

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

A STATUE of Ben De Bar as Falstaff is to be placed in Tower Grove park, St. Louis. That of Shakespeare, cast at Munich, has been shipped to this country, and on its arrival will be placed in position on a granite vase in the park. The statue is of bronze, a gift to the city of St. Louis from Henry Shaw.

KIMBALL, the financial Moody of the church, has at last got to a place where nothing will touch the people. Dr. Scudder's church at Brooklyn invited him to "come over and raise \$67,000 to get the church out of debt." He obeyed the call, but not a dollar could he get pledged, and he was forced to give up in despair.

The chrome has been used for the advancement of almost every known project, but a man of Edgartown, Massachusetts, has put it at last to a new use. He has offered a chrome to any person who will attend church service every Sunday morning for the next six months. Now the oysters can lay down on the half shell, and rest satisfied with the record of the past.

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS will visit Paris the coming summer, though this is but an incident of what he intends shall be a long European tour. He remarked to a friend in relation to seeing the great exhibition: "This will be the third exposition that I have attended in Paris. I attended the exposition of 1855 as a senator, I attended the exposition of 1867 as a refugee, and I am going to this one as a gentleman."

WHEN the body of the Baroness de Buisiere, Ben Holliday's daughter, was carried to the grave, a few days ago in New York, but three persons accompanied it. Two were gentlemen who had been in the family for years, and the other an old and faithful nurse who had been with the lady all her life. The Baroness came to the United States from France very recently, in order to resist her father in a contest about her mother's will. This document was very peculiar, and had given rise to many legal quibbles over phrasing and technicalities.

A short time since, by an act of the board of education of New Haven, Connecticut, the Bible was excluded from the public schools of that city. Now over 1,200 citizens have petitioned the board to reconsider the vote, "and restore the Bible to the teacher and pupil as one of the books to be in daily use in the schools." It is not considered probable that this petition will have any effect, as the members of the board were almost unanimous in their belief that the exclusion of the Bible would serve a better purpose than to have its reading compulsory and distasteful.

Mrs. WESSEN, the St. Louis woman who murdered her child while she was temporarily insane, was of an exceedingly nervous temperament. Her husband testified before the jury that she was loving and kind, and that their life was very happy, and she seemed always contented, with one exception. She was passionately fond of sensational stories, and read them a great deal. After reading one more than usually blood-thirsty she would cry and rave as if wild. She seemed to imagine herself the heroine of the story, and would behave accordingly. She was easily touched by a pathetic tale, and would weep for hours over some highly wrought scene of imaginary distress.

Some suffering destitute women applied for relief at a poor mission of Cincinnati. They were visited by some of the lady members of the mission, and presented with malange grapes, bananas and oranges, when they were in need of bread, meat and clothing. The poor woman in speaking of the matter said: "Oh! if they had only given us something substantial to eat." The high price of the fruit would have been an ample amount to have furnished potatoes and meal enough for several days, and would have been the most sensible gift. But the ladies who were so kindly disposed lacked only judgment, not kindly sympathy; their impulses were those of the heart, not of the head.

DR. HOLLAND, the editor of Scribner's Monthly, was badly imposed upon by a plagiarist, and in reference to this the following note was sent to the New York Tribune:

New York, Dec. 18, 1877.
Will you kindly assist me to give a little notice to Mr. H. S. Kellogg, the pretended author of "The Song of the Milkmaid," published in Scribner's Monthly for January? A communication has been forwarded me that the poem is stolen from Sudie Dobe, and I have verified the information by referring to his poems. Mr. Kellogg's city address, as recorded upon the manuscript of the poem, is No. 425 West Twenty-first Street. Under this address, in the past, "W. H. Dobe," of New York, now, as Mr. Kellogg only conveys to take the modest sum of \$5 for his work, he could hardly have been driven to his wretched job by want. It must have been no other but a desire to make a name for himself on my personal responsibility, for the benefit of the editorial craft, as a literary thief and swindler.

J. G. HOLLAND.

A PRETTY little girl of nine years was arrested in a store in New York city a few days ago. When arrested she stated to the officers that her mother had taught her to steal, and that she was beaten almost to death when she went home at night without enough plunder. She was humbly dressed, and was timid and shrinking in her behavior. She had several valuable silk handkerchiefs in her pockets when examined, besides purses and small articles of bric-a-brac. She said that silk handkerchiefs were the most paying articles she could steal, as they were generally clean and nice, and second hand stores would pay a better price for them than anything else, and that she ran less risk in taking them, as they were generally in outside coat pockets and loosely put in. She will probably be sent to the reformatory.

YOUNG MEN AND THE CAMPAIGN.

The political campaign in Indiana for 1878 has commenced. It involves considerations of vital importance, and will be far reaching in its consequences. The government of the country has been for many years absolutely under the control of the radical party. Under Grant radicalism was unrestricted and unequivocally supreme. State and general governments were radical. All interests were under radical influences. Radicalism set up and knocked down, *ad libitum*. Obstacles to its despotic sway, however formidable, were beaten down as things of straw. Constitutions were stabbed in the presence of the people—rights secured in many a hard fought battle against tyranny were cloven down as things of no consequence—legislatures chosen by the people were dispersed by mailed soldiers at the point of the bayonets—federal soldiers, to secure partisan triumphs, stood guard in the rotundas of state capitols, and a reign of despotism was inaugurated. Grant, educated to the profession of arms, abandoned the army for a position in a tannery, and sinking by the low instincts of his beastly nature from glory to grease, was at last aroused from his otish habits, and floated into the presidential chair on the blood red waves of civil war. What next? Everything good in government, everything honest in politics, everything decent in civil polity and everything ennobling and dignifying in human affairs was debauched. Thieves took possession of fiscal affairs; meadacity battered down truth; the bloody shirt displaced the country's flag; duplicity pushed honesty to the wall; bayonets usurped the place of ballots; the slimy tracks of fraud were seen everywhere upon the records of the government, and finally, as the climax of all this deep and damning depravity, the leaders of the radical party utilized perjury, and, making a record of blasphemous lies unparalleled in the archives of hell, placed R. B. Hayes in the office of president. The people, who love country better than party, seeing these things, have concluded that a change is required; hence state after state has cut loose from radical moorings and drifted to the democratic party. Radicalism in its multifarious soudorism not only robbed the revenues of the general government and of states, but laid its hands upon the laws of the country, and by violation of solemn compacts sought to make the people the slaves of a moneyed power more cruel and ieotic than the government of czar or sultana. Cold as an iceberg, callous as a petrefaction, soulless as a toad, the radical managers, in the interest of bondholders and money sharks, have brought upon the people widespread ruin. The people are now waking up. They realize that they have been believing, not one radical lie, but ten thousand radical lies; that they have been lulled into repose, while the money sharks have robbed them of their substance; that they have been the victims of a cruel delusion, and that every consideration of self preservation and self defense demands that the radical party shall cease to control the destinies of the country. In Indiana the managers, to perpetuate the power of the party, disfranchised thousands of citizens by a disticting fraud which the more it is examined the more despicable it becomes. The Journal dare not attempt its defense. Its silence is ominous. It sees the general waking up of the people, and for venal considerations is trying to tighten their fetters by advocating the veto power. The young men of Indiana are closely scanning the situation. Thousands of them will cast their first vote in 1878. What will be their decision? The occasion with them is one of vast moment. They can not ally themselves to a party whose chief distinction is that of rogery. They will hesitate to identify themselves with a party that employed the Louisiana returning board to defeat the will of the people. They will not consent to raise their unsoiled hands to prop up a party that is tumbling to pieces by the weight of its crimes. Their future success and influence as citizens confront them. Their sense of integrity forbids such a course. Their young and manly hearts and their noble purposes revolt at the idea. They will not tie themselves by their votes to the corps of radicalism. Its bloated and distorted carcass is too repulsive. It is beyond redemption or resurrection. The democratic party is in sympathy with the people. It is battling for their interests. It is against fraud. It is for honest counts; against returning boards. It is for the people against the bondholders. It is for prosperity against adversity, bankruptcy, idleness and ruin. The young men of Indiana will be likely to take these things into consideration and cast their first vote in 1878 for honest government.

THE INDIANA DEMOCRACY SOLID.

The democratic party of Indiana was never in better fighting trim. There are no disagreements, there are no discords, no lack of harmony—united, compact, zealous; confident and defiant, it is ready for the campaign to come. Its position upon all the great measures of public concern is absolutely impregnable. It is the people's party. It does not halt nor hesitate. It does not wriggle and trim. Discarding all ambiguities, it boldly demands the legislation in the interest of the people. The democracy of Indiana believe that the effort to resume specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879, is impracticable; that it involves a further contraction of the currency, already far too limited for the needs of business, and that, worse still, contraction will indefinitely intensify the gloom that has settled down upon the country. Upon this proposition the democracy of Indiana is a unit, solid, firm and unyielding. The same may be said in regard to the remonetization of silver. There is no difference of opinion and no debate. The people see this, and are coming to the democratic fold and ranging themselves under its banners. The policy is right, and when the convention meets on the 20th of February the platform

will enunciate the right doctrine, and victory will be assured. Compare the condition of the democratic party of Indiana with the radical party. While democracy is bold and united, radicalism is shrinking and divided. Conscious of its manifold iniquities, having no ambition but to hold office for the swag to be secured, snapping, snarling, fighting and growling, the radical party is discordant, belligerent, without cohesion or concord—weak, puny, false, to every honest principle, ready to sell out to bondholders and money sharks.

The work of disintegration is going forward rapidly. The people see these things, and are studying them carefully. The radical party in Indiana is without leaders, principle, policy, integrity or anything else that can by any possibility command it to favorable consideration of honest men. With the death of Morton the whole combination commenced to pieces, and the scenes that transpired at the pow-wow Thursday evening evidences the fact that the organization is broken, and is no longer entitled to consideration.

THE JOURNAL AND THE CAMPAIGN.

The Journal appears to be profoundly interested in the immediate future of the democratic party of Indiana. It is not surprising that such should be the state of its mental machinery. It sees the democratic party in the ascendancy, and it realizes the fact that its triumphs over radicalism will be more decided in the future than they have been in the past. In the flurry and dazed condition of the Journal, it talks immensely but says less than usual. It sees wonderful sights and hears strange sounds, which it attempts to interpret as meaning calamities to the democratic party. It manufactures canards, and with arguments of the Mother Goose style tries to make its readers believe they are facts. In the weakness of its judgment and incapacity to note the drift of public sentiment, it masses its popguns and blazes away with its dough balls against the people, and in favor of vetoing the two great measures of relief now before congress. We refer to the silver bill and the bill to repeal the resumption law. These measures, if carried through congress, it is believed, will work great benefit to the country. The Journal assumes that Hayes knows more about the needs of the people than the people themselves or their representatives. It has proclaimed itself in favor of more contraction, more bankruptcy, more idleness and distress; and it is laughable to see the Journal open its mouth upon these subjects and put its foot in it. It is humiliating to see the organ of radicalism in Indiana demanding that Hayes shall veto the only measures of relief that have been brought forward for the business depression now cursing the country. Those who have read the Journal's puerile platitudes in defense of its course have felt a deep detestation for its treachery to the people of Indiana, which its vulgar attacks upon Senator Voorhees do not obscure or palliate.

It should be understood that the Journal has been the unblushing advocate and apologist of every fraud and villainy of its party since it commenced plundering the revenues of the general government, and of all the states where it has held sway. It ceaselessly attacks Senator Voorhees as a "salary grabber," as if that distinguished statesman had committed a felony. It omits no opportunity to open its batteries of mud upon his name and fame in hope that it will dampen the ardor of the people's admiration, and detract from the brilliancy of his abilities. In this the Journal is doing Senator Voorhees less damage than it suspects. The people recognize the motive of the Journal, and increase their regard for the man who is now doing his whole duty as one of their representatives in the senate.

The Journal is profoundly silent upon the infamous fraud practiced by its party upon the people in distorting the state—a fraud which strikes directly at their rights as citizens, and which was concocted, like the Louisiana returning board, to defeat the will of the people. This fraud is now one of the issues before the people of Indiana, and the Journal dare not attempt its defense. To overcome this fraud and secure a democratic majority in the next legislature is the purpose of the democratic party, and the signs of the times and the drift of public sentiment give assurances of success. This the Journal intuitions that it wants a "fair field and a fair fight." In the name of the democratic party of Indiana we tell it that it shall have both. It shall have it from the 20th day of February, 1878, until the going down of the sun on election day. We tell it that it shall have an opportunity to extol the veto power, to plead the cause of bondholders, to defend the gerrymandering fraud of its party in disfranchising thousands of voters in this state, and it shall have an opportunity for the display of its tactics in defending the methods practiced by the perfumed villains who made Hayes president. Nothing will please the democracy of Indiana more than to give radicalism a fair field and fair fight. We are not particularly concerned as to who shall be the radical leader in the campaign, whether there be one or a dozen leaders. We are not interested in knowing who shall put on Morton's old clothes. It is enough to know that the democratic party has the right, and that the people of Indiana have determined upon reform.

DISPATCHES from Rome to the London papers state that gangrene threatens the pope's leg. This news was to fill a lull in the excitement of the eastern war. After Plevna fell there was nothing for the correspondent to seize but the pope, and as all the diseases in the newsgatherer's vocabulary had been exhausted, it was resolved to begin on gangrene. As the "G" column has been reached, expect "gout" next.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

An Address.

BY EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

Old stately hall, thy day of grandeur's past, Outlived, like grim old age, thy usefulness, Joined now to the destroying hand of time Is that of lordly man to lay thee low, Thy columns grand—like those of Parthenon, The pride of ancient Greece—are doomed to fall;

This solemn thud, resounding on my heart, Wake mournful, sadening echoes of the past; And rouse my thought to pleasing recollection. A romping child I gambol'd o'er thy sword, And gazed with wonder on thy massive form, Even then my bosom thrilled with statesman's pride.

I stood and looked upon thy pillars grand, Surmounted by thy shining, silv'ry dome, O'er which our flag was floating on the breeze; Nor deemed in all the realm thou hadst a peer. How pit with thron of little ones I've played About thy moulder'd walls at hide and seek; With reckless, thoughtless tread and clinging hands

Skinned round the columns that enlivened thy side,

And stood an instant in each recess hid A breathing statue, or with headlong haste Went tumbling to the ground, rose quickly up, And to it again, as were meened danger Made our foot steps eager, erstwhile we dared. Yet bolder grown within thy sounding hall, Like tunneled bridge, to tread, followed thy winking stile.

At winking height we reached thy windowed dome,

And quickly ran from this outlook to that,

To see what vast extent comprised our world—

By daring urged our brother scaled thy roof

And stood like one who had achieved renowm,

How oft when glorious Independence day Came round—marched in thy grounds a youth ful host

From all the Sabbath-schools, the girls white-robed,

With flowing sash of blue and flowery wreath—

White-pantaloons, straw-hatted were the boys—

The long procession, headed by our chief,

Snow-haired and sunny faced, who charged us off,

When all were seated, to pay attention

To the speaker's words who should address us.

A thousand childish voices rose in song,

borne upward on the air; then followed prayer,

And then the declaration grand was read,

The which, I now declare, seemed over long.

Then best of all, there came the feast of cakes,

And snowy rolls were passed to every child,

And tin cup bright, with liquid crystal filled,

Refreshing as the falling dews of heaven—

Refresh the thirsting earth—to us.

Then came release and careless glee until

The long, long summer's day drew near its close.

They floor has echoed to the martial tread

In years of brave and stalwart men,

Who, loyal, answered to their country's call.

Here sat the chief executive of state,

Our great war governor issuing commands,

A leader born. Here, too, should he have lain

In death's repose. Within thy halls that voice,

Whose ear notes are stilled in thy death

Hath thrilled with patriotic fire the multitude,

And roused the soldier's pride and valor.

Here he had served his state and country best,

Drew most upon the people's gratitude,

And won renown by deeds that e'er shall live.

In memory's glass once more I see thy walls,

All clad in black. Thy halls in mourning shrouded—

While still the heavy laden clouds o'erhead

Drop sympathetic tears with those who weep.

Within thy central aisle I seem to see

The sarcophagus wreathed with drooping flowers,

The dais raised, the velvet funeral pall

On which the martyr-patriot Lincoln lay.

The mournful throng, the aching multitude,

That in the mud and rain stood patient, waiting,

Or that by twos and twos still fled along

To gaze once more through falling tears upon

The nation's murdered chieftain. There he lay,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams—

Who all unconsciously is borne along,

Mourned and wept over, eulogized and loved,

Yet undisturbed sleeps on rest eternal.

Within thy ancient walls the learned pundits

Of our state, with dignity assembled:

The wigs of wisdom met in secret conclave;

There came the orator with loud debate,

And lawyers pleading for the law.

There stood the granger, here the city gent,

And argued which was best, this or that.