EASTER IN LONDON.

WITH NOTES ON SOME OF THE HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE HOLIDAYS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON April 7.

The dreariness and weariness of a four days' London holiday have once more come and gone. To the Londoner, or to anybody who happens to be obliged to stay in London, there is no more melancholy period of the year than that between Good Friday and Easter Monday inclusive. On the intervening Saturday, it is true, some of the shops are open and most of the theatres. But Saturday, at best, is only half a day, thanks to the Early Closing philanthropists whose aim in life it is to limit the hours of wage-earning industry, and whose ideal of cheerfulness is an unbroken stretch of closed shutters.

The whole of Passion Week must here be passed beneath the shadow of ecclesiastical gloom. Parliament adjourns, and the adjournment of the two Houses is the signal for a general flight into the country or abroad, where the gloom is considerably lightened. There are circles in which it is deemed sinful to dine out during these days. The general current of social life flows sluggishly. Not the least curious of the various religious phenomena now occurring is the retirement of Miss Mary Anderson from the stage for seven days and seven nights. Scruples of conscience or priestly prohibition stand in the way of her acting at Easter, and Mme. Modjeska had to be called in to keep the doors of the Lyceum open. I was told by a manager that the ordinance of the Lord Chamberlain for the shutting of theatres on Good Friday extends even to their box-offices. To sell a ticket during the day is as wicked as to lift the curtain at night, and the lessee who committed either iniquity would risk the loss of his license. Not even a rehearsal is tolerated. The Music Halls close; whether in obedience to the edict of the magistrates who license them, I cannot say. So do the transpontine theatres.

The only places of amusement not sealed up by authority are those where it is deemed profitable to give what are called sacred concerts or oratorios. The Crystal Palace is accessible to the public on this pretence, and I suppose you may stare at the heathen statues in the nave, as well as listen to the music of Handel, from the orchestra and organ and chorus. The Messiah is given at the Albert Hall, and these hilarious entertainments are largely attended by people of robust faith, in the conscientious conviction that they are enjoying themselves, as perhaps they are. All the churches are open, and some of them are thronged. Some of the best music in London is to be heard at St. Paul's on these occasions, and only less good at Westminster Abbey. Whether the Dissenting Chapels fall in with the fashion I cannot say. Time was, certainly, when they would have been strictly closed in protest against Papistical observances.

That singular department, the British Post Office, might be subject to Rome itself, so careful is it to leave its enormous staff free to go to church on Good Friday. There is but one delivery of letters; that performed, Mr. Shaw Lefevre's army of carriers may listen to sermons or drink beer, as they choose, for if the churches are open, the public houses are certainly not closed. On Easter Monday the condition of things is much the same—I do not mean with respect to places of worship, but the Post Office, and to places of drink. There is a morning and evening delivery and an evening dispatch of letters. Most of the telegraph offices are closed; the official mind is not able to conceive the probability that a public busy with worship or busy with pleasure should care to send telegrams to itself. A similar notion possesses the editors, or perhaps it is the proprietors, of newspapers. No evening journals appear on Friday or on Monday. If they did, they could hardly be sold. The ordinary machinery of distribution is paralyzed. In London it is the local stationer on whom the reading public in great part depends for its regular supply of papers, both morning and evening. But the local stationer has awarded himself a holiday, the more readily since, though he supplies you with no paper, he will hardly think it worth while to disturb the symmetry of his accounts by deducting the price of the missing journals.

As you see, the points of similarity between Good Friday and Easter Monday are numerous enough to create confusion in the minds of the millions, with whom the sacred and profane are not divided by a clear and broad line. A great ecclesiastical solemnity in which Christendom takes part is one thing. A Bank Holiday, the creation of an Act of Parliament, is another. But the emancipated toiler perceives that, as a matter of fact, the banks and public offices and the great houses of public and private business take a holiday to themselves on both occasions. What matters it to the civil servant whether he is let loose from his desk by the Pope or by Sir John Lubbock? The cockney in either case betakes himself to the green fields. The villager comes up to London. On the great lines of suburban railways, the trains that are leaving and the trains that are entering London are equally full, and full of holiday-makers.

If you are neither shopkeeper nor artisan, it is at the peril of your social reputation that you remain in London. Society has decreed that the Easter Holidays are to be passed in the country. The blinds are drawn in the mansions of the West End. That the Queen should set an example of flight abroad is something, but Fashion has long since learned to look rather to Marlborough House than to Windsor Castle for its watchword and its example. The Queen's journey to Aix-les-Bains and her month's residence there are known to have been prescribed by her physician as a condition of health. Therefore it is that all good subjects are permitted to learn from the Court Circular that health has nothing to say to this trip, which, you will be good enough to believe, Her Majesty has taken solely for change of air and scene, and for the sake of relaxation. To be suspected of illness is what Royalty cannot endure.

It was but last week that the Prince of Wales returned from Berlin, having accomplished his mission of congratulation to the Emperor of Germany, and having paid a visit of condolence to some minor Court, I really forget which, on his return journey. He was none the less off to Sandringham the next day, whence he returned yesterday with the Princess and the children to be present, as they were, at Mrs. Langtry's first appearance in Peril. To-night they start for Ireland, on their delicate and critical three-weeks' mission. A less hardened traveller might have preferred staying in London during the brief interval between Berlin and Dublin, but it is not likely that it occurred to the Prince to spare himself the journey to and from his Norfolk estate. Nor is it clear what effect on the minds and movements of the thousands to whom he prescribes the pattern of their social lives such a departure from the custom of Easter might have had.

Most of the Cabinet Ministers, it is true, have kept within easy reach of Downing Street, though none, I think, slept within the cab-radius from Charing Cross. Mr. Gladstone, as usual, had spent a Sunday with Lord Rosebery at the Durdans; then buried himself at Brighton; the papers for once respecting his request that his address might remain unknown. He emerged to view a moment at the Brighton Aquarium, where he was received in a kind of semi-regal state. The public next heard of him on Saturday at a Cabinet Council, considering the last Russian note; then once more he became invisible. In fact, the Prime Minister spent Sunday with Lord Granville's brother, Mr. Leveson Gower, (which you may pronounce, if you care to be accurate, Lewson-Gore), at Holmbury in Sussex, or perhaps Surrey; a charming place with one of the finest views in the South of England. One Minister, it should be said, Lord Carlingford, has gone to Aix-les-Bains to be in attendance, as custom demands, on the Queen. Any Minister might, in ordinary circumstances, be subjected to this duty. But the circumstances are not ordinary and the Minister who could best be spared in Downing Street takes Her Majesty's commands, and, if he be so minded, the thermal waters of the Savoie. "It would indeed be a pity," said a cynical observer, "if Lord Carlingford should resign, so long as the Queen goes abroad."

For the English world in general, Easter Holidays came to an end yesterday. For Parliament they are prolonged till Thursday. For Society they extend through the week and often the week following. The movement of social life at the West End will scarcely be perceptible for another ten days. Even members of Parliament, such of them as stand not in awe of the Whips, defer their return till over next Sunday. The first serious dinner party after the recess will not occur till Wednesday the 15th. Nor will London get into full swing till after the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales from Ireland, for it must be admitted that royalty has a more direct influence in all these matters than the Legislature has. May will be here almost before Mayfair and Belgravia have had time to settle down from their Easter vacation, and before May is over the Whitsuntide Holiday will once more have emptied London. Piccadilly and St. James's Street will again be the desolate stretches of thoroughfare they were yesterday; or if not desolate, peopled by regiments of ragged humanity, seeking diversion and finding it not. I wish I could believe that the workingman, or even the East End loafer, enjoyed his outing. If he really does, he is more successful than any other class in concealing all outward sign of inward delight. G. W. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MAKART.

FEATURES OF THE FALL OF A FAMOUS ARTIST.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

VIENNA, March 29.

A sale in Makart's studio! A crowd of men smoking, women chattering, noise, dust and naked prose in the sanctuary of art and culture and good taste! There is no desecration which impresses one more painfully than the changes which houses and rooms undergo. A cultivated Englishman with whom I paid a visit to Makart's studio, in coming away, said: "This was quite the thing best worth seeing in all Vienna." But it is as difficult to describe as easy to remember. Imagine a little man, who by the work of his hands, which is to him enjoyment, not labor, earns hundreds of thousands of florins every year, who is endowed with a light-hearted, careless nature, not dreaming of the morrow, and who squanders his easily acquired wealth in the manner of princes of old. With his purse always full of money, travelling all over the world, Makart had a keen eye for beautiful things wherever he met with them, and this is how he amassed a museum of art treasures. If any one in Vienna wanted to sell some really handsome article, he always went to Makart first, because he seldom refused to buy, and always paid the best price. In one instance a poor woman, reduced to utter misery by a prolonged illness of her husband, went to Makart with her beautiful head of golden hair, which trailed on the ground. He allowed her to cut it off, and gave her one thousand florins for it, certainly a better price than a hairdresser would have paid. When Makart sent out invitations to a fancy ball, he gave the date and style with which the dresses to be worn must coincide, and when his guests came to consult him, he made drawings of costumes for them, and when he had a doubt whether the expense would exceed the means of some pretty women whom he especially cared to see in his house, he ordered the dress of his own costumer, and sent it to the lady with a sketch by his own brush. This is the reason why there are several hundred fine old costumes among the things left behind, all of which at the very first glance prove that genius directed the hand that made them.

Costume was Makart's best feature, and he often delighted in "making up" famous actresses for their parts in pieces where the dresses were historical. Thus he once arranged Charlotte Wolter as *Messalina*, (he painted her in the part afterward), and he came on the boards of the Burgtheatre to give the last touch to her "folds," as she lay half reclined on a couch. But poor Wolter had trusted too much to his able fingers, and forgot the fact that no man can stick a pin into anything without its coming out at the wrong moment. When she rose from her couch to address her Emperor, all the pins in the bodice gave way at once, and she had to run off the scene as fast as her Roman garments would allow her.

All the pretty, rare and costly things, as well as a number of Makart's pictures, and of paintings presented to him by brother artists, are now being sold off to the highest bidder. There is a saying that the most unlikely things are always sure to happen, and in this case the saying comes true. It is impossible to give the reader an adequate idea of how Vienna honored and spoiled her darling Makart during his lifetime. Ladies of high degree courted him, and men of all classes were his slaves. At the time of the great procession held in honor of the Emperor's silver wedding, there seemed but one name worth mentioning in all Vienna, and that name was Hans Makart. And now, five months after his death, this wealthy city does not muster persons enough to buy his pictures and valuables at the price at which they have been valued, so that an art publisher who directs the sale buys the best things at prices fixed by himself, and there is no one to dispute his right. It is true Makart forfeited public sympathy on the day—four years ago—when he married a ballet-dancer, no longer young and by no means in the odor of sanctity. All the many women with whom he had had love affairs, and whose hearts he had broken without a pang of his conscience, rose up against him like an army, and poisoned public opinion. But his pictures were admired no less on that account; the only difference was, brilliant, fine and clever people no longer went to see him, and he who loved splendor and noisy festivities, and had always reigned among his guests like a Florentine prince, was reduced to a quiet game of whist in the evening with his wife for a partner, and his wife's uncle for a third. Wedlock seems to have been the very worst thing for Makart. He went out of his mind very soon, a painful physical malady followed, and before the end came on he withdrew to a quiet corner of his splendid house, with his mother for his sole companion, and even refused to see his wife. Makart leaves two children by his first wife, a boy and a girl,—Hans and Grete,—and as there is no provision for them, everything left is sold and will be divided into three equal parts, one for each child, and one for the widow.

Yesterday Makart's last picture, "Spring," a colossal painting with about twenty graceful life-sized figures on it, was sold for about $6,000, to the auctioneer—no fit price for Makart's last picture, upon which he spent six months of unceasing labor. Some of the gold and silver ornaments and utensils paid a little higher than they had been valued, but nothing fetched a really good price—nothing except a very foolish *alto relievo* in white marble, representing *Ophelia*, and modelled by Sarah Bernhardt, who gave it to Makart in return for a life-sized portrait which he painted of her. The famous actress did not inspire him much, for her portrait, in yellow damask, is one of Makart's worst, and was not admired when it occupied a prominent place in the exhibition. Makart caricatured his own work one day by taking a bit of string, making a tassel of it at each end, and tying a knot above one tassel to represent Sarah Bernhardt's head. This caricature was sold in all the streets for a couple of days at half a cent apiece, and was generally styled "Makart's portrait of S. B." But she is still alive and Makart is dead, and her bit of an *Ophelia* in very mediocre workmanship was sold at 2,700 florins, whilst some of Makart's pictures were not sold at all.

EFFICIENCY OF NEW-YORK'S POLICE.

"New-York certainly has a more orderly population than any other city in the World," said a well-known police official to a TRIBUNE reporter, "and with all the talk about it, the police force, as a whole, is a remarkably efficient and conscientious body of men. With a territory second to few cities in the world, and a population of nearly a million and a half, we have a police force of only about 2,700 men. Of these it is safe to say that 700 are on detail or are employed in some way so as to make them invaluable for patrol duty. This leaves an effective force of about 2,000 men. In the night time half of these men are supposed to be on patrol duty, but when the sick and the men away on leave of absence are subtracted there is seldom if ever more than 900 men actually on duty. In the daytime the force on post is just half that number. As an instance of the small number of men on duty, I remember that in the Twelfth Precinct, which takes in a portion of the city north of One-hundred-and-tenth-st., and east of Sixth-ave., to the Harlem River, on the 4th of July a year or two ago, there were just seven men on post. Yet with all this, the percentage of crimes both against property and person is not any larger here than it is in any of the large cities of Europe, where the proportionate number of policemen is several times larger than with us, and this despite the fact that while in the European cities the population is very largely native, here we have a population made up of all the Nations of the world."

The party of American ladies who go abroad to attend the beauty contest of all nations, will be in New-Haven Monday next. They will be known by numbers of States. The party as made up will consist of six ladies from New York and Brooklyn, two from Philadelphia, two from Kalamazoo, Mich., three from Chicago, one from Dubuque, Iowa, one from Janesville, one from Bangor, Maine, and Connecticut contributes four; none of them from Hartford.—[Hartford Times.

HAIL BISMARCK!

THE IRON CHANCELLOR'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BERLIN, April 3.

The festivities in honor of Prince Bismarck's seventieth birthday bore the character of a National festival, and the people seemed to feel that in doing honor to the Iron Chancellor they rejoiced at the same time in the re-establishment of the Empire and of Germany's unity and greatness. The programme had been discussed for a long time, and presents had been arriving for a whole week before the great day came. The ovations began on the eve of Bismarck's birthday. In the course of the afternoon all the streets through which the torchlight procession was to pass were decorated with evergreens and flags, and the huge stands were over-filled long before dusk. The first to offer their congratulations were the veterans, 3,500 in number, most of them representing soldier societies in all parts of the Empire. The majority wore evening dress, but each bore a sword and gun. The flag-bearers and the music bands entered the front garden of Prince Bismarck's palace, and the "Wacht am Rhein" was performed. Bismarck, followed by his family, came out to them in his cuirassier cloak and helmet, and thanked them for their kindness. But when the first man in heartfelt words described Bismarck's merits he refused to accept the praises and told them all was due to the Emperor, who was the true founder of the Empire.

When darkness had set in, began the torchlight procession, which was beautifully organized, so that it traversed the streets in perfect order, although it was formed of no fewer than 10,000 torchbearers, the greatest number that have ever been seen together in Germany. As they passed the Imperial palace, they saw the aged Emperor at the window, and the 10,000 cheered him enthusiastically. The procession was headed by heralds-at-arms in picturesque dress, who blew trumpets, and were followed by a large number of elegant carriages containing deputations of students from the Universities of Bonn, Breslau, Frieburg, Giessen, Greifswald, Halle, Heidelberg, Jena, Kiel, Konigsberg, Leipsic, Marburg, Munich, Munster Rostock, Strasburg and Wurzburg. At the first sound of the trumpets Prince Bismarck appeared at the window in his helmet and cloak, smoking a long pipe. The numberless torches waving past in broad masses made a most imposing picture. The most striking feature of the procession was a large galley bearing a figure of Germania, before whom the German peoples from North and South, from East and West, do homage. The galley was preceded and escorted by students on horseback, by heralds and torchbearers, and was drawn by six tall horses. The wheels of the cart upon which it was placed were concealed by purple draperies and the arms of German cities. On deck there were several groups of men and women in National costumes, soldiers and students with flags and emblems of war, and the whole was surmounted by a splendid Germania, throned under a purple canopy surmounted by a gilt spread eagle of colossal dimensions. Then followed a group of soldiers in the dress of the Thirty Years' War, a colonial group with Cameroon negroes dancing to the sound of drums and cymbals, and African explorers with their escort of natives and camels. The Chancellor laughed immoderately at this practical allusion to his colonial politics, but his attention was immediately afterward monopolized by the representatives of the trades and industries, the thirty-five guilds of Berlin, for the most part dressed in mediæval costumes and with emblems of their work, among which I noted a colossal horse's head, and a large pane of glass with inscriptions in brilliant colors. Last in the procession came a crowd of factory men who bore magnesium torches, which gave a much better light, and had none of the inconveniences of the old pitch torches with their smoke and dirt and soot. Prince Bismarck concluded the eve of his birthday with a hearty supper, to which the Princess had invited all the officers of his regiment.

On the following morning the Prince was up betimes, to receive first of all the congratulations of his wife, his two sons, his daughter, the Countess Rantzau, with her three little boys. In the meantime carriages began to stop in front of the house, and when the Chancellor was ready to receive them, hundreds of persons eager to offer their heartfelt good wishes were assembled in the large dining-hall, the walls of which were half-concealed behind the numberless presents offered by a grateful Nation. On one wall was hung a colossal picture concealed behind a curtain. As the Prince was conversing with the Grand Duke of Baden, the arrival of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and all the Princes of the Imperial family then present at Berlin, was announced to him. The Chancellor hastened to meet his Emperor half-way on the stairs, and taking his hand, bowed low to kiss it. But the Emperor threw both arms round his neck and kissed him repeatedly, at the same time sobbing aloud. When they had re-entered the room, the Crown Prince drew back the curtain from the picture covering an entire wall, which was the present of the Imperial family to Prince Bismarck. It is a copy by Professor Werner of his picture of the proclamation of the Emperor at Versailles, and gives good portraits of all the celebrities of the time. The next to appear were the Generals of the Army, who had been ordered by the Emperor to be present, although Bismarck is not even a General. Then followed a deputation from the Berlin University. One of the last to step forward was Prince Ratisbon, who gave the Prince a simple portfolio, saying at the same time that the Nation was proud to return to him his ancestral home, after he had returned to the Empire Alsatia and Lorraine. The portfolio contained the deeds of purchase of Schoenhausen, which was bought for a million and a half of marks of the man who fifty years ago bought it in troubled times of Bismarck's father. The portfolio also contained a receipt for 1,200,000 marks deposited in a bank, and placed at Bismarck's disposition to be devoted to some public purpose. Bismarck thanked heartily all around, and told the Emperor that what pleased him most was the gift of his forefathers' home—because he was now no longer only Schoenhausen in name, but was master of it in good earnest.

When the Emperor had departed, Bismarck invited all his visitors—they were more than six hundred in number—to luncheon, or to use his own words "to a morning pint," which was taken in rare good humor, in the great conference hall. The Emperor and Prince Bismarck were the toasts, and the students present gave vent to their feelings by drinking to Bismarck's health in the peculiar fashion called a "salamander," which is a simultaneous rubbing and thumping of the glasses upon the table. The Princess was much amused by this scene, and smiled at her husband, and when a State Minister drank to her health, reminding those present of what she had been to her lord in dark and in sunny times, Bismarck took his wife in his arms and kissed her. Of course several speeches were made, but they were neither long nor tedious, and Bismarck had a pleasant word to return to every speaker. At 1 o'clock the six hundred guests had departed, among whom were some Bavarian peasants, whom Bismarck thanked most heartily for the present they had made him—a present as novel as it is useful. It consists of five splendid cows and a bull which had been sent to the stables of Schoenhausen. The cellars of the castle have been filled with strong beer from the most famous breweries of Munich and Ansbach, and with choice wines from the Rhine and Moselle. A lady sent a single bottle of choice hock of 1811, the best vintage of the century.

Of course it is impossible to enumerate the thousands of presents sent by an admiring Nation, but some of them are so quaint and novel, others so artistic, as to deserve mention. The shoemakers of a small Suabian city sent a pair of Wellingtons made out of hides from Cameroon and Zanzibar. A sofa was sent for Tyras, Bismarck's dog. A large tray contained strawberries, pears, grapes, snipe and several bottles of rare Marcobrunner wine of 1865.

The Germans in Constantinople sent a splendid sword of Damascus steel, which bears the strange inscription: "Whosoever falls by this sword must rejoice to have been killed by so excellent a blade." Foremost among the presents is an engraved and embossed silver tablet sent from Munich, which is a rare work of art and will be an ornament for the Bismarck side-table for all time to come.

This being the week before Easter, during which no music is allowed in public places, there was some difficulty about a special license for the festivities. Upon a previous occasion the Emperor had prohibited music during Easter week, although an ovation had been prepared for a Prince of the Imperial house. The case was therefore brought before the Emperor himself, who granted the permission with the words: "Extraordinary men require extraordinary measures—Play away, if it is to please Bismarck." It will not astonish a country which has named a city after Bismarck that not one of the hundred Bismarcks making up the Chancellor's family failed to present his congratulations in person. Bismarck heartily shook hands with his hundred cousins, who with all their family pride are very glad to have one among them who has made their name illustrious for all time. A medal was coined in honor of the occasion, bearing Bismarck's portait and the inscription: *Patria inserviendo consumor.*

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

LINCOLN'S MURDER—MISS PEABODY AND THE PIUTE PRINCESS—MRS. GARFIELD.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, April 18.—"Are we then so soon forgot?" might well have been asked three days ago, when the twentieth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death passed at the National Capital with scarce a sign or outward observance of that darkest hour in the Nation's history. I looked to see the flags on the public buildings at half mast, but they were not. In the evening there were a few gatherings, mostly of colored people, in some of the small halls in the city, and a few speeches in remembrance of the day were made. Perhaps not more than half a dozen persons now here had personal knowledge of the tragedy.

During Mr. Lincoln's first term, four members of the metropolitan police were detailed at the White House, whose duty it was to guard the person of the President at all times, but especially on his walks to and from the War Department. They were known as Cronin, Smith, Dunn and Pendle. Of this number Pendle alone happened to be in the house when the news that President Lincoln had been shot was brought to the door by the sergeant of the guard stationed about the White House. It had fallen to him more than to any one of the others to escort the President on his daily walks to the War Department and also to the house of Secretary Stanton on K-st. Pendle always went armed as carefully in daytime as at night, when walking with the President.

On that Good Friday evening twenty years ago Pendle attended the President and Mrs. Lincoln to the carriage when they set out for the theatre. Mr. Colfax had been in the Red Room, and also a visitor from Boston, who had tried in vain during the day to reach Mr. Lincoln. Just before the four came out the President gave this visitor his card to admit him the next day. It had been expected that General Grant would be in the city, and the rumor had gone out that he would also be at the theatre. As they crossed the vestibule Mr. Lincoln spoke of this and said: "I am sorry for the people who will be disappointed not to see General Grant." Mr. Colfax and the Boston man said, "Good-night, Mr. President," on the steps of the portico, and walked away to the avenue. Pendle closed the carriage door and the President and his wife were carried to the theatre.

Two hours later the sergeant of the guard rang the bell and Pendle opened the door, to hear the man say in excited tones: "The President has been shot!" Pendle thought the soldier had got the story of the accident which had befallen Secretary Seward confounded with some flying rumor. He told him so and shut the door. Shortly afterward the sergeant returned, more excited, and repeated what he had heard. "I tell you it's true. They've shot the President at the theatre. There's the greatest excitement down in the city," he said. Pendle felt as if he had been struck by a sudden blow. He slowly closed the door and went upstairs to the large room then occupied by Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, John G. Nicolay and Colonel Hay, as their sleeping apartment, but now the reception room leading to the executive offices. He found Colonel Hay, who at once said: "Keep the house closed and let no one in," and then hurried to Robert Lincoln's room, to tell him what was said about his father. While others rushed into the city to learn the worst, Pendle walked about in the vestibule like a man dazed, but trying to obey his orders to "keep the house closed and let no one in." He was soon roused from his own grief by little "Tad" Lincoln, who came in sobbing and crying "O, they've killed my papa! My poor papa! Let me go to my papa!" He took the boy in his arms and carried him upstairs. "Tad" had his little bed in his father's chamber, the large room on the south side and the same used by President Garfield as his sleeping apartment. Every night a light luncheon was placed in this room for Mr. Lincoln, and on this evening, the first thing Pendle remembers seeing as he went in with "Tad" in his arms was the table prepared for the President. Here he remained an hour or more comforting "Tad" but without faith in his own words, repeated like a lesson, to reassure the boy, who at last sobbed himself to sleep. "Tad's" devotion to his father was known throughout the house and it was returned twofold by the President. The boy would often bound into his father's arms, and Mr. Lincoln would carry him about like a baby. He had set up a little theatre in one of the rooms, the bedroom since used by Miss Nellie Arthur, and here "Tad" would coax in some of the soldiers to act for him. Mr. Lincoln's life was so full of the anxiety and sorrow of the times that "Tad's" brightness and sweetness seemed to be the sunshine daily breaking through the clouds. Pendle speaks of the boy as unusually attractive in his affectionate disposit on and winning, child-like naturalness. He believes the light of "Tad's" life went out when he lost his father, and, child as he was, that he never recovered from this loss. Pendle next saw the President, after putting him in the carriage that night, the following morning shortly before he died. The faithful guard went down to the house opposite the theatre, where Mr. Lincoln was carried after he was shot, and there saw him in the unconscious state from which he never roused. All of the members of the Cabinet except Mr. Seward were grouped about the bed of the dying President; Mrs. Lincoln was there, stunned with grief.

When the President was brought back to the White House he was laid in the northwest chamber. Here while the post-mortem was held Pendle was on duty at the door. This room was first occupied as a President's sleeping room by Mr. Arthur, and it is now used by Mr. Cleveland.

Pendle speaks of the night when Mr. Lincoln was shot "as that awful night," and of the day following as something like a "terrible dream," to be remembered as long as he lives. He has two treasures associated with that time. In a tiny gold locket he keeps a little hand of Mr. Lincoln's hair. The locket was presented to Pendle by Tiffany and has on one side the inscription: "A. L., April 15, 1865." On the other side are the initials of his own name. In a camphor-scented box he preserves a frock-coat of finest black broadcloth with soft silk linings. One sleeve is very much cut, but in other respects the coat is as perfect as if made only the other day. Pendle carefully unfolds this coat and says simply: "See where they had to cut his coat to get it off." Pendle is a poor man and of plain speech. But there is a sentiment associated with his treasures scarcely less sacred than his association with Mr. Lincoln's life and death. And the little locket and camphor-scented box are likely to be his children's most precious inheritance.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who came here a month ago to visit her nephew, the younger son of the late Horace Mann, left the capital yesterday for her home in Boston. Though ostensibly on a pleasure trip, Miss Peabody's real object was to arouse favorable interest in the Piute Indians. The Princess Sarah Winnemucca has a warm defender in this well-known philanthropist, who has brought her case before the President and placed in the hands of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs substantial proof that the Princess is innocent of the charges made against her. The mental and physical vigor of Miss Peabody at eighty-one is only equalled by that of George Bancroft. The two octogenarians seem to grow younger as they grow older. Miss Peabody's silvery curls and quaint simplicity give an old-time fashion to her appearance. But her elastic step when walking and going up and down stairs suggests a girl of sixteen rather than a woman five times that age.

Miss Peabody approached the President diplomatically. She first made a friend and ally of his sister, whom she soon succeeded in interesting in the Indian cause. Her first call was promptly returned by Miss Cleveland. This was followed by an interchange of visits, which have fragrant memories in the flowers sent to the old lady from the White House conservatory. A letter from Princess Winnemucca to the President reached him by the hand of Miss Cleveland.

"Why didn't you give the letter to the President yourself?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I know he got it," replied Miss Peabody with a smile of satisfaction and pardonable triumph. "It gave Miss Cleveland an opportunity to put in a word, you know. I saw him afterward and talked with him. He gave me a note to the Commissioner, and when I called on him I assure you I was well received. I found the President had done more. He had directed his private secretary to write to the Commissioner also about me. I had as satisfactory an interview as I could desire. Now, if the Commissioner is the man I think he is, he can't help doing something for these people. He has the facts and knows the stories about Sarah are slanders. He knows where and how they originated, for I have taken pains to investigate their origin. I've just come from Baltimore, where some friends of the cause have raised money to buy some farming implements. Senator Stanford has given Sarah a ranch of 130 acres in Nevada. Her brother will take charge of it, and she is to live there with his family. They will also open a school there. Sarah's husband has turned out badly, I'm sorry to say. His old passion for gambling has led him to spending money that belonged to her. But she is innocent, and she is true to her people. Why, the Piutes have always been friendly to the whites. Winnemucca's grandfather was Fremont's guide across the Rocky Mountains. Fremont's party were the first white men the old chief had ever seen. He had the greatest admiration for civilization. It was through his influence that his tribe took the oath of friendship to the white people. A tribal oath is rarely if ever broken. I feel much encouraged by the interest of the President, and I think the condition of the Piutes will be made better."

Lack of funds for the Garfield Memorial Hospital has caused much anxiety to the managers of late. The appropriation of $7,500 made by Congress is not available till the first of July. But timely aid has been given in a donation sent by Mrs. Garfield and received here on Wednesday. The gift was accompanied by a note full of sympathy for the humane cause and tender gratitude for the feeling which inspired this memorial to her husband.

The folks who are best satisfied with the policy of this Administration are the Southern Brigadiers on the one hand and the Northern Republicans on the other. From the present outlook everything is more or less lovely and the goose hangs reasonably high.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE DOWNFALL OF FERRY.

THE LANGSON DISASTER—BOURSE RIGGING—M. DE FREYCINET.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, April 2.

Paris has had an exciting week, owing to the sudden and ignominious fall of M. Jules Ferry, the unfruitful attempts of M. de Freycinet to compose a Cabinet, the unconcealed efforts of the ex-Ministers to return in triumph to power with the aid of the Opportunists, the Bourse rig executed by the *Paris* on the day of the monthly settlement, and the anxiety as to the fate of the little French army in Tonquin, whose leaders are branded as traitors and cowards by M. Ferry's majority. While the Chinese were negotiating through Sir Robert Hart and his friend, Mr Campbell, for peace, they actively drilled and threw overwhelming forces across the northern frontier of Tonquin, drove the French out of Langson, and obliged them to beat a hasty retreat to Chu, a fortified point in the swampy delta, and not far from Hanoi. Negrier was wounded, Colonel Herbinger, who took his place, had to dismount his cannons and destroy the munitions, which the state of the roads, or rather mountain tracks, and the want of horses and mules rendered it impossible to get away rapidly. The Black Flag chief, at the head, also, of a great force, descended from Yun Nan. General Briere de l'Isle in a telegram announcing his critical situation at Hanoi, and that of the corps up country, said in a depressed tone: "Nevertheless, I still hope to save the delta." This dispatch arrived on Saturday night, after the brushing Clemenceau had given the Ministers in the Chamber on the afternoon of the same day for their systematic falsification of telegrams. As they all agreed that the truth would probably come out in a few days they decided to give the message from Hanoi in an unadulterated form on Sunday. But they first took measures, knowing what an effect it would produce on the public stocks, to speculate on a fall at the Bourse. There are three outside brokers nearly ruined by this financial manœuvre, which was accomplished by obscure agents of the Ministers, each of whom, it is believed, buttered his crumbs richly.

It was decided that Ferry should put on a bold face in the Chamber at Monday's sitting and demand there 200,000,000 francs to prosecute the campaign with vigor. In the meanwhile, the Gambettists, who divined in him vaulting ambition and a wish to emancipate himself from subjection to their behests, agreed if things went ill when he was in the tribune to desert him. They expected to go out with him and come in without him.

Paris was on Sunday evening and on Monday morning in a state of bubbling effervescence. Fathers and mothers who have sons in Tonquin on the latter date went to the front of the Chamber of Deputies to insult the Premier, and if possible fling him into the Seine. M. Rochefort was the stormy petrel of the tempest, and after giving to his readers an article headed "Down with the Assassin," by which he meant to say "Lynch Ferry," went to the Palais Bourbon to witness the bursting of the hurricane. He was enthusiastically acclaimed as he made his entrance and his exit, as were also Clemenceau, who "executed" the Cabinet; Paul de Cassagnac, who has habitually, in and out of the Chamber, "slanged it" with Billingsgate, and Marshal MacMahon. The poor old Marshal was told that there would be a breeze, and through a friend obtained a place in the diplomatic box, where he fell asleep and was disappointed, when he awoke, to find that the Cabinet had been knocked over and ignominiously retired. The collection of public favorites was similar to the wax-works show at Madame Tussaud's, where Plutarch, Neptune and Nicodemus were on view together. What was applauded in MacMahon was his integrity. Though the tool of knaves at Versailles and the Elysée, he was disinterested and clean-handed there. Instead of making a fortune in office, he was obliged, on resigning the Presidency of the Republic, to sell the half of his mansion in the Rue de Bellechasse—a terrible privation for an old gentleman who likes, when a country cousin arrives in Paris, to spare him the expense of going to an hotel. Rochefort was applauded because he has habitually flayed Ferry and shown up the Bourse interests which are hidden behind the French flag in Tonquin. Clemenceau is universally respected. His eloquence commands admiration, and the passion he displayed on Saturday has found a responsive echo among all honest Republicans, Bonapartists and Royalists. His speech on that occasion was one of the most telling philippics ever delivered in the Chamber, and as it was brief it circulated rapidly. On Monday he disdained to ask explanations about the state of things the telegram from Hanoi indicated. The Ministers were simply criminals and it was beneath the dignity of the Chamber to transact business through them. When M. Clemenceau was in his place he seemed a prey to violent excitement. But in the tribune, up and down which he walked, he kept down intemperance of feeling—or at least did not suffer his emotion to hurry him into an intemperate form of oratory or gesticulation. The sombre black eyes were fearfully intense. His face was drawn with excitement to such an extent that his visage looked like a skull lighted up behind by flaming torches. M. Brisson, who is too prone to ring his bell and play the part of school-usher, did not venture to pull him up when he treated the Ministers as if they were in a dock to answer a crushing charge of felony. Their big majority was silent and shamefaced. When a side issue was raised by Ferry, little more than a third of the House was with him.

Next day a large number of the minority came forward to state that their votes had been wrongly given. Five of the Ministers abstained. This would have been all right if they had not against Parliamentary etiquette voted for themselves and Premier whenever there was a close division. On finding he was beaten, the Premier resigned and then he and his colleagues, with their portfolios under their arms, left the Chamber and proceeded through the Garden to the Foreign Office by a private way. Shortly after, Ferry, with a secretary and in a brougham drawn by a strong, fleet horse, went to the Elysée to see Grevy. The coachman drove fast and gave all the rein he could. Had it not been for this, his master would certainly have been dragged out of the vehicle and flung over the parapet into the river. No less a person than M. Alfred Assolant, the novelist and journalist, had gone with a university professor to the bridge by which the Premier crossed to waylay and throw him into the Seine. The professor has lost a son in Tonquin, and M. Assolant was near losing one. When they were on the lookout the carriage dashed by. Both being elderly, they were unable to catch it.

On Tuesday night a tremendous Bourse haul was made by the announcement in the *Paris*, an Opportunist, Ferryite and financing paper, that a peace had been successfully negotiated with China, and Freycinet had nothing to do but sign it. That journal informed its readers that the Foreign Board at Pekin had accepted the conditions proposed by the ex-Premier, who when he was informed of their decision, called with tears in his eyes on the President of the Republic to implore him not to let the opportunity slip through his fingers. "Ferry Victime" or "Victimized Ferry," was at head of the announcement. On Monday evening the same *Paris* told its readers that the sin of the felled Premier which could not be pardoned was that of allowing the Chinese to amuse him through amateur English diplomatists while they were preparing to overpower the little force in Tonquin.

Although events hurry on in the East to a finale of some sort, France has been four days without an Executive. M. Grevy on receiving the collective resignation of the Ferry Ministry sent for M. Brisson, who is as much afraid of exposing himself to Parliamentary breezes as a fair-skinned beauty is of letting a hot sun beat upon her complexion. He declined to take office. M. de Freycinet was then sent for, and he undertook, after twenty-four hours' reflection, the arduous task of forming a Cabinet. But the Opportunists, who cling like grim death to mining concessions in the Tonquin Highlands and to their shares of the Dupuis claim, put spokes in his wheel at every turn. He could not offer a portfolio to no matter which of the ex-Ministers, and M. Rane, who led the Opportunist group, demanded for three of them principal ministries. Clemenceau, the victor of Monday, was never consulted by either Grevy or De Freycinet, in whose power to glue together the spars and planks of the wrecked vessel he told me he did not believe. I was astonished to hear from his own lips to what an extent he had been neglected. He said he did not share my suprise. At any rate he betrayed disappointment, as well he might.

M. de Freycinet's worth is overrated by the London press and by Grevy. The President of the Republic is a good man for quiet times. But he is seventy-seven, indolent, now rich, and therefore conservative. He dreads not only bouncing energy but "go," is nervously afraid of Radicalism, and would like to potter on with a creeping, insinuating graybeard, whose weak voice will never startle him and whose subtle cleverness in conversation is grateful to him. De Freycinet has conversational talent, but like his outer man of a pale, faded character. His oratory is of the same kind. He looks rather a ghost than a living human being, so wanting is he in flesh and blood. The cheeks are hollow, the