

Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3, 1877.

Jack Frost has not as yet visited us, though our parks and woods put on their beautiful fall attire weeks ago, and with crimson blushes tinging every leaf are preparing for the long sleep of winter. The roses and geraniums of our gardens and the agricultural grounds still bloom as sweetly as though the summer's sun had not long ago bidden them an eternal good bye. We read of snow and frost in the north, but they have yet to touch us with their icy fingers. Washington climate in October is delightful, and the visitor can better enjoy himself in this month than any other of this year, particularly so when, as now, Congress is in session. The excitement of official and private receptions has not yet begun, but the inspection of whatever curiosities the capitol offers to the visitor, can better be appreciated in October's calm weather than when winter's storms shall house him half his days.

Senator Morton's death causes much comment among Democrats as well as Republicans. The former have always had great respect for his ability and skill as an opponent, while the latter have always regarded him as an able and trustworthy leader. There has not been a more gallant, dashing partisan leader in the Senate since Henry Clay's death than Mr. Morton. He never shirked a contest with any for whether he had to lead a forlorn hope, or a charge upon broken demoralized ranks, and while he lacked that grace and charm of oratory and subtlety of intellect which naturally made Mr. Clay a leader, pre-eminent of men, yet there was in Mr. Morton a vigor and force of character, a skill in organization and depth of resource that rendered him a most formidable antagonist in the intellectual combats of the Senate and caused his recognition as leader of the Republican ranks. Much as the Democrats have to gain by his death, yet they freely accord him fullest acknowledgement of his great mental power, though which he has been able in the twelve years past to control and shape the legislation of the country. No one doubts that to Mr. Stevens in the House, and Mr. Morton in the Senate, are largely due the reconstruction policy of Congress. Both are gone. Neither were orators in the personal and magnetic sense. Their success came from pure strength of will and character, inflexibility of purpose, most determined courage and sagacity. Henry Clay ruled through his persuasive powers, while the others led and won by that force which compels others to concede their superiority and to follow their dictation.

Mr. Morton's decease adds another Democrat to the Senate and reduce the Republican majority to three, and as two, at least, of the Senators are not strongly partisan, but inclined to vote as they please upon all questions without regard to party interests, we look upon party lines as pretty well obliterated in the Senate, and think that measures will now be acted upon in the conservative sense rather than for partisan ends exclusively. But who will assume the leadership? now that the Old Captain has laid him down in his last sleep, is a query we hear asked on all sides. For the present no one can mass the forces of either party upon many measures, inasmuch as there is too great diversity of opinion among themselves. Take finance, for instance, upon it section rather than party rules. We have the East against the West, and he who can assimilate the diverse views into unanimity of opinion will be indeed a leader.

Tom Ewing, of Ohio, introduced into the House his bill for repeal of the Resumption Act, which was at once

favorably reported back by the Committee on Banking, to which it had been referred. In order to control it and prevent amendment by these inimical, it was simply reported back to the House, thus putting it upon the Speaker's table for consideration only, during the morning hour. On Thursday Mr. Ewing endeavored to secure its passage, but dilatory motions consumed the hour, and to his intense mortification he found himself in the hands of his enemies, for a two-thirds majority was requisite to take it from the Speaker's table, and this strength the bill did not command. Now he must return it to the Banking Committee for report back to the House in committee on the whole, where it will become the subject of prolonged debate as well as indefinite amendment for while the great mass of members

are favorable to the repeal of the Resumption Act, yet there is a great incongruity of opinion as to what shall be substituted for it, and as a consequence of this evident diversity of views upon national matters we are led to think no one will be able to harmonize and consolidate either party into such compact organizations, as have controlled past legislation in Congress.

THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Hayes' speeches in Richmond have gained him unbounded praise from our southern people. A Virginian has a Spartan's or a Frenchman's love for his native state, and the Statesman who compliments the old dominion at once secures the Virginian's friendship.

FELIX.

From Palouse.

Editor Messenger:

As business required that I should write you, perhaps I might send a few lines relative to the country to which we have journeyed. Palouse has almost become a household word in the far western home, and perhaps its notoriety has reached still farther. Our trip to this place was as pleasant as one could have asked in October. Although much bad luck was predicted in driving our cattle at that time of the year, they all (except a few calves) came through in good condition, and are now feasting on the finest grass on the hills beyond Almata. Where the grass has been burned off during the summer, green grass now stands full four inches in height.

I hardly feel capable of forming an opinion of the country that I have seen, and if I had, I don't know as it would be worth giving. We like Almata and its surrounding better than anything we have seen yet. This little city may be considered in its infancy; but is making rapid growth for its age.

We are located here for the winter and consider ourselves very fortunate in finding a house ready to move into while a great many families find it impossible to get houses, or even lumber to build with, so great has been the demand for this article. If the winter should be very cold there must be more or less suffering amongst the immigrants.

We met the Kramer Bros. on the road here, and were glad to see them and their families after so many years. We are to be favored with a day school, a Sunday school and preaching twice a month at this place, so that we may be considered on the way to civilization. But we are looking forward to the day when we may hear the familiar voice of Bro. Richardson and others amongst us, preaching with the same earnestness as of old.

Your sister in hope,
STACY E. BURFORD.

It may be well enough to give credit to whom it is due, but, as a rule, one had better insist on having the cash down.

Facts From History Worthy to be Remembered.

This day, Oct. 19, 1781, about 2 o'clock P. M., Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, an army of 7,000 British soldiers to George Washington and the great and good Lafayette. No campaign was ever fuller of the vicissitudes of war than that of 1781. When it opened victory appeared to be immovably attached to the British banner. The Northern States were secure, and all the principal points and cities of the Carolina and Virginia and Georgia were in the grasp of the foe. They seemed to be masters of the whole field and their efforts bloomed with promise. Victory after victory, like those of Lords Rawdon and Cornwallis, in the Carolinas, gave strength to the presumption, and lent

apprehension to the most sanguine patriot. About midsummer, 1781, the brave and good Lafayette had driven Lord Cornwallis from his wide and wild campaigning, in Virginia, into Yorktown, where, thinking he had only that youthful adversary to guard against, he proposed to securely await reinforcements from the British at New York. He was, however, completely aroused from his dreams of security by the appearance of a French fleet within the Capes of the Delaware, whose boats were immediately busy in conveying 3,000 French soldiers, commanded by the Marquis de St. Simon, up the James River, to form the preconcerted junction with those under Lafayette. Washington, too, was on the way, by forced marches, with strong detachments from the North.

The net thus quietly drawn around Charles Cornwallis was complete, when the English veteran, awakened too late to his danger, meditated a retreat to the Carolinas. The combined French and American forces now invested Yorktown, and to Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, of Massachusetts, was awarded the honor of opening the first parallel. The great and noble Washington put the match to the first gun, and in a furious discharge of cannon and mortars "the Earl of Cornwallis received his first salutation." The cannonade was kept up almost incessantly for three days; while red-hot shot from the French batteries reached the English shipping. The conflagration, seen in the darkness of night, with the accompanying flash and thundering of cannon, and the soaring and bursting of shells, and the tremendous explosions of the ships, all presented a scene of mingled magnificence and horror. The works were stormed and carried at the point of the bayonet, the French, under the gallant Lafayette, vying with equal gallantry with the Americans in the simultaneous assault.

When all was over, and the redoubts were taken, Washington, who had witnessed the attack from an exposed position, drew a long breath, and, turning to Henry Knox, observed: "The work is done, and well done." And so it was; for the enemy's hopes were now at an end, and terms of capitulation were soon sought and granted. On the 19th day of October, this day, 1781, the entire army under Lord Cornwallis laid down their arms, and the great war for American freedom closed. The noble-minded Washington ordered "divine service to be performed in the several brigades, and earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us."

Such was the fate of the proud Cornwallis and his army, whose career had long been successful and triumphant, which had spread terror and devastation over a vast extent of country; that at one period had nearly conquered all the Southern States, and whose path was traced by ruin, desolation and blood.

But I close this communication with the hope that the children of the present generation may cultivate a taste for reading history, and that they may not forget the great events in the history of our country.—S. M. D., in A. C. Review.

An Oriental Incident.

The Russo-Turkish war revives an old story. A Turkish and Russian officer once fell into a dispute as to the superiority in discipline of their respective soldiers.

"I can prove to you on the spot," said the Russian, "how perfectly our men are trained." And he called his orderly.

"Ivan."

"Sir."

"Go to Mehmet's, buy me a pound of tobacco, and come back again."

The soldier saluted, turned on his heel and went out.

"Now," said the Russian officer, taking out his watch, "my orderly is walking straight to the next corner, where he must turn—now he is turning—now he is opposite the white mosque—now he is crossing the maydan—now he is at Mehmet's—now he is buying the tobacco—now he is coming back—now is on the black below us—now he is at the door—now—and the Russian called out.

"Ivan."

"Sir."

"Where's the tobacco?"

"Here, sir."

The Turkish officer, showing no sign of surprise at the precision of this Russo-tobacco movement, promptly broke out: "Ho! ho! my soldier can do that every day in the week."

"Muhetar."

"Sir."

"Go to Ali Effendi's, and see that you bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is empty."

"Instantly, sir."

Following the tactics of the Russian officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and went on.

"Now Muhetar is in the street; now he is passing the palpoosh bazaar; now it is noon and he is saying his prayers; now he is drinking at the stone fountain; now Ali Effendi hails him and asks about my health; now Muhetar is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming back by another way; now he is on our street; now he is at the door; now—"

"Muhetar," shouted the officer.

"Sir."

"Where is the tobacco?"

"I haven't found my shoes yet!"

Fertility of Palestine.

"The Jordan valley can be made far more fertile than it ever was." Indeed, it "may be made one vast garden, not merely by rebuilding the great aqueducts, the remains of which still exist, and by means of which the great cities were watered, but by means of the Jordan river itself. The Jordan, out of Tiberias, falls ten feet to the mile, or six hundred feet in sixty miles.

The waters of the Jordan might be brought out of Tiberias in aqueducts falling one foot to the mile, and thus be brought over the great plain of Basan and of Jericho, and be made to irrigate all the land which the streams have not touched.

We have been thus detailed in our evidence, so as not to leave any room for doubting that, in the language of Captain Warren, "the dear old Promised Land is even yet a Land of Promise, and that the only requisites to ensure its becoming again a land flowing with milk and honey are a good government, an industrious people, and the blessing of God." What the political importance of Palestine would be, if possessed by an independent and civilized nation under a well-organized government, a glance at the map, and the consideration of the relations in Asia between England, Russia, Turkey, and Persia,

must convince the reader. In fact the virtual possession of Palestine, or paramount influence over its government, would almost decide the empire of Asia. That Russia at least has, with her usual far-sighted sagacity, understood the political importance of Palestine, appears from the fact, to which Captain Warren calls attention, that even now, before the country is in a condition to serve political purposes, Russia "has already built two large fortresses in the heart of Turkish territory—one overlooking Jerusalem (on the site selected by Titus for his camp when he besieged the city), garrisoned by some hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of so called pilgrims, who at Easter time almost occupy Palestine, and who are numerous enough to take the Holy City, were it not that at this time Turkey causes a pilgrimage of Moslems here in order to counterbalance the Russians."

Even now ordinary arable land yields in some districts no less than a hundredfold return, even as in the days of Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 12), while irrigated land will bear four crops a year, and again that of the almost incredible productiveness of fruit trees of every kind. Of course, if the land were properly cultivated, in other words, if it were possessed by its own people, under a stable and civilized government, such is the excellency of its soil and the variety of its climate, from the shady heights of Lebanon to the tropical heat of the Jordan valley, that almost every product of every zone and country might be reared in it to perfection.—Dr. Edersheim.

A Blessed Eventide.

What is more beautiful than a well-kept, joyful, old age? We were in a charming home one Sunday last May, when we had the good fortune to find our best help for the day's duties, our poem, our sermon, our psalm of gladness, all before we left the breakfast room. Our priestess was a lady upon whose head rested ninety-two layers of birthdays. Her dainty fingers glided over the organ keys as gracefully as they could have done eighty-five years before. Her firm, soft voice, that had caught a sadness and sweetness from death beds where it had whispered farewell, and cradles of children's children where it had crooned its lullaby, led us in our hymn, and added its "Amen" to our prayer. At the table, under her plate, was found a bunch of early outdoor flowers, fresh and dewy.

"Thank you, Mary dear, you always remember me with your bouquets."

Yes, we thought, and who has better right to be remembered than she, whose years of patient energy have gone to the make-up of this delightful living place; she, under whose hand sons and daughters have grown strong and pure; yes, crown her life with sunshine and flowers, music and love. Nothing is half good enough to express our regard for one whom the King has so delighted to honor. After grace, the mother's mite box passed from plate to plate, that each might contribute to her mission fund. Ninety-two, yet fully alive to the active, aggressive work of to-day! And then, in that sanctuary—grand-mamma's room—what prayers are offered for those who are able to be at the front! "I knew you'd have a good time in your meeting, dearie; the Lord was so near when I prayed for you." Who knows but, after all, she is doing the very best work of her life in these quiet years of waiting? Thank God, the sunshine of trust in Christ does not wear out. The eyes may grow dim, and the ears dull, yet the most beautiful part of life is too strong for rough-footed years. The love of the beautiful, sympathy with friends, interest in good works, and faith in the Redeemer, may hold to the last, and on beyond, forever.—Ez.

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