

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS—COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

ANOTHER LINCOLN ROMANCE.

From the N. Y. Tribune. We find a very absurd story in a place where nobody clothed in his right mind would ever look for it—on the first page of Mr. Tilton's Golden Age. It states that a friend of Mr. Lincoln's, who had been absent in Europe during the first year of his administration (when all of Lincoln's friends who were worth killing were at home) returned to the land of the free only to find the President girded about by men who poured into his innocent ears day and night the most frightful falsehoods about the state of the country, which the glib President swallowed and digested with unsuspecting candor. This wise and upright patriot revealed to the astonished Illinoisian the dense and opaque ignorance in which his keepers were holding him, and in reply to his piteous inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" suggested a simple and sufficient remedy.

The candid friend who had rescued the President from his moral prison-house had other matters of more importance than the salvation of the country occupying his enlightening work. But he had another candid friend, to whom he offered the thorny position of truth-teller in ordinary to his Excellency. The honest magistrate, still in a sweat of mortal terror over the awful peril that had been revealed to him, abjectly accepted the ministrations of this rugged confessor, and "the bargain was faithfully carried out, greatly to Mr. Lincoln's credit and benefit." If the unknown geniuses who write the Dime Novels neglect this plot, there is no use trying to help such people.

The story lacks but one thing: we pine to know the obscure patriot to whom we owe the rescue of Lincoln from the sinister conspiracy which came so near destroying him in his green and salad days of government. The editor certainly got the story from the Candid Patriot himself, and should not have withheld his name from the admiration of a waiting world. He is too wise and useful, too large and judicious (as the New England post said of the Rhode Island Greenings), to remain in private life or to shed his cogitations around the backstairs of newspaper offices. He should be in Washington to-day, performing for General Grant the inestimable services he rendered to his great and good predecessor.

There is a wonderful family likeness about all this class of Lincoln anecdotes. The man who tells them usually steadfastly believes them. He first begins by thinking what he would have said if he had seen the President. He repeats this to the waiting world, and is encouraged by his loyal approval. He cautiously recounts an imaginary interview to the loungers around his country post-office. He becomes a local lion by virtue of his story, and at the tenth repetition of it he is ready to swear to all the material statements, and then he cannot rest until he has seen his invention in print. With perseverance and worry he always accomplishes this—and if his story is sufficiently brief and improbable to be tempting to editorial shears, it gets copied and passes unchallenged into history. This story, for instance, which has imposed upon the very elect, is so stupid that to believe it you require absolute ignorance of the whole range of American history. It represents the Executive Mansion as an Oriental palace, guarded by lords of the bed-chamber, and secluded from the outside world. The President is an idiot of glimmering good intentions, who cannot read or write, who sees nobody but his jailers, and gets no hint of the outside world until this adventitious friend bursts through his encompassing enchantments and lets in the day on his blinking eyes. Then he is all candor and goodness—all good-will and teachableness—and the war goes bravely on, and the country is saved.

Now the good-natured zany described in these romances (for the above is only one of a hundred which are current) was a man over fifty years of age, who had practiced law successfully all his life, who had been in Congress and his State Legislature, who had been the leader of his party in Illinois for twenty years, who was the most consummate and far-seeing political manager in the Mississippi Valley. He knew by education and instinct the general drift and tendency of American politics better than any man in Congress. He kept the mere politicians dancing about him like puppets to his piping. He was honest, as statesmen go, but he never despised human weaknesses and follies as means of government. He said one day, in an hour of bitterness after closing a protracted local squabble with a brilliant compromise, "All these are of honest statesmen—only in combining individual meanness for the public good." Yet it is this shrewd and sagacious schemer, this Machiavel of the back timber, who is generally represented by recollectors and paragraphists as a snivelling sentimentalist, full of credulity and enthusiasm, blown to red heat by every blast of rustic patriotism which visited Washington.

Those impatient gentlemen who went to the Capitol to tell him what he should do remember well enough the reception they met with. One of them, a prominent New York lawyer, began his remarks with the swelling phrase, "Mr. President, the North having generally offered you its last dollar and its last man," was interrupted with the chilling retort—"That is postical and not true. The North gives not a dollar except on good security, and every State in the North has protested against its quota in the draft." The speech was entirely spoiled, and the impatient patriot went home to construct his report of the interview.

We do not wish to destroy any ideal of moral worth. Our honest men are not so very numerous that we can afford to neglect the signal instances of integrity in office. But it is not necessary to emphasize a man's honesty by making him an imbecile. And the fatal fault of these Lincoln anecdotes is that while they make the President a monster of feeble goodness, they exalt and glorify the recollectors into portraits of sagacious patriotism. They always present themselves in the attitude of palming Mr. Lincoln on the head, and we do not remember any of them who were tall enough to perform that function with the giant of the Sangamon.

THE TWO PARTIES.

From the N. Y. Times. It is a lucky dispensation that whenever the Republicans make one mistake the Democrats instantly go and commit half a dozen. There is no reason to suppose that the Democrats do this out of any special regard for the law of compensation, which philosophers say

plays so important a part in the material universe. The probability appears to be that they go about sewing thorns in their own path, because, as Dr. Watt says, "it is their nature to." From one cause and another the Republicans have of late years fallen into blunders sufficient to give their opponents a solid ground to work upon; but at the very moment Republicans are short-sighted, the Democratic leaders seem to be deprived of common sense altogether, and thus the people see that the Republicans, at their worst, are safer men to deal with than Democrats at their best. It might be supposed that a party was handicapping itself prettily heavily in the race for power, when it undertook to carry on its back the noisy gentleman at the South who are for reviving those "fissures" of the war which everybody else is anxious to forget. A worse stump orator for any political organization than Jefferson Davis it would be hard to pick out. To have him going round making speeches is enough to crush any side with which he is identified. But the Democrats are not satisfied with this load. Perceiving that the question uppermost in the minds of the intelligent classes is, whether or not a stop cannot be put to the political corruption which has assumed such alarming proportions, the Democrats come out and plant their flag on that same corruption, and try to smear down anybody who ventures to declare war against it. Thus the World on Friday devoted a column or so of ponderous irony to Mr. Evans for daring to speak in behalf of the public interest at a meeting of the tax-payers of New York—a meeting held to support the very cause which the World pretended to be eager to win less than a year ago. No doubt this course of the World is consistent enough in one sense, for it is said to have attacked the corrupt members of its party for a "consideration," and now it defends them for another "consideration." Still, it is a curious line of policy, in the present state of public feeling, for even the World to take a brief from the man whom it described last spring as "drunkards," "insolvents," and "swindlers." The World is always complaining that no one supported it in the days when it had hysterics about the "Young Democracy," but the reason was that nobody put any faith in it, not even the Young Democracy itself, and events have shown that the general suspicions were well founded. When the gentleman who has just relieved his neighbor of his purse and watch—we do not mean Mr. Tilden's watch, which was stolen at the Rochester Convention of "seawags"—comes forward and expatiates on the beauties of honesty, the mild treatment he can expect is to be laughed at.

The Democrats generally are doing the work which Providence seems to have assigned to them—that is, working much harder for the Republicans than the Republicans are working for themselves. They have a real genius for lifting their opponents out of a scrape, and then winning their battles for them. What is the use of Senator Sumner opposing General Grant when the Democrats are working so hard to strengthen him in the confidence of the people? Look at the Connecticut election. It is almost impossible for the Democrats to have a better chance anywhere than they had there. They can never, for instance, find a better man to put forward as their representative than Governor English. He is universally respected, he was faithful to his country during the war, his public life is singularly free from blemish. To make his prospects brighter the other day, the Republicans were much demoralized at the moment of election, and were inclined to let things take their course without an effort. There was a remarkable combination of circumstances in favor of Governor English, and the leading Democratic paper, the New York Herald, unhesitatingly predicted his re-election by a tremendous majority.

At this interesting point, what must the Democrats do but hoist "Boss" Tweed on Governor English's shoulders, like another Old Man of the Sea, that finished the business at once. The moment the people say Tammany in the background, they took fright. So it will be everywhere. Have not the Western leaders warned the Democrats of this city that they must either throw Tammany overboard, or give up all hope of winning the Presidential election? This advice, like the advice doctors often give, is not easily followed. Strike away Tammany, and what remains of the Democratic party, at least in the Eastern States? It is a thing of shreds and patches without organization or means with which to fight an arduous campaign. It is for this reason that many respectable Democrats wink at the big and little Bosses, in the hope that when the party recovers its power it will be able to shake off all its incumbrances. Of course that would turn out to be a delusion; but then Democrats always hug their delusions as if they were realities. The fact is, the Republicans would win in 1872 by the infatuation of their opponents, if by no other else. We hope, however, to see them adopt a more decided course. We trust they will take up the question of purity against corruption, and "peg away" at it as they did at the slavery question. If they do that, the Democrats may be safely trusted to ruin their party by their own follies, and the Republicans will occupy a stronger position than ever.

THE COAL STRIKE.

From the N. Y. World. There can be no question that the miners have put themselves grossly and terribly in the wrong. The right of their fellows to work was as clear as their right to refuse working. Yet for an exercise of this clear right they have shut down some of the workers, and bruised and maimed others in a brutal way. It is particularly a public misfortune that they should have thus put themselves in the wrong at the precise time when the public had come to see and say that upon the original merits of the question they were in the right. No man can defend the bloody processes of the miners' mob. Yet defenders of the cause of the miners would have arisen all over Pennsylvania and in all the coal-consuming States, and soon created a public opinion which would have compelled legislatures, never so careless or so venal, to put the penalty of the stoppage of coal-mining where the blame of it belongs—upon the shoulders, not of the ignorant miners, but of the educated and powerful operators in coal. The voices of these champions are for the present hushed and the cause of those whom they would have defended is inconceivably injured by the foolish and brutal haste of the miners themselves.

We have shown heretofore, and at some length in the correspondence from the capital of Pennsylvania published in Friday's World, how absolute and how arbitrary the power of the great carrying corporations, which are also the great mining corporations, of Pennsylvania is over both the persons to their employ—to wit, the miners—and the persons in whose employ they are—to wit, the public, consisting of the coal consumers of several populous States, and immediately

represented by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. These corporations claim, and what is more, they have been suffered to exercise, the right to fix their relations, both with the persons whom they employ and with the persons who employ them, by the standard of their own sweet will alone. *Stet prolatore voluntas* is equally the explanation they vouchsafe of their tariff of wages in the mines and their tariff of freight on the roads. It is true that a clause in the charter of the State forbids it to charge more than a fixed sum per mile per ton in freight upon coal. This rate gives them in every case an ample profit. But the clause which fixes it has been rendered nugatory by the decision of a Pennsylvania judge. This magistrate, who could not find God in the Constitution of the United States and agitated to put him there, had no difficulty in finding Mammon in the cluster of a Pennsylvania monopoly and deciding to keep him there and to exalt him. By his decision and legislative sanction the state of affairs has been brought about which we have seen. By a simple union of three great mining and carrying corporations the production of coal in all mines could be stopped, as it has been stopped, and the price of coal in all markets put up, as it has been put up, to a limit which to the poorest class of consumers means terrible suffering. By virtually stopping work in their own mines they enforced a strike. By putting up the freight upon coal and deciding to keep him there and to exalt him, they made the strike universal, since their action forbade the smaller operators not in their right to stop work, and prevented the miners who are still at work from remaining in a condition to supply aid and comfort to the miners who were already on strike. As a last resort against this oppression, which, considering its motive, its conduct, the manner in which it was made possible, and the number and character of the sufferers by it, it is a temperate expression to call infamous, the Legislature was appealed to. The Legislature has responded by a measure which is not only a denial of justice, but a derision and a mockery of justice. What was left for rude men with savage instincts, and arms in their hands, who had looked forward to this as the only hope of peaceable redress? To despair and die quietly was the bidding of philosophy. But the miners are no more philosophers than the Indians of the plains. They felt themselves wronged, and though it was not in their power to right their wrongs, it was in their power to inflict some part of what they suffered upon the men at whose hands they had suffered it. This, with the vindictive, unregenerate nature, and with a coarseness and brutality peculiar to ignorant men, is what they have done. Their conduct is indefensible, and society must interpose to put them down and punish them. But the criminality of their conduct ought not to blind society to the fact that the real blame of the quarrel is not upon their shoulders, and that the real and permanent danger to society is not in the impetuous use of the force, overshadowing and corrupting of great corporations, and not from a spasmodic outbreak on the part of a few hundreds of riotous miners.

THE SPANISH FUTURE OF FRANCE.

From the Pall Mall Gazette. The persons who of late have taken the gloomiest view of the future of France are those who have made up their minds that she is reserved for a destiny closely resembling that of Spain. What, then, are the national characteristics which have given its complexion to the miserable political history of that Spain of our days? They are, first of all, an extremely ill-educated population, divided into the slaves of superstition and the dupes of the newest and crudest of modern social and political theories. Next, there is a whole cluster of pretenders to the throne competing with the vague aspirations of a number of persons who give to their dreams the name of democracy or republic. Then there is an utterly demoralized army, conscious of military imbecility and ashamed of it, but consoling itself to a certain extent by a sense of political importance in its own country, and accustomed to be called in to help one side or other in civil disputes. Lastly, there is a vast amount of national self-complacency, founded on an unquestionably glorious history, but just serving to disguise the realities of the present and to keep down the sobriety of temper through which alone the cure for existing evils could be discovered and provided. Is France really free from any one of these political infirmities? Some of them are more or less conspicuous in France than in Spain, a few are less distinct; some are of old date, while others are the result of the recent calamities. But which of them is absolutely wanting? Is it then really true that the future of France is to be a future of pronouncements? Is a riotous mob to share the Government with the fractions of a solitary faithful to its military honor? It would be idle to deny that, upon all discernible probabilities, these questions must be answered in the affirmative, and that there is little to hope in the opposite direction except the rarity of perfect analogies between the political condition of any two countries.

We have very little doubt of the ultimate suppression of the insurrection in Paris. There is in the last resort that power to bring to bear on it which the *Journal des Debats* names with the deepest shame, but yet names—the victorious German army. But the facts remain that the new Government has at the very outset to rely on military force, and that the force first used has proved faithless to its cause. The French army is evidently destined to be the stay of whatever civil power is established in France, and the French army is in a condition of spirit and morality which is wholly new in its history. It is difficult to say which of the two parts of which this army consists will be most dangerous to the civil power, which must depend on the support of one of them or of both. The soldiers who have continued the resistance of France since the capitulation of Sedan are not trustworthy. The praises and exhortations of M. Gambetta, which were intended to spur them on to victory, have probably unfitted them to bear defeat, and they evidently smart under the severe discipline which was necessary to qualify them for real warfare. There remain the prisoners who will shortly be returning in such multitudes. It is not known whether M. Thiers had abandoned the intention of disbanding the forces which had served under Bonapartist generals, but no such idea can now be entertained. It is only the old soldier who can be trusted to fire upon a Parisian mob; but can the new Government trust the old soldier? No great military body had, up to the beginning of the war, been exposed to so many demoralizing influences. The coup d'etat of 1851, which must have done it infinite harm, was succeeded by the long debauchery of the empire, and now, on the top of all this moral injury, comes the bitter shame of universal defeat. What is the army which returns from captivity likely to look

back upon for consolation? It is more than probable that it will avert its eyes from recent disgraces, and it knows too much of the Germans to be in any hurry to face them again. But it will remember the lessons which it learned during the twenty years of the Empire—the contempt for the civil population which was carefully instilled into it—the votes which it was invited to give for the purpose of showing it that it was not a body separate from the rest of the nation, and which constantly impressed upon it that what was the legitimate source of civil power. Here are the features in which the France of the future will have the strongest and the most curious resemblance to the Spain of the present.

There are some extreme partisans of the German cause who have all along contended that the condition to which France is in danger of being reduced is exactly that to which she ought to be reduced. The only way they said, in which the great disturber should be made incapable of disturbance is to afflict her with the moral and material infirmities of Spain. She is so full of the elements of disorder, her divisions are so incurable, her vanity is so inordinate, that you have only to humiliate her sufficiently and she will fall into more than Spanish confusion, and consequently into more than Spanish helplessness. Assuming the result to be attainable—and we admit that it is far more attainable than could have been supposed even a fortnight ago—we believe that it would be the most awful of disasters and the most formidable of perils to every single continental country Europe included. We are persuaded that Europe could not bear a Spain in the position of France. Except our own country—and our own country only within certain limits—there is not a single community which would not stand in jeopardy every hour if the spectacle and example of Spain were close at its door. It is doubtless a little strange that Spain has spread the contagion of her disorders so little among her neighbors. But then she has been singularly isolated ever since they began. The knowledge which both Englishmen and Frenchmen had gained of the Spanish people and territory during the Peninsular war gradually died out. With the loss of her American colonies, the commercial intercourse which might have made her better known became slack in the extreme; her language was less studied than any European tongue except the Russian, and but for her insensibility she would have commanded less attention than Wallachia or Bessarabia. Still, with all her isolation, it may be doubted whether her military instructions had not much more influence over events in France than is commonly believed. However that may be, a Spain with Paris for its capital, with a language spoken by the educated class in every country, and a literature universally read, with an empire over fashion and taste of which nothing could deprive it, would be a volcanic force which would convulse the world or compel the world to extinguish it altogether. It would be hard to say which would be most dangerous—the perpetual dynamic or democratic revolve of which France in this state would be the theatre, or the military alliances which they would command and by which they would triumph. There are plenty of the elements of social disturbance in Germany itself, as would be admitted by Count Bismarck himself, who is said to be even now hesitating about turning the turbulent population of Mulhouse into German citizens and subjects. But far more infectious than the example of civil disorder would be the example of military insurrection. Nobody who thinks on the vast armies which will presently fill Europe from end to end—nobody who recollects how artificial are the constitution and moral code of the best ordered armies, of armies on the German system as much as any others—can let his mind dwell without dismay on the prospect of praetorian warfare perpetually waged in the very centre of Europe. We have little hope that the German statesmen in their present temper will resign any part of their advantages, but there it is, and there we are not the less sure that if they knew the true interests of their country, they would at the final settlement of the terms of peace at least consider whether, by doing so much to render all future French Governments unpopular, and therefore temporary, they have not provided for themselves a permanent danger far more serious than an ambitious and irritable neighbor.

A PRECIOUS BONE.

From the N. Y. World. On the top of a high peak in the Oriental seas—whence our great forefather, with Eve under his arm, stepped from the island paradise into continental Asia and the wicked world before him—is a holy temple, and there, in one of its most gorgeous shrines, is kept and to be kept in *seculo seculorum* the sacred tooth of Buddha. Whether it is a "molar" or a "bicuspid" or an "incisor," whether it was by some unlineal hand wrenched from the prophet's gums or is the surviving witness of his masticatory existence, we know not; but there it is, and there by pilgrims from all climes it is worshipped. No other remnant of humanity so remote survives. Next to teeth in point of durability, as we all know, are bones; and to the preservation of classic and sacred bones we are glad to see the attention of this irreverent nation of ours is at last turning, not merely in cemeteries and vaults and tombs, but in museums and above ground and in the sight of man. We are to have our Buddha's tooth.

Learn this from that eminently loyal magazine, *the Lippincott's*—published in Philadelphia, though edited, we believe, in Boston, literary ability being the only domestic fabric not protected in Pennsylvania—where we find a lovely description of the Army Medical Museum at Washington, filled, as we learn, with all the attractions of "normal anatomical preparations," "thin sections of diseased tissues," "on the podura scale," with the "grammatophera subitissima, the surrile gemma, and the nineteenth band of Nober's plate." But this is not all. There is a sentimental side of this chamber of horrors, cannot be told from him who has the retreat alongside. But the interest vastly intensifies when we hear that, "As a memorable example, when at Gettysburg the gallant leader of one of our army corps was struck down by a fragment of shell, which shattered the bones of his leg to such an extent as to render amputation necessary, the first thought of the sufferer after the shock of the operation was of the museum at Washing-

ton, to which he ordered the broken bone to be sent, in the hope that his misfortune might prove the gain of fellow-soldiers in the future." While modesty here, 'tis veils the name of him to whom once belonged the fractured leg, no one can doubt whose it is. The touching wish expressed in the agony of amputation alone reveals it. "Don't give up the ship!"—"Kiss me, Hardy!"—"I die content," are the sentimental, unpractical utterances of wounded heroes on shore and aloft; but who but our Slicker would, when moment the tourniquet was taken off, think of sending his "stragelike" to the anatomical museum? Then such a leg! Such a foot! What associations cling around it! Is it not the foot which he "put down" so firmly when Mr. Peabody asked him to do honor to royalty? Is it not the leg, or one of them, on which he refused to stand at the Star and Garter when the Queen's health was drunk? Is it not the leg on which he pivoted on that Sabbath day when he shot to death an unarmed man in the streets of Washington? Is it not that which did such good service when Stonewall Jackson broke in on the 11th Corps at Chancellorsville, and the loss of which saved its proprietor from a court-martial at Gettysburg? All we know is, it is not the leg, for it survives, whose pregnant hinges crooked to a Radical President and fanged successfully for office. Still it is a precious member. May it last as long as Buddha's tooth, and have as many intelligent worshippers!

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3, 1871. At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF EIGHT DOLLARS per share was declared, PAYABLE IN GOLD to the stockholders on and after the 15th instant, clear of all taxes. J. W. McALLISTER, Secretary.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY have declared a quarterly dividend of TWO AND A HALF PER CENT, payable at the office, No. 303 WALNUT STREET, on and after SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871. L. CHAMBERLAIN, Treasurer.

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The next academic year begins on September 23, 1871. The first examination for admission to Harvard College will begin June 29, at 8 A. M. The second examination for admission to Harvard College, and the examinations for admission to the Scientific and Mining Schools, will begin September 23. The requisites for admission to the College have been changed this year. There is now a mathematical alternative for a portion of the classics. A circular describing the new requisites and recent examination papers will be mailed on application.

UNIVERSITY LECTURES.—Thirty-three courses in 1870-71, of which twenty begin in the week February 12-19. These lectures are intended for graduates of colleges, teachers, and other competent adults (men or women). A circular describing them will be mailed on application. Residences, No. 13 S. ELEVENTH STREET, below Chestnut. 13 1/2 m

THE LAW SCHOOL has been reorganized this year. It has seven instructors, and a library of 16,000 volumes. A circular explains the new course of study, the requisites for the degree, and the cost of attending the school. The second half of the year begins February 13. For catalogue, circulars, or information, address J. W. HARRIS, 26 m

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TRUST FUNDS AND INVESTMENTS kept SEPARATE AND APART from the assets of Company. INCOME COLLECTED and remitted for one per cent.

The Company act as EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, and GUARDIANS, and RECEIVE and EXECUTE TRUSTS of every description, from the Courts, Corporations, and Individuals.

N. B. BROWN, President. H. LARK, Vice President. ROBERT PATTERSON, Secretary and Treasurer. DIRECTORS: N. B. Brown, Alexander H. Howell, Charles H. Clark, Robert S. Galloway, John Welsh, George F. Tyler, Charles Macauley, Henry C. Gibson, Edward W. Clark, George H. Buchanan, Jr., Henry Pratt McKean. (13 1/2 mwt)

THE PHILADELPHIA TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY. OFFICE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS IN THE PHILADELPHIA BANK BUILDING, No. 41 CHESTNUT STREET.

FOR SAFE-KEEPING OF GOVERNMENT BONDS and other VALUABLES, under special guarantee, at the lowest rates. The Company also offer for Rent, at rates varying from \$15 to \$75 per annum, the renter holding the key. SMALL SAFES IN BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS, affording absolute SECURITY against FIRE, THEFT, BURGLARY, and ACCIDENT.

Trust investments are kept separate and apart from the Company's assets. Circulars, giving full details, forwarded on application.

DIRECTORS: Thomas Robins, Benjamin B. Comgely, Lewis R. Anshutz, Augustus Heaton, J. Livingston Erringer, Samuel Starbuck, R. P. McCullagh, Daniel Haddock, Jr., Edwin M. Lewis, Edward Y. Townsend, James L. Clagburn, John W. Porter.

OFFICERS: President—LEWIS R. ANSHUTZ. Vice-President—J. LIVINGSTON ERRINGER. Secretary—R. P. MCCULLAGH. Treasurer—W. M. DUBOIS. 2 mwt

CITY ORDINANCES.

COMMON COUNCIL OF PHILADELPHIA. CLERK'S OFFICE. PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1871. In accordance with a Resolution adopted by the Common Council of the city of Philadelphia on Thursday, the sixteenth day of March, 1871, the annexed bill, entitled "An Ordinance creating a loan for the extension of the Water Works," is hereby published for public information.

JOHN ECKSTEIN, Clerk of Common Council.

AN ORDINANCE CREATING A LOAN FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE WATER WORKS. Section 1. The Select and Common Councils of the city of Philadelphia do ordain, That the Mayor of Philadelphia be and he is hereby authorized to borrow at not less than par, on the credit of the city, two millions one hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars for the further extension of the Water Works. For which interest not to exceed the rate of six per cent per annum, shall be paid half-yearly, on the first days of January and July, at the office of the City Treasurer.

The principal of said loan shall be payable and paid at the expiration of thirty years from the date of the same, and not before without the consent of the holders thereof, and the certificates thereof, in the usual form of certificates of city loan, shall be issued in such amounts as the lenders may require, but not for any fractional part of one hundred dollars, or if required, in amounts of five hundred or one thousand dollars, and it shall be expressed in said certificates that the loan therein mentioned and the interest thereof are payable free from all taxes.

Section 2. Whenever any loan shall be made by virtue thereof there shall be by force of this ordinance annually appropriated out of the income of the corporate estates, and from the sum raised by taxation, a sum sufficient to pay the interest on said certificates; and the further sum of three per centum on the par value of such certificates so issued shall be appropriated quarterly out of said income and taxes to a sinking fund, which fund and its accumulations are hereby especially pledged for the redemption and payment of said certificates.

RESOLUTION TO PUBLISH A LOAN BILL. Resolved, That the Clerk of the Common Council be authorized to publish in two daily newspapers of this city daily for two weeks the ordinance presented to Common Council on Thursday, March 16, 1871, entitled "An Ordinance creating a loan for the extension of the Water Works." And the said Clerk, at the stated meeting of Councils after said publication, shall present to this Council one of each of said newspapers for every day in which the same shall have been made. 3 1/2 mwt

THE "CLOUD." This new elegant and commodious first-class Hotel, on ARCH STREET, above SEVENTH, is now open. Terms, \$2 per day. 41 1/2 m G. W. MUMFORD & BROS., Proprietors.

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