RUSSIAN, AHOY!

ARRIVAL OF THE CLIPPER ABRECK.

Saluting the Russian Flag and Extending Naval Courtesies.

Vice Admiral Rowan, the Russian Captain, General Aspinwall and the Russian Minister Dining on Board the Congress—Hearty Reception of the Minister and Joy of the Muscovite Sailors—Account of the Voyage.

Preparations for the Prince in Washington.

Beneath a cloudless sky, yesterday morning, to the consternation of some, at length, one of the Russian war vessels, under the command of Vice Admiral Poutiatine, had cast anchor in American waters. At least so it was surmised by an operator off Sandy Hook, on Saturday evening, and acting under his direction the principal morning journals published announcements to contrary therewith. But there was much doubting of opinion concerning it in the city, and the ambiguity of the remarks made in reference to the arrival of the strange sail tended to increase the incredulity felt by those interested in the matter. Up to eleven o'clock on Saturday night the general belief was that the steamer just "brought to" down the bay was the Wabash, from Boston, which had been ordered to report at New York by the Navy Department. After this hour the telegraph ceased to indicate further in reference to it, and consequently the only next sensible thing to be done was to wait patiently until daybreak yesterday morning.

At about ten o'clock yesterday morning General W. H. Aspinwall drove up to the Clarendon Hotel and entered that building in a somewhat precipitate manner. He asked for the Russian Ambassador, and was immediately shown into the presence of His Excellency Count Catacazy. The usual salutations being exchanged, the General informed the Minister that he had called thus early for the purpose of asking him to join him in

A TRIP DOWN THE BAY,

as he was exceedingly dubious about the news received in reference to the arrival of the Russian vessel, and he would like to have the matter cleared up at once. Entering the carriage at the door they drove away to the North River and were soon on board the General's steam yacht Day Dream, in which they proceeded down the bay. The Secretary of the Russian Legation had been on board the Abreck early in the morning, boarding her shortly after daybreak in the revenue cutter Northerner, which had been placed at his disposal for the purpose of giving the first intimation of the arrival of the fleet. When they arrived off the Congress they ascertained that the captain of the Abreck and his staff were already on board that vessel

DINING WITH VICE ADMIRAL ROWAN,

and on a signal from the latter vessel they hastened to join them and remained there for a considerable time. At this time there was considerable suspense in the city. Numerous speculations were indulged in, but no one really believed that a Russian frigate had arrived, but that it must be a merchant vessel, and as the man on the lookout saw his mistake he did not care to telegraph it. For several hours during the day the "blue cross" of Russia attached to the "Stars and Stripes" depended from a pole over the sidewalk at 245 Broadway, the office of the Executive Committee. Major Montgomery, however, has received no authentic information upon the subject of the arrival, and on hearing of the exhibition of Russian bunting from the window of his office hastened down town and ordered the janitor to take it in.

At about seven o'clock the Russian Minister, accompanied by his friends, returned to the hotel and instantly communicated the result of his journey down the bay to the Secretary of the Executive Committee, reiterating, in substance, the visit of the Russian vessel, his dining with Captain Schantz, of the Abreck, and the American Vice Admiral, as fully described below. Major Montgomery informed a HERALD representative at a late hour last night that should the Prince arrive before Monday morning it would be

IMPOSSIBLE TO RECEIVE HIM UNTIL TUESDAY.

Should he come to-day an official notification will be published in all the leading journals to-morrow, the substance of which will be that the members of the Reception Committee and their ladies will leave the foot of Vestry street, at ten o'clock precisely, on the Mary Powell, and carry out the programme so often published. A collation will be prepared for the members on board, while M. Jullien will assemble his full force of musicians and supply a musical feast to all those who prefer that diet. The following telegram is from Quarantine:—

QUARANTINE, S. I., Nov. 12, 1871.

The Russian clipper Abreck, Captain Schantz, thirty-two days from Madeira, anchored in the Lower Bay last night. Captain Schantz says that he parted company with the Admiral about twenty-seven days ago, and that their arrival here may be expected at any moment. The Abreck was boarded by the revenue cutter Northerner at seven o'clock this morning.

JO MCGOWAN, Captain Northerner.

One of the Long Looked For.

UNITED STATES SHIP CONGRESS, Nov. 12, 1871.

The officer in the wardroom mess yesterday who laid his wager on the arrival of the Russians to-day was, if not a prophet, at least one-third of one. The heavy nor'wester which blew all day yesterday was not such as would be calculated to bring in any of the Muscovites, but after nightfall, at about seven o'clock, the dark hull of a steamer was made out coming in from Sandy Hook. She threw up a couple of green rockets, and it was generally conceded that she was one of the mail steamers signalling her arrival. She came down the main channel only a little way, and finally let go her anchor at the end of the line occupied by our squadron. I was seated writing in the Captain's office when, at ten o'clock, Mr. Cobb, the midshipman of the watch, came below and reported a signal from the Severn to the following effect:—

"STRANGE SAIL ON THE PORT BOW;

appears to be a sloop-of-war."

This caused some little excitement, but not much could be gleaned from the darkness. The Congress signalled to the Severn, the Severn to the Iroquois, the Iroquois to the Kansas and back again. This lasted for two hours without any improvement to our knowledge, and at midnight the Captain retired, with orders to call him at daylight, if it was once made out that the vessel was a man-of-war. At daybreak the hull of the vessel was made out more distinctly, and the officers on the Congress were able to their great joy to discern some hieroglyphics on the stern: but their meaning remained a mystery. The Stars and Stripes were run up by order of the Captain as a signal, and to the intense delight of all

THE BLUE CROSS OF RUSSIA

was run up in response. "The Russian has come at last," said the midshipman who occupies the bunk above me as I turned over at about a quarter past six. Incredulous as St. Thomas, I arose quietly and waited to feast mine eyes on that long-wished-for standard floating over the Russian clipper Abreck. A bright smile wreathed every face at breakfast, but the query was "Where are the others?" As soon as the flags had been hoisted at two bells on the fleet the Russian commenced burning powder in a

NATIONAL SALUTE OF TWENTY-ONE GUNS,

with the American flag at the main. Immediately the last gun had boomed over the waters the Russian flag was run up at the main on board the Congress and from her battery of nine-inch guns pealed forth her thundering rejoinder. On account of the high sea that was running the Tallapoosa was signalled to come alongside, and Vice-Admiral Rowan's aid, Lieutenant Commander Robeson, was taken on board in one of the cutters of the Congress. I was fortunate enough to obtain permission to accompany him as far as the Tallapoosa. Once on board we steamed under the Russian's lee, and Mr. Robeson was taken on board the Abreck to convey to her commander

THE COMPLIMENTS OF VICE ADMIRAL ROWAN

and to tender the usual courtesies offered to men-of-war. He was received on board with proper honors and conducted to the cabin, where he had a pleasant interview with Captain-Lieutenant Frederick Schantz, in the course of which he accepted an invitation, accompanied by the chief officer, Lieutenant Nicolay Valetzky, to dine with Admiral Rowan on board the Congress. The American flag was then run up at the fore and a vice admiral's salute of fifteen guns fired, which was returned from the Congress. Mr. Robeson then returned on board the Tallapoosa. In the meantime, through the courtesy of Lieutenant M. Ritchie, a boat was lowered to convey your correspondent

ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN.

The sea was still very high, and there was considerable difficulty in getting alongside the not very handsome bark rigged craft which was the gaudy courier of the Grand Duke. Two Muscovite sailor-boys were ready at the gangway, and I saluted the officer of the deck as my feet touched her Russian timbers. He returned it and I addressed him in French. He responded in this language, but surprised me by breaking off into English, without very much embarrassment, and learning the journalistic object of my visit welcomed me heartily, and conducted me to the cabin, where I had the pleasure of an introduction to the officers. Requested to be seated, a box of the exquisite Russian cigarettes and a decanter of splendid Madeira were placed on the board. After an interchange of salutations, the chief officer, Valetzky, gave a toast, which I may as well give as it fell from his lips:—"We are all glad to be in New York, and

WE DRINK TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

with joy." In an emotional out hearty way I emptied my glass and drank to the Russian people, which was the least I could do under the circumstances. Puffing the delicate Turkish tobacco we fell into a conversation, chiefly in French and English, which occasionally ran into Russian on their part, not much to my enlightenment. They were very gentlemanly in their bearing, as naval officers should be, and represented a good deal of distinction, if titles go for anything. I found a Prince Cerry Oktomsky, a very good-looking young man, with his black hair turned off his face and much intelligence in his dark eyes. The Sclavonic features were marked in a good many instances, but there were some Teutonic faces among them. I then learned some

PARTICULARS OF THE VOYAGE FROM MADEIRA.

Arriving there on the 6th of October they did not make a long stay, as they cleared on the 10th, the fleet sailing out in company. On the third day out the Russian Admiral Possiet signalled from the flagship Svetlana, giving a rendezvous in New York. The Abreck being a slow sailer, they did not think she could keep up with them. They have not seen them since that day. This was in 30 degrees north latitude and 21 degrees west longitude. The Abreck then sailed as far south as 26 degrees 40 minutes, no the latitude, where she got the trade winds and then sailed due west to 65 degrees west longitude. Here she lost the trade winds, and commenced steaming, and continued to use her screw, with very little intermission, until their arrival here. Two of her boilers were slightly disabled, but these they managed to repair and so were not much delayed. The other vessels they expected to be here ahead of them, and it is their opinion that the Svetlana, with the Prince on board, and the Bogatire, her consort, are not far off, except, as is possible, they went into Bermuda to repair the latter's boilers. The

PASSAGE OCCUPIED THIRTY-TWO DAYS.

When I told them that we had been lying out here for a month they smiled, but seemed pleased at the compliment to their nation conveyed in that fact.

CONDITION OF THE VESSEL.

I was conducted over the ship, and found that she bore striking evidence of having experienced very dirty weather. The officer who conducted me said apologetically:—"We have a Russian proverb, 'Love me when I am dirty; all the world will love me when I am clean.'" The ship's company were very busy preparing to have all the world love them, if scrubbing and polishing all over mean anything. I left the Abreck after inspecting her armament, which consists of three steel six-inch rifled breech-loaders, of which the officers seem very proud, and four small steel guns of the same model. Now for the remainder of the fleet and an end to this waiting for Alexis.

The following is the corrected list of the officers of the Abreck:—

Commander—Captain Lieutenant Frederick Schantz.

Lieutenants—Nicolay Valetzky (first officer), Alexander Sedensner, Oscar Stark, Prince Cergy Ukromsky, Paul Levenhagen (paymaster), Alexey Zinkoff.

Passed Midshipman—Constantine Cleopin.

Master—Ensign Peter Karsten.

Engineers—Ensigns Nicolay Von Eitzner and Lavrentie Weiter; third assistant, Prodrick Danloff and Vladimir Nesstoff.

Surgeon—Apollon Jaratisky.

Midshipmen—Gregory Lotoff, Feodore Vichnevetzy and Baron Carl Ungern Schternberg.

Master—Cergy Vajalinsky.

VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN CAPTAIN AND MINISTER CATACAZY TO THE CONGRESS.

At a quarter to two a boat was seen to put off from the Abreck and soon came alongside the Congress. Captain Schantz and his chief officer came on board, were received with suitable honors by Captain Davenport, welcomed to the ship and conducted to the cabin, where the two Muscovites were presented to Admiral Rowan. Dinner was served at two. At about three o'clock General W. H. Aspinwall's pretty steam yacht Day Dream was seen coming down. It ran close alongside and a boat was lowered, into which Count Catacazy, the Russian Minister, was seen to descend. He remained on board about half an hour, and, on taking his departure,

THE ABRECK RAN UP THE RUSSIAN JACK

to the fore and fired a salute of thirteen guns. The Day Dream now steamed for the Congress with the Russian standard at the fore. The company of marines was drawn up in line on the port side of the quarter deck, and when the Russian Minister came on board he was received by Captain Davenport, the marine guard presenting arms and the band playing the Russian national hymn. At the sound of the familiar tune the boat's crew that had brought off Captain Schantz stood up in their boat, took off their caps, and, according to our truthful pilot, turned their faces to Russia. The Minister was delighted at his reception, and he talked Russian occasionally to Captain Schantz with a gusto which bespoke a lengthened privation from that intellectual amusement. The meeting on all sides was excessively cordial, Count Catacazy appearing especially delighted. He does not exhibit any fear for the safety of the Svetlana; but it is at least curious that the slow-sailing Abreck should be here first.

On leaving the Congress a salute of fifteen guns was fired, with the Russian flag at the fore. The anxiety of yesterday is gone. It is now simply a lively state of expectation that each hour will bring the illustrious stranger hull up on the horizon.

Preparations Made at the Russian Embassy in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12, 1871.

There has been a hurrying of feet upon the carpets and a flitting of forms behind the curtains of the Russian Embassy on First street to-night. Though the Duke Alexis has long been expected and the mansion of Mr. Catacazy has long been ready for the occupancy of his master's son, something more seemed necessary to be done, when the news that appeared too good to be true reached us from New York. Madame Catacazy is personally superintending such additional preparations as it is possible to make for the better reception of the young Prince, and if the sleepless nights spent between his arrival in New York dim the lustrous beauty of the Ambassadress Alexis may look upon his surroundings in his tasteful and splendid apartments and gallantly note the cause. As reported by friends who have but lately visited her, Madame Catacazy is splendid in looks, dress, health and spirits, and few even here envy the woman who lives so much upon the smiles of worldly fortune the womanly triumph that is now to be her own. The republican women of our own country might not see in the circumstance any occasion for furor, but Madame is French by birth and Russian by adoption.

A Card from Captain Ordinck.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

About three days ago, in the Springfield *Republican*, and afterwards in other newspapers, there was published an article relative to the arrival in America of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis. I had been greatly astonished to find that the author of this article deemed it convenient to connect my name with his story, and I consider it my duty to state at once that no such assertions and expressions were ever used by me. The whole article is nothing but an idle hotel gossip and is entirely foreign to me.

I expect you will be so very obliging as to publish this, my protest, in the next edition of your paper. Respectfully yours, E. ORDINETZ, Captain in the Russian Army.

AFTER SENTENCE.

The Murderer Botts' First Sunday After Sentence—Strange Laxity of the Authorities.

In the HERALD report of the last scene but one in the Newark Botts-Halstead tragedy it was stated that the sentenced murderer had somehow obtained possession of a flask of whiskey, just before leaving the Court House for the Jail, on Saturday, and that he was caught in the act of swallowing a deep draught. Yesterday the Essex County Jail was visited by a reporter, who ascertained that Botts, owing to being intoxicated, had created quite a serious disturbance during the night by his drunken demonstrations. The warden of the jail, Colonel Johnson, stated that on nearly every day of the trial, three weeks ago, the prisoner returned from the Court House the worse for liquor. The Colonel further states that on questioning Botts as to where he got the liquor, Botts replied, "From Deputy Sheriff Davis." Mr. Davis is reputed an excellent officer, and this charge against him of gross and outrageous overstepping of duty causes much concern among his friends and is denied by many of them. In the prison Botts is allowed to mingle with the other prisoners, and is treated with no more rigidity of discipline or espionage than the least offender in the place. He is neither manacled nor locked up in his cell. The warden thinks he is too great a coward to attempt to escape, but he may be playing "possum," and there have been such things as escapes from this prison, and quite a number of them, too.

PRINCE GALLITZEN.

THE MUSICAL PRINCE OF RUSSIA

A History by Himself—His Early Trials for the Sake of Liberty and Music—The First to Emancipate a Russian Slave—Lost His Estates and Maintained His Family by Giving Concerts in London.

RUSSIAN ARISTOCRACY CHANGED.

Apropos to the anticipated arrival of Prince Alexis as a representative of the present governing family of Russia it may be stated that on his arrival here he will be met by a prince of nearly equal rank with his own, and whose family has played a part, and a great part, in the history of that powerful kingdom. Prince Gallitzen, now staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, is the nephew of the scholarly Dmitri Gallitzen, one of the ablest ambassadors ever sent by Russia to France, and the descendant of a race whose ancestry can be traced back to the days of Gedemin, Prince Lithuriana and Jagiellos. His history is at the same time romantic, pathetic and exciting; and the same individual, now whiling away the hours in this metropolis of the Western republic, was born a prince, became an artist and a musician, and, like many of less distinguished birth, has had to earn his bread by the "sweat of his brow" in order to maintain his princess and family, although the inheritor of an immense princely fortune.

Understanding somewhat of the Prince's relations a HERALD attaché waited upon him at his rooms on Friday for the purpose of hearing from his own lips some particulars of affairs that shook, twenty years ago, the aristocracy of Russia almost to its centre. The Prince, contrary to the traditions of his ancestors, and against the generally accepted opinion concerning the Russian nobles, has none of that unpleasant sternness and repression in his features which would indicate "come not nither," but wears an air of freedom and even gayety, and is most affable, courteous and pleasantly communicative. He is tall in stature and of a somewhat heavy build, but seems to move about with agility. In conversation he is ready and attractive and speaks fluently in five languages, excepting English, which he does not assume, and his polished manner and hearty laugh soon place his visitor at his ease.

"Prince, I am instructed to wait upon you," commenced the scribe, "for some information concerning yourself, which would be almost the duty of a biographer, that is if you are willing to do so for publication."

"Very well," replied he, "but you must decide to speak in French, German or some other language than English, for in that I cannot clearly express myself."

German being the accepted tongue, the Prince commenced:—"My family is one of the oldest on the records of our country, and, though I myself repeat it, one of the richest. My father, who always held a high position near the Alexandrovitch family, was exceedingly fond of music, and among his most devoted friends he classed

THE GREAT COMPOSER, BEETHOVEN,

with whom he was on intimate terms, and who always had access to the family *conversaziones*. The result of this intimacy was that a quartet was formed in the palace, and no week passed without three or four concerts being given, many weeks six. Hence the love of the art was inculcated in us from our earliest recollection, each member of the family being placed under the best tuition that could be found. Beethoven, of course, could supply enough music and superintend its execution with a delicacy that was always charming. When I grew up to an approach to manhood, and having passed through the ordinary and necessary court-state duties, my desire was still to return the profession of an artist, to the exclusion of all matters of state. With this view I studied at the best masters, then travelled and studied at Göttingen and Leipsic, went to Saxe-Weimar, finally returning again to St. Petersburg. I was then inheritor to a large estate and had a great number of vassals or serfs attached to my domain.

THE RUSSIAN ARISTOCRACY

are and always have been particularly proud and invidious in their conceptions, and the idea that I was about to devote my time and estate to the profession of music was apparently displeasing, and I was dubbed 'Ein Kunstler.' This was embarrassing, no doubt, but there was this difficulty—they of course despised the idea of associating with an artist; at the same time they were pleased to entertain the prince. Thus while they were compelled to acknowledge my rank as 'Furst' I was at the same time a musician and artist, and passionately devoted to it. I gave a grand concert on one occasion, the music of which seemed to please well enough, but the idea of acting as 'Director' myself was appalling. This, doubtless, laid the foundation for that opposition of the aristocracy which subsequently caused me considerable domestic uneasiness."

"What do you refer to?"

"I refer," said the Prince, "to the outburst of indignation of the nobles on the

OCCASION OF MY EMANCIPATING MY SERFS,

or what you would truthfully call slaves. I had several thousands of these vassals attached to my estate, but I longed to free them from their obligations, and I so stated my desire considerably before I could carry my wish into execution. These serfs were supposed to be my personal property, bound to answer any summons, however unjust, and to meet demands, however exorbitant and unseemly. I conveyed my ideas to some of the members of the court retainers, but a perfect furor was raised against me by this suggestion, and I, in plain words, was challenged to carry the plan out."

"How long ago was this, Prince?"

"Between fifteen and twenty years ago I had made up my mind, after much deliberation and despite all the opposition that they could bring to bear against me. I released every serf on a given day, an unheard-of atrocity to the minds of the *noblesse boreal* of St. Petersburg. But people have become more liberal since then, and this was followed by the general emancipation nine years ago, a matter that would not so soon have occupied public attention but for the first heavy blow given to serfdom."

"What was the result of the emancipation?"

"The people who might have approved of it dared not speak of it in terms of approbation; and what with this and the musical antipathy my estates were withheld from me. I demanded an explanation, but

THE EMPEROR SAID IF I WOULD GIVE UP MY PROJECT,

and leave the profession I had taken up, he would return me my St. Petersburg estates. I told him I could not, as I was acting from motives as conscientious as those which actuated the persons who had become my enemies on that account."

"How did you manage then, Prince?"

"I started for London, with the princess, and collected my friends together and commenced life independently as a musician. My first concerts given to the public were in the Surrey Gardens, which I conducted in person, and afterwards I learned they were a success. Next I was engaged to give concerts at St. James' Hall, which I did, composing the music and conducting them as before. In this way I SUSTAINED MY FAMILY FOR TWO YEARS AND A HALF.

Matters began to wear a different aspect in Russia afterwards, and I was again invited to return by the Kaiser and give up my music. I again refused to do that; but subsequently public opinion turned in my favor and I received back my estates. Since then I have made it a rule to reside six months of the year at St. Petersburg and give two concerts a month, and the remaining six months I travel. My income is about sixty thousand dollars a year from my estates and the trifle I take from the results of the concerts; but I could not give up my profession so long as I could reasonably conduct it."

"The opinions of the Russian nobles must have changed vastly, to encourage now what they once condemned," remarked the writer.

"This is a proof of that," said the Prince, and he took out a handsomely wrought golden director's baton on which his name and rank in full were inscribed. "This was a present from the aristocracy of St. Petersburg. Another present I have here from the *bourgeois* of Moscow," and this was a silver baton, inscribed and presented as the other in recognition of his talents as a professor of music."

"For what purpose have you visited this country?"

"I came here to make a tour of the States for information, but as I have received so many evidences of the courtesy and friendliness of your people I intend to inaugurate some concerts. Prince Alexis is shortly to be here, and I intend to give three concerts in his honor—two at Steinway Hall on the 14th and 21st of November, and one at Brooklyn on the 16th. If I find my Russian music is favorably received I shall go to California, and all the states, in fact, and give one or two concerts in each.

THE PRINCELY PRIEST AT LORETTO.

You will doubtless remember that my cousin, Prince Augustine Demetrius Gallitzen, made this country his home and established a colony in Pennsylvania. He was the son of Demitri Gallitzen, his mother being the Countess Schemettan. A friend of Goethe. His father was Ambassador at the Hague When he was born, previously having held a similar position in Paris, where he became infatuated with Voltaire. Augustine, who was well educated and accomplished, had no religious knowledge until he was seventeen years of age, when he became a Catholic. He was educated for the army, and in 1792 was aide-de-camp to General Van Lillien, who was then commanding the Austrian forces in Brabant during the latter part of the campaign against the French.

After the death of Leopold and the assassination of the King of Sweden in 1792 he started for America, and shortly afterwards entered the theological seminary maintained by the Sulpicians at Baltimore, from which, three years afterwards, he emerged as

A PRIEST, ORDAINED BY BISHOP CARROL,

the second Roman Catholic in the United States who had that honor conferred on him. His first charge was at Conewango, Pa.; but he afterwards travelled to Maryland and Virginia, until 1799, when he selected a bleak, uncultivated spot high upon the Alleghany Mountains, in Cambria county, Pa., about two hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia, as a site for the purpose of founding a Catholic colony. Here he bought a large tract of land and parcelled out a number of farms, which in many instances he gave to his followers, who subsequently founded the present town of Loretto. On account of his changing from the Greek to the Catholic religion he was also deprived of his estates in St. Petersburg; but subsequently he raised about $150,000 to defray the expenses of the new town. He used to conceal his rank under the assumed appellation of 'Father Smith,' up to the time of his death, in May, 1840."

"There is no possibility of your settling here, I suppose, Prince?"

"I am here for a tour; but if my music is liked here I shall perhaps remain here much longer than I at first anticipated. I am of course perfectly independent as regards my fortune; nevertheless I love the profession, and I like to do what I can at it."

After the Prince had expressed his admiration of American hotels the reporter withdrew.

ART IN THE GALLERIES.

At no previous time, perhaps, did our art galleries present so many solid attractions to the lovers of art as they possess this season. Owing, in part, to the late war, but more directly to the rapid development of æsthetic tastes among our people, the collectors have been encouraged to introduce quite a large number of works of unusual merit. We meet examples of the new Italian school of color, exhibiting a combined force and delicacy which belongs to no other school. Indeed, the modern Italians seem resolved to rival the Germans in the strength and boldness of their color, while introducing a refinement which we miss in the Gothic school of color. The Flemish school is well represented in a large number of *genre* pictures, which receive an amount of attention from the public which their merits deserve. France and Germany, however, are the most important contributors, though the best works of these schools seldom find their way across the Atlantic, owing to the rapidity with which they are purchased in Europe and the almost incredible prices paid to favorite artists.

SCHEDECOR'S GALLERY

opens with a remarkably rich and well selected collection. We regret that we can little more than glance at a few of the more important works.

A LANDSCAPE BY VOLTZ,

with cattle in the foreground, deserves special attention. The easy and natural grouping of the animals in the foreground is remarkably happy, while the lake and wood, which complete the composition, are effectively introduced. Considerable attention has been paid to the perspective, and, though the picture is by no means large, the effect of distance and space has been admirably rendered. In the treatment of the water in the foreground the artist has exhibited power of representing textures, which is again displayed, but in a different manner, in the painting of the animals' hides.

THE GENERAL COMPOSITION

of the picture is carefully balanced, and the arrangement of light and shade displays nice perception of effect. There is over the canvas a delightfully cool tone, which is positively refreshing.

A LANDSCAPE BY JAMES HART,

also with cattle, is well composed and exhibits careful tree study. The tone is almost too cool. The cloud drawing exhibits the usual defects of weak, indecisive drawing, and, though the artist has given the effect of atmosphere with some success, there is a want of aim in the arrangement of the clouds forms which detracts seriously from the value of the painting. So far as the tree and animal studies are concerned they are satisfactory enough both in drawing and composition, but the effect of the picture would have been improved by a little more warmth of tone. The details of the picture are carefully worked out, and give evidence of careful study on the part of the artist.

Another painting which arrests attention is

ZIAM'S "SCENE IN VENICE,"

representing a view on the Rialto. It discovers rare power of perspective, and a happy knack of making walls interesting and picturesque by delicate arrangements of light and shade. A blue Italian sky is reflected in the water of the canal. The artist has grasped the spirit of the scene, and rendered it with all its characteristic color and sentiment.

A step brings us from sunny Italy to a German studio, where we make the acquaintance of a couple of

THE OLD TIME BEAUX,

passing across one of those strange Gothic bridges which are still to be found in old European towns. The two gentlemen in question are sharing confidences in a rather off-hand manner concerning a good looking young lady whom we perceive sitting innocently at a window looking out on the bridge. The costume, which is of the seventeenth century, affords Carl Becker an opportunity for displaying his forcible and brilliant coloring, of which the painting before us is an excellent example, possessing most of his good qualities and free from a certain rawness which we sometimes discover in his works. The grays and browns in the old bridge and the houses in the background are admirably managed, and though the color is very strong the tone of the picture is quiet and pleasing.

An example of the same class of art, belonging to the French school, offers a remarkable contrast to the German colorists' picture, and marks clearly the difference between the schools, which, in part, is owing to national idiosyncracy as well as to the difference in mode of treatment. While we find in the German school rude strength and boldness of color, in the French we meet more sense of refinement, and greater power of blending and harmonizing, which quality, if not so striking, is, at least, more agreeable.

"THE OLD BEAU," BY CAMERA,

is thoroughly French in conception and execution, displaying at once both the excellencies and the defects of the school. The old beau is capitally painted, and there is a fine sense of humor in his whole expression, as he delivers himself on some interesting subject to the two young ladies who listen to him, amused, but interested, while the old fellow is evidently highly pleased with himself. The drawing of the female figures is charming, but the effect of the old beau is slightly marred by the affected drawing of the leg, which he has advanced. However, the composition of the group is most effective and telling, while the expression of the faces and the figures tells the whole story. The texture of the ladies' dresses has been rendered with unusual power, and in the manipulation of his colors the artist displays rare skill. He has boldly introduced a mass of red in the dress of one of the ladies, but has avoided, by a careful gradation, all suddenness in his color effects.

Meyer Von Bremen contributes a very pretty study of a young girl sitting before a window, which is marked by the usual characteristics of this artist—very high finish and great minuteness of detail. There is, however, a tameness in the effects and motives of this artist's works that argue want of inventive power. We have the same effect of light on a carefully painted face, the geraniums in the window, contrasted with realistic surroundings, in nearly all his works. But as models of technical execution they almost make us forget every other consideration. We have not space at present to notice other works of importance in this collection, which is remarkably rich and well selected.

SCHAUS GALLERY

presents many paintings of interest which we have already noticed. Among those newly added to the collection is an interesting landscape by Lambinet, strong in color and redolent of country life. The bit of water in the foreground and the group of cabins in the distance are exquisitely natural.

A STUDY OF A CAT

by Henriette Ronner displays a force and decision in the handling of the brush that is rarely met with in artists nowadays. The drawing and *pose* of the animal are strikingly natural, while the texture of the fur has been produced with marvellous truth, and withal displays a masterly boldness of treatment.

The Belgian school is represented by

A MOTHER AND CHILD

from the easel of Meyerheim. It is a charming little *genre* piece.

GOUPIL'S

possesses a real gem in a mother and child by Bouguereau, who is well known as the painter of "Les jumeaux" now in the possession of August Belmont. The present picture is another charming study of infant life, in which the artist displays his wonderful power of painting flesh, as well as a delicate sense of the influence of light and shade. A child is lying asleep on a rich bed, while the fond mother regards affectionately her offspring. The light from the window streams in through a small opening in the yellow silk curtains and falls softened on the face of the child. The effect is delightful, and the tender tone imparted to the flesh by the influence of the yellow curtains conveys a charming sentiment. The sleeping child is easily and gracefully drawn, and the coloring and modeling are simply exquisite. We want more works of this class among us. A remarkable work comes to us from the easel of A. Amado, one of the prominent leaders in the new Roman color school.

"THE AMATEUR MUSICIANS"

will at once strike the visitor as a forcible and novel work, combining the sentiment of the South with the rude vigor of the Northern schools in the treatment of color. The figures are well grouped, but the quality which strikes us most is the masterly handling of the colors, which are fresh without rawness and strong and brilliant without vulgarity. In the foreground one of the amateurs is dressed in a white satin coat, which is marvellously painted. Although the colors give evidence of having been used almost pure, they are well harmonized and totally free from rawness or suddenness of effect. H. Salerian contributes a group of children with flowers, strong in color and natural in composition.

BEECHER AND THE BALLOT.

The Victory of New York and the Hopes of Brooklyn Considerably Damped by the Plymouth Pulpit.

Neglect of Duty by the Reputable Citizens.

Gigantic Frauds of City Corporations.

NILSSON AND THE PRIMARIES.

Promiscuous Hanging at the Lamp Posts a Dangerous Practice.

According to announcement yesterday morning Mr. Beecher preached last evening to an immense congregation upon the "Redemption of the Ballot." He took for his text the account of Elijah's slaying the 450 prophets of Baal, and began by saying that, after great corruption had pervaded the government under Ahab, there happened one of those paroxysmal revivals that threatened to sweep away the whole network of wickedness, and, for the hour, Elijah towered up the one conspicuous figure. And yet in the hour of his influence Jezebel sent him word that he should fall and he led, and that was the end of that reformation. It is a good text from which to preach that all reformations should have organized moral intelligence, not spasmodic enthusiasm. I mean to speak to-night on the redemption of the ballot. The natural order of government is absolute monarchy for savages; when they are better developed aristocracy; when they are still more cultured republicanism—a form of democracy. A literal democracy is where the whole people vote. It is not possible that the whole people of a State can gather together and express their will; there must be, then, some way that the people can express their will, and in this there must be an executive force and not merely a declaratory power. The vote is this power that is to organize itself into administration. The ballot is the unit of our nation—it is the initial force. If it be choked or clogged there is ruin to the nation. There is no other part of government that cannot better suffer derangement than the ballot. This is the very heart of the system under which we live. It is the will of the whole people. If you

STRIKE THE BALLOT

with disease it is heart disease. It is corrupting our government in the germ if you corrupt the ballot. What are the dangers? First, the danger of weak or ignorant voting. This is not always so intolerable as other things. It is not the ignorant, it is the lazy, cultured men, who through their indifference work the greatest mischief. Second, wicked men injure the ballot. So far as political right is concerned the bad man has as good right to seek his ends as the good man, but this is a great danger. Third, passionate or fiery voting is a peril. Men may destroy in an hour by passion what ages have been building. So there is a system of double voting which compels men to take time. Fourth, we are in danger of insubordinate voting. The true doctrine of our government is that in the conquest of government the majority must rule and the minority must submit. The only

WAY TO WORK CHANGE

in affairs is to work change in the minds of the citizens. We have been stable because there has been nothing more sacred than the result of fair balloting. The fifth danger is that of venal voting. There is nothing more hurtful than for a man to sell his vote for money or for interest. We call that man a scoundrel who will for five dollars vote this way or that. Yet the only difference between him and the man in Albany is that he takes a smaller price. He who sells his vote for $25,000 is a greater scoundrel than he who sells his vote for a trifle. It is as common for money to be used in elections as in printing notices. This goes on from step to step, until we have arrived at a time when, if we do not stop, our institutions will drop from sheer inability to sustain themselves. There is danger from tampering with votes, the preventing of votes, the stuffing of ballot boxes and, above all, the infernal art of counting. This is treason. What counterfeiting is in commerce, what forgery is, what treason is, that is what every method is by which violence is done to the ballot box. This goes on year after year, venality met by venality, corruption by corruption; and these things have been practised to some extent by all parties who have dominated. But the greatest of all danger is the indifference of educated men to the ballot. This is the most dangerous, the wickedest, the most corrupting. In America government gives access to such vast privileges that it is desirable to a great many men. He that can manage the government may be said to have the power of almost managing nature itself. The bad men will always be seeking to own and run the engine, and the good men will be always trying to save the engine and put it to a good purpose. Parties are webbed full of ten thousands of vital interests of men. He that has possession of the government can further his interests on every side. Parties represent the commercial interests, the moneyed interests. Take now the great corporations that can take millions of dollars and warp the decisions of government and you will see that parties are becoming the ark into which every living thing is creeping. I need not say how largely the e

GIGANTIC CORPORATIONS

have perverted conscience. The whole system was narcotized by slavery, and when that was destroyed we said, now the nation will rise; but we didn't throw man's passions overboard, and we are to-day in more danger of organized money than we ever were from slavery. Can the ballot survive when there is such power brought to bear against it? Here is where I declare that indifference is the greatest crime against the ballot, because this indifference is practised by the educated and the refined. These are the men who give tone to society. The highest class teaches the second class, and so on down, and if the highest class teaches the rest that the ballot is of no account then the lower classes will think that they can do whatever with the ballot they please. If these educated men had honored and revered the ballot and borne witness to the intense value of the ballot, there would not have been such a mournful perversion of it. The excuses which men make are not worthy of the men that make them. They are not willing to go out and mix with the great unwashed. They are willing to work for money, but not for good laws and good morals. It is so much easier to hear Nilsson sing than to go to the primaries. But they say that the bad men got the lead. Then why didn't you go out sooner? You have no right to let crafty men get the advantage. It is as easy for good men to combine as for bad men. It is a shame that bad men will do for the basiest passions what patriotism will not incite you to do. If things are not arranged right then change them. But men say that they have no time. If you were on a ship that had sprung aleak, wouldn't you have time to attend to the ship? The ship will founder. The house is on fire and you have not time to put the fire out; the fire will put you out. The devil sends his taxgatherers out and you go into partnership

WITH THE DEVIL

to get your dividends. When the troubles come on that are brought about by this great mass of lazy, prosperous men, then you call a vigilance committee and hang a few men at the lamppost. This promiscuous hanging at lampposts is dangerous. I consider it astounding when respectable papers say, "Let us have a vigilance committee and hang a few of these men." The man's tongue ought to wither in his mouth for uttering such a thing. If the same passions exist the same thing will go on. There is no reformation unless the whole community is lifted to a higher level. The reformation should be in the Church, in the schools, in the household. We must redeem the ballot or there is no use talking of reformation. If the men who bribed the ballot box yesterday are all hung, is that reformation? I believe that prominent men of

BOTH PARTIES

have conspired to make the ballot venal. Men say, "Boys, every vote shall be five dollars!" After the election the money left over is divided among the voters, and the voters remember this. This is done on our side and it isn't called bribing. The other side bribes so; we bribe so. It is the devil's work, whoever does it. I say that a party had better go into a minority and begin over again than to use these bad measures.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

of this nation is an organized and standing threat against the liberty of the nation. If these vast places are to be put up for sale I do not believe that this government can exist long. Every Custom House in the land is a bribery shop, and the scheme is damning and deadening to the national conscience. Do you suppose that all the gigantic villany in New York has gone on without the abetting of capitalists? Do you suppose there has been no silence, no connivance? It ought to be understood that the men who connive blast their reputations. We must learn that living force is the only conserving force. No organized body can carry forward reform. The whole body of citizens must be pervaded by living force. The pulpit must teach the conscience of the people, so that conscience will be applied in politics. Men must understand that to be good Christians they must be good citizens. Let us not give up the convention. I deny that the experiment of self-government is a failure. It has not been fought out, and it must not fail, and by the help of God it

[illegible]

[illegible] Plymouth Church, and [illegible] God, then the enemies can be overcome, and it will be one more testimony to self-government. The nation stood the test of civil war and the [illegible] of reconstruction. Surely we can show that [illegible] Republic can be cured more speedily than such corruption ever was cured under any other government. So will the banner of the [illegible] be [illegible], and we shall see a glorious consummation.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

THE WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, which the totally burned out in the Chicago fire on Monday, had a new store secured on Tuesday morning, and telegraphed for $60,000 worth of books and periodicals from New York the same day, most of which were shipped before Tuesday evening. Is there any enterprise livelier than that?

LEXINGTON, KY., has the credit of starting a new monthly, entitled "The Mississippi Valley Magazine."

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