MACOMB'S DAM BRIDGE.

GOTHAM'S "PONS ASINORUM."

The Danger to the Bridge—Vanderbilt's Crutches Shaky—A New Iron Bridge to be Built—The Old One to be Repaired—Between the Two Stools Hotel Keepers Fear a Fall to the Ground—A Herald Reporter's Interviews on Wheels.

The bridges connecting Manhattan island with Westchester county are, it would seem at first blush, of little moment to the average New Yorker. Like many other cases where want of information is the cause of want of interest, the public ignorance is to be pitied, if not blamed.

The word went forth last week on the wings of the press that Macomb's Dam bridge was dangerous, and forthwith a million or so of people began asking who is Macomb and where is his dambridge? Lamentable ignorance indeed! If people have forgotten the individuality of

THIS GREAT MACOMB

let them learn before it is too late that the bridge over his dam is at the upper end of the island. At 155th street Macomb's lane turns off at an angle from Eighth avenue and runs down to the Harlem river at the point where Seventh avenue looks into the stream. The bridge is a wooden, very wooden, structure, and meets the aforesaid Macomb's lane to Westchester county by crossing the river. The traffic over this viaduct is of more import to Gotham than Gotham imagines. Vague ideas of cabbages and potatoes on their way to market, and the passage of stray rich men, who make long carriage journeys to see their friends in the city, are about all the notions the average New Yorker has of the traffic over that bridge. Two words, however, throw a calcium light of knowledge on that benighted ignorance. These are

JEROME PARK.

Everybody has heard of it; nearly everybody has been there.

"Of course," they will say, "that must have been the bridge we passed over on our way to the races."

The race season is now approaching at the rate of twenty-four hours a day, and it therefore behooves each citizen who goes to see the trotting, or who has friends well enough off to permit their going, to excite himself to fever heat immediately. At Jerome Park races the *crème de la crème* of society congregates, and the fact of dangers by the road should make all respectable people and their relatives

ANXIOUS—NAY, NERVOUS.

Peoples and political parties are under the wing of Providence, and they are not often aware to what apparently trivial circumstances the rise or fall of either is frequently attributable. A few extra glasses of whiskey straight saved the democracy in February last from the deadlock which came upon them last week. This was at the time of the Hamburg disaster. There was a bridge in the question, too. Now, when it is recalled that so many of our leading minds gather to witness the great exhibition of

TROTTING HORSEFLESH,

the necessity to look carefully after the Macomb Dam bridge will be apparent.

It was opened to traffic in March, 1861, having been constructed by a Mr. Davis, of Bridgeport, Conn. Pine is the article used, with the exception of five stone buttresses, on the centre one of which rests the swing, which is turned aside when an occasional schooner wishes to pass. Its entire length from abutment to abutment is 1,120 feet; it is 83½ feet wide. There is a gradual ascent to the first buttress from each bank 150 feet long. This meets a home truss on each side also 150 feet in length. The swing itself is 200 feet. The rise on each side rests on eleven "bents," or rows of eight by twelve inch pine beams, four in each bent. It is from the

DOUBTFUL BEARING CAPACITY

of these last that the alleged danger arises.

As nothing short of actual examination would satisfy the public, awakened to a sense of its imperilled great men, a HERALD reporter called at the stable of a well-known equine and chariot firm, and thereupon selected a light road wagon and a fast trotter, in order that the ground might be gone over in the most approved manner. He further had the magnanimous intention of risking his own and his obliging driver's necks (not to speak of the horse and wagon) in order satisfactorily to

TEST THE BRIDGE.

"Is it dangerous, Jaker?" said the reporter nervously.

The charioteer gave the high mettled charger a nip on the right ear, and slowly responded:—

"Well I'm not afraid. I don't know that I'd like to run a train of pig iron over it three times a day."

This was consoling, and the reporter tried to laugh away his fears until 125th street and Eighth avenue was reached. Jacobus broke the silence:—

"See here, now, these

HOTEL FOLKS MAKE ALL THE ROW

between 'em, and if so as you're agreeable, we might just ask 'em what say they want in the matter."

"Nobly thought, Jake; we'll do it."

The trotter pricked up his ears and started briskly up Eighth avenue.

"Harry Bertholf's is that shanty on your right."

The house well known to roadsters was soon reached and the fiery animal was reined up at the door.

"Is the old man in?" cried Jake, to a young man sunning himself on the steps. "That's his son," he added to the reporter. Bertholf, Jr., arose and stretched himself, then answered, lazily—

"He's up stairs having a lay down for a snooze."

"Well, you'll do," said Jacobus, who was evidently prepared to do the interviewing on his own account.

"I have come from the HERALD to ask how you hotel people feel about the danger on Macomb's bridge, and how it will affect your trade."

"It won't hurt us any, we're sure. We don't care if there wasn't a bridge there at all."

"OH, GIVE US A REST!"

said Jake cynically, "what about the race week?"

"Well, that's so; but I think the bridge is safe enough. Anyhow it won't make much matter to us."

The drive continued and Jake dissented from the reporter's idea of asking what the smaller hotel fry on the road thought about the matter.

"Their opinion don't amount to anything, but, like most barkeepers, they've got lots of chin music."

At the reporter's urgent request he pulled up at one of these small people's houses, and sure enough there was a plentiful flow of language, which was essentially timorous on the bridge question.

"IT WOULD PLAY (ST. DOMINGO)

with us," was the summing up remark, as Jake gave the reins a contemptive chuck and the steed resumed his trot.

Billy Florence at the Dam itself is the only other man this side worth talking to, and the animal carried the pair down the lane of Macomb at at splendid pace.

"Say, is Billy in?" queried Jacobus.

"No, he ain't; I'm in," replied a thin young man, coming out.

"Bartender," muttered Jake, deprecatingly.

"Has anything been done about the bridge?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," answered the thin young man, lazily, "the two commissioners (one from New York and the other from Westchester—Long and Gifford) met here last Thursday, and ordered men to go to work on it right away."

"It would interfere with your business considerably if the bridge was closed for a month or two, or if you had to wait for the new Seventh avenue iron bridge to be built?"

"Why, yes, the Fleetwood races come off middle of next month, and

RACES ARE OUR BIGGEST DAYS.

It would hurt us so very much other times, though, sir."

The horse's head was now turned to the bridge, and the reporter's feelings were considerably quieted by observing a number of vehicles crossing the bridge. The passage was made without any mishap, but it was only human nature to note

A SIGH OF RELIEF

which escaped from the reporter's bosom as he noted the solid Westchester earth under the wheels. A house of the roadside hostel order, painted white, was on the left of the chariot, and thither the sapient Jake guided his animal of mettle.

"SAY, Joe Conrad, here's a gentleman from the HERALD, wants to have a say with you."

Joe accordingly came forth, and presented a splendidly phlegmatic Teutonic physique.

"Vet, vot is it, Misther?" gurgled slowly from his lager-lined tuttle.

"How about closing up this bridge for repairs?"

"Gloze id oop? Vell, den you

GLOZE ME UP DOO."

Here the Teuton threw up both arms appealingly.

"Well, if it is unsafe the public should not be allowed to run themselves into a danger they are unaware of."

"*Donnerwetter, mein Gott in Himmel*, how you coom agross it? Die bublic wands doo goom anahow."

"What is your opinion of the danger?"

"Tanger? well, you go see, misther reporter. I gan say nothing." Again the arms were upraised, and the good Teuton's purple face was turned prayerfully to the azure heavens. "Dot is all Vanderbilt mit his railway."

The reporter descended the bank and observed a quartet of workmen engaged among the upright supports. His next observation was that the bridge had evidently been altered on the Westchester side from its primal level, and that a space had been newly made next the bank just wide enough for a railroad track. He advanced toward the workmen, and an involuntary shudder ran through his nervous system as he observed the very temporary nature of the alterations in the support made by the Commodore's subordinates. It is wonderful how brave a man can be and what a noble name he may achieve when he only sees half the danger of his act. Thus the reporter felt more insecure under the bridge than he did on top of it. The supporting timbers themselves did not appear a bit too sound, being occasionally a little cracked, but when he saw that they

RESTED WITHOUT ANY OTHER BINDING

than the superimposed weight of the bridge on a number of short beams lying horizontally and piled crosswise over each other, the string of fortune on which those crossing the bridge hung upon seemed no stronger than the hair holding the sword of Damocles. It might prove sound for a century, but a small circumstance might easily produce a terrible catastrophe. The workmen proved to be in the employ of the Park Commissioners, and from a white-bearded German carpenter the information was gained that they were examining it with a view to repairs. They had been sent down specially by Judge Hilton. On asking what they concluded so far the German energetically declared

"IT WOULD PUT THAT FELLOW'S HEAD

in place of them cross-timbers that put them there. Well, what does Mr. Vanderbilt care? He wants to run his railway from Melrose to Spuyten Duyvil by the North river, and he lifts up the bridge and leaves it just like that."

"Do you consider the bridge unsafe?"

"Well (shrug of the shoulders), it has lasted since last summer, but it will not last forever. If there is not a big alteration made" (significant nod, as much as to say

"NOT MY FUNERAL.")

"You are, of course, aware that there is an intention to run an iron bridge from the terminus of Seventh avenue across to this bank. That will take at the very least two years. Now, can this bridge be made to last that time?"

"I think so. I have not finished my examination, and then I can tell better."

"How is the New York side?"

"Not very much better. You see it is all

SAFE UNTIL SOME ACCIDENT."

With this philosophic remark in his ears the reporter resought the patient Jacobus and his restive *cheval*.

"Well, go down to Arcularius, he knows a thing or two," observed Jake.

About half a mile down the road a Mansard-roofed caravanserai stood out, and Alderman Arcularius advanced his rotund personality in answer to the summons of Jacobus. He felt like Joe Conrad, that the closing of the bridge would injure his trade, which was exclusively due to

NEW YORK PATRONAGE.

He stoutly defended the thorough safety of the bridge, and ended by firmly averring it was a "put up job" by the hotel keepers on the New York side of the road. If the bridge was closed it would compel people to go many miles around to reach Jerome Park, and in view of the fact that those driving trotters preferred to

"SPEED" THEIR ANIMALS

on the Westchester side, he thought it "rough" that the bridge should be closed or reports scattered doubting its safety. Such a report had already occasioned a falling off in his trade for the past week.

The bridge was as safely recrossed and a second call was made on Mr. Bertholf regarding the accusation of

"PUTTING UP THE JOB"

on the bridge in order to keep roadsters on the New York side. The junior B. was still on the steps and remarked—

"Yes, say it was me; that's right. They socked it on to me heavy up to Jerome Park, a few days ago, at a shooting match. Put it all down to us fellows. Say it was me." The reporter thought he discovered a shade of irony in these remarks, and Bucephalus again was urged upon his mad career.

"Take 'em all round," observed Jacobus, "it's the same thing. There's the bridge, sound or shaky, and there's the hotel keepers snarling on both sides of it. Every man wants a living, and, though they don't know it, both of them wants that bridge open. Hotel keeping is a mint right here."

FIRES YESTERDAY AND LAST NIGHT.

In Cliff Street—Loss $30,000—One of the Occupants of the Building Arrested for Arson.

At five o'clock yesterday morning fire was discovered on the second floor of the four story brick building No. 28 Cliff street, occupied by Penniman & Wight, importers of cutlery. The third and fourth floors were also occupied by the above firm, whose loss was $20,000. The first floor, occupied by William Irving & Co., hardware dealders, was damaged $10,000. The building is owned by J. P. Hayes and damaged about $250.

When the firemen reached the building they forced open the front door, and found the door leading to the second story securely fastened with a padlock. While a portion of the firemen were forcing open the door leading to the second floor a squad of officers had climbed to the roof of the adjoining building, No. 26, and, forcing open the scuttle, entered the place, and, in company with Deputy Fire Marshal Reinish, made the following discovery:—The safe in the office on the second floor was found open, and papers of all kinds scattered over the floor.

Where the fire originated all traces were obliterated, but a little further along to the rear of the same floor was found a pile of straw and a large quantity of finely cut light wood. In the centre of this was found a sperm candle, nearly burned up. On the third floor was found a similar contrivance, fixed in a cutlery box, the candle being burned down to within an inch and a half of the socket. Fire Marshal McSpeden, upon investigating the premises, was of the opinion that the place had been set on fire, and despatched Deputy Reinish to find Mr. Penniman, but, learning he was in Memphis, went in search of his partner, Wight, who, he was informed, was out of the city on a visit to Baltimore. Learning that Mr. George W. Nary, of 113 Prospect street, Jersey City, was a silent partner of the concern, Marshal Reinish proceeded to his residence and informed him of the fire. He seemed very much surprised, and consented to come to this city and look after their property. As he landed on this side of the city he was arrested and locked up in the Beekman street police station, but was subsequently removed to the police headquarters, where he is at present confined. The other members of the firm have been telegraphed to come on to this city at once.

From the fact of the mysterious manner in which the candles and other inflammable material were found, coupled with the fact that the stock was insured for $55,000, Fire Marshal McSpeden is of the opinion that it was set on fire by Nary, as he was seen to leave the store at half-past seven o'clock on Saturday night by the night watchman and fasten up the place. The following are their insurances:—Associated Firemen's, of Baltimore, $5,000; Merchants and Mechanics', $10,000; Howard, $5,000; Maryland, $5,000; Jefferson, $5,000; Putnam, of Hartford, $5,000; Innercial Company of Pennsylvania, $5,000; Connecticut, of New York, $5,000; North American, $5,000 and Relief, $5,000. Irving & Co. were insured for $30,000. The prisoner will be arraigned at the Tombs this morning.

In Centre Street.

At ten minutes before ten o'clock last night a fire broke out in the one story building No. 122 Centre street, occupied by Adam Nudlander as a tailor store, causing a loss of $200; insured in the Germania. The flames extended to the adjoining buildings, 124 and 126, the former occupied by Herman Machoff as a cigar store, causing a loss of $100. No. 126, occupied by George Weber as a barber shop, was damaged $200; fully insured. The buildings were owned by the Lorillard estate and damaged $300; fully insured.

In West Twelfth Street.

At seven o'clock yesterday morning fire was discovered in the smokehouse of the provision store of William H. Pray & Co., 301 West Twelfth street, causing a loss to stock of $2,000. The building was slightly damaged and fully covered by insurance, as well as the stock. The fire was caused by grease dropping into the fire.

IRVING'S SUCCESSOR.

The Handsome Colonel Funk Won't Have It.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

My friends and numerous prominent citizens of the Sixteenth Assembly district have urged me to become a nominee for the office made vacant by the resignation of the Hon. James Irving, but pressure of business and military matters at present render my attention necessary here, and I therefore wish, through your columns, to acquaint the electors of this district that I do not desire in any event to become a candidate for election. Yours truly, AUGUSTUS FUNK.

HAVANA MARKETS.

HAVANA, April 15, 1871.

Sugar in fair demand; business small and prices firm. Exported during the week from Havana and Matanzas, 17,000 boxes and 2,800 hhds., including 6,000 boxes and 2,400 hhds. to the United States. Stock in warehouses at Havana and Matanzas, 386,000 boxes and 24,000 hhds.

Provisions quiet and unchanged. Bacon declining, owing to heavy arrivals. Potatoes declining, owing to large supply; quoted at $5.

Box shooks declining; quoted at 83¾ a 91¾ reals. Hogshead shooks dull at $2 25. Empty hogsheads declining; quoted at $3 a $3 25. Hoops dull; long shaved, $50; short shaved, $40.

Freights quiet.

Exchange on London, 19¼ a 19½ premium; on United States, in currency, 60 days, 3 a 3½ discount; do., short sight, 2 a 2½ discount; do. gold, 60 days, 7 premium.

MURDER TRIAL IN COLD SPRING, N. Y.—The trial of Charles Trumpbour for the murder of Elijah Jones in Cold Spring will commence at Carmel, Putnam county, on Monday, April 17, before Judge F. Barnard, Governor Hoffman having appointed a special term of the Oyer and Terminer for the purpose. Trumpbour, it will be remembered, attempted to rob the cashier of the Fishkill National Bank of a valise containing about $23,000 in funds while the latter was standing on the depot platform at Cold Spring, but was prevented, and in attempting to escape was caught by Jones whom he shot. He is described as a young, well-built, comely-looking fellow of pleasant address, and without any signs of a vicious temperament. His father is a well-to-do Columbia county farmer, living with a second wife, and apparently indifferent to the son's fate. Trumpbour has conducted himself in an exemplary manner since his confinement in jail, and manifested penitence for his crime. It is expected that new and startling facts will be adduced from the evidence concerning the operations of the river thieves. A vigilance committee was formed at Cold Spring immediately after the murder, and has been working up the case with great care.

THE STATE CAPITAL.

More Trouble Brewing in the Legislature—A Democratic Solon Wants to be "Seen"—The Programme of the Boss—Lively Times Ahead.

ALBANY, April 16, 1871.

If the rumors that are flying about thickly tonight have any foundation in truth, there will be another big time of it this week in the Legislature. It is said that, contrary to the policy determined upon yesterday, the Special Election law to fill the vacancy in the Sixteenth district will be rushed through the Senate and the election held at once. The reason for this is alleged to be that

ONE OF THE DEMOCRATS IS SHAKING

on the Tax Levy question and will refuse to go for it unless he has been amply satisfied beforehand. How this can be reconciled with an adjournment at the end of this week is a mystery, for it would take five days at least before the new member could take his seat.

To add to all this, the republicans are beginning to talk very glibly about

WINANS NOT STANDING FIRM

to the bitter end; that Albany will be made too hot for him, and all that. It is understood that Governor Alvord, acting upon the suggestion of one of the Senators, who made it as a joke, will to-morrow endeavor to introduce a bill to fill the vacancy which he says exists in the Second district of Chautauqua county. He contends that Coring's district is now represented by Winans, and that no special election need be held for any other district but that in Chautauqua county, which sent Winans here to represent republicans. If this bill is presented there will be sport all round.

The programme set down for to-morrow is to bring up the Registry law the first thing, and then the amendments to the City Charter. It was intended also to rush the Tax Levy through to-morrow night, with its heavy batch of amendments, which have not as yet been made public; but the suspicions excited by

THE SHAKINESS OF THE ONE DEMOCRAT

alluded to will doubtless deter the leaders from this feature of the day's campaign, unless during the day they manage to bring the malcontent to their view of the subject.

THE DETERMINATION OF THE "BOSS"

is to get through as quickly as possible this week, if it can be done; and it may be that his desire to get the "boys" home by Saturday will be gratified if he sees fit to

COME DOWN HANDSOMELY

to the individual who has conscientious scruples as to going the entire swine on the Tax Levy.

One of the amendments to be made in the bill relative to the charter of New York city, I understand,

EXTENDS THE TERM OF OFFICE

of the Board of Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen for one year. This is to be granted as a sort of special favor to certain members who insisted that their "friends" should not be overlooked if they had to do the work without pay or all the bills to be rushed through.

THE WHOLE OUTLOOK

gives promise of a lively week of it, and if the republicans can do as much as they pretend they can with the aid of a democrat whom they say they are sure of, there will be a big row of it certain.

RIOTOUS ROUGHS.

Third Warders on Their Travels—Kicking Up a Row with Macaroni Eaters—Two of the "Boys" Dangerously Stabbed.

A party of about fourteen men were going on board the Hoboken boat James Rumsey, on their way from Hoboken to this city, about seven o'clock last evening, when some of the party, as alleged, spoke insultingly to some Italian women. The husband of one of the latter, irritated at the remarks, began to abuse the party, when one of them drew a revolver and dealt him a powerful blow with it on the right eye. Thereupon Wm. Van Riper, the bridge tender, interfered, saying that no rows would be tolerated there, when the same person who had struck the Italian sprang upon him also and struck him in the head. Van Riper left to call in the police. Meanwhile the men went on board the boat arguing and quarrelling with each other. Considerable excitement prevailed among the passengers, but before the police had time to arrive and arrest the parties the boat had started. Many of the passengers became alarmed for their own safety, as the row was becoming general, and the pistol (which was not loaded) and a knife or two were being flourished around in lively style, and

SMASHING, STABBING AND SWEARING

were the order of the moment. When the boat arrived at the New York side the fight was renewed on West street with vigor. In the course of the mêlée two men received deep stab wounds, and a woman from the crowd called out to a policeman, "Two men have been stabbed; arrest this man" (pointing to the Italian). Officer Molloy, of the Third precinct, to whom the woman had called, arrested the Italian and a man named John McKane. When the prisoners were taken to the station house the Italian refused to complain against McKane, nor had McKane any charge to make against the Italian. As there was no one present to make a charge the sergeant had no alternative but to discharge them. Subsequently, however, word was brought to the station that a man named Patrick Finn had been

DANGEROUSLY STABBED

in the course of the quarrel, and that one Peter Hasset had likewise been wounded with a knife at the hands of the Italian. Immediately Captain Cherry set to work, and in less than an hour officer Hogan had the Italian safely captured, as well as four others. Finn had been taken to the Park Hospital by one of his companions, named Henry Upp. Hasset proceeded to the house of Dr. Van Kleeck, in Franklin street, where it was found that the knife had

PENETRATED HIS RIGHT LUNG,

inflicting a wound which may prove fatal. His coat was cut through at the shoulder, showing that an attempt was made to stab him there also. He proceeded to the Park Hospital, where his wounds were dressed. Finn received four stab wounds—one above and one below the heart, one in the groin and another in the head. The medical authorities of the hospital pronounce his injuries very dangerous.

The Italian, who was caught in a restaurant in Broome street, near Wooster, and who is accused with having stabbed the men, gave his name as Frederick Cetti. He is about twenty-six years of age, and is of a very nervous temperament. He consented at last point out the individual who had

STRUCK HIM WITH THE PISTOL,

and when John McKane confronted him he identified him as the man who had assaulted him. McKane was thereupon locked up. He resides at 75 Robinson street, and made no reply to the accusation made against him. Hasset was accompanied to his residence, 199 Washington street, where he remains in a precarious condition. Henry Upp, who resides at 217 Greenwich street, and a man named Walter Kelly were secured by Captain Cherry to appear as witnesses in the case. Great credit is due to the latter gentleman, who labored indefatigably throughout the night to work up the case and, if possible, to secure the guilty parties. The wounded man Finn was the only support of an aged mother, who lives at 42 Robinson street. Hasset is unmarried and about twenty-eight years of age. Had the individual who possessed the revolver among the gang but chanced to have it loaded, there is little doubt but that it would have been necessary to record two or three additional murders.

A DETERMINED SUICIDE.

At twenty minutes past two o'clock yesterday afternoon officer Willing, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, discovered an unknown man standing at the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Fifth avenue cutting his throat with a pocket knife. As the officer attempted to arrest him he ran down the street, cutting and hacking at his throat as he ran. When he reached the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Sixth avenue he fell to the pavement exhausted from the loss of blood. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital in a dying condition. From papers found on his person he is supposed to be a weaver named Patrick Doran. He was about thirty years of age, dressed in black sack coat, gray pants and vest, white cotton shirt, black hair, no whiskers. No cause is assigned for the rash act, as the man was unable to speak or give any account of himself. The police state the wounds were of a sickening nature, as the throat was mangled and gashed in many places.

A STRANGER'S DEATH.

Coroner Hermann was yesterday notified to hold an inquest at the Twenty-ninth precinct station house on the body of a man whose name, from a memorandum book and letters found in his possession, is supposed to have been George Bradley, from Isabella county, Mich. He had with him $124 60 and the copy of a contract with the Chippewa Indians. Deceased, it appears, arrived early in the evening by the Hudson River Railroad, and at the depot engaged Barney Cassidy, a coachman, to take him to 805 Broadway, but at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Broadway, the gentleman feeling very sick, requested Cassidy to drive him to a hotel, Fourth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, but on leaving the hack at that point Mr. Bradley fell to the pavement in a state of insensibility, death ensuing in a few moments. Deceased, who was about forty-five years of age, wore black cloth coat and pants, brown cloth overcoat, white muslin shirt, gaiter shoes and large sized felt hat.

FINE ARTS.

Forty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

We take pleasure in reporting that the present exhibition is more attractive and promising than any which has been made for some years within the galleries of the Academy. It offers an agreeable variety and satisfactory indications of earnestness, industry and progress.

THE CORRIDOR

detains the spectator by an unusual number of interesting works. Among these may be specified several studies from nature, eight very careful ones by James Fairman, and three excellent ones by A. Woodworth Thompson, H. Ballings, and another by C. C. Griswold, N. A.; "King Harold Haarfager," a powerful production, of which, when exhibited at the Palette and at the Brooklyn Academy, we gave a detailed description; eight architectural designs, by Cady, Withers, Mould and Congdon; W. J. Linton's admirable engravings of Hennessey's "Edwin Booth as Don Cæsar de Bazan" and "Edwin Booth as Benedict;" Henry D. Linton's equally admirable engravings on wood, "The Cat, after Mieris," and "Titian's Schoolmaster, after Marone;" and exceedingly good "Pen and Ink Sketch," by Arthur Lumley; "The Wreck," very Rembrandtesque, by W. J. Linton, A.; "Striped Bass," by Wakeman Holberton, so good as not to be spoiled even by superfluous accessories; "Lake Nicaragua," a fine subject, by Norton Bush; "Chapel Pond, Adirondack," a very nice picture, by M. Josephine Walters; "Evening," by Charles Sommer, full of fine atmospheric effects; "Before a Thunderstorm, Bavaria," by Henry Reder, good; "View near Capri," by W. G. Bunce, very good; "The Comforter," by D. M. Carter, an ambitious work, of which neither the grouping nor the color can be praised without perspective, and redeemed only by the charm of tenderness certainly possessed by the head of the principal figure; "The Uninteresting Subject," by W. J. Lockhart, happy in idea and rich in color, but faulty in grouping; "Twilight on the Hudson," by F. A. Silva; "Crossing Broadway," by A. G. Heaton, a well chosen subject, but suggesting rather a dark ravine than our great sunny thoroughfare; "Noonday Shade," by Walter Blackman, with the foliage very well handled; "Just Morning, at Cape Ann, Mass," by Miss Edith W. Cook, too harsh, but faithful, and admirable in local color; "Crayon Portrait," a strong head, by F. Rondel, A.; "Portraits," by F. F. Martinez, one of himself, particularly well modelled, and another of Mr. E. Agramonte, a good likeness.

THE NORTH ROOM.

Among the most noticeable here are portraits of Mr. J. M. Bailey and Mr. John Warren, by D. Huntington, N. A.; of Mr. Wilbour, President of the Sorosis, by M. Wilson, A.; of George William Curtis, by F. B. Carpenter, A.; of Mr. G. Robertson, late Chief Justice of Kentucky, a strong, typical head, by B. F. Reinhart; of Herman Melville, author of "Typee" and "Omoo," by J. O. Eaton, A.; of W. J. Linton, by Alexander Lowrie, A., a capital likeness, and a charming child's portrait, by G. A. Baker, N. A.; "Sunset and Sunrise on Ironbound Island, Mount Desert, Me.," by A. T. Bricher, the outlines of the rock too closely copied from nature to be so harmonious as they might have been, but the filmy moonlight falls on real water; "Green River, Berkshire county, Mass.," by J. H. Bristol, A., a superior work, the big leaves of the buttonwood trees in the foreground distinctly shown, but with no absurd pre-Raphaelism in the treatment of the foliage in the middle distance and the background; "Lake Scene," by J. F. Cropsey, N. A., ablaze with his favorite, but fanciful hues; "Dreaming of the Sea," by A. Meek, a suggestive representation of a boy asleep with a tiny boat in his arms; a superb "Coast Scene," by Charles Temple Dix, fulfilling the early promise of this true artist; "Twilight on the Western Plains," by Samuel Coleman, N. A., exhibiting his characteristic merits in a new and interesting field; "Lake Conems, Autumn," by J. F. Kensett; "Torre del Schiave, Ruins on the Roman Campagna," by C. P. Cranch, N. A.; "Lake Lal, Uintah Mountains," by Gilbert Munger, whose views of Western scenery have the inestimable advantage of being, in every case, the fruit of conscientious study on the spot. "The Mower," by Constant Mayer, A., one of his latest and, in some respects, best productions; "Morning in the Harz," and "Approaching Night on the Shawangunk Mountains," by Kruseman Van Elten, who paints with equal fidelity and feeling both European and American landscapes; "The Grove in Winter," by T. L. Smith, A., which makes you chilly to look at even in this mild April weather; "Sunset at Sea," by M. F. H. De Haas, N. A., fairly dazzling with light; "At a Well in Spain, near the Straits of Gibraltar," by Louis A. Tiffany, one of the most promising of our younger artists; "A Sandy Beach," by W. T. Richards, H., marvellously good; "Windsor Castle, from the Cliscu Meadows," by J. F. Kensett, N. A., a surprising disappointment in connection with so justly distinguished a name, and "A Drove of Cattle," very well drawn, by Miss C. M. Clowes.

THE EAST ROOM.

"Dead Game," by Wakeman Holberton, is encouraging; "Evening on the Moor," by A. Wordsworth Thompson, a scene in Brittany, shows much strength; "The Clock Doctor" and "Saturday Afternoon," by E. W. Perry, N. A., indicate the progress which *genre* painting is happily beginning to make in New York, and in both these pictures the accessories are especially good; "The Reveille," by W. Magrath; "Scribner's Mill," by J. McEntee, N. A.; "The Street Fire," by S. J. Guy, N. A.; "The Close of Day," by A. B. Durand, N. A.; "The Shades of Evening" and "Twilight," by J. R. Brevoort, N. A., are excellent; "The Halt on the Carry," by A. F. Tait, N. A; "Winter Twilight," by George Ward Nichols; "Warwick Castle," by T. A. Richards, N. A., a delicious and poetic "Garden View, Riverdale-on-the-Hudson," by George H. Smillie, A.; equally delicious "Deerfield Trees," by Fred. J. Williams; "Puritan Courtship," by T. S. Noble, the courter looking like a disguised *petit maître*, and the courtee like a novice who might sing "I won't be a nun;" "The Outlet," by J. L. Fitch, A., evincing, like all his works, the most careful study of nature.

"The Cat's Cradle," by Henry Mosler, whose "Lost Cause" attracted so much attention at a previous exhibition; a very good "Portrait of an Old Lady," by H. P. Gray, President of the Academy; "News from the Front," better in conception than in execution, by Eugene Benson, A.; "Fra Angelico," by Edwin White; "Autumnal Morning," by H. W. Robbins; "The Young Heels of Old Virginia," by B. F. Reinhart, in which the white-haired old "boy" evidently feels no older than his two companions; "The Vacant Chair," very good as well as suggestive, by William Morgan, A; "The Hunter's Dinner in the Wood," another promising and pleasing picture, by L. C. Tiffany; a delightful "Scene in Venice," by D. D. Neal; "The Column of St. Mark," painted, as it best can be painted, by S. R. Gifford, N. A.; "The Last Rose of Summer," by G. H. Boughton, H., one of his most impressive works; "Burning Whalers off the Island of Ascension," by A. Bierstadt, N. A., in which if the effects are called sensational it must be in the best and legitimate sense of that greatly abused term, the blinding intensity of the flames contrasting splendidly with the cold sparkle of moonlight on the water—all these works, by various claims, attract the eye of the spectator in the east room. But the fierce disputes occasioned by the extraordinary "Christ" of William Page, N. A., rivet attention upon this as the central point of interest. Far be it from us to speak flippantly of either the subject or its treatment by an artist, whom Tuckerman has rightly called "the most originally experimental of American portrait painters." But, while reserving for another occasion a more thorough examination of this strange product of years of brooding thought and arduous labor, we cannot honestly refrain from saying that it seems easier to believe in the authenticity of the portrait which Publius Lentulus described centuries ago, than in any ideal truth to be claimed for this repulsive, although curiously fascinating combination of the crazy and almost wild-beast eyes of an anchorite, the yellow eyebrows, red and greenish-yellow hair, with the ruby lips and rubicund visage and colossal torso of such a voluptuary as might inspire the mad verse of Swinburne. If this be anything like a portrait Gentiles can hardly wonder that Our Saviour was rejected and crucified by the Jews. The first impression, at least, is simply shocking.

THE SOUTH ROOM.

"Othello at the House of Brabantio," by D. R. Knight, relegates the Moor to a very subordinate position in the surrounding group, which, in its turn, is crushed by an avalanche of upholstery and architecture. This work shows, nevertheless, dexterous manipulation and a strong sense of color. The "Portrait of Yacht Dreadnought on the Western Ocean," by E. C. Petersen, reproduces forcibly the deep purple indigo of mid-ocean; "Sunday in Devonshire," by A. F. Bellows, N. A., if somewhat too much idealized, is, nevertheless, exquisitely rendered; "Lake George," by David Johnson, N. A., might well induce the public to forgive the artist's choice of a hackneyed theme; "The Basin," by James Hope, exhibits almost photographical accuracy; "Santa Lucia," by George B. Butler, is vigorous and Murillolike; "The New England Farm," by A. D. Shattuck, N. A., is pleasing; so is the "View of Genesee Meadows," by J. W. Castlear, N. A.; "A Portrait," by W. M. Hunt, faithfully depicts old age; "The Jersey Sharpshooter, by George Gernard, is very good; a masterly portrait of Wendell Phillips, by William Page, N. A.; a fine full length portrait of William E. Dodge, by D. Huntington, N. A., and a portrait of Mrs. August Belmont, by J. B. Irving, A., who has done more for the dress than for the face of his interesting subject, are in this room; St. Regis Lake, Adirondack Mountains, by E. D. Nelson, H., is meritorious, and so are "The Vicinity of Leeds, N. Y.," by J. R. Brevoort, N. A.; "Winter on the Adirondacks," by James H. Hart, N. A., and "October Afternoon, Kaatskill Mountains," by Jervis McEntee, N. A.; "Jeobtha's Daughter Wandering with her Maids on the Mountains," by Louis Lang, N. A., unfortunately challenges comparison with Gustave Doré's famous picture; "The Red Umbrella, Spanish Peasants in Seville," is most unmistakably by George H. Hall, N. A. But the most remarkable pictures in the South Room are "The Narrows, Lake George," by D. Huntington, N. A.; "The Golden Horn," by William Hart, N. A.—which, like Page's "Christ," has provoked conflicting opinions; "The Danger Signal," by McEntee, N. A., and "The Old Stage Coach," by Eastman Johnson, N. A., already fully described in these columns. "In the Sierra Nevada Mountains," by A. Bierstadt, N. A., one of his grandest specimens, and "Fisher Boats of the Adriatic," by S. R. Gifford, N. A., which all agree in admiring as a masterpiece.

THE WEST ROOM.

Here the visitor notices particularly "A Pool on the Ausable," by A. H. Wyant, N. A.; "View at Barrytown" and "View on the Palisades," by David Johnson, N. A.; "A Glimpse of the Pacific," by Gilbert Munger; "Castle of St. Elmo, Naples," by R. S. Gifford, A.; "A Cogitation," finely painted by F. W. Wood, A.; "The Sunlit Path," by A. C. Howland, happy in both theme and treatment; "Conway Arches," excellent, by Mrs. Julia H. Beers; "Near Bellows' Falls, Conn., by T. W. Marshall, a promising young artist; "North Porch, Cathedral of Bergamo," by E. L. Henry, N. A., in his best style; "On the Eno," very good, by Miss Mary Kollock; "A Group of Sheep," by A. Shattuck, N. A., nice sheep, but looking too much as if just washed for this special occasion; "Illusions of High Life," pretty, but incomprehensible, by F. A. Bridgman; "Sea Side Study," very pleasing, by J. La Farge, N. A.; "In the Woods," another faithful study, by J. L. Fitch, A.; "Study on the Adirondacks," by J. M. Hart, N. A.; "Sunset near Bethlehem, N. H.," by W. L. Sonntag, N. A.; "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone," by T. C. Grannis; "Feeding the Pets," by Walter Satterlee; "Pots On a Spree," by W. H. Beard, N. A.; "A Peep at the Growling Danger," by James H. Beard, H., one of the cleverest little pictures ever painted of the kind; "A Quiet Day on the Beverly Shore," by J. F. Kensett, N. A., with rocks, shadow, sail, sea and clouds, all attesting fully his exceptional talent, and "After a Gale," a glorious ocean view, by Edward Moran, whose recently published Album is now popularizing his fame throughout the country.

THE SCULPTURE ROOM

contains, as usual, but very few examples. Margaret Foley contributes four—"Pascuccia, a Model," "Viola, from Bubam Dancir," "Joshua" and "Charles Sumner," although it is somewhat uncertain from the numbering which is which of the two latter. Two of C. Calverly's five medallions are particularly fine.

MR. J. ROY ROBERTSON,

Vice President of "The Palette," has returned from his visit to Albany, where he has recently painted a very successful portrait of Sanford E. Church, Chief Judge of Appeals, which is to be placed in the court room, with those of Van Vechten, Cady and Hill. It has been suggested by the Albany *Argus* that Mr. Robertson should also be invited to make portraits of ex-Judge Denio, of Utica, and Judge Nelson, of the United States Supreme Court.

Important Sale of Paintings.

A remarkably fine collection of paintings, to be sold on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25 and 26, is now on free exhibition at the Somerville Art Gallery, 82 Fifth avenue. It consists of consignments from Messrs. Goupil & Co. and Mr. John Snedicor, who is about to leave for a European tour, and comprises numerous choice examples of the French, American and Dusseldorf schools. Among the French names in the catalogue are those of Rosa Bonheur, De Chatillon, Ad. Schreyer, Diaz, Alf. Stevens, J. Tissot, Bouguereau, J. L. Brown, Jules Breton, Pecrus, F. Willems and many more. Among the American names, Samuel Coleman represented by his celebrated "Regatta for the Queen's Cup," J. M. Hart, J. W. Castlear, J. McEntee, William Hart, Victor Nehlig, S. J. Guy, W. T. Richards, M. F. H. De Haas, A. D. Shattuck, G. H. Boughton, J. G. Brown, A. Bierstadt, A. T. Tait, S. R. Gifford and H. Bacon. Among the Dusseldorf names, W. Camphausen, A. Siegert, Sonderland, C. M. Webb, Schlesinger, Professor C. Hirbner