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Washington Letter.
(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, March 11, 1889.
Representative Springer does not think it possible to have too much of a good thing, therefore he introduced a bill the other day, providing for the admission of the territories of Arizona, Idaho and Wyoming as states. It provides that these territories may become states as provided in the omnibus bill relating to North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington, and that the provisions of that act shall be extended to these territories, the same as if they had been included in the act. Delegate Joseph, of New Mexico, has also introduced a similar measure in behalf of that territory.

A concurrent resolution of the Kansas legislature asking for legislation that will open the Indian territory to settlement, has been presented to the house.

Filibustering has been the rule in both houses, so far this week, whenever an attempt was made to take up anything besides the appropriation bills. The result is that Saturday night will probably find all the appropriation bills, with the exception of river and harbor, which has been abandoned, in the hands of the president, a thing which a week ago seemed impossible. In the senate the republicans have given up all hope of adopting Hoar's Southern election investigation resolution, the fact having been made plain to them that the democrats would not allow it. In the house, confusion is king. Randall is bringing in his immense reserve knowledge of parliamentary tactics in order to get a vote on the Cowles bill repealing the tax on tobacco, while Mr. Mills supported by two thirds of the democratic members, is working just as hard to prevent it. Speaker Carlisle has had immense pressure brought to bear on him to recognize Mr. Randall, but he refuses to do so unless a majority of the democratic members sign a request to that effect. So far, it is said that more than 40 have signed. If Randall can get the bill up, it will pass, but the impression on most general is, that Mr. Mills will, if necessary to defeat this measure, spend the remainder of the session in filibustering. No other legislation is expected of this congress, although the last three days are likely to be made interesting.

The latest waver of the "bloody shirt" is Representative Kennedy, of Ohio. He made a most villainous and uncalculated personal attack on Speaker Carlisle and Representative Crisp, of Georgia, chairman of the house committee on privileges and elections in connection with contests made for their seats early in the session. Kennedy is a nice sort of a fellow to criticize the political honesty of other people. When he was lieutenant-governor of Ohio, and president of the Ohio senate, he decided that 17 senators out of a membership of 37 could adopt a report unseating four democrats and seating four republicans. Verily he would never be selected as a model for political honesty.

Representative Oates said recently that the republican party had no principles other than present expediency, the truth of which has been fully shown by the action of two caucuses of the senate republicans. First they decided that Hoar's election investigation resolution should be pressed to a vote. They tried for several days to press it, but on the democrats resorting to filibustering, they held another caucus and decided not to press it further. There is a lesson in this action, however weak-kneed it may appear, that might profit the democratic leaders. In plain language, there is never a good one accomplished by butting your head against a brick wall. Had not impossibilities been attempted we would have inaugurated a good democrat Monday, instead of Harrison.

Every four years everybody in

Washington becomes inauguration mad. The arrival of Harrison and Morton this week has precipitated the crisis of the disease, and it is now in its most virulent stage and will continue so until after Monday. People are liable to do some very queer things when affected by this disease. For instance a senator with more money than he knows what to do with has just paid \$250 for a room with three windows overlooking the line of parade, and many have paid \$5 for seats on hard wood boards to see it pass. Others will pay as much for sleeping on a cold cot as a single night.

A Glimpse at the Cabinet.
The Portland World thus sums up the characters of President Harrison's political household:

James G. Blaine, whom some of the best republicans declare to be a dishonest man, is secretary of state. It will be borne in mind that during the campaign last summer Harrison's warmest supporters indignantly repudiated the democratic and mugwump charge that if he was elected he would make Blaine secretary of state. Indeed, all through the contest there was more fuss and enthusiasm over Mr. Blaine than over General Harrison. This appointment is the first great sin of Harrison's administration.

No less an insult to the people is the appointment of William Windom to the treasury portfolio. Formerly representing Minnesota in the United States senate, Garfield appointed him also secretary of the treasury, and he actually served the moneyed interests of Wall street so faithfully that he was induced to give up his home in Minnesota and take up his residence in New York City in order to better represent his Wall street clients.

Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, secretary of the navy, has not a name worth speaking of. Time can only demonstrate whether his selection is a wise one.

Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York, will be remembered as one of the counsel of Henry Ward Beecher in the great scandal trial. He was one of the few of Plymouth Church that opposed Beecher in 1884, when the latter declared he would not support Blaine for the presidency. He left the church on account of Beecher's course and worked hard to secure Blaine's election. His appointment is clearly a reward for his faithfulness to Blaine.

John W. Noble, secretary of the interior, was one of the counsel for the whisky thieves that disgraced President Grant's administration. He made his fame in St. Louis as a criminal lawyer. He is not a statesman.

John W. Wansmaker is the man that begged \$400,000 to assist in the scheme of buying votes for Harrison at the last election. There is no difference between him and many a wretched poor devil now serving terms in the penitentiary for bribery.

W. H. H. Miller was chosen attorney-general because he is general Harrison's friend and resides in the state of Indiana.

Jermiah Rusk is the late governor of Wisconsin, and he is called to preside over the new cabinet position called secretary of agriculture.

When we sit around our happy fire-sides in glorious Oregon and read the papers, which are filled with fearful accounts of blizzards, cyclones and other damaging features to life and property, we should thank God that we are where we are. Just see how Oregon is blessed to-day. Where is there a state, a nation or an empire that can compete with us in climate and crops?—Union Scout.

Nearly fifty-two thousand immigrants from Sweden and Norway landed at New York in one week recently, seven thousand more than from Ireland.

Nye and the Salvation Army.
(Bill Nye, in S. F. Examiner.)
As I pen these lines, the plaintiff wail of a brass band comes stealing through my casement. I trust that the intelligent compositor will not try to set me right on the word. I refer to the wail of a plaiiff when he has tried to enforce the payment of a bill and finds that the lawyer has had it but cannot readily refund it without personal inconvenience to himself.

The music, to which I at first so feelingly alluded, comes from the volunteer band of a Salvation Army. They are playing beneath my casement for my benefit. They desire to snatch me as a brand from the burning, but I am in Michigan and I had rather be a brand at this season of the year than to be outside, making a large mouse-colored ass of myself.

So I step to the window and say that while thanking one and all for the honor thus paid me, a comparatively unknown man, I am entirely unprepared to say anything at all suitable for the occasion, and being a poor extemporaneous speaker, seeking modestly to plug along and support my family, I will once more thank one and all for this flattering reception, and say good-by.

The leader is a large, red-nosed man who weeps easily and pulls out the tremulo on his voice at all times. He wears a street-car conductor's cap with a red band around it, which matches his nose, and, as the night is intensely cold, he wears a pair of ear muffs, which were formerly used by the baby elephant, perhaps. Near him, with a bleak waste of purple beak, knocking a poor and defenseless tamborine silly, wearing a green veil under her lower jaw in order to protect her ears, and a pair of her favorite husband's socks over her shoes to keep out the bitter cold from her massive feet, stands a woman with straws in the fringe of her shawl and a vacant look in her hard, cold eye. I was just going to say she ought to be at home with her family, but all at once it occurred to me that it would be a great blow to the family, so perhaps it is better as it is.

The plan of salvation, as outlined by the Salvation Army, is too vituperative to be successful. Life is, of course, a warfare, and nearly all of us have to fight more or less, with the exception of the regular army; but the war made on Satan by the Salvation Army is too acrimonious, it seems to me. It makes a good deal of noise and requires a good deal of foraging, but is really harder on the surrounding country than it is on the enemy.

What is the use of bombarding Satan all winter here in Michigan when the chances are that he is down at the hot springs?

Why make a personal attack up on John G. Lucifer with a disagreeable brass band here in the Northwest when he is in fact down at Washington where he can hear good music?

As I listen again at the window I hear the voice of the lieutenant colonel of the Salvation army. He is urging his little band of Don Quixotes to charge on the satanic windmill. He is speaking extemporaneously, and the woman in the large woolen socks is trying to look pleasant. This frightens a loaded team, and a cord and a half of dry maple wood expends itself along in a street with great fury.

The leader goes on to state that we are journeying through an unfriendly world. That a man may lose his money or his clothing or his wife, and still recover. But when he loses his soul his name is Dennis. "Oh, then let us fight for those souls, such as they are! Let us challenge Old Satan and give him only time to train down. Let us fight him without gloves. Oh, I never saw a better time than now whilst he is thinking of something else. Let us knock his head off. Let us sock it to him now. Let us mutilate his disagreeable features and send him back to hell looking like a man in the almanac who explains the zodiac, and who 'allows

his works to show for themselves." The band then strikes up a selection or fragment of a campaign song that sounds so sacrilegious that it honestly makes the chills and hot flashes chase each other the entire length of my being. It is like hearing the "Razzle Dazzle" song over your mother's grave.

The band is composed of six pieces, the bass drum leading. It is supported by a colored man who has joined the band because he is passionately fond of music, can wear a cap with braid around it and can enjoy a season of much-needed rest. Coming in at intervals, there is a croupy brass horn that has lost its voice by sleeping in barns throughout the state. There are four other pieces of music, but their relations with each other are strained. The players pause ever and anon to polish their red sweep of nose with the corners of their shawls or to agitate their chilblains against a brick building, and so it often falls out that they lose various notes, for which their auditors thank them and anon snow-ball them as they are in the act of journeying through an unfriendly world.

I have often wondered what sort of a life these warriors against Satan lead. What is their home life? While they are battling against the powers of evil and advertising themselves a good deal more than they are morality and religion, what is their record as they journey through said unfriendly world?

Pesthouse and Poet.

(S. F. Examiner.)
The California Athens follows the example of its ancient prototype in at least one respect—it is ungrateful to its benefactors.

Joaquin Miller settled in Oakland and threw himself into the life of his adopted home with poetical enthusiasm. He praised the place in print and speech. He was almost foremost in projects for its adjournment. Recently he gave it fifteen acres of his cherished land, earned by hard brain toil, for a park.

Just after this last act of benevolence, Oakland repaid Mr. Miller's generosity by deciding to plant a pesthouse just back of his place, where it would ruin the value of his property, both as an investment and as a home. The poet is naturally hurt. If they are going to put the pesthouse there he says they might as well put it in his front yard, and he has offered five acres of his best land for the purpose.

Oakland is not doing herself any credit by treating Mr. Miller as she proposes to do. There is plenty of unoccupied land on the hills across the bay without creating a plague spot near the home of a man who has unselfishly tried to benefit the city and whose name is more widely known than that of itself.

It is a strange fact that many men imagine they are a necessity, and the world is under obligations to them and cannot get along without them. Men in politics especially are apt to consider themselves indispensable to their party, but the contrary is the truth. We are all dependent on the world, and not the world on us. Party is the making of many a politician, and only occasionally—and very occasionally at that—men are the making of any party. Exigencies arise when the nation naturally divides and parties form on questions of great moment, but more often party makes the man than the man the party. Some men honor and ornament the party, but more often the party is the making of the man.

The widow of William L. Marcy, secretary of state under President Pierce and prior to that time governor of New York and senator from that state, died in Paris recently at the age of 86. Marcy was the author of the well known phrase of politics, "to the victors belong the spoils."