

Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17, 1877.

The White House Register who calls on the President. The senatorial toga a wet blanket on former distinguished orators. Mute sons of thunder. The secret springs of those who rise. Blaine unhorsed. The importance of gossip, etc., etc.

Since the inauguration of President Hayes I have carefully studied his visiting list, or what may be called the White House or court register, for I have been curious to know the personal animus of prominent men of his own and of the Democratic party. I think we can frequently know more of the real sentiments and feelings of men from their reserved and almost unnoted actions, than from their guarded public utterances or studied passages before their constituents and posterity. We are separated by ocean from what we are pleased to call the effete despotisms, and we claim a new departure in our form of government, but we have still, though under different names, the forms and faults both in system and sentiment of the old powers imported duty free. We have a court and courtiers, intrigues, plotters, and powers behind the throne. The convenience of speech as a mask of thought is as great as it was in the day of Tacitus or Machiavelli, or Seward or that English combination of the devil and the graces—Lord Chesterfield. I have observed that some senators and members never go to court, while others are very regular in their attendance, and it is remarked that those who had most frequent audience with the late administration give the present incumbent widest berth. Among the callers upon the President to-day were senators Paterson, Spencer, Logan, &c., &c., was an announcement of such almost daily recurrence in the evening paper during the last two years of Gen. Grant's second term, that the journal must have found it convenient to keep it in type. Now the daily announcement is characterized by the names of Hill, Gordon, Lamor, Cockrell, or Alexander Stephens. But when I began writing, I was thinking how persistently the old orthodox democratic senators and members like Thurmon, Bayard, Eaton, White, Cox, Randall, Ewing, and a host of others, ignore the present tenant of the White House; not one of them has called upon the President, nor is it probable that they will ever call. There was but little cordiality between the society that clustered around the late administration and the democratic leaders, and it is quite evident now that in spite of olive branches, and eras of peace, there will be but scanty hand shaking across the chasm inhabited on one side by the President and his cabinet, and on the other by rectangular democrats. With Lamar, Hill, Gordon, Cockrell, and Stephens, the case is different; their role, from necessity, has been diplomatic as well as political—to apologize for the past blunders of their hot-headed constituents, and to conciliate northern prejudice, and, I suppose, history will recount that they played well their part. Messrs. Lamar and Hill have been as gentle as lambs since they have been in the senate. Indeed when we remember how easily Mr. Lamar slipped in after the mutterings of opposition about the blackness of his title, it might not be unreasonable to suppose that he promised Mr. Morton, with whom he was known to have had frequent and long conferences, that, if he would let him be a little senator, he would be very good. Except in rare instances the senatorial toga has been the shroud of oratorical genius. Just think of the dumb sons of thunder that we have in the senate at present, Hill, Lamar, Blaine, Beck, Dawes, Voorhees! Blaine is the only one that has been heard from, and poor Blaine! It is easy to see, has

never rallied from those three fell blows: investigation, sun stroke, and the Cincinnati convention. What is a seat in the senate to a man who has long held, and with signal éclat, the third position in honor of the country, the second in conspicuousness, and who mourns the loss of the Presidency? There is despondency in his countenance, in his gait, in his voice. He is suffering only a different variety of paralysis from that which killed Morton—a paralysis of hope and vaulting ambition. To see that splendid energy unhorsed, that Napoleon of the House confined to the St. Helena of the senate chamber, to be "guyed," hedged, and stubbed by Sir Hubert Lowe (Senator Edmunds) of Vermont, is a deeper tragedy than we see on the stage.

I have omitted matters of political news because there is this week nothing of importance, and because I know the wives will have told you the little that is of interest, and, unless you advise me differently, I will in the future confine my letters not so much to matters purely political—the passage of bills, and the action of committees—as to the episodes of legislation and of official life at the capital. There are scores of reporters and short hand writers who record, on the spot, the public utterances or stiff and dried conversation of those who make our laws, but I am persuaded that the correspondent who will tell faithfully what he sees from his standpoint, although his narrative may descend to the puerility of gossip about men and women, will not be performing a useless work. Macaulay was willing to endure the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history that he might show his country men and women how their forefathers wore clothes, and what they ate for their dinners. It would be well if we could know more of the secret motives and private acts of those who make our public laws for the out-come of those in legislation and their ulterior influence upon millions of lives are incalculable. It is as difficult to direct our mental vision of the glamour with which we magnify the little men that come here, as it is to purge our conversation of cant; we are disposed to look upon a senator or cabinet officer as a fixed quantity, and to formulate him as republican or democrat, statesman or demagogue, honest or "onery"—(pardon the slang)—forgetting they are men of like passions with ourselves, and that often their wives, or somebody else, is the real senator or cabinet officer.

C. A. S.

Letter from Sister Derham.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.,

Nov. 20, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

Many friends requested me to write them on my arrival home, and being somewhat pressed for time; I will, with your permission, use the columns of your paper to send love and Christian greeting to them all. To us, ours was something of an eventful trip: Twice we ran into schooners; we had a turn over in the stage; we had a storm and break down at sea; yet by the mercies of God, I am happy to say we are home again and found our loved ones well and doing well, for which blessings we thank our Heavenly Father from the depths of our heart. And this morning while reviewing and living over the few happy weeks we spent in Oregon, thoughts and emotions throng my mind and come swelling up for utterance so fast that I hardly know what I most wish to say. It was a pleasure, let me assure you, my old and new found friends, to be permitted to take you, one and all, by the hand, to look into your faces to renew the love and friendship of long gone days, and form attachments for those who love our common Father. Many of you only knew me from

what you remembered of my loved parents, long since gone to the other shore. But few had seen me for more than twenty years and, yet, I was made to feel that I was still remembered, that I was still loved, and as I have often said since coming home, I met no strangers in Oregon, all were friends. Oh! it was a joy to meet my dear parent's friends and talk of them, and of early days. We spent our first night with our mother's uncle, Patrick Haley, a faithful follower of Jesus. Poor old man, his physical body, blind, but his mental vision clear and bright, and his soul rich in faith, love and hope. His faithful companion is a help meet indeed, patient and true; God bless you, dear old aunt; I found you looking much as you did; when a child I used to see you a quarter of a century ago in the old Cold Brook meeting house, in Warren county, Illinois. Your only daughter, Mrs. Catlin, my childhood's early companion, sleeps in the bosom of our adopted State. She was a true follower of Christ. In the midst of opposition she was not ashamed of her Savior, and many are here who love her dearly. Fight on faithful ones, a few more days and the Lord will say, "Come up higher," and there united with loved ones, your eyes will be opened and your deaf ears will listen with joy unspeakable to the songs around the throne of God.

My father's oldest brother, Uncle Squire Whitman and family, years ago made for themselves a home in Oregon. I had long desired to visit them there. I enjoyed seeing them very much. I regret very much that I could not see cousins Murphy, William and Adarene and families, who are living east of the mountains. Mrs. J. Murphy was the only one of the family whom I saw that I had ever met before. I went with the intention of loving your State, I do. I love her for the noble Christian hearts I found there. I love her because in her bosom sleeps the last sleep of those I loved in years gone. There sleeps old Uncle Elijah Davidson and Bro. John E. Murphy, among the first men I ever remember to have heard preach the Gospel of Christ; and my old and loved teacher, Thomas Hutchinson; and if I did not speak of Martha Haley, Mary Ann Whitman (Wood), Paradine Butler, Merrill Murphy, and other relatives and friends, I would do injustice to my better feelings. They are all gone, but in memory they live, and in another world they with all the faithful shall live forever. But I fear my communication will be too lengthy. I must hasten. To Bro. Stanley and wife, Bro. Butler and family, Bro. Allen Shirley and family, Bro. Pres. Campbell and family, Preston Murphy and wife, old Sister Murphy, with whom I spent happy hours while there, Bro. Dicus and family, and Bro. Stewart, who were friends we loved in Illinois, Bro. Joseph Mason and wife, to my cousins Albert Lucas and his most excellent Christian family, Dr. Shelton, cousins Adda and Pattie, cousin Tom Lucas and his dear family, cousin Mack Haley and his amiable wife, Hose Davidson and wife, and to all others who contributed to make my visit pleasant, I send love and Christian meetings. May God bless you and yours, may your lives ever be happy and blest, is my sincere prayer. After leaving Monmouth, we spent Lord's day in Salem, besides visiting my cousin, Mrs. Hiat, I made the acquaintance and was kindly entertained, by Bro. Moss and family. Bro. Rowland's, Murphy's and others. I enjoyed meeting with the brethren sisters there very much. I would not omit the name of Dr. Jessup and wife. I knew the Dr. some fifteen years ago. How sweet it is when from home, to feel that you are among friends, and the people of Salem seem to be endowed with a special gift in this direction. I shall not soon for-

get the pleasant and unexpected meeting on Lord's day, with our Santa Rosa brother, Powers, who has gone to that place to make his home. I trust brethren and sisters, that you may make him and his family welcome, and that he may find a happy home with you. On Monday Uncle Squire went with us to Portland. There again we were so kindly entertained and cared for by two of your "Monmouth boys," I. G. Davidson and Judge Adams and families, that we could but wonder why we had been so blest. Truly they were mindful to entertain strangers, yet we did not feel that we were entire strangers, having known and loved so many of Bro. Davidson's friends, and Bro. Adams is the son of an old teacher of mine, sister A., is the daughter of my neighbor and friend, Mrs. Catlin late of Portland. I slept the first night while there, with Mrs. Parker, Judge Adams's sister. She and I played together when quite small in Ill. I enjoyed my visit with Mrs. Washburn Miss Maggie Davidson. These were so many pleasant incidents to me connected with my visit in Oregon, that if I mention them all, I would weary some one. On Thursday we left Portland on the City of Chester, we had the good fortune to have Miss Emily Mulkey as a traveling companion and room-mate, on our voyage. It was pleasant I can assure you. Of

the incidents connected with our voyage, I will not speak at length. The sea sickness is so common to almost all who have tried the ocean. But I would say in this connection to Sister Dicus, that your parched corn worked like a charm, it is excellent for sea sickness, and the demand for it was great. I thank you again, as I did many times while on the turbulent water. We had a very pleasant company aboard. The captain and crew were very kind. We had a long tedious journey, however, as we were four days and nights to San Francisco, 24 hours of the time the engine refused to work. We had a storm at sea, the engine was broken and we drifted from land and home. There were long faces and anxious hearts; some gave up every hope. I remembered He who said to the raging waters of the sea Galilee, "Peace, be still, and all was calm." I knew I had left

noble Christian hearts, I knew I was going to true, loving hearts, all of whom remembered me in their prayers of faith, and I so firmly believed that God would hear an answer to the prayers faithful, but for the rolling and tossing of the vessel, I could have slept securely, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." I spent Lord's day on its bosom. There is something so grand in the old ocean, there is something that speaks of the majesty, and will, and power of God, that is nowhere else to be found. I thought of Jesus as he "walked upon the sea." Monday eve as the sun set with a cloudless sky, we passed through the "Golden Gate," and by star light landed in San Francisco, and Tuesday eve we found ourselves in our own beloved home, and if we ever felt thankful and happy it was that night, as we knelt at the family altar. My friends one and all, good bye, may the God of heaven smile upon and bless you.

Yours in the hope of immortality,
VIRA W. DERHAM.

The Jews.

Dear Bro. Porter:

The following debate was held on Sunday last, November 4th, with five Jews and myself:

N. Dr., have you forgotten the prodigious number of our Jews, who, driven to despair, killed themselves at Toledo, rather than change their religion?

J. No, N.; nor could I forget other scenes equally agonizing; 15,000 of these slaughtered on one occasion in France. I am forcibly reminded, also, that after undergoing most cruel torment, 600,000 of our nation were

banished from the country, because they refused to embrace Popery. I remember, having read, of the dreadful and barbarous massacre of our people at Venice, their banishments from Bohemia, Bavaria, Cologne, Nuremberg, Vienna. In the liveliest colour I see before me the heart-rending wretchedness and despair of our people. Impossible! I exclaim, "The Messiah could not have set up a religion which dictates such hatred to our nation."

G. Mr. Peck, who gave you a New Testament at first?

A lady in Berlin, Prussia, who desired that I should investigate the truths.

G. And were you willing to receive the book?

I. How could I refuse it? The circumstance, the manner in which it was offered to me, overcame all my prejudice. The curiosity, too, which had been formerly awakened in my mind respecting the Messiah now returned more urgently. An irresistible desire to ascertain the contents of the book made me impatient to be alone, and you may imagine what were my feelings when I discovered therein that Jesus, whom the Jews had crucified, was the Messiah!

G. N. D. and A. Hear, O Israel (Great laughter.)

I. The true King Messiah! He of whom Jeremiah speaks in the 23d chapter of his prophecy. Ah, you look at me with contempt. If you wish to debate with me, I trust you will show no bitter feelings.

N. Can I patiently listen to such stuff? Does not our whole nation daily pray for the coming of the Messiah? And do you pretend that they are all wrong but yourself? I am not so much annoyed when one who is born a Christian offers to talk to me about his religion, for I think he is sincere, and I make allowance moreover for his want of knowing better. But to hear a Jew declare that he actually believes in the *Tooleh* (a mocking expression of Christ's name among the Jews) this is incredible and intolerable! I know you cannot believe in the *Tooleh* from your heart, and your profession is downright either hypocrisy, or you were crazy when you took the step! (jumping up from his chair.)

I. Gentlemen, I have indulged you by listening to the expression of your honest sentiments. I must, however, now remind you of what our wise king Solomon said, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." But before I proceed with my argument I feel constrained to say that your inferences respecting the converted Jew are as unreasonable as your premises are untenable. There was a time when I felt and reasoned as you do; but experience has taught me to condemn my former conduct as intolerant bigotry. To brand with hypocrisy the Christian profession of a man, merely because that man is a Jew, is as unreasonable as it is unjust. You say that you doubt not the sincerity of a Gentile Christian. Why? Do you think that all the Jews are not honest? If Christianity possesses a virtue sufficiently constraining to commend itself to the Gentile, why may it not be allowed to exercise a similar influence on the mind of a Jew? To condemn, therefore, indiscriminately, those Jews who have made profession of faith in Jesus, as the Christ, is inconsistent with your statement. Are Gentile Christians so ill informed, that however spurious the story, they will implicitly believe it? Are the Jews prepared to declare this? and yet what else can be the inference, when we see that a Jew has but to confess, "I believe in Jesus Christ," and immediately he is branded as a hypocrite; and why? because forsooth, with his lofty intellect, his powers of penetration, his comprehensive grasp, he, unlike the poor Gentile, must need detect the fallacy of Christianity, and proudly dictate to the world that Judaism, and nothing but