and twenty-two mules run off.

Rich gold discoveries are constantly being made in central Arizona.

General Stoneman, commander of the Department of the Pacific, still remains quietly attending to his ranch near Los Angelos, California.

Joseph and Cyrille Dion beat Rudolphe and Dewey at the American four fall carrom, 2,000 points, on Saturday night at San Francisco, $1,000 a side, scoring 3,000 against 1,580 points.

Passenger travel westward is heavy. Many colonists are settling in Nebraska. The Missouri river, which has been low for some time, is now rising.

VIEWS OF THE PAST.

APRIL 10.

1853—The blockade of Montenegro raised by Turkey.
1848—A great Chartist demonstration in London, England.
1831—The Poles defeated the Russians in the battle of Seidlier.
1814—Battle of Toulouse, France; Wellington defeated Marshal Soult.

MAILS FOR EUROPE.

The steamship Allemannia will leave this port on Tuesday for Plymouth and Hamburg.

The mails for Europe will close at the Post Office at half-past eleven o'clock A. M.

THE NEW YORK HERALD—Edition for Europe—will be ready at half-past nine o'clock in the morning.

Single copies, in wrappers for mailing, six cents.

Adams, Hallock & Co.
SPLENDID
QUALITY
Silver Plated
Spoons, Forks,
Casters, Tea Sets, &c.,
our own manufacture, at
retail
during the month.
ADAMS, HALLOCK & CO., 20 John street,
late Adams, Chandler & Co.

A.—Espenscheid's Spring Style Silk Hat, which for beauty of pattern, excellence of work and decided superiority of material, stamps it as the leading hat of the season; price $7. At 118 Nassau street.

A.—Herring's Patent
CHAMPION SAFES,
251 Broadway, corner Murray street.

A.—Perfect Fitting and Elegant Boots and SHOES FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN, THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF FINE WORK IN THE CITY. NEW STORE AND NEW STYLES. BROOKS, 575 and 1,196 BROADWAY, corner 29th street.

A Specialty.—Gentlemen's Silk Hats, $4. Broadway styles at about half Broadway prices.
C. O. D. HAT COMPANY, 12 Cortlandt street.

Batchelor's Hair Dye.—The Best in the world. The only perfect dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous. Factory 16 Bond street.

Capital Prize $25,000 00.

The reopening of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Co-operative Distribution Association, at 596 Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets, the wheel having been examined by a committee appointed for that purpose, and found to contain every prize on the list—in view of that fact we have been permitted to reopen and to continue the sale of tickets and distribution of prizes.

The first concert has been given according to announcement; and it is the intention of the association to carry out every promise made to the public.

The sale of tickets and drawing of prizes will be made between 8 A. M. and 10 P. M., at the Depository and Showrooms of the Company, 596 Broadway, next door to Heimbold's drug store. The purchasers of tickets will be allowed to do their own drawing from the wheel on the spot at the time the tickets are purchased.

GRAND LIST OF PRIZES.

CASH PRIZES.		
CAPITAL PRIZE	$25,000 00