

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 25, 1876. There ought to be a law passed for the protection of Congressmen, and the penalty for a violation ought in every instance to be that the offender should serve at least one term in Congress. The legal fallacy upon the subject is that the members are elected to make laws, but this is a mistake. At least, one at all familiar with the calls that are made upon the representatives, must conclude that such is not the view of "the dear people." It is vastly amusing to sit in a Senator's or Member's room during the morning. His mail is brought in; it contains all the papers of his political parties, published in his district, and each paper generally contains about a column of advice, telling the poor devil what bills he should introduce, and how he should vote upon those of others—hence the letters, from twenty to a hundred every day, and upon every conceivable subject. One man wants a place, another a pension, another a patent, and still another some claim looked after. The M. C., or U. S. S., must attend to all these things, and answer all the letters, or be denounced as ungrateful and lazy. But the visitors of every day, ding-a-lings, give the bell, and in comes some fellow, whom the member does not know from Adam's off ox, and modestly requests that he be accompanied to the President, or one of the Secretaries, and put into a place. Once more the signal sounds, and the rustle of garments tells you one of the females are about to appear. She enters, is shown to a seat, and produces an envelope full of testimonials from some one the member never heard of, testifying that the bearer ought to be appointed to a good clerkship in the Treasury, or elsewhere. She is persistent and positive, and the poor fellow has to make an appointment to accompany her to some secretary and see what he can do. There goes the bell again, and in walks, with a depressed gait and a slightly clerical appearance, an effigy on manhood, who has some begging scheme on hand, that "every member of our nation's councils should encourage by subscribing to, sir." Again, the door swings open, and some vagabond, who once knew the member's wife's aunt's second cousin, comes in, and withdrawing the victim to his private room, with a long prerogative, setting forth the reasons which have rendered a step necessary, asks the loan of a few dollars. And so it goes, day after day, until the unfortunate member is about ready to take the advice of Job's friend, and would, did not the reasons so well set forth by the crazy Dane restrain him. Some law should be passed relieving Congressmen from these evils; perhaps an enactment that they should not receive either letters or visitors during the entire session of Congress would accomplish the object.

The week from the 17th to 22nd, inclusive, has been spent by the House in discussing the centennial appropriation. Political or sectional lines do not control this discussion. All the speeches made against it are apologies for not voting in favor of it because the speakers do not think the Constitution gives the power to make the appropriation. Some of the Members entrench themselves behind that instrument on every occasion, and either side can prove whatever is wanted of it. The Senate has also had a discussion, but so far it is only one-sided. Senator Morton has been speaking on his Mississippi resolution, and has not yet concluded his argument. It is said that Senator Gordon will reply to Morton, in which event Alcorn of Mississippi, proposes to take a hand. Christianity of Michigan, will present a substitute, the nature of which is not known.

The celebrated Hot Springs case, involving the title to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, is now being argued before the Supreme Court. The contest is between three different claimants, and our much beloved uncle Samuel, with the odds in favor of the latter. Several of the leading lawyers of the country are engaged in the case.

Two hundred Indiana editors, with their wives, who have been visiting the centennial grounds, came here and called upon the President, and at the Capitol; they have been kindly received, entertained and spoken of, here, in Philadelphia, and in New York, except by the New York World, which paper of the 20th "goes for them" in most savage style.

The much talked of "Spanish Note" has been published in full; it is three columns of the National Republican. It is in the shape of a letter from Secretary Fish to Caleb Cushing, our minister to Spain, and after recapitulating the condition of affairs in Cuba for the past seven years, the treatment of citizens of the United States by the Cuban authorities, the friendly action of this government to humanity and because of our interests in the affairs of Cuba, Secretary Fish says of the President:

"In the absence of any prospect of a termination of the war, or of any change in the manner in which it has been conducted on either side, he feels that the time is at hand when it may be the duty of other Governments to interfere, solely with the view of bringing to an end a disastrous and destructive conflict and of restoring peace in the Island of Cuba. No Government is more interested in the order and peaceful administration of this island than that of the United States, and none has suffered as has the United States from the condition which has obtained there during the past six or seven years. He will therefore feel it his duty at an early day to submit the subject in this light, and accompanied by an expression of the views above presented for the consideration of Congress.

This conclusion is reached with reluctance and regret. It is reached after every other expedient has been attempted and proved a failure, and in the firm conviction that the period has at last arrived when no other course remains for this Government."

must be as familiar with the name of Abdul Aziz as the favorite of his seraglio. They doubtless understand what is meant by "Turkish affairs," but no civilized being that I have been enabled to find can explain the hidden mysteries contained in that phrase. It is more unexplainable than the situation of Arkansas politics last year. A well-dressed and rather good-looking man was heard to say on the avenue to another person, "I will explain all about 'Turkish affairs' to you," he was immediately arrested by the police as a dangerous lunatic who had escaped from an insane asylum, whether he was immediately conveyed, put in a straightjacket, and subjected to the "douche treatment," which is reserved for incurables. As I do not want to go to the hospital I will not attempt to enlighten your readers as to "Turkish affairs."

Hill's building in Northfield was burned Thursday morning. Loss on building \$2000. Taylor and Parker, grocers, who occupied the first floor, lost \$7,000, with \$5,000 insurance. George W. Baker, printer, on the second floor, loses \$3500, insured \$2,000, and C. F. Hill, printer, loses \$600, insured \$350. The Pennewassett House at Plymouth lost \$350 on goods stored in the building.

The house of Miles Bolles, in Bethlehem, three miles south of Littleton Village, was destroyed by fire on the 13th. A defective chimney was the cause of the fire. Furniture, clothing and inside doors saved. Loss \$1,000; insured for \$700.

A correspondent who wants to know how to ascertain the value of a greenback dollar in gold can do so by dividing 100 by the gold quotation. Thus, gold is quoted 113. Annex figures to 100 and divide by 113. Answer, 88.75, nearly. It is a problem in the Rule of Three as follows: If 113 in greenbacks is worth 100 in gold, how much is 100 in greenbacks worth.

The Student of Upsala.

Written for the Gazette. In the public ways, In the public ways, Whose lips still rise in silver spray, And where fountains water flow, A group of students gathered there, On a shining summer day— Sabbath stillness in the air, Save the joyous fountain's play.

Sunday morn; when passing by, I saw the student's eye, Froken of the mill blue eye, Of the voice like thrush's song. The recent daughter led the train With staidness and decorum; Marmors blending like the rain Ran round that student band.

For never face of modest mien, Or loveliness beyond compare, Was ever like fair Froken's seen, In Upsala's garden rare. Retiring a student stood— A lone widow's simple door, In a dreary, thoughtful mood, And in secret Froken's mood.

As he passed, what mood was this? The sphere of most august cheer, He challenges you to kiss, He challenges you to kiss, The stern regent's favored child. Then a spirit of noble cheer, Shrank the group like a carpent flock, As the regent's train drew near. The widow's son with manly blush, Boldly stepped to Froken's side; Fell a deep and breathless hush As each eye to the movement sped.

Then with frank but modest tone, Calmly spoke in phrase like this: "If Froken's lips I might but kiss," Blushing then the maid replied, "If such be true the boon were light." Received the kiss, with half-coy, With a half-coy, girlish fright. All unconscious now of wrong, Slowly passed the student's sight; The student stood, a guilty throng, Pale as ghosts that walk the night. Morrow came, and morning dawn, From the castle on the height; Mandate holdest dare not spurn, And too late sought the student's sight. Confronted then, the student me, The grim old regent, face to face; Modest proud and nearly set, Served him well in disgrace. Feakly he told his story through, Nothing glossed and naught concealed; The regent's eye more kindly grew, And a tinge of mirth revealed. In truth the student's manly brow, And a handsome noble air, Inly pleased him as he drew, In some mood as kind as rare. Bade him come as oft he would, To mingle at the festive board, An equal, as a special boon, When was folly or so crowned, Arrant boldness when so paid! Ever a twelve-month wheeled around, His bride, the regent's child was made.

The extensive scales manufactory of E. & T. Fairbanks at St. Johnsbury Vt. was partially destroyed by fire on the 21st inst. The flames caught from some oil, waste and other matter, and spread with amazing rapidity. Strenuous efforts were made by the firemen and citizens to check the progress of the fire, but they were ineffectual. The buildings occupied from ten to fifteen acres and over 300 people were employed. The loss is estimated at \$40,000 and is well covered by insurance. The Messrs. Fairbanks state that the works will be immediately refitted and business will go on without interruption.

The Centennial Appropriation Bill, appropriating \$1,500,000 for the Philadelphia celebration, passed the House on Tuesday by a majority of 16. The New England members voting against it were Messrs. Joyce and Hendel of Vermont and Bell and Jones of New Hampshire. The vote stood as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Party and Vote. Yes, 146; No, 12; Total, 158. Includes sub-totals for Republicans, Democrats, and Independents.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. It is natural for people suffering with dyspepsia and liver complaint or any derangements of the digestive organs, such as sour stomach, sick headache, habitual constiveness, palpitation of the heart, heart burn, water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. But if you will go to your druggist—Savage, Lancaster; Towne, Gorham; Gillette & Watson, Groveton—and get a bottle of Green's August Flower, your immediate cure is as certain as your life. Sample bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 10 cents to try its superior virtues. Regular size 75 cents. Try it, two doses will relieve any case.

Letter from Bert, Barington.

Mr. Editor— Attended musical convention at Littleton, the other evening. Success. Everybody seemed delighted. Chorus large and well trained. Barnabas sang quite as well as any I ever heard to be the thing, with my sweetest smile, until all the young ladies gazed at me in spell bound admiration, and the management begged me not to break up the concert. I didn't. The performance opened with a chorus by the convention, followed that familiar, operative solo, commencing:

"Taw, law, claw, spraw, chew, faw, spew, mew" (as drawn by your special artist on the spot). The poetry is slightly trite but still it is one of the most soul-ringing things I ever listened to. Didn't think so, intuitively but when—as the singer finished, I thought I'd express my emotion. I laid Mrs. Barington through my tears that I had never been so brightly magnetized in all my life. Why, said I, throwing a kiss at my operative enchantress, its unearthly, celestial, divine, super—"Bert," said Mrs. Barington, "did you bring the part of doughnuts in out of the butter, and put it into the sitting-room oven, as I told you to, before we came away?" That took all the magnetism out of me in a twinkling; for I had forgotten the doughnuts, knew they would be frozen harder than tamarack bars when we got back, and having three babies under each arm, I shouldn't get there sooner in advance of Mrs. Barington to thaw the doughnuts out for lunch or see that the tongs, storewood and broomsticks were not temptingly conspicuous to that remarkable woman; so I asked her candidly, if she thought I had intended enough to keep a pair of doughnuts from falling into the oven. If she would like to converse with her about it, some time. By the way, Mr. Editor, it is absolutely necessary for a fine singer to unmercifully stretch her mouth from ear to ear or from upper jaw to collar bone, and, as you say, lay her under lip down on her throat, roll her upper lip against the bridge of her nose, slide the crown of her scalp backward and forward, stare, stammer, write and twist herself seven ways at once, as if she felt a frightened grasshopper crawling down her back? I don't say that anybody ever did the like, but it is necessary? If it isn't, I hope our culture of the past century will be the way of things in the next century, and then doing the logical cartwheels and gymnastic grimaces, for they don't mix, worth a cent. How much more sensible it would be for the little star to rest calmly above the musical horizon of the evening, make faces at the audience awhile and then sober down to business, and recede into the background, and let the other vocalists do the work, and then sing their pieces and then doing the logical cartwheels and gymnastic grimaces, for they don't mix, worth a cent. How much more sensible it would be for the little star to rest calmly above the musical horizon of the evening, make faces at the audience awhile and then sober down to business, and recede into the background, and let the other vocalists do the work, and then sing their pieces and then doing the logical cartwheels and gymnastic grimaces, for they don't mix, worth a cent. 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