

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1877.

To day has been enacted one of those sad scenes in the Treasury Department that has become common during the last two years and that will have to become still more common before the morbid dropsical civil service shall be reduced to legitimate and healthful proportions. Two hundred employees, most of them young women were discharged from the Bureau of Engraving and printing, and three hundred more will be discharged next week. The reason? Because it has been found that four hundred can do the work for which nine hundred have been employed! I say it has been found, but it is no recent discovery; it has not burst upon the authorities and upon the public like a revelation. It has long been known by the employees themselves, by congress, and the press has not been remiss in its endeavor to inform the people that they have been supporting at the cost of millions annually an immense superfluous corrupt and corrupting civil service force. But the eradication of evil is a slow process, and the frequent iteration of truth blunts its edge and dulls the senses of those to whom it should appeal. Your correspondent has felt it to be his duty to write frequently about the civil service evil, with excellent opportunities for knowing, he has endeavored to show that the number on the pay roll is greatly in excess of the demands of the work, and that hundreds of employees, favorites of members of congress, favorites often in a scandalous sense, held sinecures and drew a monthly stipend. We are much more heavily taxed to support these favorites than the subjects of Queen Victoria are taxed to support her numerous progeny. It may be good for its moral and political health for a pride inflated Republic to compare itself with an effete monarchy.

The poor treasury girls who lose their places to-day are to be deeply pitied. The withdrawal of the salary of seventy-five dollars a month means hunger to some, drudgery and social degradation to others, while to others it means, without any vagueness, ruin. Who is to be blamed for this? We who have never taken a sufficiently broad interest in politics to send good non partizan men to congress. We have been so blinded by party fanaticism and so warped by party fealty, that we are *particeps criminis* in every evil from which we suffer. In our popular suffrage experiment we have failed to secure wise legislation, just construction, and honest administration in municipal, state, or national affairs. The *vox populi vox Dei* theory that the people are always right is the interested sycophony of demagogues. *Vox populi vox est vox diaboli*. Well this seems a great fuss to make about the discharge of five hundred poor girls from a government office; but at least 20,000 more ought to be discharged. It was never intended that a government office should be an asylum for indigence or beauty, much less a haven for the mistresses of successful politicians. We deplore the invective of which we hear so much on the stump and from the press, we call it vituperation. Yet when we are brought face to face with the facts, the press and stump are mealy mouthed. As a people we are averse to calling things by their plain English names, and are ever ready with a soothing synonym. With all our boast of civilization and progress, we find ourselves confronted by the same evils, under slightly different guises, for which we pity the dark ages and effete despotism. We denounce the polygamous Turk or Mormon who gathers his concubines openly under one roof where he

maintains them and their children, but we look with composure upon the statesman who distributes his concubines in government offices and levys an indirect tax for their support. C.

LA FAYETTE, April 29, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

A word from Yamhill. The "Church of God," the "Adventists," or "Soulsleepers" as they are called, held services today near Carlton. Elder Nichols officiating. The attendance was quite large. The morning sermon was on "The Kingdom," and this afternoon the new converts were baptized in the river west of the town. The three who put on the humility of Christ, in obedience to his commands, were Mr. C. A. Buckingham and wife, and Miss M. Plummer, daughter of Elder H. C. Plummer of the same faith. The former are middle aged people, one quite gray, the latter a sweet girl of twelve. The words of the minister were few and solemn, and the large audience respectful and silent. They baptize only "in the name of Christ Jesus," omitting the rest of the formula, as to Father and Holy Spirit. Is this Scripture? They teach that baptism is for the remission of sins, and that the virtue is in the obedience, not the water. They refuse to baptize a convert upon a profession of faith, until he or she has been examined touching his or her knowledge of the Word. The minister seems to judge of the candidate's fitness. The authority given, is not the Word, but "conscience," "policy," or something in the nature of expediency.

Elder Nichols preached the funeral of Mrs. Millican, aged 67, at La Fayette, on Tuesday. She formerly was a member of the Church of Christ, but lately avowed her faith in the Adventist doctrine.

There will be baptism of a half dozen converts at the same place, by Elder Nichols, on the second Sunday in May. They are causing many to study the Book. Their zeal is commendable, and their knowledge of the Word commands general respect. We think they are extreme in their views, but they possibly are right. Let them do all the good they can, they can do but little harm if any.

Yours fraternally,  
W. D. F.

Letter From Bro. Richardson.

DAYTON, COLUMBIA Co., W. T.,  
April 24, 1877.

Bro. Stanley:

Before I left Oregon, I promised many friends that they should hear from me through the MESSENGER.

After a tedious journey of about 300 miles from our home in Polk county, Oregon, we arrived on the 14th of March at the house of our son, J. P. Richardson, near Weston, Oregon. After leaving the Dalles we encountered three snowstorms; found them anything but pleasant. My health was very poor when I left Oregon, and for the first 200 miles improved but little. In fact I wonder that I was able to continue the journey under all the hardships unavoidable on such a strip. Strange as it may seem not one of us took cold until we got to stepping in a house, and although we came near freezing much of the time we kept well and most of us improving in health. We are temporarily stopping near Dayton, intending in a few days to start for Palouse.

The plains of John Day's river are as beautiful as one can well imagine, and some day will be settled and cultivated. Scarcity of timber and water is the only great hindering cause.

After leaving John Day's river we found but little land that we regarded fit for cultivation till we got to Butter creek; there we found some good farms, and room for some more. When we arrived in the vicinity of Birch creek, we found a great change in the land for the

better, and signs of industry and real refinement in society. The farms are magnificent. From Birch creek to Pendleton is a distance of six miles, and most of the land will admit of successful cultivation. Pendleton is a town of about 800 or 1000 inhabitants, and shows signs of real prosperity. It is situated on the Umatilla river and is the county seat of Umatilla county.

After leaving Pendleton we traveled over an elevated plain of fine land for about 14 miles without an inhabitant; timber and water scarce. After this the country is thickly settled to Weston, a distance of about eight miles, and deeded land sells for from \$10 to \$50 per acre, according to quality of soil and improvements.

From Weston to Walla Walla, a distance of about 20 miles, much of the land is not rich, but it is said to produce abundant crops when the season is sufficiently rainy, otherwise the yield is light, say from 10 to 20 bushels per acre; but on the best land the common yield is from 35 to 60 bushels per acre, any ordinary season. Some fields are said to yield as high as 75 and 80 bushels of wheat to the acre. This I have from men who tell me that they are known to the facts. But those heavy yields are not common. From Walla Walla to Dayton the land is mostly occupied, the hills are high and steep but very rich and productive, and higher the hills the richer the land. As a rule the valleys are not near so rich as the hills. Many large valleys are so poor as not to produce anything, and the nearer you get to the river the poorer, and the more broken the land; and the nearer you get to the Blue mountains the richer and the more level the land, even up into the snows the land is exceedingly rich and productive. These very high lands have to be sown late.

I attempt no description of this country, to know how it looks one must come and see for himself. There are vast quantities of fine land unoccupied. The R. R. grant is the ruin of this upper country, as more than half of the country is not open for settlement, in a way that people are willing to risk. Only 14 sections in a township open to settlement by homestead and preemption, the rest held by the R. R. Company and as school lands. There are thousands of chances here for men of industrious and temperate habits to do well; but many are making total failures for want of good judgment. The different qualities of soil misleads thousands. At the present rate of immigration this eastern slope will all be taken up in a few years. My sheet is full. More anon.

Your brother,  
G. W. RICHARDSON.

UJJI.

Ujji, or Kawele, as Cameron usually styles it, is on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, about a quarter of the distance from the northern end of the lake. It is very nearly in latitude 5° S., longitude 30° E., about 600 miles a little north of west from Zanzibar, and about 900 miles from the west coast. The Mteme, or head chief of the country of Ujji, lives in a village at some distance from the lake; but every district is ruled over by a Mutwale, who is usually assisted by three or four Wateko, or elders. The natives are fine-looking, good smiths and porters, and expert fishermen, but their reputation for honesty and sobriety is more than

dubious. Their dress is usually a single piece of bark cloth, two corners of which are tied in a knot over one shoulder and passing under the opposite armpit. The chiefs usually wear colored cloths, bought from the traders, instead of bark cloth, but worn in the same manner. There are a number of Arab traders settled here, of whom three must be mentioned as having subsequently exercised a considerable influence over the fortunes of Cameron and his party. These were Mohammed ibn Salib, "a fine portly old half caste Arab," who had not been east of Ujji since 1842, and although he held no official authority from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was looked upon by the traders as their head; Syde Mezru, also a half caste, a kind of "speculator," a great braggart, and as afterward proved, a great rascal; and Muinyi-Hassani, a slave trader.

Cameron was assured that it would be impossible to travel west of the lake for at least three months, until the rainy season was over.

About the only thing that could be done during the period of waiting was to make a voyage around the lake. Stanley and Livingstone had sailed around the northern part, above Ujji, but the southern and much larger portion was unknown to Europeans, although, as we now know from his *Last Journals*, Livingstone had made almost the entire circuit of its shore. The first difficulty was to procure a boat. The only one large enough for the purpose belonged to Syde ibn-Habib, and this was hired at an exorbitant price, and after much difficulty in contriving the mode of payment. Syde wanted ivory, but Cameron had none. Ibn Salib had ivory, but would sell it only for cloth, of which Cameron was destitute; but Ibn Gharib had cloth, and wanted wine, which Cameron had. So the wine was sold for the cloth, the cloth for the ivory, and the ivory paid over for the boat.

The principal sight at Ujji is the market, held every morning and afternoon in an open space near the shore. It is attended by all the tribes bordering on the lake, who bring flour, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, tobacco, cucumbers, pump, palm-oil, palm-wine, sugarcane, salt, fish, meats, baskets, nets, spears, bows, bark cloth, pottery, iron-work, and so forth. Many of the vendors build small arbors to shelter them from the sun. There are also traders who come from a distance to dispose of their ivory and slaves. All bargaining is carried on at the top of the voice, and the din is deafening. The currency of trade here is *sofi*, a kind of beads looking like broken pieces of pipstems, all prices being estimated in this; but they are not actually current as money. In the morning brokers go around with *sofi*, which they sell for other beads; and in the evening they buy up the *sofi*, making a handsome percentage on both transactions.—From "Cameron's Journey Across Africa," by A. H. GUERNSEY, in *Harper's Magazine for May*.

Anecdote of President Lincoln.

The following original and characteristic anecdote of President Lincoln comes to us from a Western correspondent:

I am reminded very forcibly of an interview which I once had with the martyr President by reading in the Editor's Drawer of your Magazine what one of your correspondents relates in regard to a similar interview. I called upon Mr. Lincoln soon after he was first installed in the White House. In the room where Mr. L. granted interviews, etc., were several persons who were waiting their turn to speak with him. I listened to the requests of several men and women, and I saw that very few were granted what they solicited. I had a seat at or near one end of a long table. Mr. Lincoln sat at the other end. Soon

after I was seated, I walked several officers in the Spanish navy to pay their compliments to Mr. L. By some means they were directed toward my end of the table, and I saw they took me for the President. Mr. L. saw the same thing, and hastily signaled me to "go ahead," as he expressed it, and receive them. I rose, shook hands with each officer, and exchanged a few words with them, which would have been, I suppose, appropriate, had I indeed been President. The moment their backs were turned I looked toward Mr. L. He was shaking with laughter. I thought now I had paved the way to win the position I had come to ask. I made up my mind to address the President in a new way, and thus add to the hold I already had upon him. So, when my time came, I stepped up to Mr. L. and said:

"Sir, I have seen the annoyance to which you are subjected by so many and often repeated requests for innumerable positions, etc. Now if you will permit me to shake hands, I will try and smother my desire for a certain position which I had come to ask from you."

Mr. L. jumped up, and grasping my hand said:

"Sir, you are one man in a thousand. I am doubly indebted to you. You have been the means of conveying to those Spanish officers that the President of the United States is a very handsome man, and then you do not even ask an office. But," he added, "hurry home. You may repent."

It is sufficient to add that I hurried.—Editor's Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine for May*.

"Beware of Men."

A strange caution this. And yet not needless. A humiliating truth it is, that there is a necessity for our being on our guard against our fellow men, our brethren of the human family,—those who ought ever to be ready to befriend us. What volumes do these brief words speak to our shame! So depraved, so sinful, so devilish even, has man become, that his brother man must beware of him. He must even be vigilant, lest he be wronged by him in some way and by some means.

Let it be said, indeed, that this caution is not needful with respect to all. There are noble exceptions. There are those in whom we may confide. There are those who would no sooner wrong us than they would wrong themselves. But such are the exception, and not the rule. The caution, to beware of men, is of general, though not of universal application. O, what an untold amount of wrong is perpetrated by the race one upon another! How true those oftquoted words of Burns:

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

To specify all the methods of abuse and unkindness would be an almost endless task. In inflicting these, every commandment of the second table of the decalogue is violated in a thousand forms. Every newspaper that we read contains a long, sad chapter of man's misdoing towards his fellow-man. And then the thousandth part is not told. When all shall be revealed in the judgment of the great day, what a disclosure there will be! Alas! that it should be thus. Alas! that every man should not be the friend of his brother man. Alas! that instead of going about doing harm, each and all, like the Saviour, should not go about doing good.

Blessed be God, better times are coming to our sinful, sorrowing world. The glorious Gospel it to be preached to every creature. Its benevolent principles are to gain ascendancy in human hearts the world over. There is to be a universal prevalence of this holy religion. And blessed times those will be. Universal peace and love will reign. "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid." "They shall not hurt, nor destroy in all God's holy mountain."—*N. Y. Observer*.