THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

THE AUTHOR OF "SCHONBERG COTTA FAMILY," IN "GOOD WORDS."

I.

Little familiar gate!
Gate of the home by the way;
Hour for which daily to wait,
Hour at the close of the day.

Hand in hand close pressed,
Arm never trusted in vain,
Hearts in each other at rest,
Home, all home again!

II.

Gate through which all must pass,
Gate at the end of the way;
Men call it a Gate of Brass;
A prison gate, they say!

They think it can only divide,
Pitiless, heavy, and strong;
But we who have looked inside
Know they have named it wrong.

Know it not strong, but weak,
Its bars all shattered and slight;
Mere bars of shadow, that streak
And prove the inner light;
Gates where all bonds she'll break,
All severed hearts unite.

III.

Terrible, Beautiful Gate!
Gate of the Temple of God!
Well through the day we may wait,
Till it open for us our abode.

Hands in hands close pressed,
Hearts past all parting and pain,
In God and each other at rest;
Home, all home, again!

Beautiful Gate of Life!
Gate at the end of the Way,
Well worth Day's toil and strife,
For that hour at the close of the Day!

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where in all beauty death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter with sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in,
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us the light,
Weary of sowing and never to reap,
Weary of labor and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials and taking some rest,
Yes, there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The English newspapers do not take any stock in the crusade.

The Danbury News man, Bailey, has gone abroad. Perhaps he will be good enough to stay there.

M. Digne, a French billiardist, in a recent game at Bordeaux, "jawed" the balls and made a run of 2,300 points.

Old John Robinson, the pronunciation of whose name used to be a symbol of rapidity, was the bondsman of Mr. McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Concha, who is to take the place of Jovellar as captain-general of Cuba, has been in that box before. The Havanese rather like him, and have named a brand of cigars in his honor.

The Cincinnati university exists at present only on paper. The rock on which the building committee split was on the choice between an "upper" and a "lower" lot, all of which was the source of lots of argument.

Some of the crusaders invested the office of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and, according to that journal, "several of the sinners signed the pledge." The Leader is very anxious to know whether the chief sinner did so.

Christian Sharpe, the inventor of the famous Sharpe rifle, died suddenly at his residence in Vernon, Connecticut, Friday night of hemorrhage of the lungs, at the age of sixty-three years. He was a native of New Jersey.

Memphis has lately been indulging in deer chases, on the grounds of the Bluff City shooting club. Three young bucks were placed upon the track, and each one was finally worried down or caught by the hounds.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent a sentiment by telegraph to the Bohemian club, of San Francisco, on the occasion of their recent celebration, which, in reference to the difference of time between the two points, closed with: "He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you."

The comparative farce of popular suffrage in Great Britain is seen when it is recalled that on an average only one in twenty-two of its inhabitants are allowed to vote. Notwithstanding this, we hear the government extolled as being "controlled by the British popular will."

A novel place of amusement has lately been opened in New York, called the coliseum. It presents, as a peculiar attraction, a scenic illusion of the Paris of 1848, in which the chimes of Notre Dame can be heard. It is a successful idea, on the whole, and is already attracting the sharp eye of Barnum.

Complaint has been publicly made of abuses of the gravest character, in the Bellevue and other city hospitals. The want of soap and other means of cleanliness is of frequent occurrence; many infamous characters find a resort there, and it is averred that the ranks of bagnios are there recruited.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is out with a radical marriage service, the closing words of which are quite elevated in sentiment. "For all that love of man and woman may mean, in a world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, God grant that this earthly marriage may fit these two heaven-born souls! Amen."

Bret Harte hies him away to Europe, but will return in July. He is at work upon a play, the scene of which is laid in California during the period of the vigilance committee's plenitude of power. The first act has been completed, and the drama will be ready for the stage by the coming winter season. Mr. Harte is at present engaged upon a novel which will shortly be published.

We are pleased to notice again going the rounds of the journals, Miss Nora Perry's bright and charming little poem—"The Love Knot"—introducing the blithesome maiden

"As tying her bonnet under her chin,"
(Old-fashioned days, those were!)
"She tied a young man's heart within."

As we said, it is pleasant to observe once more these musical lines gracing the post's corner; but it is a little vexatious to find a mutilated version, adapted to the stupidity of one "Fred. S. Walker," whose name is appended thereto.—Providence Journal.

A peculiar case of official preference has lately seen the light in New York city. Comptroller Green has been endeavoring to withdraw the state appropriations to the allopathic dispensaries, and has been giving aid and encouragement instead to the homeopathic dispensaries. This fact seems the more notorious when it is stated that during the past year the allopathic institutions have given medical aid to 210,000 patients more than the homeopathic ones in the same time. The case is provoking discussion which leads to a bad notoriety for Comptroller Green.

"M. D. C." writes to the Commercial from London: But it still remains that Benjamin Disraeli's career in England represents the most silent and remarkable chapter of its modern history. His story will certainly be to the future the one romance of this prosaic age. His life will furnish material to scores of novelists and dramatists. Divines with a penchent for soothsaying are already finding prophecies of him in Ezekiel and Daniel. Poor Miss Sheppard, the consumptive school-ma'am, has already made him hero of her best novel; and we may be sure that he will figure in the imagination of the future—along with Napoleon III, Bismark, Moltke, and perhaps Abraham Lincoln—as the only heroes of the early nineteenth century worth writing and thinking about. Gladstone may do the work, Disraeli will get the glory, of our time.

The flight of riches and folly of those who lavish money wastefully were never better illustrated than in the case of the late Legrand Lockwood's splendid marble palace at Norwalk, Connecticut. There are forty acres of finely ornamented grounds, in the center of which is a stately structure costing $2 000,000. On the premises are three other handsome buildings, porter's lodge, conservatories, stables, and so on. The house is resplendent, with polished marbles, frescoes, inlaid wood-work of the most costly kinds, doors which cost $2,000 each, a billiard room on which $10,000 were expended: and there are forty-nine rooms thus gorgeously decorated, no two of which are alike. It is estimated that between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 of cash were sunk in this monument of extravagance, and yet the entire establishment is now on the market for less than $350,000.—[New York Mail.

The Icelanders are to have a new charter which will go into effect on the 1st of August, the thousandth anniversary of the settlement of the island in all matters concerning the island particularly, and not belonging to the imperial legislature, Iceland will have its own legislation and administration. The national representation is the althing, consisting of thirty members elected by popular suffrage on a very liberal franchise adapted to the wants of the people of the country, and six nominated by the king. A minister for Iceland, nominated by the king and responsible to the althing, is the head of the administration. The independence of the tribunals, freedom of individuals, liberty of faith and of the press, of public meeting and equality of citizens before the law, are all guaranteed. The crown prince of Denmark will probably visit the island during the millennial festivities.

On a sleeping car the other night, one lady exclaimed, in a low and solemn voice, "Oh, how dry I am!" There was a moment's pause, and again rang out, "Oh, how dry I am!" Another moment passed, and the dozing sleepers were once more startled by the sepulchral information, "Oh, how dry I am!" "Won't somebody get that woman a drink?" howled an old gentleman, who, being rheumatic, and occupying an upper berth, could not very well do it himself. The demand was complied with, and the grateful sound of gurgling water was soon heard. Then there was a moment of silence, and following it came the same solemn tones: "Oh, how dry I was!" There appeared to be no doubt about it by the occupants of the car, and, if the truth could have been known, they were unselfishly glad that she had found relief; and they composed themselves afresh for sleep. Then the voice again smote the air: "Oh, how dry I was!" Everybody started, and every eye was distented. "Oh, how dry I was!" repeated the grateful woman. "Then dry up!" screamed the gallant gentleman in the upper berth. She did.—Truckee Republican.

PALEZOIC POLITICS.

The Chicago Times is mercilessly severe on the party claims in New Hampshire. It says:—The ancient and fish-like Boston Post organ of Paleozoic politics at the hub reckoned on the election of the Paleozoic candidate, Weston, parlty on account of expected defections from the office holders' party, on the grog shop question. The prohibitionists, The Post prophesied, would poll 3,000 votes, they actually polled considerably less than 2,000. Divers other reasons, local and general, were assigned for the anticipated defeat of the Butler-Grant party in New Hampshire, where, said the ancient Post, "the democrats have every advantage of position and resources, with a candidate who has won the confidence of the people by the excellent administration of the office for which he is again a candidate." And yet, with every advantage of position and resources, with a candidate possessing the confidence of the people, and with Simmons-Butler indignation, prohibition championship, &c, tending against their opponents, the musty and moribund reminiscences of Paleozoic "democracy" come out at the little end of the horn," even in little New Hampshire, where, if any where on this orb, one would be warranted in saying that bourbonism is rock-rooted in the crust of the earth and buttressed with eternal hills."

A TYPICAL LORD.

The man whose return to power has been hailed with the most enthusiasm is the marquis of Salisbury. There is something in this proud, unbending Cecil and Cranbourne in one, which impresses the popular imagination. He is the ne plus ultra of toryism, and even the liberals like him all the better because from that principle he never stoops to conquer applause or success. The people see in that erect and superb man the very physical type—almost the ideal—of the historic peer of England. Intellectual, quiet, imperial in his courtesy, but never laughing, his bearing is that of a man who has principles and convictions as firm set in him as his well knit bones. So complete is the general belief in his honor and integrity that, at this moment, when he has consented to take office under Disraeli, from whose leadership he has been so long alienated, no one believes or intimates that it is he who has bent. No one can imagine that he has for a moment receded from the position he once took up in opposition to the dexterous premier, with words of anger and almost contempt. It is Mahomet who has gone to the mountain. The Daily News tells to-day an apt story of Cobden, when Palmerston offered him a seat in his cabinet. Cobden declined and said he could not think of accepting office under a man whom he had denounced. Palmerston made light of this, and named various persons who had denounced him and afterward taken office in his government. "Quite true," replied Cobden, "but then I meant all that I said." The Daily News shows that it has as little belief in the flexile nature of the Salisbury as of the Cobden backbone, by avowing that the presence of the marquis in the cabinet makes it "especially curious as to the future of the tory administration." There can be no doubt whatever that the Marquis of Salisbury has entered the cabinet on conditions which Disraeli may find it difficult to fulfill, and the non-fulfillment of which will cost him his ablest minister.—London Letter.

BITTER-SWEET.

SENTINEL NOTES.

THE SENTINEL IN ALL ITS PHASES—VERDICT OF PRESS AND PEOPLE—SALT AND SUGAR.

From a great mass of comments and correspondence concerning the Sentinel, which have been accumulating for some time, the following amusing and suggestive excerpts are presented. They will be kept up from time to time when the live news does not crowd them out, in order that the friends of the paper may see it as others see it, and judge of the justice of the criticism and the honesty of the praise.

FULFILLS ALL PROMISE.

From the Jasper Courier;—Under the new management the Sentinel fulfills all the promises made in the prospectus—which is saying a good deal, and is decidedly the best newspaper in the state for general purposes.

RICHLY MERITED.

From the Rochester Sentinel;—Our cotemporaries throughout the state have made favorable mention of the Indianapolis Sentinel. The praise, in our judgment, is richly merited. Its enterprise and ability have awakened in us a feeling of admiration.

A KID-GLOVED CONSPIRATOR.

From the Hancock Democrat;—Mr. Keenan, who wears kid-gloves and parts his hair in the middle, is still writing paragraphs for the Sentinel. He has no notion of quitting his present occupation. The recent elections, however, have made his utterances a little more democratic.

BEST PAPER PUBLISHED.

Winchester Journal:—While we do not, of course, agree with the Sentinel politically, we regard it as one of the best newspapers published. And the fact that it is printed at our own state capital, should recommend it to our people generally.

FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

From the Kendallville Standard:—We publish in to-day's paper the prospectus of the Sentinel, the democratic state paper, to which we call the attention of our readers who wish to take a first-class newspaper published at the capital of the state. See prospectus for terms, etc.

MIND ITS OWN BUSINESS.

From the Terre Haute Journal;—Having declared time and again that it is not a democratic paper, what has the Indianapolis Sentinel to say or do with democratic candidates for state offices? It is sheer impudence for the Sentinel to put in its tongue in a matter of this kind. Let it attend to its own party, and not endeavor to embarrass and annoy the democracy.

RESIGNATION.

From the New Albany Ledger:—The Indianapolis Sentinel is not yet cured of its third party notions. Well, we suppose the democracy will be compelled to get along without it. The party managed to live before the Sentinel was brought forth in the world, and we presume that it can get along when it is dead.

FISH FLESH OR FOWL.

From the Terre Haute Journal:—We are in hopes the Sentinel will come round to its proper senses before the contest of next year begins. The Democracy of Indiana will have no quarrel with the Sentinel. It must be either fish or fowl in the campaign of 1874. The political animus of the Sentinel may be called liberal and perhaps it is, but few of its readers however will claim that it is democratic, "to hurt."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

From the Terre Haute Journal:—The Hon. Michael C. Kerr, formerly a member of congress from the second district of this state, seems to be the the only prominent democratic politician in high favor with the Indianapolis Sentinel. Kerr received his political schooling in New York and the editor of the Sentinel is a graduate of the New York Tribune. These simple facts may account for the good will extended by the Sentinel toward Mr. Kerr.

A DEMAND FOR FAIR PLAY.

From the Peru Republican:—We don't intend to defend any congressman who took the back pay, but the Indianapolis Sentinel acts infernally mean, even for an independent newspaper, in disposing of the Indiana members. It says "Tyner, the grabber of the grabbers, has a place on the appropriations."

Tyner is with Niblack on the "grab," neither of them voted for the bill, and both of them drew the back pay. Williams and Packard both voted for the bill and drew the pay; they also defend the measure. The Sentinel cruelly ignores Judge Jerry Wilson and Judge Cason, two very respectable members from this State.

THE BIRD OF FREEDOM AGAIN.

From the Paoli Eagle:—The popinjay who has control of the Sentinel, gives the democrats to distinctly understand that the Sentinel is not a democratic organ. We have known this for a long time. But the proprietors started out with the promise that it should be the organ of the democratic party, thereby getting a liberal support from the democracy. It now goes back on the party. The company is no better than the New York Tribune emissary that controls its editorial columns. Kick the puppy out, or let democrats steer clear of the Sentinel. The Sentinel having left the democratic party, and announced itself an independent paper, this leaves the democratic party without an organ at the capital. And when they establish another organ, let them be careful whose hands they place it in.

A PARTIAL CRITIC.

From the Evansville Journal:—We see the statement in several of our exchanges that Mr. Henry F. Keenan, editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel, has tendered his resignation of that position with the intention of returning to his old home in New York. The rumor we trust is without foundation. Mr. Keenan, although an exceedingly young man, is a thorough journalist in every sense of the word. A keen observer, rare of judgment and a ready and forcible writer, he has been able to make the Sentinel what it never was before—a live, reliable and able newspaper. The Sentinel has prospered under his management; but, though it has reached a good footing, we opine that it can not spare the services of the man who called it back from its decay into new life. Mr. Keenan should remain at the helm.

TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

From the Greensburg Standard: It is rumored on the breezes that the Indianapolis Sentinel is about to return to its first love, i. e, become a democratic organ again. Says the report, a meeting of stockholders has been held and a determination to return to its old allegiance was discovered among the members. The young man, it is said, immediately tendered his resignation. How sad, how unspeakably desolate would be the hearts and minds of the Sentinel's readers should that bright genius retire from its management. But alas "all things earthly must have an end, how e'er pleasant they may have been," and the literature of Indianapolis cannot always have Keenan as a contributor. The Sentinel has been in a most unenviable position for some time; it has been without a patron in the shape of a party, the boasted independent party has proved a failure, and the Sentinel, which has so long hoped and expected to become the worthy leader of said party, is finally compelled to give up the hope. It will return to the democracy; it will no longer remain out in the cold, nobody's organ, but will return from its wild expedition after other glories, and return to its first love. How noble the thought!

EMPHATICALLY A NEWSPAPER.

From the Terre Haute Gazette:—We trust the rumored resignation of Mr. H. F. Keenan of the Indianapolis Sentinel, referred to in our Indianapolis letter published elsewhere this morning, has no foundation in fact. Mr. Keenan is one of the best trained and ablest newspaper men who has ever taken up his residence in this state. In a very few months of laborious work, he has changed the Sentinel from one of the poorest to one of the best papers in our state, or in the west, increasing the circulation as our correspondent says, from less than 2,500 to upwards of 6,000. Under Mr. Keenan's management the Sentinel is most emphatically a newspaper. Every page abounds with news, and is presented in such a racy, readable manner, that persons who have but a few moments to devote to their morning's paper, find little difficulty in selecting at once those topics in which they are especially interested. Nothing escapes his keen eye for news. With scrupulous fidelity he goes through the Sentinel's entire list of exchanges, catches at a glance whatever they contain that is worth republication, and then classifies and arranges it in a style known only to the experienced thoroughly trained journalist. Certainly if Mr. Fishback knows when he is well off, he will not think of allowing Mr. Keenan to withdraw from his employment.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.

From the Anderson Herald—Grant:—The Indianapolis Sentinel refuses to second the call for an 8th of January democratic convention. It even goes so far as to say that it has no partisan preferences. It affects a position of sublime indifference as to whether the democratic or republican party is the successful one. Shades of Andrew Jackson! What do Jim Ryan and John C. Shoemaker mean in lending aid and comfort to such an institution? Are they not stockholders in the Sentinel, and also great democratic luminaries? Have they not enjoyed fat offices at the hands of the party? And yet they allow this thing? Hear what their paper says to the democracy of Indiana: "The question of holding a convention the Sentinel has no interest in whatever. It does not pretend to advise or suggest. Its mission is simply to print the news, take its choice of men when presented for election, and uphold honesty, so far as it can recognize honesty, no matter where it is found. As to the convention, the Sentinel is of opinion that it will not be held, for the simple reason that the managers of the party machinery are too wise to ask the people to support them when the people have not quite made up their minds what they really want. It does not occur to thick and thin party folks that there is something more demanded just now than the name and tradition of past usefulness

PRAYERFUL WRESTLING.

From the Terre Haute Journal:—The Indianapolis Sentinel evidently is greatly out of humor at the result of the Ohio election. Secretly it desired the defeat of Col. Allen and the state ticket. In June last it went with those who turned their backs, as they proclaimed, upon the past, seemingly forgetful of the magnanimity of the party they were hoping to put behind them. A new order of things was attempted without a full and fair understanding with the rank and file of the party, the result of which is still fresh in the memory of all, and which all recollect was a Bull Run disaster. Having committed this egregious folly, the Sentinel, if it is not merely the reflex of the sentiment of other parties, is stupidly and stubbornly persisting in its folly. It cannot write the democratic party down, and the "popular impulse about a new creation in parties," with which it seems infatuated, will amount to just nothing. The Sentinel should not let the defeat of both the republican and people's party, or, to use its own words, the defeat of the "popular impulse," worry it so, and cause it to exhibit such ill temper. Such spasms of bad temper is unbecoming a state organ. If it does show a lack of polite breeding. We venture this now in the way of a bit of kindly advice. If the Sentinel wishes to be recognized as of any force in western politics and especially and particularly in Indiana politics, its next best move will be to face about, and step into the wagon, take a ride with the democrats, and let the "popular impulse" pass. Forget it. Turn your back upon it, and be admonished by the Ohio election that the democrats of Indiana will never forsake the inheritance of their fathers; that they intend to stand by the democratic party and maintain democratic principles. If the Sentinel wishes not to be utterly ignored, and desires to maintain its usfulness as the organ of the democracy of the state, the sooner it brings itself into closer communion and goodly fellowship with the party the sooner these good results will be attained.

ROLLER RIDDEN.

THE SITUATION IN NEWPORT—SUIT AGAINST THE CITY.

In regard to the recent riot at Swift's rolling mills in Newport, the Cincinnati Enquirer reviews the situation, and says: "A reporter interviewed several of the leading citizens. Their views of the situation were in every case emphatically that the mayor had not done his duty, and that the city was under the rule of a mob, a mob, perhaps who believed themselves right, who meant no violence, but a mob for all that. All winter long men have lived on the municipal charity at the soup houses who could have gone into the rolling mills and earned five dollars a day. And when asked for, protection such as would guarantee the hundreds of idle men willing to work, satety in doing so, Mayor Hayman has responded only by the appointment of a few police of doubtful efficiency. When those engaged in "the long strike," which has lasted all winter and which has beggared many a family, were guilty of breaches of the peace, the chief magistrate of the town has dismissed the cases with a fine of a few dollars, promptly paid, of course, by the "roller association" and the boiler heaters' union. One citizen interviewed said that the citizens would take the matter in hand, but that the near approach of the election was a powerful obstacle. The strikers poll 600 votes and hold the balance of power. The mayor he held to be totally unfit for the place, and said that the democracy were looking around for a candidate at the August election with the right kind of grit for the issues like the present. He informed us that in the Fourth ward landlords were unable to collect their rents, and if the state of things continued much longer, property would seriously deteriorate. He said that there was a candidate in the field now for president of the city council, who would be elected, and who would take the responsibility of giving the manufacturers all the support they wanted. All of the gentlemen whom we met agreed upon one thing, that the strike, in its present phase, must stop. They recognized the right of every man to demand what he pleased for his wages, the right of craftsmen to band together to protect themselves against oppression by capital, but they deprecated against 600 men being kept idle a whole long winter, with work at the old prices open to them, to subserve the ends of half a dozen of the 15 or 20 "bosses" whose

FORMER EARNINGS,

at a percentage per ton, reached from $15 to $30 per day. So the citizens to whom our reporter spoke viewed the situation; but there are always two sides to a story, and the willingness of the many to submit to the few seems to show that the rollers' position must be backed by arguments plausible, at least. One of the strongest of these is that proprietors hold the "bosses" responsible for the loss of metal by missing, etc., and as they therefore take the risk of capitalists, they are entitled to something more than wages. All of the prominent gentlemen interviewed said Mr. Swift has a good case against the city for damages. As to the status of the affair last night, everything was quiet, the strikers continuing in their disavowals of anything like violent intentions. They deny that they had anything to do with the unfortunate affair of Tuesday noon, asserting that the shots of the "black sheep" were fired in response to the hooting of the boys. On the other hand, it is asserted that well-known strikers were engaged in the attack, and that the testimony being conclusive, several of them will be arrested and Mayor Mayman given one more chance to do his duty. Mr. Swift claims that the same wages were being paid in his mills as are in force in all the other mills of the country, and that he could fill his complement were men from other places assured of safety in Newport. Forty-five, too, out of every fifty, he says, of the Newport workmen would go to work at the wages they were receiving at the time of the strike, and would do so, were it not for the power and influence of the "association." He claims, also, even of the remaining fives of the fifties, so to speak, all but five or six well-known and leading bosses are willing to make the concession asked on the first of December; i. e. that the percentages be reduced to the figures ruling elsewhere, so that other markets could not undersell this one. As detailed yesterday it was the refusal to make this concession that caused the closing of the mills, and the effort of the owners to import workmen. Mr. Swift says he consulted his legal advisers, and that to-day he will first ask the state power for protection, and that failing will sue Newport.

CONGRESS ETCHINGS.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT REPUBLICANS, AND THEIR NEAR RELATIONS.

A Washington letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean gives some pen pictures worth looking at: In the House, S. S. Cox, whose nickname of "Sunset" comes from his initials, and R. C. McCormick, of Arizona, are the literateurs, and among their colleagues are an actor, an omnibus driver, a tailor, a jeweler, a stenographer, a hotel proprietor, and one who was a slave at the time of the rebellion; his name is Lynch. He is from Mississippi, and is the youngest man in congress. P. M. B. Young, an ex-confederate, is the only West Point graduate in either House, and Senator Sumner and Representative Bromberg are the only two Harvard graduates. Two of the Senate—Boutwell and Cameron—have been cabinet officers, and eleven have been governors. Governor Booth, of California, has not yet taken his seat, and we await him anxiously. He is rich, literary, handsome, young, and a bachelor! Conkling is considered the handsomest man in the Senate. He is a blonde, with a pretty little curl on top of his head, and a curly beard. Don Piatt, at the opening of last session, offered a dozen of the best champagne to whomever would make a rhyme with "Conkling," but Congress adjourned before any one had mustered the courage to attempt it, so Donn draws his corks himself, unmolested. Boutwell is, to my taste, better looking than the fair Roscoe, and quite his antipode in style. He has a better grace than Conkling, and dresses well without being a dandy. Miss Boutwell is almost as much of a politician as her father, being perfectly conversant with every detail of his business, and a strong woman's rights young lady. Allison, Oglesby, and Clayton have young and pretty wives. Mrs. Senator Ames and Mrs Senator Sprague are famous beauties. Of the latter I spoke a few weeks ago, and we are mourning the first now. She was Miss Butler, daughter of General R. E. Butler.

SHE IS VERY LOVELY

in manner as well as face. A Boston artist painted a life-size portrait of her before she was married, representing her in a simple white dress stepping from a rustic doorway. The picture was exquisite, and the artist was so delighted with his success that he asked $2,000 for it. General Butler grew indignant, and told him he might keep it, at which he, in nowise disconcerted, wrote back that if he didn't choose to give it a certain club in Boston would pay that much and more for it whereupon the $2,000 was forthcoming directly. The story is only told, not vouched for. Now, Mrs. Ames has gone to Mississippi, her husband having been elected governor, and her place at Washington is yet vacant. Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, is one the good-looking gentlemen. He, with Ferry, of Michigan, and the vice-president, are unmarried, and constitute the available parties. Matt Carpenter, the subject of so much unpleasant discussions, is a tolerably large, snabby-looking man. He is one of the readiest speakers on the floor, and is very popular. Brownlow is to the Senate what Stephens is to the House. He sits at the extreme left of the President's desk, so as to be near the door. He is a tall, dark-haired, man, pale, even to his lips, with no color or life in any part of his body save his restless eyes that grow bright at rare intervals when some ringing war-cry on one side or the other of the chamber kindles the fire that disease has almost smothered. He never speaks, nor moves, nor calls a page, nor smiles, nor talks to his neighbor. Attendants carry him to his seat at 12, and back to his solitary home at 5. There he sits, during the long hours, silent and ghost-like, quivering, trembling, twitching perpetually with

A TERRIBLE PALSY.

Such to-day is "Parson Brownlow of Tennessee." Dorsey, of Arkansas, is only 32 years of age, and the youngest man in the Senate. Hamlin, of Maine, always wears a dress coat and no cold can drive him into an overcoat or gloves. Fenton, of New York, is remarkable for his courtly manners. Flanagan, of Flanagan Mills, Texas, is a great old fellow. He says "whar" and "thar," and amuses his companions generally. Mitchell, of Oregon, has nothing noticeable about him except his reputation, and that is more remarkable than pleasant. Robertson, of South Carolina, wears fabulous jewelry—emerald sleeve buttons, whose price is beyond telling and diamond studs that would make the idols of India jealous. Stewart, of Nevada is building a house that is different from anything here, or hereafter, for that matter. It commands twelve streets: it has a tower and a porte cachere; the thunderbolts of the immortal Jupitor have been stolen for a lightning-rod; it has tiers of bay windows, conservatories, a dancing hall that will eclipse the east room; and it is Gothic, and doric, and Corinthian, and every other order and disorder known to architects. Miss Stewart is pretty, dashing, has a new dress for every party, and she planned the dancing room. Sumner, of course, is a celebrity, and no one admires him more than he does himself. O. P. Morton, of Indiana, one of the suppositious next presidents, occupies a very prominent seat. He speaks sitting, on account of being crippled. Sargent, of California, is one of the rising men. His wife is a strong suffragist, and his daughter as pretty as her mother is intelligent. Tipton speaks in a little squeaking voice, and looks exactly as Nast sketched him two years ago. So does Fenton. Indeed Nast's pets in the Senate, (all who remain, I mean), can be readily picked out by strangers through the general truthfullness of Nast's exaggerations.

MEN OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

In a letter to the Chicago Tribune from Washington, George Alfred Townsend gives this freehand sketch of representative men of the far west: The pacific coast people in public life are generally men of New York temperament and Pennsylvania-legislature morals. Since the day of Roderick's rough gallantry and Baker's stately eloquence; we have had neither politicians nor orators of the first-class from that coast. Old Senator Nye, who was never a Californian in feeling and style, put a touch of humor and sentiment into the Pacific delegation. But Sargent undertook to bluff all public opinion. Coal was a man of minor force, without temperament, speech, or luck at cards. Corbett, of Oregon, was a pretty specimen in ornithology; he could not speak, but he might have sung had he tried. Stewart of Nevada, is a big trading operator, under guise of a lawyer and public man. Attorney General Williams has that gravity, heavy countenance, logical mind, and natural propensity to be upright and just, which have given him position and respect, despite a rather lowering, non-magnetic appearance. He is, on the whole, the most illuminated being we have lately seen from the Pacific coast. Many of the men just mentioned have, out of their fear and opposition, prepared the way for Gov. Booth to receive such consideration as none of themselves have obtained. If the next congress shall show an opposition majority, its leaders in public estimation will be such independents as Booth.

NOTES AND SKETCHES.

THROUGH THE SOUTH—BUSINESS AND TRAFFIC—HINTS ON THE WING.

(From an Occasional Correspondent of the Sentinel.)

OPELIKA, ALA., March 10, 1874.—After writing you from Corinth, Mississippi, I took up my line of march for Chattanooga, Tennessee, stopping, however, at many places on the way. Among others were Iuka, Courtland, Decatur, Huntsville, and Stephenson. These places are all on the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. I found the people along this line of travel happy, prosperous and contented. Upon arriving at Stephenson I found that I would have to lay over about two hours, and, with an eye to business, I debarked, and accosting "a fifteenth amendment" who was leaning over a cotton bale, I said, "Boy—is there an undertaker in this place?" "Yes sir," said the darkey. "Who is he and where will I find him?" I asked. "His name is S——, and you will find him in dat store, ober dar," said the darkey, pointing across the street. I crossed the street, entered the store, and saluted a crowd who were sitting around the fire, with "How are you, gentleman? cold day, &c.," No one appearing to pay any attention to me, I approached a tall, lean, and cadaverous looking individual, who was standing behind the counter, and whose complexion suggested a diet of tallow candles, and asked him if Mr. S—— was in. "Yes sir, that is him," said the graveyard-looking clerk, pointing to a man who was entertaining the crowd with a list of the wrongs perpetrated by the south upon the people of the northern states, during and before our late unpleasantness. I approached the person designated and said, "Excuse me for interrupting you, but I am told you are an undertaker, and if so, I wish to see you for a few moments." The fellow stopped talking—iolded his arms across his breast—looked at me in a way, and with an eye, that seemed to say, "Youug men prepare to meet your God," and with a voice that seemed to shake the earth from its centre to its circumference, said: "No, sir, I am not an undertaker, I am a politician." I begged his pardon and started for the train.

THE 15TH AMENDMENT RISES TO EXPLAIN.

On my way back, I met the darkey who had given me the information, and in much anger, I said to him, "Boy, what in the devil made you tell me——was an undertaker?" "He is, Boss," said the darkey, "I has knowed dat man for dis long time, he would swear a pitch pine board was a white oak shingle; he would make a nigger steal chickens, and den beat him out of dose chickens playing "seven up"—staking counterfeit script against the chickens—dat fellar. Why, boss, dat fellar would steal a saw mill and go back after de dam—he am a carpet bagger, and ain't that what you call an undertaker—?" "No, boy," said I; "'tis not. I will tell you what an undertaker is; he is a man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face; he is a man who deals honestly and honorably with all mankind; he is a man who can lie him down to pleasant dreams, because he has a conscience void of offence toward all men; in short, an undertaker is one of the noblest specimens of the great Jehovah's handiwork—'an honest man.'"—For a few moments this poor, unlettered negro looked at me with wonder and astonishment depicted on his countenance and tears chasing each other down his cheeks like rain, when, with a voice tremulous with emotion, he exclaimed "Is dat so, boss, is dat so? Well, dar was lots of dem here before de war, when we worked for de master; but dey is all gone, now, dey is all gone, and dere is nuffin here but scallawags and carpet baggers. Oh, I wish de good ole times would come again." I gave this poor darkey a quarter and took my departure for Chattanooga, at which place I arrived in due time. Around and close to this city are Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and other places that will be ever memorable in history. I went to Knoxville, Tennessee, and from there to Atlanta, Georgia. This place was once visited by one Sherman, whose sir name was William Tecumseh. During his stay in Atlanta the city was very brilliantly illuminated. Atlanta is now noted for the enterprise of her citizens, the beauty of her women and for the finest hotel in the United States (the Kimball house). From Atlanta, I came to Opelika, where I am now stopping with my friend Cooper of the Opelika house. Cooper is one of the best fellows in the world, and all traveling men who fail to stop with Cooper will—miss a treat. But of Cooper and my future travels. MORE ANON.

A COLLEGE DESPERADO.

IN THE BELFRY—A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

[From a regular correspondent of the Sentinel.]

GREENCASTLE, IND., March 17, 1874:—Sunday night last, some fool hardy dare-devil came very near getting himself killed and frightening to death a son "des deutchen Vaterland" in attempting to perpetrate a pleasant joke on the college bell by removing the clapper therefrom. The harum-scarum joker climbed a five-story lightning rod, scrambled over a wet, slippery roof through pitchy darkness, and, doubtless, with thoughts more elevated than at any other time during the day, proceeded to business. Only half the cold, disagreeable task was done when, lo! the woolly caput of the janitor appeared on the scene, that vigilant worthy having noiselessly ascended by a stairway within. With no great amount of meditation and little soliloquizing, the reckless individual proceeded rather unceremoniously to demolish Herr Zeiner's lantern, and test his scent for powder. Herr Zeiner knocked his pistol from his hand, and, in the scuffle that ensued, threw the luckless joker from the bell room to the roof, some ten feet below. Instead of sliding off the treacherous roof, as any well-regulated individual of ordinary good fortune would have done, he seized the lightning rod, near which he fell, and swung himself over the eaves; the janitor shooting at him in the meantime. Zeiner was sure he had hit him, and rang the bell as if half the town was on fire, in order to have some one pick up and take care of the body; he himself being so badly scared that he mixed up his English and German in the most unintelligible manner. A large number of citizens and students soon assembled, and a deputation of the most courageous proceeded dolefully around the corner of the building, to carry in the corpse. They returned bearing among them bitter disappointment, instead of the dead body, which had very unkindly absented itself. The janitor insists that he hit him, and blood on the lightning rod and the wall is his assurance. A hat and pistol are at the mayor's office, awaiting their claimant. After all, it is only a trivial matter; but it created quite a sensation, and is the chief topic of conversation about town. In view of the facts that the daring fellow climbed at least seventy feet of cold, rough lightning rod, no easy task under the most favorable circumstances; that the two scuffled with might and main in a little room ten feet square with only a low, rotten railing between them and stone steps seventy feet below; that the scamp was thrown out upon the slippery, treacherous roof of shingles, a target to pistol balls; and that, excited as he must have been, he swung himself over long-projecting eaves and descended safely—the whole thing is a remarkable feat, and the escape of the principal from serious, if not fatal, injury is little less than miraculous. LUX.