NOTES FROM LONDON.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT—MISS ANDERSON—MR. BARNUM'S ELEPHANT.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, January 31.

Two theatrical events, each interesting to more than one public, occurred last Saturday in two different cities. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appeared in Paris as the *Marguerite* of Dumas's "La Dame aux Camelias," and Miss Mary Anderson on the same evening essayed a new character provided for her by Mr. W. S. Gilbert in a piece produced at the Lyceum Theatre in London under the title, "Comedy and Tragedy." For the former I translate M. Auguste Vitu's account:

Madame Sarah Bernhardt appeared for the first time in the character of *Marguerite Gautier* in a matinee performance at the Gaîté for the benefit of Madame Ulbrett. Her success was great and deserved, with some reservations to be made nevertheless as to certain strange liberties which she took with the real purpose of the author. Two years have passed and a fresh study of the part has induced her to play it in a new way, with an intelligence, an accuracy, a sensibility all but perfect.

Two years ago the outline which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt drew of the character was that of an utter coquette suddenly touched by passion. This evening she showed us a *Marguerite* who is youthful and tender, who has the tone, the gesture, the look, the caressing voice, the swift emotion, the passion and the tears of twenty years old, be the age, real or apparent, of the actress what it may. Here and there, in the first act especially, might be noted sundry slight mistakes; now and then the head tones of the voice were used, and at times the rapidity of enunciation amounted almost to a stammer. But as the action of the piece developed, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt took possession of the house by her sincerity, her emotion, her truthfulness of detail as well as of general effect. From the scene in the third act with the father of *Armand*, delivered in a tone so perfect, so full of dignity in its resignation and humility, there was no longer anything to do but to listen to the actress, to watch her, to weep with her, and to applaud her. The whole of the death scene is a masterpiece of acting and of elocution, which touched me all the more because the actress was wise enough to forego every trick of the stage, and to die with a simplicity which completely carried away the audience.

You will search the London press in vain for any eulogy on Miss Anderson's *Clarice* comparable to that. Not the least remarkable point in the London criticisms is the unanimity with which they intimate their opinion that the part of *Clarice* is one which ought to be played, not by Miss Anderson but by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. And yet Mr. Gilbert's play is not one to make an unreasonable demand on an actress. It contains one intensely dramatic scene, based, it must be added, upon an incident essentially and hopelessly absurd. The scene passes early in the eighteenth century, in France. *Clarice* is the wife of an actor. The *Regent* is in love with her and persecutes her. To avenge themselves on him, the pair lay a trap for him. He is enticed to a meeting with the wife, and the husband appears. The *Regent*, as before, refuses to fight with an actor. The husband tears up his contract with the Comédie Française, bellows out it is Mr. Barnes, this husband; that he is no longer an actor, and the *Regent* accepts his challenge then and there. It is obvious that he is none the less an actor by profession and in social position for rending his contract into pieces, and equally obvious that, actor or gentleman, the Regent of France would not have crossed swords with him. A supper party has been going on in one room while this pretty quarrel transacts itself in the other. The guests troop in as the combatants go out to fight. *Clarice* offers to amuse them by reciting first a scene in comedy then one in tragedy. She begins. As she proceeds she hears the clash of swords, and a groan, believes (without any evident reason) that her husband is wounded, flies to the window (which she had herself fastened and cannot open), cries out to her guests she is acting no longer, and implores their help to save her husband. They believe she is merely still going on with her part, and content themselves with applauding. She is in agony, but presently the door opens, her husband walks in unhurt, whispers to her that he has killed the *Regent* (!), and she turns again to her guests with a remark that thus it is she acts tragedy.

Miss Anderson was very nervous, and may do better another night. She won a good deal of applause on Saturday, but she satisfied no critic. Her comedy is pronounced forced, wanting in refinement, wanting in art; her tragedy wanting in feeling and in power. Her staginess, her faults of method, her faults of elocution, are more evident than in any part she has yet played, and I fear it must be said that the critical public is pretty unanimous in denying to Miss Anderson the possession of real dramatic ability. Which will not prevent the Lyceum from being crowded in the future as it has been in the past.

The elephant question is becoming a bore, but the letter of Mr Barnum's agent, Mr. J. B. Davis, must not be left unnoticed. On the strength of Mr. Flower's opinion, people were disposed to consider Toung, though not white, a curious and interesting specimen. Contrary opinions from many experts have upset this tendency, and the Briton is now in a mood to go back to his first notion, and when an elephant is trumpeted as white, demand that he should be white; which Toung confessedly is not. The "sacred" character of the beast stands the test no better than his color. It is pretty well settled by this time that Toung is not a sacred elephant, and that sacred elephants, in the sense first believed, do not exist. Mr. Davis attempts to stem this tide by alleging: 1) that though Toung is not white, he has other characteristics equally valuable and rare; (2) that he is sacred enough to content the residents of Burmah, and that what is good enough for Burmah ought to be good enough for London, and by extension, I suppose, good enough for and by for America. Mr. Barnum's agent in Calcutta declares that he has in his possession a royal certificate under King Theebaw's own hand stating that Toung is of the Royal Sacred breed. Mr. Davis says that the Siamese Ambassador to Great Britain pronounces this animal to be a sacred white elephant; but does not produce the Siamese Ambassador's certificate. If on the strength of these assertions anybody likes now to consider this ugly slate-colored beast with pink blotches on him due to skin disease, either sacred or white, I, for one, have not the least objection.

Mr. Davis declares further that if anybody will deliver in London an elephant coming from India identical in all respects with Toung, he, Mr. Davis, on Mr. Barnum's behalf, is prepared to pay $200,000 for him. I dare say. So might he for two peas identical in all respects. The offer is the more safe since the elephants of India and the elephants of Burmah are of different species.

So far Mr. Davis yesterday. But to-day appears a document which seems to dispose of him and Toung together. In saying the Siamese Ambassador pronounced this creature a sacred white elephant, Mr. Davis tried his luck too high. The secretary to the Siamese Legation, Mr. Wilberforce Wyke, is desired by the Siamese Minister to state:

1. That he has never seen the elephant in question.
2. That he has never pronounced it a genuine sacred white elephant.
3. That he has never expressed any opinion whatever on the elephant.
4. That the existence of sacred elephants, white or black, is altogether unknown in Siam.

After which Mr. Davis may, till further notice, take a back seat.

A word is perhaps due on this subject to Professor E. Ray Lankester, who, not content with denouncing in *The Pall Mall Gazette* Mr. Barnum's elephant and the priests attending him as an impudent fraud, characterizes them as an American invention. What with Mr. Henry George and Mr. Barnum, the American nation is just now heavily handicapped abroad. I think we ought, none the less, to express to Professor Ray Lankester our grateful sense of the urbane politeness with which he refers to our country and its inventions. Among these American inventions, Professor Lankester, with the accuracy to be expected from his scientific training, enumerates spiritualists, thought-readers, quack-doctors and queens of comedy. I am afraid we cannot claim a patent for any of them, and they might not be creditable to us if we could. It may be thought that Professor Lankester does not like America or Americans, but I hope we may be allowed to believe he does. But in his reference to us he not all we could wish, it is flattery itself compared to what he says of others. The Burmese imported by Mr. Barnum may not be priests, but would Professor Lankester, who is a zoologist and has studied ethnology, tell us when and how the people of Burmah became "niggers"? When he has done that he will perhaps find leisure to spread before the London public further details of that "conspiracy" into which, as he alleges, the London press and the Zoological Society have entered to delude the British public. "Absolute nonsense," "conspiracy" and "mendacity" are surely less innocent and better deserve exposure than the mere "inventions" which he imputes to America. That we should be accused of nothing worse than inventiveness cannot be attributed to any poverty in Professor Lankester's vocabulary of vituperation. In the course of his short communication I find the words "conspiracy," "delude," "impudent," "showman's fraud," "gulled," "absolute nonsense," "mendacity," "humbug," "niggers," "showman's invention," "wanton mendacity," "credulity" and "impudent fraud"—a fair assortment for a dozen lines or so. If *The Pall Mall Gazette* had but printed these in italics, Professor Lankester's epistle would have borne no slight resemblance to the "elephant with small patches of flesh color," which rouses him to this sacred fury; or to the "flesh-colored mottling of the black pig" to which he likens the marks on Mr. Barnum's miserable beast. G. W. S.

PARIS PERSONALITIES.

M. AND MME. CLEMENCEAU'—EDMUND ABOUT.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, January 30.

I saw M. Clemenceau before he went to the Chamber yesterday. He gave me an outline of the speech that he had, and has yet, in his head. It will deal with the industrial and fiscal situation of France and the corruption which now runs riot in high official places. The whole preceding night he had not slept. He had studied for a week a mass of Blue Book and other statistics. His speech was on his brain, and ideas combined themselves differently from what they had done when he was "sweating up" his subject at his desk and walking up and down his study. He thought that the speech that came to him when he was lying down was the best. It was the most shapely and compact, and in short a distillation of all the facts that he had endeavored to master. On my observing that ideas which came to us in a state of insomnia were easily effaced, he replied that he remembered well the thoughts that rose in his mind between waking and sleeping. When he was a schoolboy and trying to turn over a new leaf and put away idle habits, he used to fasten, when he was going to lie down at night, his hand by a cord to a hook, which kept it up in the air. The discomfort so caused prevented him from sleeping, and he mentally went over the tasks he had got through in the daytime. A habit was thus formed into which he easily relapses. Clemenceau, however, admitted that his nerves were the worse for the nocturnal strain upon his intellect. Though he hates wine, he intended to take three glasses of Marsala as he was stepping into the tribune. I wished him good luck as he was stepping into a hackney carriage.

"You must never say '*bonne chance*,'" he cried: "it's unlucky."

In his case it was not. The debate dragged on about railways until 5, when M. Jules Ferry asked leave to defer until Thursday the completion of the speech which he began on Monday and which Clemenceau is to answer. This will be an advantage to the latter orator, who has never before treated fiscal questions in public. His chief experience in these subjects has been acquired as a journalist, municipal councillor of Paris, and as a member of the Budget Committee. As he will call for very deep fiscal reforms he will have all the bankers and professional economists against him.

It is his intention to demand that the immediate pressure of taxation be removed from the shoulders of the laboring classes and placed on those of the wealthy. It will perhaps astonish you to learn that in the transfer of a small piece of real estate the fisc gets a twelfth part of the whole value. Victuals, drink, raiment, artificial light and soap are heavily taxed. Accumulated capital and real estate are not. When tenement houses be like they are hardly taxed. Clemenceau wants to show that public works undertaken at the public cost only, under such a fiscal system, give temporary relief to the poor, and if they are "jobbed," break their backs eventually. Unfortunately jobbery has prevailed since M. de Freycinet began four years ago to execute his public works scheme.

Mme. Clemenceau is a New-Englander. She must when young have been exquisitely pretty, and is still very nice-looking, graceful, gracious, very unaffected, and not at all self-assertive. Indeed she has to struggle against an under current of timidity. I never saw any one who so well understands how to compose a harmonious and becoming toilet. She has a slender figure, and a neck which without being particularly long is not short. Yesterday she wore a tight-fitting slate-colored velvet jacket, trimmed around neck, sleeves, skirt, and down the front, with brownish grey otter-fur of a soft and fluffy texture. Her skirt of a stuff sprigged or *brocké* with silk flowers, was of the same shade and looped up to show almost from the knee down a shortish pleated under-skirt of velvet to match the jacket. The gloves were long and of buff-colored Swedish leather, and the muff was of gathered velvet with a bow at each opening, and on the top a small grey sea bird the image of a wood pigeon. There was a small bow of scarlet velvet at the top of a small close fitting bonnet and another under the chin. A stout woman would have been ridiculous with such a muff. But as Mme. Clemenceau is slender and elegant as a birch tree, and the rest of the toilet was of a *chiffon* of very tight and pretty style of elegance, the little gathered case for the hands, with the small gray bird upon it, as if wanting to rest after a storm, was perfectly charming. Its wearer had gone on three consecutive days to the chamber to hear M. Clemenceau. She was suffering from a face-ache. Her disappointment was keen when the hand of the clock marked 4. She was afraid that after M. Ferry had ended his speech the attention of the House would be wearied, and that M. Clemenceau would not be able to get through more than half of his oration. A speech split in two is not so effective as one delivered right out. A friend consoled her by whispering that the whole debate which she came to hear would, as soon as the railways were got through, be adjourned. And so it was.

On Thursday Mr. T. B. Potter, M. P., of Cobden Club celebrity, will go to the Chamber to hear M. Clemenceau. The genial member of Parliament for Rochdale reached Paris yesterday morning from Cannes, and, as he is wont to do, lost no time in letting his Republican friends know that he was in town. He had some of them to dine with him last evening at the Continental. Mrs. Potter is with him. Though her health is poor, she is better than when she was at Homburg in the autumn.

If those who may read this letter were personally well acquainted with M. Edmond About, they would rejoice at his election. He is a manly hearted man, and though a hard-headed man of business is spontaneously generous. The acerbity of disposition, which in his younger days he sometimes manifested, has yielded to mellowing influences. Wisdom is induced by the action of experience of the world on a fine mind when there is a rich heart behind it. About grows wiser. Now and then the power to tongue-thrash breaks out. But he has learned to tolerate wrong heads and old and stupid prejudices when they do not get in his way. A better "fellow" does not exist than the new Academician, or a more loyal friend. He is the kind and devoted companion of his wife, excellent to his nine children, glad to render a service to any one he likes or esteems, and although he has for eleven years run a daily paper with success, keeps on all the original members of the staff and is loved by every one of them. He unbends with them in the editorial room.

Few literary men belonging to journalism find it harder than About to begin a newspaper article. He puts off writing to the last minute, and often might not write at all if the sub-editors did not slip from the room where he chats with them and turn the key in the door. On finding himself alone and a prisoner, he dashes at his task. His qualities are clearness, grace, conciseness, and a vigor that would be "Billingsgate" or "Bowery" if he were not a thorough artist and one of the most scholarly writers of his time. His scholarship has no alloy of affectation. What is "in him" must come out; but in finding vent it seeks beauty of expression. About is rich. His novels, essays and newspaper (but especially the latter) have, good investments aiding, brought him a fortune, I am told, of about 5,000,000 francs. His wife's dowry only amounted to 200,000 francs, with which he bought the house in which he lives in the Rue de Douai.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROADWAY LOUNGER.

Broadway is a street terminating on the north at Albany and on the south at Washington; last week I sauntered quite to the end of it.

Robert Bruce, New-York broker at Washington, says he often sells a million bushels of grain there per day. Jay Cooke, Jr., son of the late Henry D. Cooke, is in the same business with Mr. Upton, late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Bruce says THE TRIBUNE is "the cleanest paper in the United States." He tells me that during the Chicago fire he drove a drag cart of milk to a relief hall and Senator John A. Logan's wife ran on the drag holding the milk cans. Their other assistant had vanished.

Beverly Tucker is to write his reminiscences in a book; he is the nephew of John Randolph, and when eight years old was presented to that curious being.

Mr. Smith Meyer, the Washington architect, says that the entire United States Capitol building is half as near smaller than the French National Library, and therefore the talk about putting the Congressional Library in the Capitol is absurd.

In Washington they generally say that Henry Adams wrote the sceptical story called "Democracy" that deceived the bald Britons.

The best remaining painting of the late Henry C. Bispham, "Cattle in the South of France," has been put in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

A good many of the new American Senators from both sections look as if they had not entirely matured in the cranium, but dropped like hickory nuts from some internal precocity or worm. The Senate intellectually is not what it was. Blidleberger looks like a young college graduate.

President Arthur's reception last Tuesday night startled me by the number of carriages, which must have reached from the White House postal to the Capitol, if not twice that distance. It looked like a great Spanish funeral performed by night.

There was a day when a man tampering with a woman's peace was in danger of being shot by her big brothers. Now, anticipating her final supremacy, the lady does her own shooting, and then commits suicide, and does both effectually. Moral to men: marry early and stay at home.

I asked Anslim, the antiquarian bookseller of Washington, who were the best buyers among public men there. He said: "The most unique private library in the District is that of F. Schneider, an iron founder from Germany, who has been almost half a century in the country, and is a self-educated man. His library has been catalogued and consists of the rarest old German books and illustrations of the early art of printing. He keeps it over his hardware store on Pennsylvania-ave., a few steps from the President's house. Dr. Joseph M. Toner is a persistent book-buyer and is at present illustrating the medical biography of the American Revolution, buying the lives of every doctor he can find to have been in that war; and it is extending to be a library of American medical biography. He recently gave to the Library of Congress the Toner collection, which is separately kept and so marked, and contains many rare things. Mr. S. F. Phillips, Solicitor-General of the United States, from North Carolina, buys books of history and biography, the Greek and Latin authors, and the finer class of illustrated books. Judge Bartley, a brother-in-law of General Sherman, buys old law books, old literature, the English authors, and particularly books on mathematics in the higher forms. General Samuel B. Holabird, the Quartermaster-General, is an enthusiastic collector of books on American history. George Riggs, the banker, recently dead, had a fine library of books, such as Boydell's Shakespeare, and continued to buy, more or less, until he died. Mr. Corcoran also has been at times a book-buyer. Crosby S. Noyes and Captain I. N. Burritt, two Washington editors, are often looking for books to add to their collections; Captain Burritt, like many others at present, is buying the literature of the late war, which is becoming scarce by reason of the different army posts all over the Union forming their little libraries. Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court, buys history and biography. Secretary Teller buys Americana and particularly books of the Western States and their rise and progress. John C. New and Judge A. MacArthur are collectors, and Thomas J. Brady is one of the most intelligent buyers of first class books in Washington." Anslim said that his old books chiefly came out of Mr. Anslim said that his old books chiefly came out of the city of Washington: now and then some one grew poor, or died, or broke up housekeeping; but Virginia contributed considerably from her old homesteads.

Mr. Allison Nailor, who keeps the chief livery stable in Washington, and whose father before him did the same, and who was the man who brought the news of Nat Turner's insurrection from Richmond to Washington by relays of horses, which he seized on the road at the Government's command, told me last week that he hired to Herold the horse which that companion of the assassin Booth rode away upon the night of the murder. Said Mr. Nailor: "There is a singular thing in connection with that night's ride, which has not been noted anywhere, and I think is true. Booth changed his horse somewhere between the theatre and Surratt's Hill. The horse we hired to Herold was a single-footed racking horse. The rack is the most gentle gait a horse can make; every man can tell a racking horse by the sound he makes on the stones. It is an easier gait than a canter, which is a trot in front and a shuffle behind. We hired this horse, which was a strawberry roan color, to Herold, and it was the finest animal in the stable. Atzerodt came in about 2 o'clock; my man asked him where his friend was, and he said he would be in soon. It got along to half to 4 o'clock when my man, sitting in front of the stable, heard the well-known single-footed rack on the stones coming down Pennsylvania-ave., around the corner opposite the Treasury. He came out into the street and Herold saw him standing there, and at once whipped up his horse and turned up Fourteenth-st. by the side of Willard's Hotel into F-st. and went on rapidly. Now my man had heard Herold and Atzerodt talking that very afternoon about the roads in the lower counties of Maryland. He thought Herold had gone off to the Navy Yard Bridge, so he got another horse out of the stable and followed hard, and when he got to the foot of Capitol Hill two riders were coming down the hill and he hailed them and said: 'Did you see a man riding a light horse out this way?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'there are two of them; they have just gone over the hill. The big fellow with a black mustache is on the light horse and they are riding hard.' Now," said Mr. Nailor, "Herold had been on the light horse and Booth on the bay. Booth's horse was a dark bay. My belief is that they met somewhere on the way, and that Booth's horse being rougher to ride, with his injured foot, he swapped horses. My horse, I am pretty certain, is the horse that Booth rode down into Maryland. Booth could easily at that time mount a horse, for he had already gotten on one in the rear of the theatre. My man went on to the Navy Yard Bridge and was told that two men had gone over, and he asked if he could go over, and they said, 'Yes, but the countersign has not been given out yet, and if you go over you can't get back to-night.' Accordingly he returned to the stable and told that he had followed those men. As he returned the people were assembled along the avenue talking about the President's murder. He had hardly got to the stable when word came down that the Secretary of State had been stabbed by a man and that the assassin's horse had been held outside by another person who rode off on a single-footed racking horse. At this my man spoke up saying, 'Why, that is our horse.' It seemed that in the twinkling of an eye the place filled up with detectives, and they took him into Baker's office. Now if that clew had been followed that night, both those men could have been overtaken. It is singular that they were not followed, and they actually had the chance to lie at a man's house twelve or fourteen hours and hide themselves securely before the pursuit was made." Said I to Mr. Nailor: "What do you think about Herold's part in the plot?" "I think," said he, "that Herold was sent with Payne to show him where Seward lived and then to guide him out of the city and join Booth. Payne got off his horse and went into Seward's house, and Herold took the horse by the bridle while sitting on my horse; he heard the sounds of the stabbing and scuffling inside where Payne was just going for everybody, and Herold, being a mere boy, got frightened and rode away and consequently Payne's horse was found loose on the commons. Herold, in my judgment, then went on down F-st., and Booth, as he came out from the theatre alley to that street, probably met him right there, and they went on together and changed horses, I think, somewhere out by the City Hall. The night was a bright moonlight night, and the report straight along the road was that the dark man was riding the light horse."

I find in Washington that Postmaster-General Gresham is the highest thought of by citizens in general. Some think him a handsome man. His address is easy, natural and engaging. His habits are dictated entirely by his wants; he lives near Chamberlain's restaurant and stops in there going and coming on his way to and from his Department, and anybody who has anything to say can say it to him right there. The Democrats seem to like him as well as the Republicans; he stands somewhere between youth and authority, and is representative of both. The Cabinet in general does not much impress Washington society.

Amos Townsend, of Cleveland, Ohio, says that the Republicans can carry his State next October if one of several men are nominated for President. I told him that Senator Kellogg said to me that Ohio could dictate the nomination. Mr Townsend said that, knowing their responsibility in the matter, the Ohio men were not going to select the person they should favor without the fullest inquiry and conference. He spoke very well of John A. Logan and also of Senator Harrison. Senator Sherman also received his attention. I had an idea from Mr. Townsend's statements that the Logan boom might be advancing eastward, and I observed last winter, when in a number of towns in Ohio, that there was a rising interest in Logan, chiefly on account of his taking issue with General Grant in the Fitz John Porter case. Governor Foster said to me that the nomination for President of H. B. Payne would be a rather dangerous thing for the Republicans in Ohio, where Mr. Payne had been so long and favorably known. On the other hand, I have information that the Payne family, with their father at the head, have considered the Presidential matter and determined that in no event should he run, because his health is precarious and to enter the White House would be to go to his grave. His family are too fond of him to wish to sacrifice him to his and their ambition or the desire of politicians. Mr. Payne will be eighty-one years old when he comes out of the United States Senate. If he serves his full term, and would be seventy-nine years old if he should live out the Presidency.

The aggressive element of the Democratic party is the free trade element, led off by the positive-minded Morrison and such matter-of-fact men as Randall and Carlisle. They have set their faces against the nomination of Mr. Payne since his speech at Columbus to the Legislature.

It is said that there is not one United States Senator in favor of the nomination of President Arthur at Chicago. His most intimate personal friend in the Senate, Senator Miller, of California, has said reluctantly that he would like to see Arthur, re-elected but that his veto of the Chinese bill would be used to his disadvantage in all the Pacific States. The two States which menace the President most are Ohio and New-York. In Ohio, Foster says that Arthur could not carry the State, and ex-Secretary Sherman remembers a certain controversy he had with his former Collector of the Port of New-York, and severe documents emanating from the Treasury throne about that time. Senator Miller, of New-York, is said to have remarked that when the time came and New-York was called upon to show the faith that was in her, it would be shown that Mr. Arthur could not carry the State, and shown in such a manner that there would be no sufficient reply. The Senators generally say that the President gives them what they want and they have no complaint of him, but that he has no policy and not much moral courage; and one of them compared him to a surgeon whose backbone was merely a piece of gristle.

The Government, through the respectable co-operation of Congress, is getting on wonderfully in its collection of antiquities at the capital city. The new National Museum, in the Smithsonian grounds, has no parallel in this country for its illustrations of natural history and of mankind on this continent. The Government's collection of stuffed animals is wonderful. There is a group in this museum with a sea-lion at the top that is the most perfect thing of its kind in the world. All the buffalos are there to be seen in edgy wearing their garments as sent from other countries. The collection of musical instruments, illustrating the growth of harmony and time in man, is delicious; the reeds the Indians and the barbarians play upon are to be seen by the side of the mandolin, the dulcimer and other queer tools of sound from Siam, the Malay Peninsula and from the Pacific Islands. In this museum are the Washington relics which now, by the purchase of the Lewis relics, have become a delightful reminder of the home life of the General. His old blue china happens to be just in the rage. His buckskin clothes, his surveying instruments and writing utensils, bring him before us as old clothes only can when the spirit and the model have fled.

The new Pension Office, on Judiciary Square, almost upon the site of the prison where General Sickles was confined, has risen nearly to the second story, and is a remarkable monument of the civil war. Between the two stories runs a belt of friezes, probably three or four feet in height, representing the Army of the Union on the march. This frieze runs all around the building, which is an exceedingly large one, probably 300 by 300 feet, and therefore every department of the Army is distinctly portrayed in bas-relief, the cavalry, the artillery, the marching infantry by whole regiments, the Navy, the bargemen, the engineers and so, in costume as they were; they will march forever in the sight of visitors from the rest of the world, while within that edifice are to remain the rolls of the maimed and the dependent of those who lost their lives in the great conflict. General Meigs is putting up the Pension Office.

Close to this building is the celebrated Gilt Hall, designed by Hadfield and opened in the early quarter of the century. It is one of the best pieces of architecture in Washington, though not much looked on account of its inferior building material, which is the Potomac sandstone, that has to be painted every year or two. The elegantly recessed centre and advanced wings are unique and its proportions round one of the best Roman buildings. Here all the great trials, civil and criminal, in Washington have taken place for fifty years; such as the chamber trial, the Sickles trial, the lottery trial, the Surratt trial, and the arraign of that smart horse-knight who escape the attention of some young Washington lawyer not yet in practice who could write a charming book. In the necessity for more room joins the City Hall was recently been extended and a portico placed on the rear and the dilapidation is so good that in a few years a person returning to Washington will hardly be able to tell whether the whole edifice is not of the same age.

Mr. Mullett, formerly Government architect, has designed a new centre for the Capitol on the mistaken theory that he can still keep the Library within that building. The use of the Library is for members to hunt materials for their information and speeches and the books are generally taken to their homes in the Library cart and looked over in the evenings. No extension of the Capitol would ever sufficiently anticipate the growth of the Library, which by the operation of our copyright laws alone and the increase of our people is sure to become the greatest collection on the Western continent.

Few of the Congressmen know the treasures of the Library; it is especially rich in rare Americana, which are now so costly and scarce. Peter Force, the most thoroughgoing American collector, sold his entire treasures to the Library, and some things there might excite the antiquarian; for example, the plans of the early Capitol, as submitted by all the architectural ability in the country, most of which was foreign. The old Capitol is itself an antiquarian thing of rare value. The Supreme Court does not require to be in that edifice. Meantime work is advancing on the Capitol terraces, which are being faced with marble so as to increase the height of the Capitol as viewed from a distance. A gentleman who has just been around the world said of the proportions of the dome of the Capitol, planned by Walter, that it was the most elegant dome in the world, and the most perfect in its proportions.

The Japanese nation may almost be said to stand at the head of the world for a resolute earnestness and docility in the desire to acquire the Western civilization and put themselves in the homogeneous family of man. A bookseller at Washington told me that the Japanese were the only foreigners constantly buying American books, and they grasped the subject so that they knew almost by intuition any book, however rare or queer, which would shed light on the institutions and development of the Americans.

The wife of an eminent member of Congress from New-York, and a Democratic member, too, remarked to me at Washington that the President's sister, Mrs. McElroy, who is mistress of his mansion, gave general delight to the ladies by her thoughtful, well-bred and not overdone manners there, which were quite equal to those of any of the distinguished ladies of the past, according to Washington tradition. One of the carriage men of Washington told me that the President himself was of very little use to trade in the city, because he gave but few receptions and did not shake up gayety and joy, as is the desire of the Washington tradesman.

Mr. Carlisle attracts respect for his thoroughly gentlemanly and modest manner, so much unlike that of Henry Clay, who had too much manner, and although graceful betrayed too much of the vote-gatherer. Carlisle looks nothing of that kind; he seems to be a man neither preoccupied nor overworked, but with sound contents, and there is something of the Methodist preacher about him, or perhaps I might say the Methodist bishop. His skin is pale, his hair straight and black, his eyes, I think, are more blue than gray, somewhat of a lake color; eyes with strength yet sweetness and composure in them, which look as if they would not need spectacles for long. He is deferential to every one without abasing himself a particle, and has the reputation in both parties of a man whose ambition would not be apt to lead him far outside of his convictions. He wears the old-fashioned frock cloth suit, discarding the Prince Albert and cut-away adaptation, from the English. He is a man with large bones and somewhat high cheek-bones. Unlike some Kentuckians, he can listen with the greatest patience to any one talking, and what he says in reply is to the point and discreet. I have an idea that he is the best production of the South since the war, and of the better-meaning South—that portion which perceives the opportunities of a great nation and the mistakes of a merely destructive force within it. He has been compared to William Pitt Fessenden for his easy and immediate precision in debate, taking up a question as if from inner thought, thinking it along on his feet, making it impersonal, never referring to himself or his past or to any future that he may have, but arguing it out in such a way as to command the respect of any serious man.

Indeed, Mr. Carlisle is almost a citizen of Ohio. Covington, where he lives, is the Kentucky suburb of Cincinnati, and Cincinnati men invest capital over there because the site is better than that of Cincinnati, not so hill-encompassed and gully-heaped. In that city lives ex-Governor Stephenson, an excellent citizen, and Colonel Thomas L. Jones also abides there, who was the main competitor against Governor Knott. Newport is a suburb of Covington, and there has long been maintained a United States post with public officers and all the accompaniments of Government. It is not often that at Covington any of the effervescences of interior Kentucky take place. Mr. Carlisle could easily have been United States Senator from Kentucky, but he valued his character too much to let it be misinterpreted, although he had not promised not to stand for the Senate. He preferred to consent to the over-construction of his words rather than to take the Senate as if he thought more of the promotion than of his good name.

Another remarkable man in Washington is William R. Morrison, of Illinois. He has not the patience nor the natural health of Carlisle, but is a man of probably more will and more human attributes. Carlisle rather rises outside of the commonality and self-consciousness of men. Morrison is never impersonal; his dislikes are as plain to be seen as the color of his hair. These men he likes he makes his equals, but still continues a little grim and strange with them. The real elements of his character are his grit and his genius for politics. He likes the game of politics as men play it, and he plays it like some military genius. He was born at French Kaskaskia, probably the oldest town in the West, which is now fast falling into the river where once its brazen guns stood in tiers to menace at once the Indians and the English. There of a Scotch family came Morrison, and he still lives in the vicinity of St. Louis, though across the river. When a boy he went to the Mexican war, thereby showing his interest in the public concerns and his passion to have a hand in them. When the Rebellion came on he was hardly less prompt and showed his face to the foe, and he returned to politics as if it were another war; and he has been humiliated and again victorious; but he is unchangeable. You can sometimes see on his face the rather scornful workings of a proud mind and again the half jovial smile of an anticipated success or an entertained injury. Yet under all this the nature of the man is kind, and like all such positive men his attention, not to say fondness, is cherished by others. No eagle that flies aims higher than Morrison. The Presidency does not scare him. If his Tariff bill should pass and meet with some favor, and he could be, in the few intervening months before the nominating conventions, understood, he might roll over the McDonald movement like a fiery torrent. I perceive that his cousin, Don Morrison, is at Washington and is earnestly in favor of William.

Secretary Folger occupies a queer position at Washington for a man who was so long at the head of the Bench of New-York, which is considered about Albany to compare with the Supreme Court of the United States. Though he is at the head of the Treasury Department, he seems to be there somewhat like an opossum or a raccoon, which had found the building empty, gone in and got domesticated, and there seems no way to get him out. He did not exactly go in because he desired to do so, but was invited in, or at least the door was left open for him, and so, as he sees no better place to live, he continues there, the President being too indolent to attempt to quarrel with him, and the New-York shoe boys who want his perquisites scowl at him afar off, because he was once a judge, and might sentence some of them if they came too near.

The celebrated Appollinaris water case, which has plagued the soul of Mr. Folger and of his predecessors, is an instance of how much rare personal influence has to do with decisions at law. The Appollinaris water if a natural mineral water would be allowed to come in free; if not a natural water it would have to pay a tax; that, considering the cheapness of mineral waters, would put it out of the reach of the barkeepers and the saloons which have to supply it in general, free. So when Dr. Schultz, who was formerly assayer of the United States in Wall street for a great many years, and therefore was Mr. Folger's forerunner, made up his mind to contest, as a mineral water manufacturer, the naturalness of the Appollinaris, the case seemed to be decided every time according to the fitness of the man that could be brought in. The doctor claimed that this water had carbonic acid gas added to it artificially and salt added also to give it more phosphate; the Treasury Department once so decided; then the great ex-senator from New-York was retained to carry on the fight of his connoisseurship for Secretary Folger. By that connoisseur the Secretary was enabled to see anything artificial about the water. If Mr. Folger had remained to debate with the great senator at that time, some think that he would have been a little more feared in Washington and, on the whole, more commended. The trouble with this Cabinet is that they have never quarrelled with anybody, though a good many people could to have been kicked down-stairs at the outstart.

Up to the present time the new international copyright bill of Mr. Dorsheimer has been received with almost universal favor. Our literature had run to the lowest ebb. We were delluged with reprints of almost every book published abroad, many of which were corrupting the minds of our men and women about the wisdom of any free society whatever. Insidious monarchical books from England were reaching down into the humblest homes of the people. Not being required to pay any copyright on these books, a lower and lower range of publishers contended for the issue of them here, until the trade in them got to be very much a matter of mere paper-making. The whole argument is in the mistake that if publishers must pay copyright to foreigners, they will prefer to pay it at home to men and women who can make books on American subjects, and under that encouragement we ought to reach with the present condition of perception and intelligence here a very respectable literature.

In the times of Irving, Cooper and Prescott books were generally issued in several volumes and at high prices, and consequently a limited sale brought respectable returns. Any book worth buying is worth preserving. Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, remarked to me during the week: "Our publishers do not pay copyright enough. They pay 10 per cent generally. Now that would be fair for the first thousand, but when a book runs up into the several thousands the copyright ought to be advanced because then the issuing of the book from the electroplates is a matter of very little cost comparatively. The 'plant,' so to speak, which is the composition and the electrotyping of the book, might will be taken from the author through a lower copyright, but when a man's book runs up into the several thousands there ought to be 15, 20 or 25 per cent paid the author." Indeed the interests of publishers and authors in this country will be found to be identical; at least in that it is to the interest of the publishers to bring on such a general age of literature as will absorb our people, not in the contemplation of their politicians nor of their rich men, but of their men of mind and creative genius.

AMERICANIZING LONDON JOURNALISM.

From Correspondence of The Philadelphia Press.

The most prominent of the London dailies are rapidly becoming Americanized to an extent that is causing the musty old fogies who believe in everything that was and nothing that is, to hold up their hands in pious horror. *The Pall Mall Gazette* has gone boldly into the interviewing business, and almost every evening treats its readers to an interesting chat with some notable in the worlds of art, science, finance, the drama or politics. We have had within the last few days interviews with "Lotta," who was further honored with a life-like pen and ink portrait of her charming personality; Baron Grant, who talked glibly and enthusiastically of the gold fields in the Transvaal he is anxious to dispose of to a confiding public for the mere bagatelle of some $2,000,000; Chinese Gordon, who knows more about the Soudan and its inhabitants than any living Englishman, and other well-known men whose opinions on current topics of the day cannot but be of deep interest to the average newspaper reader. *The Daily Telegraph* prints "specials" daily on all sorts of matters, most of them, I fancy, purely imaginary and about as truthful as the famous dog and man fight which created such a stir a few years ago.

The Despatch, one of the best of the Sunday papers, has just concluded a series of sketches, again imaginary, I should suppose, of life as it may be seen on the Thames embankment, and *The Echo* has just published two most interesting realistic sketches of London beggars and their methods, by Hugh McLaughlan, a rising journalist, who not only wields a graceful pen, but is evidently a keen observer of human nature. By the bye, this gentleman evidently did not get his facts second-hand, as he was brought up before a metropolitan police magistrate on the morning of Tuesday last, robed in rags and tatters, charged with loitering. No one who saw him could blame the policeman who arrested him, or the inspector who relegated him for the night to the police cells, notwithstanding his contention that he was a reputable journalist and acting under his editor's orders in assuming the garb of a street mendicant. Of course, the worthy magistrate promptly discharged Mr. McLaughlan, and both the lively little *Echo* and its bright young reporter have secured an excellent advertisement.

CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT.

VIEWS OF REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS.

REPUBLICANS IN FAVOR OF A FREE CHOICE—DISCUSSING FAVORITE NAMES—DEMOCRATS NOT HARMONIOUS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—There is, of course, much quiet discussion among Republicans in Washington respecting probable candidates for the Presidency and the main issues upon which the contest is to turn. In regard to the latter, expressions are unanimous that the main question is to be whether the principle of protection to American industry shall be maintained. Nobody seems to doubt that this is to be the leading issue between the contending political parties. Republican Representatives are frank and outspoken on this subject, and, despite the peculiar utterances of two or three newspapers which profess to reflect Republican sentiment on that question, and which betray a strong affection for the "Revenue Reform" dogmas of the Carlisle-Morrison comb