NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. CARNEGIE AS POLITICAL CRITIC—SALVATION ARMY—HILL'S JOHNSON AND HUME—BINDING.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
London, January 5.

Mr. Carnegie's letter in censure upon a recent offence of mine invites comment, though I am far from wishing to talk politics in this column. There are politics and to spare in others. But Mr. Carnegie, like the good Scotchman he is, or was, does not like to see the Scotch Home Rule movement mentioned as one of the influences tending to break up the British Empire. I should be glad to oblige him by saying that it is not, but I cannot. He seems to me to avoid meeting one of the strong points against his view. The Scotch Home Rulers who wrote to Mr. Gladstone described their movement as a movement to restore self-government to Scotland. In like manner clamored the Southern States which seceded, or tried to secede, from the Union in 1861. They, too, wanted self-government; in their sense. Such a phrase in the mouths of these Scotchmen can only mean, as I said, the repeal of the Act of Union of 1707. They do not limit their aspirations. They do not speak of local self-government. They want to see Scotland once more an independent kingdom. If they do not want that, they use words very loosely. In any case, they must be judged by the words they use, and not by those which Mr. Carnegie may think they ought to have used.

I am losing, says Mr. Carnegie, my faith in the Federal idea. I do not think so, but I admit that I am losing—if I ever had it—my faith in slovenly political analogies. It is easy to say that Scotland and Ireland and Wales ought to have each the same rights which an American State has. I will not stop to ask why they ought. The one point on which Mr. Carnegie takes issue is the effect Home Rule, according to what he thinks the American State pattern, would have on the integrity of the British Empire. He insists that the Empire would be strengthened. That is matter of opinion and of prophecy. He may be right. Prophets sometimes are. All I wish to press upon him, and upon others who agree with him, is that he and they are proposing to break up the British Empire as it exists and has long existed, and to put together a new one. Their new one may be a better and stronger than the old; or it may not. In either case, it will be a new one. The question between us is not what he supposes. He is not for the Empire as it is. He is for another. He is himself one of the influences that are actively at work to disintegrate the existing political fabric. He is not satisfied with it. He wants to improve it. And to improve it, he would begin by pulling it to pieces. He would break with the past. He quotes and requotes the American States and their relation to the National Government. He would adapt that system as his model for Great Britain and Ireland. History is against him. The American States were separate and independent and sovereign. They surrendered each some part of their rights to form a union, to provide for common defence, and for other good and sufficient and well-known reasons. No wiser act was ever done. But where is the analogy between this act and the proposal to split an empire into fragments in order to federate the fragments? The Federal principle implies the pre-existence of distinct communities, each independent. There are none such in the British Empire. Whether there ought to be or not is not the question. We have to deal with things as they are. And with things as they are, there is no room for the application of the Federal idea and no analogy, not even the remotest, to be drawn from the American Commonwealth.

The Progress of the Salvation Army is the title of a paragraph in to-day's papers. The latest "progress" I have seen is its flaring placard over the Oxford-st. "outpost"; if that be the right name. I respectfully ask the compositor to gradate his capitals according to the original; thus:

TWO DAYS WITH GOD
AT EXETER HALL. CONDUCTED BY THE
GENERAL.

This may seem to some persons profane, but by what to some persons seems profanity the Salvation Army lives and moves and has its being. What you will perhaps deem equally worthy of note in the present case is the relative typographical importance of the Deity and of General Booth.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill publishes an appeal for more letters of Dr. Johnson. He is making a complete collection of the Great Moralist's epistles; or is trying to make one; and will presently issue them in I know not—and probably he knows not—how many volumes. Should he follow the precedent he has himself set with Hume's Letters, Johnson's would be as big as his dictionary. Dr. Hill is an enthusiast, and shows a tendency to overdo his subject. He has annotated Hume with more than German minuteness, and Lord Rosebery's bundle of Hume's letters, which is not a very large one in the manuscript original, is swollen out in print to a fat, closely printed octave of many hundreds of pages; with an undue proportion of Hill to Hume.

However, a collection of Dr. Johnson's letters will be a useful compilation, and I mention it because I suppose some of the unpublished ones may be in American hands. Specimens of most good things have to be sought in America. If there be any, and if the American possessor will lend the originals to Dr. Hill, Dr. Hill will be much obliged to him, and so will the world of letters in general, and the clan or club of Johnsonians most of all. Exact copies of published letters, or memoranda of differences between the MS. and published texts, will also be gratefully received.

Dr. Hill's edition of Boswell, classic though it has already become, is in some points another example of zeal not according to knowledge. No edition of a great book was ever more praised, and it deserves, on the whole, the praise so plentifully poured out on it. But it has irritating faults. Dr. Hill carries to an unwise degree his reverence for his author—for Boswell, that is, and Boswell with all his surpassing excellences is an odd person to reverence. Because Boswell expressed a desire that his "Account of Corsica" should, if reprinted, be reprinted with his own spelling, his present editor assumed that he would like his spelling to be followed in the life of Johnson also. Boswell had no authority in such matters. He had caprices, and he is not a magnate whose mere caprices are entitled to become law to his editors for all time. Nor was any one who wrote at the end of the eighteenth or any earlier century in a position to fix the orthography of the English language. Modern editors do not follow Shakespeare's spelling (they do not know what it was, nor was there any nicety in his days about such matters),—nor even Milton's. Nor was Boswell living when the third edition of the Life, from which Dr. Hill takes his text, was printed. Spite of this, he goes a step further, and reproduces the punctuation, not probably of Boswell, but of Boswell's printers, nor does he even allege Boswell's request as a justification for all the antiquated barbarisms and superfluous commas which pepper his pages. His edition, he fondly hopes, is to be a monument both to Boswell and to the Clarendon press of Oxford University, where it is printed. But it is none too well printed; errors occur; the page is too broad, the paper not opaque, and the use of block letter type conduces but little to typographical elegance. The binding of the volumes is vulgar. These be the cavils of the mere book lover as distinguished from the lover of books. In most of the essentials of editing, Dr. Hill's edition falls not far short of the high standard he proposed to himself, and the hackneyed phrase that it is without a rival may be used with truth.

I was asked the other day by an American friend to recommend him an English binder. I had to say that I could not. The English binder has disappeared. He never was an artist. He has been at times a good workman. He is now neither one nor the other. Bedford is dead. His binding died earlier than he; for some years before his actual departure to another world he had ceased to do good work. In his best period he was the best of English binders; which, after all, is not saying much. Riviere, his rival at a considerable distance—he, too, is dead. The business is carried on in the name of Riviere & Son; a successful commercial enterprise, I believe. The tendency of the age is commercial, and the binding of the age is commercial, which means, I apprehend, that the binders of the age charge more and give less for the money than ever before. The machine has come into general use, and the machine is as destructive to binding as to sound politics. No book is well bound which is "forwarded" by machinery. If there be any English binder now extant who does not use machinery I will joyfully proclaim him from the house-tops, or in the largest type you will allow me, if he will but send me his name. Putting aside all question of art-binding, or of Bedford's best standard, or second best either, I should still have to say the same thing. Your attempt to get good ordinary work done in England is doomed beforehand to failure. The binding of the period in England is neither solid nor handsome. It is not even plausible.

G. W. S.

SHIPPING ON THE LAKES.

FEATURES OF A GREAT AND PROSPEROUS COMMERCE.

LARGE STEAMSHIPS COMING INTO USE—NEED OF HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Buffalo, Jan. 18.—Seaport towns steadily refuse to believe that the Suez Canal is secondary to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal in point of tonnage or that more passengers or more tons of freight pass Detroit in a day during the shipping season than any other strait in the world. Last summer the schooner Governor Ames was built on the coast of Maine and accepted as the largest sail vessel in the world, but had a survey of the lake craft been taken one would have been found, the Golden Age of Milan, that outmeasures her by more than 100 tons, while several others are scarcely smaller. The rapid growth of the lake shipping interest is due to a venture that was much canvassed and which was not generally approved at the time. In 1882 the Globe shipyard at Cleveland turned out the iron propeller Onoko. She was a mere box, with no lines on her hull that pleased the seaman's eye, nor had she remarkable sailing capacity, but she could carry 3,000 tons of freight, and though over 300 feet long, she was found to be handled easily, was not expensive, could get in and out of the leading harbors on the lakes. When vessel-owners, who had been content with steamers that carried 1,400 tons, sat down that fall and compared their gains with those of the Onoko, they at once exclaimed: "Go to! Let us build ourselves other craft like her."

At once the increase in the size of new craft was very noticeable, and the phrase "monster steamer" soon figured in the account of every launch. Last year a round 100,000 tons measurement, nearly all being steamers and of an average carrying capacity of about 2,500 tons, was turned out on the lakes, and there are now sixty-five vessels on the stocks with a total carrying capacity still greater. Of these twelve are steel and four are composite.

If one asks why the city of Cleveland is building more tonnage, and that in splendid steam craft largely of steel, than the State of Maine is in wooden schooners, the reply is obvious. The lake trade is protected. Not only is it impossible for an American to buy a Canadian or other foreign vessel and run her between American lake ports, but no foreign vessel can carry a cargo from one American lake port to another. The result is that the Canadian marine has been nearly driven from the lakes. Scarcely a vessel a year is built in Canadian waters and most of the surviving craft are in a worthless condition, due entirely to their restriction to Canadian traffic. The lakes do not take kindly to ocean craft as a rule, and though a few join the fleet occasionally, they are usually of too deep draft as compared with their tonnage to become favorites.

And so the lakes are left almost entirely to their own resources. Surrounded by fast railway lines, they do comparatively little passenger carrying, except in midsummer, and are confined to the movement of freight, merchandise, ore, grain, coal and lumber. It is the ore trade that shapes the business and dictates the rates of other freight, and the wonderful activity expected in ore carrying this year has already set every vessel owner crazy to secure more tonnage. The ore output of the Lake Superior mines last year was 5,000,000 tons, of which 4,600,000 tons was shipped by lake. This was a large increase over former years, yet it is stated that less than 200,000 tons landed on lower lake docks remained unsold at the close of navigation. This means an active demand for ore all through the season, and with the immense corn crop to move and plenty of coal for return cargoes, the vessels are sure to prosper unless the new tonnage proves too great for the demand.

At this time last year there was a general fear of too much tonnage. Vessel men looked blue and ore shipers stood aloof and waited for low rates. But it turned out that everybody was mistaken. There was plenty of business in spite of the comparative failure of the Duluth wheat crop. To-day there exists an almost feverish activity in vessel circles. Sales are reported almost daily of steamers still on the stocks at high prices, and of others at prices well above their Lloyds valuation. The Majestic, the largest wooden carrier on the lakes, sold last week at Bay City for $150,000, before she has ever turned a wheel. A Buffalo vessel owner boasts that one of his vessels cleared 50 per cent of her cost last season.

With increased faith in the lake trade, shown by the expenditure of $275,000 on a single steamer, come better service, greater speed and greater safety. The Union Steamboat Line, the Erie Railroad's lake connection, announces that it is next year to shorten the time for fast freight between New-York and Chicago by lake and rail to three and one-half days, and if that line undertakes such a feat other lines will try to compete. Already the larger steamers are built on ocean models with appointments that were unknown half a dozen years ago. Nothing will be spared that money will buy or ingenuity devise to make the modern steamer the most serviceable possible. Speed, carrying capacity on light draft, low running cost, these are the points that the builder and owner are studying.

But with the discovery that large vessels carry cheaper than small ones comes the other half of the problem. Harbors are not growing any deeper, the lime-kiln crossing in Detroit River is still a difficult passage, the shallows in Lake St. Clair and the Sault River are there yet, and Chicago's thirty bridges are becoming every day more of a terror as the beam of steamers exceeds forty feet. Congress is memorialized for larger harbor appropriations, and vessel associations hold frequent meetings for the purpose of influencing the local members of Congress or of making their organization a standing menace to the railroad companies that seek to curtail their "rights" by building bridges across the connecting rivers.

The rapid advance in shipbuilding on the lakes has now reached all classes of freighters except lumber carriers. These remain much as they were and are largely recruited from the smaller grain carriers when too old to be answerable as such. The Muskegon and Chicago lumber schooner is a very small and very poor craft, and much of the Saginaw Bay lumber is carried in bottoms not much better if they are considerably larger. But some change must soon take place here also. The big steamer is of too heavy draft to reach the lumber docks, and when the small sizes are used up new ones must be built for lumber. The barge Wahnapitae, a flat boat that carries 3,000,000 feet on deck and tows easily, has not yet been duplicated, and there seems to be a field open for innovation in this branch of the trade. No little interest is shown in the invention by Captain Alexander McDougall, of Duluth, of a steel barge, untrigged and cigar-shaped, that floats even if submerged. Though vessel-men usually condemn the idea, it is patented, a corporation with New-York capitalists at the head has been organized to push it and a fleet is to be built on that model.

ADVANCING CIVILIZATION.

From The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

St. Paul Mother—Johnny, don't put your knife in your mouth while eating that piece of pie.

Johnny—But, mamma, we all used to put knives in our mouths.

St. P. M.—That was when we were living in Chicago. Remember we are in St. Paul now.

"OUR TIM" A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

Washington gossip in The Baltimore Sun.

Representative Timothy J. Campbell, of New-York, had a large time in the green parlor (at the White House Tuesday) and held a small-sized reception in opposition to that of the President and Mrs. Cleveland going on in the adjoining room. Mr. Campbell evidently forgot that it was a morning affair, as he was attired in full evening dress. He had considerable difficulty in restraining a refractory shirt front, on which blazed an immense solitaire, within the confines of his U-shaped vest. He gave his right hand to his friends, while his left was kept busily employed in smoothing down the shirt front. His reception was a grand success until he was presented to one of the "social buds." The New-York statesman had known her family a long time, and he endeavored to refresh the young lady's memory by recalling a certain incident with which she was supposed to be familiar. He was apparently making a great impression until he tried to convince the young lady that she remembered some occurrence of thirty years ago. The "bud" became quite indignant and a scene was probably averted by the timely appearance of Representative and Mrs. Springer, who attracted Mr. Campbell's attention while the young lady made her escape.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

MR. CLEVELAND'S CABINET AND WHAT ITS MEMBERS MAY DO AFTER MARCH 4.

THE STORY OF AN ELECTION BET—REMINISCENCES OF THE DEADLOCK—REBEL POETRY—WASH-DAY AT THE CHIEF JUSTICE'S—AN ACCOMMODATING JAILER.

Washington, Jan. 19.—While great interest, of course, centres upon the Cabinet which General Harrison is likely to appoint, there is no less interest manifested in the question as to what will become of the members of Mr. Cleveland's official family. Mr. Bayard is likely to be relegated to private life for some years. When his successor, Mr. Gray, was elected to the Senate it was well understood that he would resign his seat whenever Mr. Bayard should desire to re-enter upon a legislative career. The election, however, of a Republican Legislature in the State of Delaware has somewhat complicated matters, and while it is not to be doubted that Mr. Gray's loyalty to his chief and patron would prompt him to put his seat at the disposal of the latter, it is obvious that he can, under present circumstances, not resign without increasing the Republican majority in the Senate. Mr. Bayard, though not a man of means, has probably enough to live on without seeking office for the sake of the salary attached to it. His law practice never amounted to much; in fact, I don't think that he ever had a case before the Supreme Court, but he will no doubt be able to add to his income by practising in the local courts of Delaware, which is neither undignified in an ex-Secretary of State nor without precedent.

Secretary Fairchild will probably return to his home in New-York after the expiration of his term of office. He owns a handsome house in Washington in New-Hampshire-ave., near Dupont Circle, for which, I believe, he paid $55,000. It is quite possible that he may hereafter select Washington as a place of residence for the winter. He is a man of considerable means and altogether independent of office.

Secretary Whitney will return to New-York, and probably sell his house here, as he has already sold his country seat, "Grasslands." He has recently purchased a good deal of property in Lenox, Mass., where he has been spending his summers of late; and his life of leisure, which he can afford to lead, if he is so disposed, will hereafter be probably divided between that place and New-York. I don't believe that he will ever resume the active practice of the law; much more likely is it that he will, after leaving Washington, lay wires to capture the nomination for the Governorship of New-York at the proper time, which it is understood here he is very anxious to secure.

Nobody seems to know, and indeed nobody seems to care, where Secretary Endicott will go after this Administration is a thing of the past. It is presumed, however, that he will return to live among the graves of his ancestors in Salem. A more unpopular Cabinet officer has not been seen in Washington for many a day. Frigid and inaccessible as the Grand Llama, Mr. Endicott has been almost as useless.

Secretary Vilas will return very promptly to his home in Madison, Wisconsin, and there resume the practice of law. He will probably continue to live in hopes of one day returning a Democratic majority to the Wisconsin Legislature. He owns a handsome residence and spacious grounds in Madison, overlooking a beautiful lake, in which he entertained the President year before last. His law office is situated opposite the public square and faces the Capitol. He will probably have all the business that he can attend to after returning to Madison as his services have always been in great demand by railroads.

Don Manuel Dickinson will resume the practice of the law in Michigan. In order to take a place in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet he was obliged to throw up a very lucrative practice, amounting to nearly $30,000 a year or thereabouts, which is considered a very handsome income for a Michigan lawyer. Mr. Dickinson is worth in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million besides, so that if he were not consumed by political ambition he might rest for the remainder of his days in peace and live upon the recollection of the glory of his short reign and misrule as Postmaster-General.

Mr. Garland, the picturesque Attorney-General of this "Reform" Administration, will retire to the canebrakes of Arkansas and to "Hominy Hill" as soon as his successor is appointed. The modest house which he purchased here will probably be sold. Though his reputation as a lawyer has not been increased by his management of the Attorney-General's office, he is not likely to suffer for want of business. He has never been able to accumulate very much wealth, as he himself testified before the Pan-Electric Investigating Committee, having an uncontrollable desire to spend a dollar the minute he has made it. But then his tastes, except an occasional desire to take a hand at poker, are modest and at "Hominy Hill," no doubt, he will be able to live on "next to nothing" a year.

A word as to Dan Lamont. Of course he is not a member of the Cabinet, but his future can properly be referred to here. It is understood that he has received a number of flattering business propositions. He has accepted none and has refused none. He is simply "laying low." The chances are that he will devote his talent to making "The Albany Argus" still more acceptable to its readers than it is at present.

Major McClammy, who represents the IIId North Carolina District in Congress, is a farmer by occupation. He likes to be called the "Cincinnatus of the Old North State." His friends gave him that title because, as they assert, he received the news of his nomination for Congress while he was busy "pulling fodder" in a cornfield. They hotly deny the story that that intelligence reached him while he was gauging the output of a fruit-brandy distillery, he at that time holding the honorable and responsible office of gauger in the Internal Revenue service. That the gallant Major possesses at least one of the traits of Cincinnatus is beyond question. One of his colleagues is John M. Brower, a Republican. Brower is a tobacco manufacturer, and while he is not a fop by any means he wears neat and well-fitting clothes of good material. McClammy is less "dressy"—in fact he is rather negligent in respect to his apparel.

Some time before the election Cincinnatus McClammy and Manufacturer Brower met and as a matter of course began to discuss Presidential probabilities. Finally Cincinnatus exclaimed:

"I'll bet you a suit of clothes that Cleveland will win."

"Done," replied Brower. "The fact is, McClammy, you need a good suit of clothes and if I lose the bet I'll pay it cheerfully on that account."

When the two men met in Washington last month, Brower said:

"Well, Major, I'd like that suit of clothes myself."

"All right, Brower, but I don't reckon you'll want me to buy you a better suit than I am in the habit of wearing down home. I usually wear a suit that costs me two dollars and a half, but I'm willing to raise the amount in your case and pay three dollars."

"I will not have it. You cannot put me off with any Cincinnatus 'hand me downs.' Why, Major, you're the worst I ever saw. I've heard you declare that the tariff tax on every suit of clothes is fifty per cent and that the entire amount is added to the cost. If that be true you want to put me off with a suit of clothes worth only a dollar and a half."

"Well, it's the very best I can do," replied Cincinnatus as he walked away. Brower has not yet decided whether he will array himself in a three-dollar suit or not, but the chances are against it. He will not lay any more wagers with McClammy without having the terms more clearly defined.

The filibustering in the House last week has elicited many pointed and some amusing comments. On the second day of the effort by the majority of the Committee on Rules to pass its amendment to prevent filibustering on Mondays Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, delivered a spirited and earnest speech against it and in behalf of the "rights of the minority." After the amendment had been recommitted and thus defeated by order of the Democratic caucus Crisp, who is chairman of the Committee on Elections, tried to call up the Smalls-Elliott case, whereupon Weaver and Springer began to filibuster. After they had kept it up for a couple of days and Crisp had become thoroughly disgusted, Reed arose and blandly asked whether the gentleman from Georgia knew of anything else which the House could do to protect "the rights of the minority."

The House quickly appreciated the point and sarcasm of Reed's question and indulged in a good deal of merriment at Crisp's expense. The Democrats enjoyed it as well as the Republicans. A Southern Congressman, who served on the staff of one of Early's generals in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, said:

"Reed's question reminded me of one that Jubal Early asked John C. Breckinridge, who commanded a corps in Early's army. After the battle of Winchester—we ex-Confederates call it Opequan—when Sheridan defeated Early and sent him 'whirling up the Valley,' we were very much demoralized. Sheridan's cavalry was pushing us hard, the roads were hot and dusty, everybody was glum. Early, Breckinridge and several other general officers were riding in company with their respective staffs, and for a long time nobody had spoken. At last Early, who had been a stanch Douglas Democrat before the war, turned in his saddle and said:

"'Breckinridge, what is your opinion of our right to carry our niggers into the Territories now?'

"Breckinridge was usually ready at repartee, but on that occasion he was as mum as Crisp was to-day when Reed asked him that question."

The day after the caucus Springer was explaining the result. "You see," he said, "the caucus resolved two things: First, that the Democratic party in the House was split into two factions, one of which was led by "Tom" Reed and the other by Anderson, of Kansas."

The latter overheard the remark, and said:

"You forget, Springer, that the caucus decided something else, namely, that there is no longer a Democratic party in the House."

"How so?" asked Springer.

"Why, your caucus was called to stop filibustering, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, when the caucus voted to recommit the amendment to stop filibustering, you, who favored the amendment, began to filibuster in the caucus, did you not?"

"Why, no—yes—that is, I raised the point of no quorum, because only fifty-five votes were cast, but Cox overruled me."

"Ah, I see. Now will you please explain what kind of a Democratic party it is that cannot get a third of its membership to attend a caucus, and in which filibustering breaks out when less than a third of its members are together in a caucus?"

Springer couldn't explain.

After the adjournment of the House on Thursday, John Allen, of Mississippi, said: "I fear that Weaver has become a desperate man. Perhaps you may not be aware of it, but Weaver and I are very near to each other. During my first session here we became very intimate, for we two, I believe, constituted the Greenback party in the House. Well, when we came together at the next session, I asked: 'Brother Weaver, how is it with our party?' I ought to say right here that the Chicago Anarchists had been dealt with shortly before. Brother Weaver shook his head as he wrung my hand, and replied: 'Bad, bad, Brother Allen, very bad. Four of its members have been hanged, one has blown his own head off with dynamite, and the other two have been sent to the penitentiary for life.' Well, I confess matters did look discouraging, but I rallied and recovered my spirits again after a while. Brother Weaver, however, seemed to take the matter to heart and to brood over it; and, as I said before, I fear that he has become a desperate man."

Perhaps the best illustration of the probable result of the obstructive methods pursued by Mr. Weaver recently if persisted in was given by "Tom" Bayne, of Pittsburg. He said it reminded him of a story.

"There was," he said, "a tramp, who, after a hard day's jog, came to a barn expecting to find a night's rest within. Much to his discomfiture he found the door locked, and all his efforts to force it open were unavailing. He was about to trudge wearily on, when he espied a mule in the adjoining field. A brilliant idea occurred to him. Leading the mule from the field, he backed him up to the barn-door, and with a straw 'tickled his ribs.' The scheme worked well—very well indeed. The mule kicked the door open—but he also kicked himself, the tramp and the barn into kingdom come. The owner of the barn had placed a can of dynamite just inside the door for use in his stone-quarry on the morrow."

Two life-size portraits of Chief Justice Marshall hang now in the robing-room where the judges assemble daily prior to taking their seats upon the bench. One of the best and perhaps the oldest portrait of Marshall now extant hangs on the north wall. It is an original painting by the celebrated artist Rembrandt Peale, executed in 1832. It was purchased by the members of the New-York bar, including Charles O'Conor, W. M. Evarts, James T. Brady, Judge Stoughton and others, and presented to the late Chief Justice S. P. Chase, and by him presented to the Supreme Court of the United States. The picture on the west wall is a copy of the portrait of Marshall at Warrentown, Va., executed by R. N. Brooke in 1830. It was offered to the Government at a reasonable figure several years ago, but what its status is now no one seems to know. It was placed in its present position on exhibition, and the court officials do not know whether or not it has been purchased by the Government. T. Marshall Smith, of Baltimore, was in the city not long ago, having been requested by Justice Bradley and other Justices of the Supreme Court to allow them an opportunity to see the portrait of his great-grandfather, Chief Justice Marshall, of which he is the fortunate possessor. The portrait is the only one in this country by St. Mimin, the celebrated French artist; is a crayon profile, and shows the exact measurement of his head. It was taken when the Chief Justice was in his prime, about fifty years of age, and only a few years after his appointment to the Supreme Bench. The Justices were so much pleased with the portrait that they asked the privilege of Mr. Smith to have a copy made for the Supreme Court. Nowhere in the United States is the memory of Chief Justice Marshall more highly revered than at the National Capital, where for thirty-five years his shining intellect was given to the service of his country.

One of the refreshing features of the Speakership contest in the House is the frankness with which some of the members give their reasons for refusing to support certain candidates. Representative "Joe" Cannon's friends are telling with a great deal of relish why he can't rely on the support of a leading Republican whose district is not 1,000 miles from New-York. A lieutenant of the popular Illinois member was urging his claims for the Speakership on the New-Yorker. The latter was against Mr. Cannon and said so quite plainly, though he refused to give any reasons for his opposition.

"Are you committed to Tom Reed?" inquired the Cannon lieutenant.

"No," was the reply.

"To McKinley?"

"No."

"To Julius Caesar Burrows?"

"No."

"Then why are you so strongly against our man?"

"Well," said the disgusted New-Yorker, "if you insist on knowing, you shall know. I'm against Joe Cannon, good fellow though he is, because I can't stand the idea of sitting here for two years and facing a man as homely as he is. That's all there is to it."

Mr. Cannon's friend thought the joke a good one and he told it to that gentleman's supporters. One of them at once recalled the way Cannon on a certain occasion last year characterized a fellow-member who is now a rival for the Speakership. Said he:

"When I am in the presence of ——, I feel like the Chinaman before his Joss. I know that he is ugly, but good heavens, how great he is."

Official people who were making calls not many days ago were diverted as they reached the home of a high official by seeing the family washing exposed to view. It was evident that the good old housewife custom by which the first secular day of the week is given up to suds and tubs was observed by this particular family at least. The day was a trifle blustering and the wind had played havoc with some of the garments, which were borne hither and thither; but for the most part the clotheslines were firm and their flapping could be heard as well as seen. To leave no element of the picturesque scene lacking, a stout woman servant in wash-day attire was flitting to and fro, tightening a line here, capturing a sailing garment there and keeping a sharp eye on the family linen generally. Some of the visitors laughed as their carriage rolled up to the house.

"It would be all right if they were only in the back yard," said one vivacious lady. "My own wash is hanging in the back yard at home at this very minute. But if we had a front yard, I shouldn't be surprised to find that my servants had put them there."

"But these are in the back yard," said a companion, and at once a dispute arose. The grounds were spacious and it was hard to tell which was right. The parties most concerned had evidently settled it that the portion of the grounds given up to clotheslines and similar paraphernalia was the back yard, and they had a right to do with their own what they pleased. It was a trifle, anyway, but as President Cleveland had selected the official in question in order to strengthen the social ties of his Administration, the Justice's family washing received more attention than would otherwise have been the case. Another person whose qualifications for the position were undoubted was passed by because his family had always lived on a farm, and Mr. Cleveland was afraid that some of the traditions of farm life might cling to them if placed in high official station at Washington. In short, I am told that the conversation faithfully recorded above took place not twenty miles from the new Chief Justice's house.

Admiral John H. Russell perpetrated a joke on one of his friends at the club a short time ago for which he has hardly been forgiven yet. Captain ——, of the Army, prides himself upon his ability as a story-teller, and especially upon being able to spring fresh witticisms upon his friends. He had told several new stories to a coterie of which Admiral Russell was one. Being sure of their being re-told sooner or later at the club by the Captain, the Admiral lost no time in getting there and entertaining a large company with the Captain's yarns. He had scarcely finished when the Captain appeared upon the scene, wearing the countenance of a man who had something to tell that would produce a decided effect upon his listeners. The Admiral had managed to disappear without being seen by the new arrival, who seized the first opportunity to edge a place in the conversation by remarking:

"By the way, that reminds me—"

He was somewhat surprised by the coldness and silence with which his stories were received by the company. He told one after another, but without raising a smile on the face of a single member of the company. Finally one broke in with:

"Cap," said he, "when Russell tells you a lot of good stories it wouldn't be a bad idea to spread them around before he gets a chance to do it himself. He has just been here and given us every one of those you are trying to work off on us."

"Missouri" O'Neil, as they call the chairman of the Labor Committee, is just back from St. Louis, where he has been since the adjournment for the holidays receiving the condolence of his friends on his failure to be re-elected. O'Neil stepped into the Washington office of one of his home newspapers last evening and, accosting the correspondent with a hearty how-de-do, said:

"I've just got back from St. Louis—saw all the boys out there—went in the office—saw the editors—spoke a good word for you—little things like that don't cost anything, ye know."

"No," replied the correspondent, "it may not cost you anything, but what do you suppose it will cost me?"

The manner in which the President has succeeded in making a clean sweep of the District offices, was the subject of discussion in a group of old-time politicians, the other day, when one of them recalled a story connected with a Virginian who sought a District office under President Tyler. The Virginian was Colonel Jack Dade. He had been a close friend of Mr. Tyler when he was Governor of Virginia. When, on the death of General Harrison, Mr. Tyler succeeded to the Presidency, Colonel Dade came to Washington in the, to him, new role of office-seeker. He worried Mr. Tyler almost to death and at last, to get rid of him, he was appointed Superintendent of the Penitentiary. To the astonishment of his friends who knew his easy, convivial nature, Colonel Dade accepted the position. The morning after he took possession of the penitentiary, Colonel Dade had all the convicts range themselves before him and, mounting a chair, he made this remarkable speech:

"Gentlemen: I am called Jack Dade, of Virginia, and I have been appointed superintendent of this penitentiary by my friend, John Tyler, President of these United States. I am a gentleman, by ——, and have been accustomed all my life to associate with gentlemen, by ——. I intend to treat you as such and if any of you don't behave yourselves, I will turn you right out of here."

It is impossible to depict the consternation which this speech must have produced upon the prisoners; but it is not upon record that any of them had the hardihood to incur the threatened penalty. The Colonel remained in charge of the institution for several years, dispensing a hospitality which made the place a favorite resort for many prominent people both in private and official life.

RUSSIANS AT THE EDEN MUSEE.

HOW THEY DRESS AND DANCE AND SING—THEY COME FROM KIEW.

A careful study of Stepniak and Tolstoi and a perusal of the Russians at the Eden Musee will give one an insight into the peasant life of the country of the Great White Czar. There is a distinct and at the same time agreeable flavor of the barnyard about the recent arrivals from Kiew, not in their National songs, but in their dances. Where else on earth could the humorous Mr. Walgin have learned to cut the pigeon wing as he does? Where could the sedate Mr. Wolkoff have acquired the sledge-hammer style of agitation and oscillation that knocks the dust out of the stage floor? (If you have any difficulty in pronouncing the names of these gentlemen, fall in with the attendants at the Musee and call them Mr. Walk-in and Mr. Walk-off.)

The troupe, comprising eleven members, came here from St. Petersburg, where they had been dancing and singing for two years at the Renaissance Theatre. They have given performances in all the principal cities of Russia. Their home is Kiew, long the capital of Russia, and the spot on which Christianity was first planted in that country. The city is also the residence of the Governor-General of Little Russia. The people of that region are celebrated for their fine voices, which are displayed to advantage in the National hymns and also in lighter music. Their dancing is of the Cossack type.

Mr. Loshkin-Rosanoff, director of the company at the Musee, sings, but does not dance. He wears more fancy work on his clothes than the others because he has to stand nearer the spectators. At the tapping of a bell Miss Alexandra Wassilieva, the prima donna, leads the way on the stage, followed in single file by Miss Olga Rozanova and Miss Marie Pavlova, sopranos, and Miss Katharine Aslamasowa, alto. Then the men come on, helter skelter, sandwiching themselves between the young ladies. Master Michel Kalashnikoff crosses over and takes the opposite end of the crescent formed by the grown folks. Last of all comes Loshkin-Rosanoff, who stands in the front centre, ducks his head at the audience, raises his left hand to use it for a baton, cuts his eyes behind him to see that the troupe is ready for the word, drops his hand and gives forth a big round note in which all join.

After singing "Sunset" Mr. Loshkin-Rosanoff steps back and gives place to Miss Wassilieva, who sings a solo, "On the Shores of the Wolga River," with a chorus in which all join. This is the sweetest song in their repertory. It is strangely like the old plantation melody that the darkeys used to sing down South before the war. Have you heard "Yellow River"? No? Then you have lost ten years of your life. The words are:

Solo—I kin swim de Yeller Riber.
Chorus—Yeller Ribber horses.
Solo—Yeller Riber deep an' muddy.
Chorus—Yeller Ribber horses.
Solo—When you gwine ter Yeller Riber?
Chorus—Yeller Riber horses, etc.

At the end of each line Miss Wassilieva gives her right hand a vigorous outward thrust, after the manner of a farmer sowing grain, which is taken as a signal for the chorus to snatch up the refrain. All the members of the troupe appear twice each evening, the first time in gorgeous costumes, just like those worn by the guests in the celebrated picture of the "Russian Wedding Feast," seen in the shop windows. It is in their second appearance that they are picturesque and unique, and therefore most entertaining. Then they are in peasant garb. The women's frocks of blue and white and red and white striped homespun, the stripes running up and down, are made to stand out by hoopskirts of large diameter. Their shoes are coarse and clumsy. Their stockings, as far as their ankles, seem to be red, but their frocks are so modestly long that one cannot be sure on this point. They cover themselves nearly up to the chin with dark-colored aprons, which are supported by a neck-band and a belt. On their heads they wear the old-fashioned, regulation head-handkerchief, with big polka dots and fancy embroideries.

Big boots and fez caps go a long way toward making up the dress of the men. Their black breeches, of the coffee-sack pattern, look like concertinas in a state of collapse. Of course their coats are as red as red can be. Red must be the National color. It predominates in everything Russian.

The singers are not used to American snap and go, but they will accommodate themselves to it in time. This is the first time they have lived in a free country. The men are bluff and rollicking and sometimes boisterous. The women are extremely modest and sing as if just a little bit afraid of being laughed at. All will have new costumes in a week.

THE GIMLET MAN MADE NO IMPRESSION.

From Texas Siftings.

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a care-worn looking man, as he walked into the office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the fiend, demurely. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boot-heels so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old-fashioned method of driving screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screws, as it were."

"Nothing to-day, sir."

"The gimlet also acts as a cork-screw—"

"I don't want it."

"It may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar-holder and also as a tooth-brush."

"I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest and a lunch-box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."

"I know you don't. You're one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant, a trip to Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the pedler walked out with his mental plunge on the perpendicular.

PATTI IN PARIS.

HER DRESSES, HER SINGING AND HER DEVOTED HUSBAND.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
Paris, January 3.

Mme. Patti has returned here, and was to have sung to-night. But I hear that she is laid up from bronchitis and is in the hands of Dr. Love. A star of lesser magnitude is therefore to take her place. This time her stage dresses are charming and defy criticism. But in the most charming of them she caught the cold from the effects of which she now suffers. This dress is formed of an under one of strong lilac and an upper one of light silk crape, gathered in at the waist into very narrow pleats which widen out at the bust and in the lower part of the skirt, where the lilac shows through in a charmingly delicate tinge of color. The sleeves are long to the point of touching the ground, loose, and seamless, being open in front the whole way up. The other robes are rich and rare in style and borrowed from sixteenth-century portraits. In the bridal one the embroideries are all in silver. Paste jewels are let into some of the embroideries in the front of the dress and in the court mantle.

Mme. Patti, to whom I expressed a desire when chatting with her at the Hotel Meurice to see and handle her Capulet mery, had me to her dressing-room at the Opera House. It is one of the largest there, and communicates with a wardrobe room in which there is a swing-glass and little other furniture. The dressing-room is lined with red serge. The smell of bear's grease pomade sticks to it. A large screen stands opposite the door by which you enter. Behind the screen there is a rosewood dressing table, with a mirror screwed on to it. A clock stands on the chimney-piece. The jewels were brought in a black bag. An iron safe holds them when the diva is on the stage and not wearing them. She blazed in diamonds in the bridal act, and a splendid set of pearls served in her hair, on her neck, on the bosom of her corsage, and as shoulder knots and bracelets in the ballroom scene.

Signor Nicolini does not sing with his wife