(For the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)

MRS. DODD.

BY MRS. MARY L. BECKERDAIN.

I am sure Mrs. Dodd, with her fashion and style,
Is quite a success, and my friend, with a smile,
Her receptions are brilliant; yes, things of renown,
And her equipage, too, is the talk of the town
She dines at *le Rose*, entertains the elite,
And will surely in time have the world at her feet.
She has gathered abroad many gems of "virtu,"
And she says she'll be happy to show them to you.
"You," "I," "us," "we," are words she uses a good deal,
My acquaintance are few—for life's pathway is broad—
And though dubious, I gave my consent to the "Dodd."

I was ushered through vestibule, gilded and arched,
To a drawing-room decked with exuberant taste,
With ormolu, velvet, and satin-draped doors,
Silver china, and chairs à la Louis Quatorze;
With Axminster carpets, and gleaming brocade,
That threw o'er the windows a delicate shade;
For handsomer gewgaws, you vainly would seek—
But the statues and pictures were worthless and cheap
When a rustling of silk, and my friend's anxious "peep"
Gave me warning we sat in the presence of "Dodd."

A little pinched creature, all running to train,
Affected, conceited, ill-natured and vain,
And a face with a livid, monotonous tone,
While no trace of a generous emotion was shown;
At a glance all the woman's mean nature was told,
But I saw through the misty effulgence of gold;
So, feeling she wanted conventional ease,
I strained every nerve of my memory to please,
Through the circuit of fine arts and literature trod,
Receiving embarrassed replies from the Dodd.

All that's plain, lettered reader, to you and to me,
To her was no Hebrew, but will Cherokee.
She murdered her English in every sense;
Her attempt at refinement were merest pretence;
From all that could chain or enchant you so free
That's hundreds, I'm sure, were as pleasing to "Dodd."

Looked at my friend with a glance of distress,
Who murmured, 'tis dreadful, but try her on dresses,
But my soul in rebellion replied, 'tis a clod
Of the commonest clay, this renowned Mrs. Dodd.

But when Mrs. Dodd, on acquaintance came out,
And all efforts at elegance put to the rout,
I must use the expression (tis vulgar, I know),
But the woman expanded, and straightway did blow;
Then whenever we met, I must hear to my woe,
All the wonders and glories from greenbacks that flow,
Until wearied to death, I exclaimed with a sigh,
You must certainly find some one poorer than I,
Who is rotting through this dreadful expence will plod;
You must pay for a listener, dear Mrs. Dodd.

Oh, Pintus! your darlings and favorites name;
Supply them with canvas-back, truffles and game,
Give them Café de foie gras, drown them all in Hock wine,
Give them lachrymæ-Christi and nectar divine,
Let their comforts and appetites always increase;
Let them eat—but never use one ounce of valuable grease;
May they sleep upon down, gift them Cashmere and silver,
I ask for their comfort to be a civilized god,
And do not bestow all your *ten-tens* on Dodd.

But if such your firm will and wise judgment should be,
Still keep back the shoddy recipients from me.
Let taste and refinement and culture all blend
And send rest and enjoyment to my friend
Fill buy my own terrapine, turtle and wine,
And build to my taste the Muses a shrine;
Where the soft wings of fancy unfold to my mood,
Where thought, wit, and feeling are all understood;
Fit hire my own chalse, though the livery prove odd,
And never descend to the worship of Dodd.

ART ITEMS.

THE DELESSERT COLLECTION.—Here is a chance for any American city wanting a Raphael or a Rubens for its Music. Competition for a very select gallery of statuary has opened the middle of the present month.

The Hôtel Delessert stands in the Rue Montaigne, that is to say, close to one of the most busy points of the boulevards. Outwardly it presents the appearance of a charter house in several stories, different in character from its neighbors, which are occupied by tradesmen; but when the visitor has actually passed the visitor through the great carriage gate he enters a long wide passage which leads to the inner hôtel, the residence of the family. This latter building, faced with a Corinthian portalle, dates from the last years of the eighteenth century. It belonged to the Duke of Uzès. It is blackened by smoke, and without architectural beauty, but it has the singular merit of being isolated, secret and shaded in the very centre of the most busy, active and commercial quarter of Paris.

The Delessert family are one of the most honorable among the dominant *bourgeoisie* under Louis Philippe. Gabriel Delessert was Prefect of Police under the revolution of February, and in this character obtained a popularity perhaps unique in the annals of the Parisian police. He formed a museum of natural history, and collected some of the pictures composing the famous collection of Francois Delessert, his brother, was a rich and respected banker, several times President of the Parisian Chambers of Commerce, and member of the Institute. The remarkable collection that is now about to come under the hammer is the result of his lifelong activity. It has always been difficult to obtain permission to see these pictures, and since his executors have determined to disperse them, the difficulty has been increased.

The great gallery is entered through a conservatory in which birds are singing—an agreeable preparation for the enjoyment of the pictures. The pearl of the collection is, without doubt, the Raphael, which has been engraved under the title of "Vierge de la Galerie d'Orléans." It belonged, in fact, to the Regent, from whose collection it passed first into Belgium, then into England; it returned to France, and was sold by some mishap at the great Aguado sale, in 1843, for 24,600 francs. It is believed to have belonged to Teniers, and some think that the singular row of jam-pots which adorns the lock ground was painted by him. The treasures exhibits clearly the opening of the master's second style, the Virgin having still the lowly maidenly character of the Perugino period, while the vigorous and muscular infant belongs to the Fiorentine manner. The competition for this work will probably be between States, and the English National Gallery which wants a Raphael of the first order should acquire it. The Duke of Aumale is, however, thought likely to desire to obtain it from family associations.

Peter de Hooge has been hitherto credited with the masterpiece of indoor effects, called in the catalogues "Intérieur de Maison Galante," but it is attributed by an excellent authority, William Bürger (T. Thoré), to John van der Meer the younger. In a large room lighted by a window looking on a garden a gallant wearing a luxurient perruque, and seen from behind, is paying compliments to a woman, who is seated, in white satin, is standing, smoking his pipe and giving orders to a servant, who is seen in the shadow on the left by the sunlight reflected from the wall. A large map, wonderfully well rendered, is attached to the wall, and on the right there is a bed. Dutch life is here seized at a certain moment and a certain spot, and imprisoned in a manner fluid by a magician. To whomsoever it may be finally assigned, this picture is evidently one of the best samples existing of the most fascinating variety of Dutch art. It is probably unnecessary to remind the enlightened authorities at Trafalgar square of the deficiencies of the national collection in this department. An unfoldmled Peter de Hooge is a brilliant representation of the courtyard of a Dutch house. Its uncommonness, its delicacy of tone and neglect of aerial perspective recalls the Japanese prints in color.

A Gerard by Rubens of a "Virgin and Child" is, like all his sketches, full of harmonious warmth of color and vigorous drawing. Among the Teniers is a large work representing the painter and some friends enjoying fish on the open air at the Tiber at Rome, St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo in the distance. Outside and Holbein mixed, the greater Low Country masters are well represented, and almost all the less important names of the school are also present. Among the modern painters Géricault, Bonnington and Leys shine out in a mass of Dutch pictures. The gallery reckons among its chief treasures in the eyes of Frenchmen the splendid series of cartoons illustrating the history of Samson, by Decamps. These designs were seen in London in 1862, but made no impression here. They are, however, known to many by lithographs, and perhaps no works of the pupil of Delacroix have more of the movement, invention and literally romantic interest. The sale will take place at the Hôtel Drouot in the middle of March. The ancient pictures will be sold first.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN ST. LOUIS.

A Rich and Racy Report.

The following bewildering and amazing report was offered to the Committee of St. Louis, by a committee of one, appointed to investigate the subject of woman suffrage. It is well worth reading:

To the Honorable City Council of the city of St. Louis—GENTLEMEN:—The local delegation of the Eleventh Ward, to whom was referred a resolution in favor of female suffrage, and as a member of said delegation, after due consideration, report adverse thereto. Your committee takes in view the slaveholders' rebellion of sixty-one, and your committee looks upon female suffrage as dangerous as slavery did in sixty-one; and, in the opinion of your committee, female suffrage, if carried out to any extent, will cause a spirit of breaking up this republican government than the slaveholders' rebellion. The slaveholders' rebellion was located only in a certain portion of this country—the Southern States—while the female suffrage would be located in certain portions of this country, but will be universal all over the country, and will be worse to manage than the late rebellion, only located to a certain portion of this country. Female suffrage will permanently so have certain polities—what effect, in my opinion, female suffrage will have to bring on political ruin. In the first place, if female suffrage and females holding office is carried out, it will diminish the power of men to control this government, either in peace or war. The power of suffrage and females holding office females will take that power away from men. The suffrage will give the female power to declare war with foreign nations, and at home, and when they have done either, they then will stay quiet at home and send their husbands or sons to the field to fight out their acts which they have brought on, and for which they must pay pecuniarily. And to satisfy your honorable body, I will give you a comparison of our late rebellion in the Southern States, of which females had nearly as much to do as the men of the South. The wife would say to her husband, "If you don't shoulder the musket, and drive these Yankees and Hessians from our soil, I won't live with you no more." The husband also may say to her son, The sister would say to her brother, "If you don't shoulder the musket, I won't own you no more as my brother." And so father, son and brother all went into the war for the benefit of wife and sister, and fought those Yankees and Hessians nobly on every battlefield where they were either killed or died by fatigue. And then, when the Union armies advanced upon the Southern soil, these husbands and sisters soon forgot them. And if reports of soldiers of the Union armies are true, it will be proper to say, those mothers and sisters took up with those Yankees and Hessians, and in many instances have given married those gentlemen that had slain their husbands and sons or brothers, and are now enjoying over the blood of the aforesaid after driving them on the battlefield. Those acts we have all before us, and it should be a warning to every man to see that he is not killed and destroyed by female acts, and nothing would always be carried out to see the human race is not put in any more misery than has been already—because by female influence—drove out of the Garden of Eden by the acts of Eve. And now we have to trouble ourselves about the Shakers of Ann Lee, where we might live happy only for Adam's giving way to his wife. And will be the same in this country if men will give way to their wives, for God has made man to rule, and whoever will go against the will of God will go down, and this republican government with them.

Again: Your committee takes in consideration what will bring on those disturbances and bad feelings. For instance, suppose offers herself for an office. She will get into public discussion with some gentleman opposed to her, and in debate, she says a word that would not be suitable to the lady, or the lady's husband or relation. They would soon take it up, which would cause to bloodshed, where the same debate between two gentlemen would only be laughed at. And so it would be in going to the polls to vote. It would work in the same manner. These are my lessons, and many others that I could give it if were necessary. These and many other reasons make me believe that female suffrage will cause bloodshed and rebellion, more so than the slaveholders' rebellion, and as I have compared the two together, I will assure to your honorable body my opinion I formed about the slaveholders' rebellion in 1860, which was wrote by me and published in the Missouri *Republican*.

I will copy said letter, so that your honorable body may judge how near I came to tell those disunionists what would be their downfall when I was hooted at on every corner for saying what I did say, what would be their downfall. And had they believed my words they would have saved their lives and money. My letter I then wrote, and had it published in the Missouri *Republican*, and is as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, December 26, 1860.—*To the Editor of the Missouri Republican*: Mr. EDITOR—*Sir*: We find in this morning's editorial in your paper that several Wide-Awake companies of this city have received Sharp's rifles from New York. You also mention that fifty of these rifles were received by our club of the Tenth Ward. I wish to state to you and to the world that this report is untrue and without foundation. If said rifles had been sent to us we would not have accepted them, as we would have no use for them, for we have most of us guns of our own for our own protection. Those guns we have are mostly brought from the old Fatherland. No doubt some of those were picked up by our fathers from the French, who threw them away on their retreat from Leipsic and Waterloo. Our Wide-Awake members mostly emigrated from Brunswick, that old stock which made old King James of Great Britain put on sailor's clothes and flee over to France. They purified old England, and made that country the greatest country of the world. Our organization is again to the same object. We will try and purify our clothes on James the Third, and purify this country and bring it back once more as our forefathers, Washington and Jefferson, left it in the formation of this Government, before swarming, degenerated races were transplanted upon this soil, who are trying to break up this blessed country. This degenerate race of Europe is now in Europe a Republican Government; they can neither rule themselves nor anybody else. They are trying to live under the kindred blood of Louis Napoleon, where our aim shall only be to live under the constitution of this country is laid down, and stood for nearly a century. We shall try and hold it by the force of our fathers, if we can. There is no fear of a disunion after Mr. Lincoln takes his chair in the White House. As long as we can get at least 500,000 of the brave Saxon boys, he and the country is then safe from all the traitors, politicians and intriguers who may come against this great nation.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES SCHOENBECK.

President of the Tenth Ward Wide-Awake club on the above date.

In one respect to your honorable body I lay before you a copy of the letter I wrote in 1860 on the slaveholders' rebellion. And what my opinions are to-day on the female suffrage question, and I have carefully considered the same, and have come to the conclusion that female suffrage would be as dangerous to this republican government as slavery was to a republican government, and will bring on bloodshed and destruction. Therefore your committee recommend that the resolution be offered you recommending female suffrage be rejected.

All of which is hereby submitted.

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES SCHOENBECK.

Political Anecdote.

The Rev. W. C. Smith, in a recent work called the "Indiana Miscellany," tells the following political anecdote: In 1842, Jos. Chapman, (the same who, despairing of the success of his party, was admonished to "crow, Chapman, crow,") and Thomas Walpole, a Whig lawyer who then resided in Greenfield, were opposing candidates for the state Senate. Walpole had been in the Senate with Joel Chapman in the House of Representatives. The Senatorial district was composed of the counties of Hancock and Madison. The canvass became warm. The candidates stamped the district together. Walpole was neat in his person, and, relatively to his appearance, in those days the Democrats charged the Whigs with being the "ruffled shirt gentry." It was a popular cry among votes among the yeomanry of the country. Upon this charge Chapman rang the changes well against Walpole wherever they met upon the stump, from time to time, very often pointing to the ruffles on his bosom as evidence of the truth of the charge.

They had spent some two weeks in Madison county, speaking every day except Sunday. All this time Chapman had not changed his linen, and it became so much soiled that even he could not endure it any longer. He told Walpole one evening that he would be under the necessity of going home to get a clean shirt, and could not be with him the next day. Walpole objected, and proposed to lend him one. Chapman said he would not do. Your shirts have ruffles on them, and you know I am fighting all the ruffled shirt gentry." Walpole replied, "You can button your double breasted vest over your bosom and hide the ruffles." He consented, and next morning put on one of Walpole's shirts. That day it was Chapman's turn to speak first. In his speech he reiterated the charge of "ruffled-shirt gentry," and pointed to the ruffles protruding from Walpole's bosom. When he closed his speech, Walpole arose and with great indignation referred to the abuse he had received from Chapman during the canvass for wearing ruffled shirts. Said he: "Fellow-citizens, I do wear ruffled shirts; you see them now in my bosom. I am an honest man. I do not try to conceal them. I glory in my ruffles. At this the audience raised a tremendous shout. Chapman was so much surprised and confused that he did not dare to get up and confess that he had on Walpole's shirt. The trick galaced several votes for Walpole.

Conventional "Mourning"

The addition of so many inches of crape for every degree of affinity is fritsingly absurd. Carried out, this crape itself is a peculiarly bad material for the purpose, from its expensiveness and its inability to injury from every drop of rain. The too common addition of quantities of jet increases the cost, and makes the dress