

# PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GÓ YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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## Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

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## Correspondence.

### Our Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1879.

The date of adjournment is still a subject for speculation. The House passed a resolution for final adjournment on Tuesday of this week, but the Senate could not get through by that time. There is some hope that both branches will be through by that time next week, but much will depend upon the fate the appropriation bills meet when they reach the President. Some of the Democrats favor adjourning without waiting to see whether the bills are signed or vetoed, but it is expected that the President would in that case promptly reconvene Congress in extra session.

Aside from the political debate there has been little of interest in either branch. The tilt between Senators Conkling and Lamar during Thursday night's session has created more of a sensation in political circles than any event which has marked the proceedings of either house since ante bellum days. The question now is "Who has got the best of it?" The southern men generally say that under the code it is in order for Mr. Conkling to challenge Senator Lamar, as Lamar applied the first offensive epithet to Conkling. The northern men say that if Senator Lamar can quietly rest under the epithets heaped upon him by Mr. Conkling of a coward, blackguard and liar, that Senator Conkling can as well rest under the mere insinuation that he is a falseifier, and that his bravery will in no wise suffer thereby. Those who witnessed the exciting scene, say that Mr. Conkling showed exasperating coolness, and that in addition to the words he uttered, his manner towards Mr. Lamar was even more cutting than his sentences. Turning his back upon the Senator, and waving his hand back of him, he said in his most provoking manner "I will hold no further communication with the member from Mississippi at this time." Inasmuch as Mr. Lamar and his friends seem to be satisfied with the matter as it now stands, it is safe to presume that it will end where it is, Mr. Conkling does not recognize the code as the proper means of adjusting differences between gentlemen. If Senator Lamar should challenge him, his (Conkling) friends say that in such event his course will neither be cowardly nor beneath the dignity of his position. Outside of political circles proper, the scene has created a good deal of gossip. In front of the Hotels last night the kunnels, majahs and judges are assembled in force discussing the several topics of "honah" "the code,"

and "blud." Of course there is but one opinion among this class, and that is that Senator Lamar has the best of the position and that if Senator Conkling does not challenge his adversary he must go down to posterity as a coward. At to-day's session of the senate the two belligerent Senators attracted all eyes. The galleries rapidly filled up. Senator Conkling continued to lead the filibustering republicans. He demanded the reading of the journal. It was only in part ready; and he objected to all other business until it was ready. The democrats expect to get a quorum of their own members on hand during the course of the day; but as Senator Conkling remarked, "when they do we (the republicans) will find other means of preventing action on the army bill until debate is allowed." The republicans insist that the only terms upon which they will desist from dilatory tactics is an agreement by the democrats that unlimited debate shall be allowed. It is understood that Senator Candler has a red-hot stalwart speech he wishes to unload, and that Conkling himself has one, aimed at the administration generally, and Secretary Sherman in particular, for what he will claim is its policy of concession to the democrats.

Society circles here are somewhat exercised over "a scandal in high life," which involves the beautiful daughter of a wealthy, and aristocratic family, who has formed an affection for her father's coachman, a la ex-Gov. Hubbard's daughter of Connecticut, and more recently the case in New York. The coachman in this city is handsome but illiterate, and the family of the young lady ranks high for culture, wealth and antecedents. The father, when warned by a friend, discredited the story, until upon investigation he found numerous letters from the coachman addressed to his wayward child. During an interview about the matter, the young lady's mother fainted. Despite the paternal diligence the twain planned an elopement which was interrupted by the appearance of the father while they were on their way to the minister's. The coachman has been discharged and the young lady transferred to her father's country residence. A young physician, to whom the girl was engaged to be married, has been so affected by the knowledge of the facts that he is nearly crazed, and has, by the advice of his friends, started on a voyage around the world. For obvious reasons the names of the parties are suppressed.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, which has been in session here since Tuesday last, closed its annual meeting at an early hour this afternoon. The last session which begun about 10 o'clock and continued until after 10 o'clock, was presided over by Past M. W. Patriarch Stephen B. Ransom, of New Jersey. A telegram of welcome to Cincinnati, where the next meeting is to be held, was read during the session, and excited a warm response. Arrangements were initiated for forming a national mutual relief association among Sons of Temperance. A resolution thanking the governor of Maryland for carrying out the Laws of the State in reference to the traffic in, intoxicating drinks was introduced and referred. A number of business reports were read, accepted and ordered in file. The session was closed by an address by Mr. Almy. The session of 1880 will be held in June, at Cincinnati, AUGUST.

## A Mother's Lesson.

A TRUE STORY.

"Do let me give you a sandwich and a glass of wine, Margaret. The most delicious little sandwich that ever you saw, and the sherry that I have with me has the real Xeres aroma."

The speaker was a dainty little woman, in a crowded railway car, and she addressed a young girl opposite her who had been complaining of fatigue.

They both belonged to a party who were going "out west" to attend a wedding, and they had talked the matter over until the passengers near them heartily wished they would change the subject.

The mention of sherry did change the subject effectively. The young girl called Margaret, refused her aunt's offer of refreshments, but one of the lady's little daughters, who shared her cousin's seat, piped up at once:

"I would like a glass of sherry, if you please, mamma."

"No, Kitty," replied her mother, "you had a glass at lunch, and that will do until dinner; we shall have dinner at Z."

"I want a swallow now, mamma."

"No Kitty, it will make you stupid."

"Well mamma, dear, let me have a teaspoonful in the traveling cup. I can then smell of it, and wet my lips with it, and it will last me a good while; only just a teaspoonful, mamma. You know I often have a little at home to play with."

"It is too much of an effort to unpack the basket, Kitty. Now amuse yourself with your *St. Nicholas*."

The child began to cry, and moan, and tease, and she kept it up in spite of all the efforts made to divert her.

"It is of no use to talk to me," she would sob; "I can't think of anything but the sherry."

Presently her mother asked, "Do you smell the flowers in the box that are carrying to auntie? A breath of fragrance is wafted from them to me every now and then."

"No, mamma," replied the beautiful little girl, plaintively, "I don't smell anything but the sherry in the lunch-basket; I smell that all the time."

A good many significant looks were interchanged among the passengers, and a number of them speculated as to the probable future of the infant sherry-lover.

The train failed to make connection at Z; and a good many passengers were compelled to stay at a hotel over night.

The party who were en route to attend the western wedding were the only ones among the passengers who had wine at dinner. Kitty, radiant and amiable now, was allowed to have her sherry, and she smelled, and sniffed, and tasted, and enjoyed the deep amber liquid, and finally drank it off a connoisseur, much to the evident amusement of her dainty mamma and, in deed, of the whole party.

The children were put to bed immediately after dinner, and the grown up people returned for a little while to the parlors.

After riding for two or three days and nights in the same railway car, people begin to feel like old neighbors, and Kitty's mamma entered into conversation with a beautiful, white-haired gentlewoman, whose seat in the car had been near her own.

The conversation led from one thing to another, and was adroitly turned upon the subject of temperance by the elder lady, who was a person of rare culture and refinement. The discussion between the two grew interesting, and their fellow-passengers soon grouped about them.

"I am glad that I do not belong to that vulgar class who think it a virtue to abstain from wine," the younger woman was saying with some spirit. "I reckon wine among the necessities of life. I have sons and daughters growing to manhood and womanhood, yet I am not afraid of any relative of mine yielding to appetite; it is not in our blood."

Just then a shriek came ringing through the corridor, and the animated speaker was confronted by a servant, bringing in his arms the body of poor, pretty little Kitty, her long snowy night-gown saturated with blood. The child was dead. She had slipped out of the room, had climbed over the balustrade, and had fallen down two or three stories.

The silver-haired gentlewoman was now a very effective helper. She quieted the stricken mother, and subsequently dressed the beautiful child in her lovely festal garments, and laid her in the satin-lined basket, among the flowers intended for the bride.

Just before the arrival of the train which was to take the afflicted party back to their home, the poor, sorrowing mother put her arms around the neck of the white-haired woman and said:

"You have been like a mother to me in this terrible calamity. I believe the Lord sent you to me, and after all that you have done, it is only just that I left the chamber last evening, poor Kitty, in spite of the entreaties of her sisters and cousin, unpacked the lunch-basket, and took a sip of sherry, saying she could not go to sleep without it. She returned to bed, and Margaret and the other children went to sleep; but, as I found the flask quite empty, the dear child must have got up and drank from it a second time. Her brain was turned, of course, and that accounts for what followed."

Is it not sad that a mother, with sons and daughters growing up around her, should harbor the principles this woman did, and need to be taught by such a fearful stroke, that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and that whoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—MRS. ANNIE A. PEEBSON, in the *Advocate and Guardian*.

### Origin of two Popular Poems.

Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write it by the condition of thousands of working-women in the city of London. The effect of its production was foreseen by two persons, the poet's wife and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*.

"Now mind, Tom—mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mr. Lemon, looking over his letters one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste-basket if it was not thought suitable for *Punch*, as the author was "sick of the sight of it." The poem was signed Tom

Hood, and was entitled "The Song of the Shirt."

It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty, that he published it on December 16, 1843.

"The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London, and drew tears from the eyes of princes. Some years after the author's death the English people erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave guineas, the laborers and sewing women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself: "He sang 'The Song of the Shirt.'"

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking-saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh spring water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after retreating from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear-drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing-office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well"

Was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

### Weather Report for June, 1879.

During June, 1879, there were two days on which rain fell, and an aggregate of 0.47 in. of water, 14 clear days and 14 cloudy days.

The mean temperature for the month was 58.20°. Highest daily mean temperature 64°, on the 1st, 13th, and 27th. Lowest daily mean temperature 53°, on the 6th. Mean temperature for the month at 2 o'clock P. M. 69.20°.

Highest record of thermometer for the month 78°, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 27th. Lowest thermometer 48°, at 7 o'clock A. M., on the 22nd.

Solar halo on the 2nd.

The prevailing winds for the month were from the North during 19 days, S. W. 7 days, N. W. 4 days.

During June, 1878, there was no rain, 20 clear and 10 cloudy days.

Mean temperature for the month 62.17°. Highest daily 72°, on the 5th. Lowest daily 54°, on the 1st.

T. PEARCE.

EOLA, June 1, 1879.

—Prof. John Ogden, of Worthington, O., in a late address, says: "Education should cost more than any other duty or necessity in life. It is worth more. And yet a man will cheerfully pay from three to five dollars a week for boarding, but grumble at a fourth of it for tuition for his child. He will pay \$50 or \$100 for a dress or a suit of clothes, and grumble at a school tax of \$3 per annum."