

[From the Sacramento Union.] LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

THE PERSONNEL OF CONGRESS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1864.

THE HOUSE, FROM THE REPORTER'S GALLERY.

The scene which is spread out before us, as we sit in the gallery of the "third estate" this blustering afternoon, is literally and figuratively "checked." Clouds come and go over the great stained and ground glass skylights of the roof of the House of Representatives, casting their shadows transiently upon the parti-colored scene below. It is half past two of the clock, and the gallery where we sit has its full complement of reporters, who are busy taking notes, or exchanging weighty opinions upon the questions of the day, as the relative positions on the different newspapers may demand; Go-bright who makes up the dispatches for the Associated Press, and so is responsible for all of the reports which go to the country from this branch of Congress, is busy keeping track of the debate, and is writing his "long hand" sketch from his "short-hand" notes; he is flanked on either hand by the New York Herald and World, while your special correspondent comes next on the left, being flanked on either hand by two Tribunes, one from Chicago and one from New York, with the San Francisco Journal, Missouri Democrat, and other jolly "Jacobins" in the rear. Other reporters are dotted in around us, and many circulate on the floor of the House, where they have managed to be smuggled in as Committee Clerks to the disgustful envy of their less fortunate or less pushing brethren.

But we look down upon the marble dais of the Speaker; the desks of the Clerks of the House, in front of him; the Globe phonographers in front of them; the area next; and beyond this rise in rows the carved oaken desks of the members, who sit in heavy oak chairs, which are cushioned and lined with dark green leather. These rise in semi circles to the "bar" of the House, which is only a slightly raised space, outside the seats, and outside of that is another open space, bounded by the square walls of the cloak rooms, above which rise the galleries, in which are a few hundred silent spectators of the busy scene below.

The members are variously occupied, some listening to the debate, or participating in it; others are reading or writing; one or two are asleep in their comfortable chairs, and on the lounges outside of the desks are many more, who are chatting with their outside friends, who have been brought in on various pretexts. Being a Californian, you naturally ask for our own members. That lawyer-like, pale man, with gray hair and whiskers, three seats from the front, at the left of the Speaker, is Higby; he is chatting with Upson of Michigan, a sandy haired, thin-faced man, with a pleasant smile; he is a brother of your Surveyor General, Lauren Upson, and is a good debater and a prominent member of the Committee of Elections. One seat nearer the front, and on the left of Higby, is Cole, a heavy, dark-haired, quiet man; he is reading the Globe of to-day, and on his left, with his feet "cocked up" on his seat, is Shannon, who is watching the debate and stroking his whiskers comfortably.

Darting about are dozens of Pages, impudent young varlets, snatched prematurely from their mothers' arms to run upon messages in the House and to be a hindrance and a nuisance to everybody in general. They are the sons, nephews, cousins' children or other relatives of the members, for the most part. Here and there we discern an unobtrusive porter, who comes staggering in under a huge load of enveloped documents which some member proposes to frank and send to his waiting constituents, who will value them for their weight as paper-makers' stock, unless they are picture books like Mullan's, and will please children.

The subject before the House is a proposition to buy of the publishers of the National Intelligencer on hundred sets of their "Annals of Congress," a book of seventy-one large volumes, giving a history of Congressional debates from the first session of the First Congress to 1845, inclusive. This is only a small "job," the price of each set being \$355, which would bring the lot at \$35,500; that's all. The last Congress authorized the Clerk to buy one hundred copies of the book, although eighty-five copies were already in the possession of the Government. Gales & Seaton delivered the books on the very day after the House passed the resolution, in 1862; but as there was no money to pay for them, the Clerk refused to receive them, and the whole lot was stored in the Capitol, Gales & Seaton retaining the key of the storeroom from that day until this. But before payment could be made the House rescinded its resolution and the books were never received. Now the publishers claim that they have performed their part of the contract by a delivery of the books within the walls of the Capitol, and they ask that they may have their money. As might be expected, Kentucky is the champion of the conservative Intelligencer, and Green Clay Smith makes a swelling and "high-toned" rejoinder to the remarks of Clark, of New York, who speaks about an investigation into the manner in which this "job" was gotten up.

There is a great deal of confusion as to the right of the floor, and the aisles are speedily full of members, all wanting to be heard, and all claiming that right. Colfax raps loudly

and bawls still more loudly before he can command silence, but Windom, of Minnesota, gets the floor and reads long extracts from the report of an investigating Committee, by which it appears that one Coyle, bookkeeper in the Intelligencer concern for twenty odd years, was instrumental in having a reconsideration made during last Congress of the vote by which the House rescinded the resolution of purchase; that he urged outsiders to urge members to move a reconsideration; that somebody offered \$1,000 or \$1,500 for such a job; that Coyle had testified that he never offered money, but thought he said he had rather lost \$1,000 or \$1,500 than lose that resolution, and more to the same effect. Smith, of Kentucky, wants the floor; so does Washburn, who wants the investigation printed; Dawes also wants the floor, and so does Mallory, of Kentucky, and he interposes a good word for Gales & Seaton, who, it appears, got in debt to their bookkeeper, who advanced them money and then undertook the job of getting this "little bill."

Spaulding, of Ohio, a hard faced old man, gets the floor and gives a history of the whole affair, during which Coyle, the faithful bookkeeper and bookseller, is observed to quit the floor of the House, where he has been all of this time, and go up to the gallery, where he belongs, being moved thereto by a motion from some of the anti-Intelligencer men for the action of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Spaulding having finished, in spite of repeated interruptions, which make him very petulant, a dozen members spring up at once, but James C. Allen, of Illinois, gets the floor, and proceeds, in a violent and strident speech, to show that the original contract was a good one and should be kept by the House, and that the Intelligencer ought to have its money. There are more struggles for speech, but all are choked off by the blessed previous question, which is called upon the motion to lay the whole matter upon the table. The ayes and noes are ordered, and the droning voice of the Clerk goes on with the roll, and amidst considerable excitement—for the affair has stirred up some feeling—the vote is announced as 67 ayes 50 noes. So the Intelligencer has been laid upon the table, apparently; but Voorhees, a copperhead champion of the job, has voted with the majority and moves a reconsideration. More ayes and noes, more motions, more bother, all are needful before the thing is dead and the House adjourns.

Nearly the whole afternoon has been spent in this miserable wrangle, which has revealed corruption, bribery, or attempts at them, and has elicited much hard feeling and not a little temper on all sides; but before the House adjourns, and the members go hurrying to their five o'clock dinner with a dim consciousness of not having earned it, let us sketch in lightly a few of the most noticeable of these men who come up from the people to legislate in the popular branch of Congress:

JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

We commence with Vermont, which sends the above-named gentleman, among others of lesser note. Morrill is tall, shapely and very good looking; is fifty-four years old; a farmer by occupation, and has been in every Congress from the Thirty-fourth to the present—the Thirty-eighth. He is a prudent, saving man, an excellent financier, and is a prominent member of the Ways and Means Committee. He sits beside Thad. Stephens, who is the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, of which Morrill is the second member. He is slow of speech, and has a hesitating way, which a stranger takes for affectation. He is not a fluent debater, but is eminently a sound man.

SAMUEL HOOPER.

Stout, white-headed, dignified, quiet and gentlemanly, Hooper, of Massachusetts, is the best type of a solid man of Boston. His gold of avoidance is well matched by his weight of cash, for he is one of the wealthiest men in the House. He is also a prominent member of the Ways and Means Committee, and is a good financier. He also gives good dinners, always speaks to some purpose, but seldom addresses the House, and is so courteous and gracious that he always commands respect from all parties. He has been a member of the House for the last three terms of Congress.

JOHN B. ALLEY.

This mild-mannered gentleman, a little lame, considerably gray, and pale looking, is the Chairman of the Post Office Committee, and as such is entitled to great respect from Californians, who have a great many axes to grind in that Committee. He is, moreover, an agreeable gentleman, belongs in Lynn (Mass.), seldom makes a speech, but speaks to the purpose, if at all, and is conservative and diffident in manner and belief.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

of Massachusetts, was never in Congress before this term, but was formerly Commissioner of Internal Revenue, once Governor of the Old Bay State, as the Yankees fondly term it, and he started life as a village storekeeper. He is a tall, sallow, black-haired and bewhiskered man; able, a good financier and a good debater. He is a lawyer as well, and has peculiar notions upon the subject of reconstruction. He is in the prime of life, and achieved much distinction while yet young.

HENRY L. DAWES.

Massachusetts has the ablest delegation, as a whole, in the House, and Dawes, as the Chairman of the Committee on Elections, is necessarily a prominent man in many debates. He is youthful looking, but is forty-eight

years old; has been in public life in various ways ever since 1848, having been in his own State Legislature, a District Attorney, etc. He was a member of Congress from the Thirty-fifth to the present term, and has been Chairman of the Committee of Elections for two terms. He is a lawyer by profession, able, logical, but of exceedingly poor delivery, having a wasteful, hesitating drawl, which is aggravating to a listener. He can never electrify anybody.

HENRY G. STEBBINS.

represents the First or Staten Island district of New York. He is a War Democrat, the last member of the Ways and Means Committee and an able and patriotic man, if he does sit among the Copperheads. He is the author of the Gold Bill, which he advocated in an excellent, logical and eloquent speech. He is about fifty years of age, and is in the full vigor of florid health.

THE WOODS.

Benjamin and Fernando Wood enjoy the bad eminence of being the notorious who are inquired after by every new-comer in the galleries of the House. Ben. Wood is tall, well-shaped, slightly stooping, has a bad, gray-blue eye; overhanging light, long hair; a doughy face; large, light-colored mustache, and has a vulgar, dishonest look, albeit he wears good clothes. He never speaks, and has seldom been in his seat during this session, owing to a prolonged sickness.

Fernando Wood is better looking than his brother, is tall, dark, polished in appearance, and has a scholarly look. He dresses in gentlemanly black, twirls his eye glass, is never ruffled in temper; is a good deceiver, speaking with great ease and grace, reminding one of descriptions of Talleyrand and Mephistopheles, both at the same time, somehow. He sits in the center of the opposition side of the House, and is unquestionably the smartest man among them. He was born in Philadelphia in 1812, consequently he is now fifty-two years old; commenced life as a cigar maker, was afterwards a clerk, merchant, a shipowner, and is rich. He was in Congress from 1841 to '43, and afterward Mayor of New York, as everybody knows.

JAMES BROOKS,

another New York member, is probably the best read man in the House. He is tall, long-headed, has large, dull eyes, a broad forehead, dark hair, wears an eye-glass, and is forever preaching economy in appropriation, groaning and lamenting every dollar, sighing for the good old times when such things as the Lime Point job were equal to a modern battle with fifty thousand killed. Brooks is a Maine man by birth, is fifty-four years old; was originally a clerk, a schoolmaster—climbing up, like an ambitious Yankee, as he is—was a graduate at Waterville College, and has been a great traveler in his own and foreign countries. He is an accomplished and courteous gentleman, so that I cannot find it in my heart to abuse him, even if he be a Copperhead and one of the editors of the Express newspaper, which he established in 1835. He has been in public life; was the original "Special Washington Correspondent," having commenced life here when most of the present tribe of scribblers were as yet unbreeched. Brooks was in Congress from 1849 to 1853, and has profited by his experience, being well posted on public affairs. He does not make much headway, but believes that the abolition of slavery is an accomplished fact. He shows his sense.

REUBEN E. FENTON,

of the Cattaraugus district of New York, is one of the oldest members of the House, counting by terms, as he has been in Congress from the Thirty-third to the present term—more than eight years. He is one of the best looking men in the House, forty-five years old, tall, shapely, with grayish, wavy hair; polished, but quiet in manner; never makes a set speech, is a leading member of the Ways and Means Committee, and is a useful member.

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

Pennsylvania, for so large a State, has but a poor show for a delegation in her twenty-four members. A fair average of the lot is the Philadelphia gentleman whose name is given above. He is a tall, slender man, with a profusion of auburn hair, blue eyes and a theatrical manner. His style of oratory is of the flowery, poetic and conscious order, rolling his eye in fine frenzy and his lips in a truly British manner. One of the best things ever said of him was that by Cox, who denominated him in debate as "the Pennsylvania gentleman with the voice." Everybody had to laugh at that; notwithstanding all this, however, Kelley is an excellent man; useful in debate and well up to the times on the radical questions of the day.

SYDENHAM E. ANCONA.

Looking among the most rabid of the Copperheads you will see this gentleman, who represents the Berks county district of Pennsylvania. He is the most forward "peace" man in the House, though he never speaks much. He has been in several terms of Congress; small in stature, gray, short-haired, rosy-faced, and has a slight lip. He votes anti-war and Copperheadism straight.

HALF-WAY THROUGH.

Pennsylvania, as usual, stops the way, and while we have the Keystone State upon our easel we will close the shutters, lock up the studio and wait until another day before we with truth shall dimly sketch grim Thad. Stevens, the Nestor and the leader of the House.

CASTINE. man.

[Paris Correspondence of the Milwaukee Sentinel.] MAXIMILIAN, THE "EMPEROR OF MEXICO."

PARIS, March 11.

The titular Emperor of Mexico is still among us, and continues to be an object of great speculation and curiosity. As he is so soon to make his appearance on your side of the ocean, a few particulars respecting him may be interesting to refresh the memory of your readers.

He is, as you are doubtless aware, the next brother of the Emperor of Austria, and is now in his thirty-third year. He has been bred a sailor, and has seen a good deal of the world of waters, at least for an Austrian Archduke.

In his early years he sailed about the Mediterranean, and visited all the adjacent countries, Greece, Italy, Morocco, French Algeria, Spain, Portugal, with a great zeal and alacrity. At the age of twenty-two he was placed at the head of what is termed by courtesy the Austrian Marine, and with a squadron visited the coasts of Syria and Palestine. He went also to the Red Sea, and took great interest in the works of the Suez Canal, which were then just beginning. In all this he showed himself a man of popular manners, active habits, desirous of emancipating himself from the fetters of worn out and obsolete habits and the narrow minded principles and punctilios of his race and family. It is related of him that when at Trieste, in 1852, he heard by telegraph of the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial throne, he immediately assembled all the foreign consuls there at a sort of banquet, placing the French consul at the right hand and proposing the health of Napoleon III, before he had been recognized by a single European sovereign! Perhaps the above incident has not been without effect on his present fortunes.

In 1856 he came to Paris and spent a fortnight with the Emperor at St. Cloud, very probably confiding to him how much he was "bored" at home, and how glad he would be to change his position for another and more adventurous sphere of action. With this opportunity his imperial friend has certainly now provided him to his heart's content. But the grand epoch of the Archduke's past life was his governorship of Lombardy and Venetia. He made himself so "popular" among the Italians that he soon became "unpopular," and perhaps suspected, at Vienna, and was removed from his post. He used to walk about the streets of Milan and Venice quite alone, during the fetes and among the crowds, and would never allow the police to be on the watch.

One day, at Venice, when the Italian nobles had plotted to make a hostile demonstration against him on the Plaza St. Marco, he discomfited and quite converted them to his side by tucking his wife under his arm and coming among them unattended and on foot with a courage and freshness that disarmed every one. Another time, just after Arsini's attempt at Paris, his life was said to be also threatened, and his friends begged him not to expose himself. But he immediately ordered his carriage to go to the theatre, taking with him Count Strouboff, to whom he said, laughing: "If I am to be blown up, it shall at least be in good company."

MARVELOUS INCIDENT.—In the course of our reading, we remember to have met with a few cases where, at the moment of death, a vision of the dead has appeared to friends at a great distance from the place of death, as if to give notice of the event; but these instances were in Europe, and occurred a long time ago—so one might doubt their authenticity, or at least be excused for not accepting them as verities, and all the more because nothing of the kind was ever heard of in our own region. We have now heard of that which is free from these objections, and is quite as extraordinary as any that have been recorded. A friend (whose name we do not give, simply because we did not happen to ask his authority for publication) recently called on us, who has lost a son in the army, an officer of good promise serving under Gen. Banks. We alluded to the great loss of our friend, and, in conversation upon that subject, he said a very remarkable thing had happened to him in connection with it. When he had no reason to doubt the well-being of his son, and had no anxiety for him beyond what was usual, and was sleeping calmly, he was suddenly awakened by a shock as if he had been shot through the head. His first thought was that he had been shot—or, to use his own expression, "This is death." But the next instant a vision of his son appeared to him, and the impression was that his son and not himself was killed. He had never believed in ghosts or spiritual manifestations, nor did he at the occurrence of the vision, nor does he now, undertake to account for it, or call it a spiritual manifestation. He did not record the date or hour; but he did in the morning relate the circumstance to two of his friends. They did not record the date; but when, about three weeks afterward, intelligence was received of the death of his son by a shot through the head at Port Hudson at six o'clock in the morning, the recollection of one of them was that the vision and the death were on the same day, and of the other that the vision was on the same day or the next day after the death of the son. Such was the account given to us; and we have no doubt of its truth. Our friend would not trifle on a matter which to him has not only the solemnity of the grave, but it also touches his dearest affection.—[Vermont Watchman and Free-