LIFE IN LONDON.

THE ENGLISH BENCH—SIR CHARLES DILKE —"GENERAL" BOOTH.

Westminster, Feb. 11.

For some time past there have been painful rumors in connection with the English Bench. Evidence was from time to time forthcoming that the strain of work was telling upon one of the best known if not in the legal scale the most eminent of our judges. His vagaries on the Bench became more constant and unmistakable. Barristers attending to plead before him never knew what a day might bring forth, and were exceedingly glad when one closed without a public scandal. Some months ago his lordship withdrew into retirement, and it was thought that he had made his final appearance on the Bench. But presently he returned, and his gigantic figure again loomed from the seat of justice. A few days ago matters reached what seemed to be a critical turn. The Judge was down for a particular circuit which he would reach on a certain day, when a man would stand on his trial for life in an exceedingly difficult murder case. The counsel for the prisoner, it is said, positively declined to share the responsibility of having the case heard before his erratic lordship.

But what was to be done? The Judge himself has not the slightest idea that there is anything particular the matter with him. He used to rank among the keenest intellects of the day, and he is happily unconscious that he has suffered any change. The withdrawal of an English judge from the scene is ordinarily effected by one of two personages—Death or the judge himself. Neither is usually in a great hurry. Our judges are among the most long-lived citizens, and while death tarries, they are exceedingly loath to believe that their working days are past. Deaf, almost blind, chronically somnolent, they rust away in harness. Promotion to the Bench, coming as a rule when a man is far advanced in years, the pension system causes many of them to lag superfluous on the stage. A pension is available only after a certain number of years' service. Hence it comes to pass that there is nothing more common, when conversation turns upon a judge long past active work still clinging to the Bench, than to hear it said, "He is waiting for his pension." In the peculiar case now occupying attention in legal circles, the learned Judge has still a couple of years to serve before he becomes entitled to a pension, and there is enough method about his madness to keep him at his post till he can retire on a pension.

The difficulty about the murder trial has been got over by a device that testifies to the acuteness and fine feeling prevalent at the Bar. Next to preventing a possible miscarriage of justice involving a man's life was the duty of not letting the learned Judge suspect that a slight was being placed upon him. Accordingly a motion was gravely made in one of the higher courts praying that the venue in this case might be removed to London, the reason urged being, not that the judge going that particular circuit was incompetent to deal with the case, but because the counsel concerned could not prepare the defence in time for the pending assizes and too great delay would be involved if it stood over for the next assizes. So the trial will be heard before other judges in the Central Criminal Court, and the danger is averted. But it is evident that this sort of thing cannot go on indefinitely. No one knows exactly what ought to be done; but the Lord Chancellor's interposition is vaguely spoken of.

As soon as the vacancy in Northampton was declared by the death of Mr. Bradlaugh, Sir Charles Dilke's name was mentioned as the Liberal candidate. It was evident that the suggestion was unauthorized. Sir Charles Dilke was at the time in Toulon, where he still remains quietly at work in the little summer house he possesses. Moreover, if he has his eye upon any constituency, it is that of the Forest of Dean, where he was campaigning in the autumn, though without posing as a regular candidate. This immediate calling upon his name when there is a vacancy in a popular constituency is a significant fact indicative of one phase of the peculiar position in which this eminent statesman stands. There is no doubt that, if he pleased to come forward, he could be returned for one of a dozen large constituencies. Hardly a week, certainly not a month, passes without communication being opened with him in behalf of constituencies in search of candidates. A year or two ago he publicly declared that he would not re-enter Parliament until he had cleared his name and fame from the blight under which they have faded these long five years. It was said at the same time that he was pursuing investigations, the result of which, when made known, would rehabilitate him in public opinion. But nothing more has been heard of an undertaking which, if successfully carried out, would, in a single day, make Sir Charles the most popular and one of the most powerful men in England.

Meanwhile he quietly, with outward appearance of satisfaction and even enjoyment, leads a life in strange contrast with the brilliant career that so recently as the summer of 1885 seemed open to him. He lives quietly when in town, dining out seldom, though entertaining pretty regularly. In the summer he goes up the river to a house he has built for himself on one of the curious little islands that ineffectually try to check the flow of the Thames. Here he renews his old boating experiences, rowing with some of his old Cambridge compeers, and making the acquaintance of some newcomers by the Cam. To one who knew Sir Charles intimately in the days when he was at the Foreign Office and in the running for the Premiership, there is something pathetic, visiting him up the river in summer-time, to find all his ambition apparently settled upon reducing his riding and rowing weight by an ounce or two. Always a terrible worker, he has now turned his energies in new directions. He is a tireless oarsman, a constant rider, a redoubtable boxer, and a particularly skilful fencer. He contributes regularly to the magazines, and occasionally writes a stupendous book, such as his "Problems of Greater Britain." He also maintains a regular correspondence with some of the statesmen with whom he was formerly in official communication. This is notably the case with foreigners, who are not capable of understanding the kind of public sentiment which has led to so valuable a life as Sir Charles Dilke's being wasted.

It is a significant circumstance that when Sir Charles stayed in Paris the other day on his way down to Toulon he was at once approached by the not particularly enterprising French journalists, who wanted the benefit of his opinion on current political events. Five years ago any London newspaper would have been even more eager to ascertain and print at length his opinions. But the moral ban lying upon him has obliterated his political and personal influence, and none are now so poor as to do him reverence. Yet, when Bismarck was still in the plenitude of his power, the disgraced English statesman was his honored guest, and when Count Herbert visits London he goes straightway to Sloane-st. It is the same in Constantinople. A fussy, English politician calling to "interview" the Sultan, His Majesty, by way of adieu, asked to be remembered to Mr. Gladstone and to Sir Charles Dilke, a combination which took away the breath of the English Pharisee. Yet Mr. Gladstone is not one of those who have utterly abandoned the fallen colleague. He occasionally finds time to call in at Sloane-st. to make friendly inquiry after Sir Charles's health. But the greater number timidly stand aside, only Mr. Chamberlain remaining on the old terms in which one of the most popular members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet used to be held.

"General" Booth has got his £100,000 and more and can afford to disregard the chill feeling of distrust that is beginning to succeed the odd burst of enthusiasm with which his proposal was originally greeted. The "General" has been caught out in one or two statements not entirely consonant with facts. Also, his system of keeping accounts has been roughly handled, and, above all, people resent his strong tendency to run the salvation scheme scrupulously on family lines. He has stood firm by the determination to have the absolute direction of the funds and of the fortunes of the army centred in himself, with the salaried captaincies and lieutenancies divided among members of his family, male and female. The people who have subscribed the £100,000 already gathered in banker after the old custom of joint responsibility in the directorate of so enormous an undertaking. For a period there was some doubt whether those who had promised their £1,000 would not withdraw under the cloud of suspicion and distrust that has lately shaded the "General's" path. The withdrawal of Commissioner Smith on the specific ground of distaste for the "General's" financial arrangements was a severe blow to the army. Another was dealt by the allegation, which remains uncontradicted, that the "General" found, out of army funds (since he declares he has no other), £5,000 to start Brother Stead in a new journalistic enterprise. If Mr. Bancroft had decided not to pay in the £1,000 with the promise of which he had given the fund a start, there is no doubt that many others in a similar position would have gratefully followed his example. But Mr. Bancroft, after some hesitancy, resolved to pay up, and the rest are slowly coming in. H. W. L.

MR. GLADSTONE—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE WITNESS-BOX—SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

Westminster, February 12.

For some weeks there have been rumors current of Mr. Gladstone's intention to retire from public life. They were founded upon a carefully phrased sentence in his letter to Mr. John Morley when the surprise Mr. Parnell had prepared for the political world burst upon it. The story found credence only in proportion as it reached the outer edge of the circle that surrounds Mr. Gladstone. Those standing near to him, privileged to watch him work and hear him talk, smiled at the notion. He himself took no notice of the persistent rumor, but on Wednesday he indirectly answered it in conclusive fashion. On that day he made a speech in the House of Commons which is conceded by friend and foe to rank on a level with his greatest efforts. The subject was of a kind that always inspires his oratory. It was involved in a bill proposing to remove the bar which fends off Roman Catholics from the woolsack and from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. It is almost the last vestige of religious intolerance left on the Statute Book, and Mr. Gladstone hoped to remove it before he quitted the scene. When he rose the House was crowded, a rare thing on a Wednesday afternoon, when the meeting takes place at midday. He spoke for an hour and ten minutes, with an ease, a fulness of voice, a dignity of tone and a strength of argument that charmed the House, if it did not convince the majority. It was a speech that, had it been the single effort of a lifetime, would have established a Parliamentary reputation. Coming incidentally in the course of the session, a sort of recreation on an off-day in a strenuous campaign, it was a marvellous achievement for an octogenarian, and completely dissipated any lingering idea that Mr. Gladstone, weary of the long fight, weighted under his load of years, was sighing for rest.

Last night, after sitting out a debate in the House of Commons and taking part in a division, Mr. Gladstone went off to dine with an old friend, one of a few members of the present Parliament who were contemporaries of his early years in the House. It was a small party, six all told, and to the little circle Mr. Gladstone talked for a couple of hours, a variegated, flashing torrent of conversation. While, when he sits at table, he is naturally the centre of interest and rarely disappoints expectation by indulging in taciturnity, there is no sense of his monopolizing conversation, as was the case with Coleridge or Macaulay. His remarks do not take the form of monologue. It is really conversation, and he does not even lead the topics, habitually enlarging on some chance remark dropped by one of the circle. But, whatever be the subject, or however great the authority who floats it, it generally turns out that Mr. Gladstone knows more about it than any one in the room. Where he is most interesting is in his reminiscences of the men he has worked with during the last half-century, and of episodes in the history he has helped to make. He loves to talk about Sir Robert Peel, for whom to this day he preserves some of the veneration with which he approached him when he was still a young man and Peel was in his prime. Last night he talked much more genially of Disraeli than I ever heard him do before. His admiration of his ability is generally handicapped by distrust of his moral characteristics and dislike of his tactics. Last night he was unsparing in his praise, even inventing a new word in his honor. "He was," he said emphatically, "the greatest sarcast that ever spoke in Parliament": and forthwith he rattled off half a dozen of "Dizzie's" phrases, some of them famous, but all of which he had heard.

His memory is simply phenomenal. At a touch, the sound of a name, everything comes back to him—time, place, date, and every circumstance, as if it all passed only yesterday, whereas it may be the incident happened forty years ago. Mr. Gladstone is an admirable raconteur, bringing to the art the gifts of a rich, deep, musical voice and singular mobility of features. One often thinks, listening to and watching him, whether in public or private, that if he were not a great statesman, he would be an incomparable actor. I think his the most wonderfully expressive face I ever saw. Its varying expression illumines every turn of every sentence he speaks, sometimes lighted up by merriest smile, and anon clouded with awful scorn or withering anger. In the course of conversation last night chance reference was made to the period of the union between England and Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, following out the train of thought, related some episode in the Parliamentary negotiations, and then, his eyes flashing under frowning brows, and slowly shaking his head, he said in deep grave tones: "It was a bad business—a bad business." Evidently this crime, nearly a century old, was as fresh in his mind as if it had been committed that morning, and reflection upon it gave him as much pain as if he now realized it for the first time.

London society is just now in a state of tremulous excitement, expectant of a nice morsel of scandal that will soon be presented in the Law Courts. It arises out of a card-playing transaction, which took place at a well-known country house. Baccarat was the game, and it chanced, when the thunderbolt fell, that the Prince of Wales was the banker. Among the gamblers was a young baronet, with a familiar, though not exactly historic name, whose method of play had for a night or two attracted much attention. Being closely watched, no doubt existed in the minds of his companions that he was cheating, and he was plainly told so. Naturally a scene occurred, the baronet hotly denying the hard impeachment. In the end a compromise was effected. He signed a document, undertaking never to play any more, the company on their part promising that the episode should be strictly preserved a secret. Somehow or other the story got wind, and it became incumbent on the baronet either to meet the charge or to ostracise himself. He held a commission in a crack regiment, and was plainly told by his brother officers that he "must do something." He accordingly handed in his papers, and has entered against his accusers a civil action for libel. Five gentlemen well known in society are the defendants, and among the witnesses to be called will be the Prince of Wales.

Sir Charles Russell will hold a brief for the defendants, upon which a new and additionally spicy feature has been introduced into the case. A week or two ago Sir Charles, engaged in a prominent case, found himself opposed by a barrister with some practice at the Old Bailey, but little known outside its precincts. The famous advocate, once putting on his wig and gown, is inclined to be a truculent person. "The learned gentleman who almost presides over this court," was Sir James Hannen's gently uttered but biting description of Sir Charles, dropped in the course of the Parnell Commission. As a rule barristers, of whatever degree, knuckle under to him. This Old Bailey practitioner, a Mr. Gill, saw his opportunity of distinguishing himself, and seized it with skill and boldness. He did more than stand up to the astonished autocrat. He incessantly "checked" him, and the secretly delighted court discovered Sir Charles Russell for once in a way getting as good as he gave. Sir Charles, who is instructed by Mr. George Lewis, will in the forthcoming scandal case have the usual array of junior counsel. Mr. Gill has undertaken the work for the plaintiff single-handed, and, meeting Sir Charles Russell again after his recent not unsuccessful foray, the Bar expects that there may be literally presented the spectacle of wigs on the green. H. W. L.

SHERMAN AND CHASE.

AN INTERVIEW AT BEAUFORT.

MR. CHASE'S DAUGHTER RECALLS THE SCENE —SHERMAN'S INDIGNATION.

As I try to look backward and recall the remarkable men of the past simply and truthfully as I saw them in my childish days, the mournful tidings came that General Sherman, too, has joined the great majority, and that the last hero of that illustrious trio—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—who led the Union forces to victory and saved our country from dismemberment and dishonor, has fought his last fight, and for the first time in his life succumbed to a greater power. General Sherman's name will forever stand unique in history, as the very exponent, the true type and the highest conception of a soldier. A young officer, in speaking of him the day after his death, expressed the sentiments of the entire Army, and not only of the Army, but of the whole country, when he said: "Sherman was the ideal soldier and almost the one unique American in having had no ambition whatever beyond his own profession, and the performance of his duty as a military commander." Satisfied with his own position as a gentleman of family and culture, he absolutely felt no wish for personal aggrandizement of any kind; his work done, he was content to retire to a private life of simplicity and honor, with no desire for wealth or political preferment. The temptation to use his great name to further schemes of earthly advantage never entered his direct mind.

In the year 1865 it was my good fortune to see this rugged hero of many battles shortly after he arrived on the Atlantic coast, after his famous march to the sea. That I should have been on the shores of North Carolina at that time with my father happened in this way:

Shortly after Mr. Johnson's inauguration, Chief Justice Chase decided to visit the Southern States, including particularly his proposed circuit, (as he had concluded to take Chief Justice Taney's court duties as his own). He wished also to see for himself the condition of the South and to judge of the feeling and disposition of the people after the close of the war. In order to facilitate the plans a revenue cutter was put at his disposal by the Secretary of the Treasury. As the accommodations were very small Mr. Chase's party consisted only of Mr. Whitelaw Reid; a revenue officer, who was to examine the condition of the Southern ports, and put them in working order; Mr. Kellen, an old Ohio friend of my father, and Dr. Fuller, an eminent divine, who had formerly been a large slave owner in South Carolina, but who had been obliged to leave his plantations on account of his Union partisanship. A day or two before they sailed I was surprised and delighted beyond measure by being suddenly asked by my father if I should like to go with him. "You cannot take any maid," he said, "and you will have very limited accommodations," but, as may be imagined, such considerations became, under the circumstances, mere bagatelles. And thus it was that I became one of the party, and saw the General, as I have said, at Beaufort, where his vessel lay at anchor in the harbor on account of stress of weather. An earnest message from him brought over to my father on our arrival by Colonel Audenreid, the chief of staff, and begging for an immediate interview, decided Mr. Chase to go over to the General's ship at once without ceremony. As usual, he took me with him, and we all got into the gig and were rowed across to the other vessel. The General was waiting for us eagerly at the gangway, and with hardly a greeting to the others, so anxious was he to "have his say," he took my father's arm and hurried him over to the cabin, while I followed, simply because I did not know where else to go. "Now, Governor," he said excitedly, using the old Ohio title, "what does all this mean!" On his table lay a whole file of Northern papers full of criticisms and irritating comments on his arrangement with General Johnston. "If Mr. Lincoln had lived I should never have been insulted in this fashion! We neither of us are the kind to kick an enemy after he is conquered," he went on, becoming more and more excited. His face was red with indignation as he strode up and down the cabin like an enraged lion, stopping now and then to pound the table as he emphasized some point, and then resuming his hurried walk again.

"Do you know what they call me here?" he said, bringing his fist down with a thump on the pile of papers, which sent them flying. "They almost dub me a traitor because I have tried to bring peace into the country—I, who have brought a victorious army through the very heart of the South! I tell you, Governor, there are some things that hit a man hard! What do they know in Washington? How can they tell, shut up in their rooms and offices? The people here want peace, and, for Heaven's sake, let them have it! Do they want to keep on fighting there in Washington now that the war is over?"

My father tried to put in a calming word or two in the midst of this burst of fiery indignation: but he was too Saxon and generous himself not to sympathize with the General's position—"fight your enemy, and, after conquering let the reconciliation be prompt and without reservation," was the feeling of both men, and Mr. Chase later on was also, despite his life's record, judged hardly, and greatly misunderstood for almost identical causes.

"I will tell you," went on the General, "just what Mr. Lincoln said to me when I asked him point blank if he wished me to capture Jeff Davis or let him escape, and you will see by this what his feeling about keeping up animosity was. 'Well,' said the President, 'I will tell you how I feel about it. I knew an old temperance lecturer once who, according to his conviction, enjoined total abstinence and never touched liquor himself. Once after a long ride, in which he had been exposed to great cold and fatigue, he stopped at a friend's house for a cup of hot coffee. 'Let me put in just a drop of brandy,' said his host, 'it may save you an illness.' 'No,' said the teetotaler, 'I couldn't think of it—but,' he added rather softly, 'if you can put in a drop unbeknownst to me I might feel grateful.' Of course, General, we must oppose the escape of Jeff Davis; but if he could slip off unbeknownst it would not hurt the country.' "

"So you see," went on the General, "that is all I had to go by, and the only directions I received; the South may well rue the day when these fanatics murdered the President, for they killed their best friend."

"And so," said General Sherman, after an interval of calm in which he had been telling Mr. Lincoln's story, rising from his seat, again flushing red with wrath and striding up and down again in his impetuosity and excitement; "when I have no letter and try to follow out the spirit of my instructions this is what I get from Stanton and Halleck, and those fellows in Washington!" As I write, I can almost see the whole scene—the little cabin, General Sherman's stateroom beyond, the open hatchway; I can almost feel the sweet Southern spring air blowing over the aperture and hear the soft gutturals of the negroes selling their strawberries on the deck above. And these two typical men of that time—how clearly I can see them both—the Chief Justice seated by the little table scattered with newspapers; and the General, brown and rugged from exposure, his tall form and thin, wiry figure in its old blue Army coat, fairly tense, as it were, with vigor and life, his expressive face changing with every mood. I remember it was flushing with color as he recounted his wrongs, now settling into calm as my father talked to him soothingly, but becoming red again on the instant as he remembered his anger—a man tremendous in his powers of wrath and combativeness, but withal simple and gentle as a child. And I remember, above all, when the first storm had spent itself and passed, his pride in "his men" and in their endurance and bravery.

After awhile he remembered me, sitting in my corner. "Why, child, I forgot you," he said, in his kindly, beaming fashion; "let me see what I can get for you," but our boat had been waiting for a long while and the men had to get back to their dinner, and we had to leave. I cannot remember just where the General was going. I was under the impression that he was on his way North immediately after his "March to the Sea," but I find, in looking at a history of that time (it is an odd sensation to read as history what one remembers as experience), that Grant met him at Raleigh after the capitulation of Johnston and the surrender of his entire army, on the 26th of April. As it was about the 2d or 3d of May when we met him, it was probably after the details had been completed and he was on his way Northward, by sea, to join his family after his long absence and perilous experience.

I have seen General Sherman a number of times since then, but when I remember him it will always be as he appeared on that day—flushed with victory, wounded by too hasty judgment, eager for the best interests of the whole country, South as well as North; chafed and sore beyond all endurance, and proud beyond everything of his army and its prowess. It is a very vital figure and lives in one's memory.

Of course it was Mr. Lincoln's assassination that had so aroused public feeling just at this juncture. Johnston's letter to Sherman and their subsequent correspondence arranging a truce occurred on April 14-16, both leaders being in ignorance of the terrible calamity at Washington. General Sherman's manly spirit, which wished to "let by-gones be by-gones," would have undoubtedly been the sentiment of a generous country if it had not been for the terrible tragedy, which naturally aroused the vindictive spirit of the entire North. That the disastrous event was deplored almost unanimously in the South had received abundant evidence during this very journey, but the Northern people were slow to believe this, and the wanton and wicked act paralyzed good feeling toward the South for many a long year.

After our interview with the General a heavy storm kept both vessels at their moorings for a night and a day; our captain was the first to leave the quiet haven, and with exchange shots as greetings, the two vessels parted, each to take its respective course. JANET CHASE HOYT.

DEAD IN EXILE.

SUICIDE OF AN AMBASSADOR—THE VETTERS TRIAL.

Vienna, February 3.

The diplomatic corps of Vienna was shocked and surprised a few days ago by the sudden death of Saadullah Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador, of which the cable has already informed you. He was accustomed to assemble his aids each afternoon at 1 o'clock to discuss the business of the day. As he failed to appear at the wonted time on the day of his death, one of his secretaries hastened to his apartments. No trace of the Pacha was to be found. The strong odor of gas, however, led the secretary into the bath-room, where a horrible sight met his eyes. Sitting on a large chair was the Ambassador at the point of death. In his hand lay the end of a rubber tube which was attached to the burner. Over his knee was a silken cloth. Near-by lay a letter which showed that the tube was a recent purchase. Closer inspection tended to prove that the Pacha had first attempted to strangle himself. Long, red marks disfigured his neck; on the floor lay pieces of rope which were too slight to support the weight of the body. Strenuous efforts were made to resuscitate the dying man. Physicians were summoned, friends were called; but their efforts were in vain. He soon breathed his last. The natural attempts of the Pacha's official household to divert suspicion by asserting that he had taken gas in the hope of producing sleep met with no credence. Proof of his suicide was clear. Friends and acquaintances had known for months that he was suffering from melancholia. He never was active. Even in warm, spring days he was accustomed to ride in a coach with closed doors. He seemed to fear the air. He went little into society, and recently took a house in the quiet part of the city.

Many reasons have been given for the Ambassador's unfortunate depression of spirits. Among other things, it has been said that Saadullah, owing to his friendship for Murad, was banished in reality from his native land; that he had repeatedly asked permission to return to Constantinople to visit his family, but had met each time with a peremptory refusal. His fortune, too, had dwindled away in the last few years so that he had difficulty in meeting ordinary expenses. The arrival of a courier from Constantinople a few days ago and his departure on the day preceding the Ambassador's death, gave rise also to the statement that he had been dismissed from his post. The recent death of his wife, the threatened insanity of his favorite daughter, and his own ill-health, had much to do with his suicide, which is a matter of sincere regret to his colleagues.

Saadullah was only fifty years old. Unlike many of his diplomatic countrymen, he was not a man of high education. He was not even a master of French. His family, however, had great influence in Turkey and enabled him to make a rapid and brilliant career. The son of Vizier Essad Pacha, a poet of renown in the land of the Sultan, he was assigned, when only seventeen years old, to the Bureau of Translation. From that time on he made rapid progress, which ended with his appointment at a comparatively early age to the office of Minister, and then of Ambassador. He was one of the interesting figures at the Berlin Congress in 1878. The officials of this capital have always taken deep interest in the career of the dead Pacha, whose head and figure have been immortalized by Anton von Werner in his painting of the Congress. In fact, Berliners see his head in so many museums that they are almost as familiar with the dark face and dreamy eye of the Oriental diplomat to-day as in that eventful period when he was accredited to the Imperial Court. Their regret at his death is unfeigned and sincere.

Few sensational trials have attracted so much attention in the country as that of H. Vetters, son of the Sub-Mayor of Chemnitz and a lieutenant of the Reserves, for the embezzlement of 1,627,602 marks. The trial was brought to a close last week in Bremen, where it daily drew crowds of anxious people. In 1878 Vetters, then twenty-four years old, was appointed cashier and head bookkeeper of the firm of Plump & Heye, the wholesale grain dealers of the former Hanseatic city. He rented rooms in the house of Mrs. Henrietta Cohn, a dressmaker, who had been separated from her husband a few years before. Vetters soon fell in love with his landlady and determined to marry her. Although he travelled as far as Heligoland, he was unable to get permission to make the divorced woman his wife. Vetters's family connections placed him above suspicion. His employers, who did an enormous business, had boundless confidence in his honesty, and placed no restrictions upon his management. Mrs. Cohn's venture was unsuccessful. Her continual losses aroused the pity of Vetters. He wished to stand high in her favor and determined to relieve her. There was only one way to do this in the face of his small salary. He decided upon that way. In 1881 he embezzled 20,000 marks. The first step only was beset with difficulties. It was a matter of ease for Vetters to increase his theft in 1882 to 32,900 marks. To steal soon became a second nature with the man. In 1883, he stole 47,000 marks; in 1884, 80,000 marks; in 1885, 95,000 marks; in 1886, 140,000 marks; in 1887, 200,000 marks; in 1888, 434,000 marks; in 1889 470,200, and in 1890, 111,400 marks. The command of such large sums of money enabled Mrs. Cohn to live in luxury. She moved into a beautiful house in one of the principal avenues, where she dispensed a lavish hospitality. She enlarged her business and soon stood at the head of the finest establishment in Bremen. More than fifty girls acted as her clerks. In addition to large salaries which they received, she presented them with sums of money and sent them repeatedly on trips of pleasure at her expense. There were no fixed prices in her shop. She purchased at any price and sold at the offer of the customer. Other dealers were unable to compete with the "wealthy" proprietor, and people began to wonder why she continued the expensive luxury. She kept no accounts and had no books. Figures and clerks ran wild. She lived as a princess, and her carriages and servants were the envy of the town. But the end came. By mere accident, the eyes of the guileless firm were opened. Vetters was detected in his crime. With Mrs. Cohn, who professed to believe that he had inherited a large fortune, the man was arrested. After an impartial trial, the judge sentenced the defaulter to ten years' imprisonment. His accomplice will spend seven years within penitentiary walls. In consideration of the enormous sum stolen, the sentences are light; for only a few thousand marks of the 1,600,000 were found in possession of the prisoners.

MEISSONIER AND CHAPLIN.

OPPOSITES IN FRENCH ART—PERSONAL TRAITS.

Paris, February 6.

The artistic world has been occupied this week with the funerals of Chaplin, Meissonier and Madame Stevens. Chaplin was quiet and retiring, led a home life, went to bed nearly every evening at 10, and was regular in his Sunday attendance with his wife (an Alsatian lady) and his children at the Protestant Church of the Rue de Roquepine. He was English in all his tissues, though French in all his habits from infancy, he having first drawn breath at the picturesque burg of Les Andelys, near Rouen, and having lived all his life in France. He was straightforward, religious, asked the uniform price 10,000 francs for his half-length portraits, seemed to look at his sitters, when they were young, through a rosy light, and, to judge from his paintings, was possessed with the lust of pink and white flesh, the beauty of which he enhanced with the clouds of lace and lawn in which he muffled it. He and Meissonier were at opposite poles. There was no love lost between them. Meissonier, like a young cock fledgling, was always fighting his way up to the top of the nest and carrying off the biggest prizes. Chaplin never pushed. It is said that Meissonier's last act of enmity to that painter and his family was to die the day after Chaplin and so draw public attention from his obsequies, which were celebrated in a simple manner in the Church of the Rue de Roquepine.

I never knew a dwarfish man who was not vainglorious and self-assertive, and I think that in these respects Meissonier was most remarkable. Militarism was the fashion when he was at his apogee. He flattered himself that nature had intended him to be a great captain. His Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor entitled him to be buried with a detachment of military force, which gave his funeral almost the aspect of a review. Batteries of artillery, squadrons of horse and a regiment of infantry, with its band, fell into the cortege. He looked forward to this spectacle with a sense of pride. When the fact that he had been awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor was notified to him he said to his children:

"Though I were now to die as poor as Lazarus you will have the satisfaction of seeing my remains taken to the grave with the honors heretofore only awarded to the greatest statesmen or generals."

But he did not die a poor man. Far from it. The preparatory studies for his famous Napoleonic pictures are all unsold, and are likely to fetch 3,000,000 francs. His town-house is a valuable property, it being in the new and highly fashionable Boulevard Malesherbes, where that avenue enters La Plaine de Courceiles, now the abiding place of prosperous artists, dramatists and highly successful actresses, such as Leonide Leblanc and Sarah Bernhardt. The Meissonier mansion is as odd-looking as the master who built it. The central court is a pseudo cloister. Windows are rather designed to the keeping out of thieves than the letting in of light. The rooms, being dark, look "poky." The stairs, to which a deal of space was sacrificed, fail to impress one with an air of grandeur. The door-handles, chimney-pieces, locks and keys show a good deal of cunning workmanship. But there is little or no furniture to match them. In a word, the master seemed to have no abiding place in his town-house. He lost all taste for bric-a-brac once he became, in 1859, a military painter, and thenceforth thought chiefly of procuring blooded horses. An equestrian studio big enough to serve as a riding-house was then run up at Poissy, where he had his country-house.

He stayed in Paris as little as he could help until his second marriage two years ago. Madame Meissonier hated the country. She kept him in town for the greater part of last summer by setting him for a task the epopee of Joan of Arc. He went daily and nightly with her to the hippodrome to see Signora Livitsy as the Maid, and used to sit in a front box watching the action of the horses. He was proud to have so tall a wife to show to the public, and entered with her "on his arm," his head thrown back and his beard flowing to his waist. She is a fine-looking woman, as Rubens might have understood the word, and towered above her husband. There had been a long attachment before they resolved to get married. Her maiden name was Besancon, and she was a native of Metz. This was why Meissonier, when Gambetta made himself, in 1870, Minister of the Interior, went and implored him to name him Prefect at Metz, where the lady and her family were. He wanted to brace up the military commander, Bazaine, whose measure he had taken when doing his equestrian portrait to bring him into a group in which Napoleon III was a foremost figure. Metz was completely invested and Meissonier was only known as a great painter. Gambetta was amused at the patriotic and the military spirit which burned in the little artist, but preferred not to risk a life so precious by sending him to get into Metz and govern it and the military commander. There was no more resolute, obstinate, outspoken, self-willed person than Meissonier. He was too peppery to mind giving offence when thwarted. Who can say that his presence might not have overborne the apathy of Bazaine and prevented the fall of Metz? He would have stirred up the whole town to revolt had he seen things going wrong, and was capable of blowing Bazaine's brains out if he uttered the word surrender.

Meissonier was too conscious of his own merits and too touchy not to quarrel frequently with wealthy men and women ambitious of making collections of fine pictures. He quarrelled with Mrs. Mackay because she invited him to her "omnium gatherums" and not to any of her dinners at which there were royal guests. The pretext was a note he received from the Countess Telfner, Mrs. Mackay's sister, in which she said the portrait of Mrs. Mackay did not come up to her expectations, and that he would therefore have to change it or take it back. I do not believe that Meissonier would have minded losing the 70,000 francs which Mrs. Mackay had agreed to pay him. The point was that his artistic conscience had been ignored, and he was treated as a mere artisan who had made a bad job of work for which he had asked a high price. An artist is always the judge of his own work, and when he is satisfied there should be no appeal from his judgment. The Countess Telfner committed the further crime of ending her note with the words, "I have the honor to salute you," a formula which might be properly used in giving an order to her milliner. She was brought up in America, and was not (What foreigner is who has not been reared in Paris?) up to the shades of consideration which can be expressed in the closing phrase of a French letter.

I asked Meissonier what formula, coming from the pen of the Countess Telfner, would have satisfied him. He said she might have thus expressed herself: "I seize this opportunity to express my lively sympathy and most distinguished compliments." He also told me that he would have repainted the whole picture had Mrs. Mackay come to him and said:

"Dear Master, I am so sorry that I do not look to your eyes what I appear to myself in the looking-glass. I am disconsolate that I have not known how to charm you. When you know me a little better and regard me through the medium of a pleasantly excited imagination, I shall, with your permission, send back the portrait, and ask you to change the face. But I shall take care not to do so until I have made a conquest of you.

"A French woman would have taken me thus, and what artist with a man's heart in his breast could have refused to paint the whole picture over again to please her."

He was very near quarrelling for a supposed slight with the Emperor Napoleon III, the most amiable and polite man of his day in his personal relations. Meissonier had no reason to complain of American millionaires, when their appreciation of him as an artist was measured by the prices which they offered for his pictures. Nevertheless he hated them. The reason was that they were not demonstrative of admiration and profound respect when admitted to his studio. Their faces and words expressed no transports. He was greatly indebted in his later years to a Californian, who invented an instantaneous mode of photographing horses. Knight, the painter, was one of the few Americans whom he liked. His favorite pupil was Detaille.

Meissonier had fine, full eyes, which drank in the light and took the clearest impressions. When he was in a good-humored mood, they took a delightful expression. He was at his best in his study with his wife beside him, and showing his studies—that is, if he had visitors who freely expressed their admiration. No good child could be more sunny or spontaneously amiable than he showed himself under these circumstances. At official soirees, his breast covered with decorations, he was arrogant and unpleasant, because he was standing upon his dignity. He expected to be spoken to with bated breath, and that those who approached him would not come too near. The Rothschilds were his pet aversion. He kept one of them for some sessions out of the Academy of Fine Arts, and broke with the members who enabled him to get in.

Meissonier was admitted to follow the Emperor's staff on horseback at reviews and sham battles. He was offered the pick of the Imperial stud, but preferred to have his own thoroughbred. I fancy that he affected a cavalry walk. In the country he dressed like an English groom. Having a massive head, flowing beard, long backbone and slender, bowed, short legs, the close scant jacket and tight trousers gave him the air of a caricature. I have seen in Bavaria legendary dwarfs in carved wood exactly like him. He had hands of singular beauty. He kept them limber and sensitive and in ready obedience to his brain by the intelligent care he took of them. His valet carefully rubbed them and exercised the fingers several times a day. The arms were also rubbed and put through a special gymnastic, and he frequently was visited by a manicure, who sweated his hands and arms, and then exercised them and attended to the skin and nails. The sweating was done by holding the members to be treated over a steaming pan of water, wrapped up in flannel. When they were rubbed, cold water was poured upon them, after which there was another steaming and rubbing. Each hand muscle was carefully attended to. There was no sign of gout in any of the articulations, and up to the age of eighty his painting and handwriting were as firm as when he was a young man. He carefully gloved his hands out of doors to keep the fingers tactile and by means of bracelets worn under his shirt-sleeves, drew—or thought he drew—force from the trunk into the arms and their manual extremities.

Though he kept a chef, he was not a gluttonous, or an epicurean feeder. Indeed, he never minded what food he took when he was engaged on a picture. The thinking out of his paintings and the preparatory studies were always laborious. He first drew each detail, and painted as much of it as was to appear, on a separate panel or canvas. Sometimes he modelled his figures or horses in wax. To find more perfect work one should go to Portugal and look up the small colored wooden images done for shrines there in the sixteenth century. It annoyed him to be called from his easel to his meals, and he was wretched if he did not always feel that in doing his best he had done splendidly. Indeed, he had a passionate desire for perfection. It prevented him flooding the market when he became the rage. E. C.

"THE GREASER POET."

THE JUBILEE OF THE "MAISON DOREE."

Paris, February 2.

Among the number of those who have recently been invested with the silver palms and violet ribbon of "Officier de l'Academie," is Adophe Viart, the greaser poet. For over thirty years he has been greasing the wheels of the railroad cars and trucks at the station of Vernon in Normandy and writing poetry by night. Possibly it is due to the fact that his verses were mostly composed in darkness and solitude that they are of a mourful and pathetic strain. It is probable that he would have remained unknown as a poet had not some of his more well-to-do friends become acquainted with his literary efforts and subscribed the money necessary for the publication of his first two volumes. The one bears the title of "Dark Hours," and the other that of "Lily Dreams." The verses, although remarkable for their true poetic ring and for their independence, betray a certain lack of knowledge on the part of the poet, whose education was merely that of the ordinary French public school. It is manifest from his works that he is a man accustomed to solitude and to commune almost solely with his own thoughts. He has recently retired, and no longer taps the wheels of the railroad cars with his hammer or fills the axle-boxes with grease, but resides in a little bit of a cottage at Aubevoye in the Department de l'Eure.

The Maison Doree, which is one of the most famous restaurants in the world, is about to celebrate its jubilee, or the fiftieth year of its existence. It is there that the Duke of Hamilton met with his death from a fall on the staircase after a too good supper. The Duke of Brunswick and his friend Prince Citron, otherwise Prince of the Netherlands, dined at the Maison Doree every night during their frequent visits to Paris. In the year 1844 Marie Duplessis, who was Alexandre Dumas's original "Dame aux Camellias," used to come invariably after the theatre was over to eat some oysters and her favorite Russian salad in this celebrated restaurant. One night, annoyed at finding a bit of cauliflower—which she detested—in the salad, she took it between her white fingers and deposited it inside the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, and there it appears it remained till long after the pretty Parisian had died the poetical death of a consumptive. At that time the "chasseur" of the Maison Doree was a hunchback of the name of Bosco, who had the reputation of bringing luck to all those who approached him. Mademoiselle Molder, the singer, desirous to test whether this was true, sent him once to buy a lottery ticket for her, and when he handed it to her proceeded to rub it on his hump. Within a week the ticket was announced as the winner of a sum of 50,000 francs, and Bosco's fame became so great that hundreds of people used to come daily in order to win his good graces and thereby succeed in their business. The Maison Doree is renowned for its perfect cuisine, and the present chef, Moisson, is considered one of the most accomplished culinary artists in Europe.

The death of Mackenzie-Grieves, one of the best known figures of Parisian life, recalls the fact that the famous Jockey Club was founded half a century ago by him, together with Lord Henry Seymour and two Americans, Mr. Corbin, of Georgia, and Mr. Otis, of Boston. Mackenzie-Grieves was one of the last of a certain coterie of Englishmen who resided in Paris because they had a marked aversion for everything English excepting English horses and English sport. Mackenzie-Grieves was one of the most remarkable riders of this century. He one day made a wager that he would cross the Champ de Mars from the Pont d'Jena to the Ecole Militaire at a hand gallop, without once relapsing into a trot, and with nothing to lead his fiery young horse but a silken thread. He accomplished this feat, arousing the enthusiasm of all the European sporting world.

One of the events of the last week has been the reappearance of Pere Didon in the pulpit. The Church of the Madeleine was crowded with all the wealth and beauty of the Faubourg St. Germain and of the Faubourg St. Honore—the aristocracy and the haute-bourgeoisie—who listened intently to the great Dominican preacher. Pere Didon is one of the most striking looking men belonging to the Catholic Church, and wrapped in his flowing white robe he is a very imposing figure. He was born in 1840, and was educated at the Seminary of Grenoble. Pere Lacordaire, who was devotedly attached to him, had a great influence on his brilliant career both as a preacher and as a writer.

Another event, although of a very different nature, has been the talk of Paris for the last week—namely, the first masked ball of the season at the Opera. Parisians of course do not go there for the sake of the dancing, which is kept up exclusively by costumed professionals of both sexes; but it is fashionable and "chic" to take a box at the Opera and thence to admire the costumes and laugh at the capers of the performers previous to going to supper at one of the great restaurants on the Boulevard. In spite of the bitter cold of the night the attendance amounted to over 18,000 people. The domino and mask having gone out of fashion, the ladies in the boxes wore Spanish mantillas and thick veils of lace very like the "yasmak" worn years ago by Turkish women. The coup d'oeil was interesting and the costumes handsomer than last year among the dancers.

Ladies of the world here have introduced a new fad and this is to go and dine with their husbands and brothers at the Cercle de la Rue Royale. These dinners take place in private salons attached to the club, and are the most select and choice little feasts imaginable, the cooking being of the very best and the wines "di primo cartello." The Marquis de Mornay gave yesterday one of these dinners to several of his friends. The table was decked under a canopy of tea-roses and the cloth was concealed by a field of Russian violets which filled the room with their intoxicating perfume.

The Duc de Noailles, author of the monumental work entitled "A Century of Democracy in the United States," has just been elected president of the "Cercle de l'Union," the most aristocratic club in France, in the place of the late Duc de Riviere. The Duc de Noailles is in every respect a "Grand Seigneur" of the old regime. Although the style of his prose is of a somewhat ponderous nature his conversation is exceedingly brilliant and witty. His cousin, the Duc de Mouchy, who is the chief of the younger branch of the great Noailles family has recently been forced by financial reverses to abandon his magnificent mansion here and to let it to Mrs. Ayer, of Boston. The Duchesse de Mouchy, as Princess Anna Murat, was the principal friend and confidante of the Empress Eugenie during the reign of Napoleon III, and until a couple of years ago the Empress was in the habit of staying at Mme. de Mouchy's house whenever she passed through Paris. The financial reverses of the Duc and Duchesse are reported to be due to the same cause as those of the Empress Eugenie, whose fortune has suffered severely by the Baring and Argentine collapse.