

G. P. Fisher

Lafayette Courier.

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THE COURIER

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY,
AT
LAFAYETTE,
YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON.

BY
J. H. UPTON,
PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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COUNTY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Judge, J. W. Cowles; Commissioners, S. Brutecher, Henry Hewitt; Sheriff, L. L. Whitcomb; Clerk, S. C. Adams; Assessor, Charles Handley; Treasurer, John W. Watts; School Superintendent, Rev. John Spencer; Coroner, W. W. Brown; Surveyor, A. S. Watt.

DENTISTRY.



DR. A. G. PHILLIPS, SURGEON

Tenders his Professional Services to the Citizens of Lafayette and Surrounding Country. no. 12-16.

S. HURLBURT.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lafayette, Yamhill County, Oregon.
Will practice in the Supreme, Circuit and all of the Courts of this State.

DR. H. J. BOUGHTON.

Late
Physician & Surgeon,
in Hospital Department,
of The Army of the POTOMAC.
Office in Dayton, Oregon.

LAFAYETTE HOUSE

J. T. HEMBREE, : : : PRO.
THIS HOTEL is still kept for the accommodation of boarders and the travelling public. Good

STABLING,

and attentive hostlers. nol.

E. C. BRADSHAW, ATTORNEY

AND
COUNSELOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Lafayette, Oregon.

Will practice in the District and Supreme Courts of Oregon.
Taxes Paid, Collections made, and Proceeds Promptly remitted.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Yamhill,

Isophena Fleming, plff. } Bill for Divorce.
vs. }
George W. Fleming, def. }

To George W. Fleming, said defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby summoned to be and appear in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Yamhill, and answer the complaint of said plaintiff in this cause filed against you, within ten days from the date of the service of this writ upon you, if served in this county, and within twenty days if served within any other county, and if you fail to answer, the plaintiff will apply to said court for the relief in said action demanded.

S. HURLBURT,
50c. Plffs. Atty.
Published by order of R. P. Boise, District Judge 8d Judicial District. Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, affixed at Lafayette, in said county, this 8th day of June, A. D. 1866.
June 12-6w S. C. ADAMS, Clerk.

A STRANGE STORY.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION—A MAN LOST SIX YEARS TURNS UP AGAIN.

From an Eastern exchange we copy the following singular history of a missing man:

Many of our readers will recollect that some six years ago this community was startled to learn that a young man, well known in our best social circles, the son of a prominent citizen, had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. The papers for a short time were filled with accounts of this strange occurrence, and enormous rewards were offered by his bereaved and agonized family.

Detectives were sent to every town in the Union, and for a whole year strove to find some clue to the missing man. He had gone to New York city upon business, and had stopped as usual at the largest hotels in Broadway. About eight o'clock in the evening he gave the key of his room to the clerk and went out. He went out never to return. Long, long after the experienced detectives had given up the search the family had still hoped that some day he would return, and the terrible mystery be unraveled, but even they in time came to accept the theory that he had been foully murdered and his remains destroyed. W. S., before his departure, was betrothed to a charming girl, and an early day had been fixed for the union. She was now filled with unutterable sorrow. The blow fell upon her with even greater force than upon the parents of S., and for six long years past she has led a secluded life, mourning in sacred privacy her worse than widow-hood.

A cloud had settled upon her even more gloomy than it would have been had death suddenly severed the ties that bound them to each other. The awful suspense, the long hopeless search, the images of terrible murder which an excited imagination conjured up, all made her despair more complete, and her anguish more uncontrollable.

One week ago, on the 10th of March, Miss L. received a dispatch from New York, that was wholly incomprehensible. It read: "Prepare for an important revelation." Signed "W." In the midst of her surprise, a letter was received in a strange handwriting, insinuating that there was some reason to suppose that S. was still alive, but at the same time warning his family against hoping for too much, as there might be some mistake. The next day a letter came from W. himself, stating that he would be at home that evening.

It would not be becoming for us to describe the joy, the great overpowering sense of thankfulness that swept through the hearts of all that little family circle, or to depict the touching scene that ensued at the meeting which took place when he that was lost at last returned, altogether changed in appearance, it is true, but still the same true-hearted man as of old, but with great sadness in his heart, and a terrible bitter experience seared into his life as with a hot iron. We can only relate the strange story that in its marvellous truth has no equal in any fiction we know of, and only proves that there are tragedies enacted in our midst every day that are without parallel in literature.

S. tells the following story: On the evening of his disappearance he left his hotel about eight o'clock, and proceeded towards East river, with the intention of crossing over to Brooklyn, where he proposed to spend the evening. He was carelessly sauntering along when his arms were suddenly pinioned from behind, a gag was placed in his mouth, and he was dragged rapidly along a back street street. Continuing to make resistance he received a blow upon the head which completely stunned him. When

he awoke to consciousness he found himself in a small boat being rowed away from the city, which he could see in the distance.

The boat stopped beside a large ship, and he was rapidly hoisted up its side, and in an hour afterwards she put to sea. Remonstrance was wholly useless, and he found himself enrolled as a common seaman on board a vessel bound on a whaling voyage to the Pacific. There were two others on the vessel, who, like himself, were victims of a press gang, and were both countrymen from the interior of the State of New York, one of them, named William Allison, died four years ago, and was buried at sea.

It would be impossible to give the details of his adventures in our limited space. S. will publish them himself at some future day. Suffice it to say, that in June, 1862, he was seized with the scurvy, and being, it was supposed, beyond recovery, he was abandoned upon one of the Marquesas Islands, in the South Sea, by the captain of the whaler. Here he was nursed and cared for by the natives, among whom he lived for three years, but was unable to communicate with any vessel, as they detained him in the interior of the island. In August last, however, he managed to escape to the coast, and there finding a Russian vessel procuring water, obtained passage to Hong-kong, which place he reached in the latter part of October, and upon proper representation to the American Consul, was furnished with means to return to the United States.

As a proper ending to this wonderful romance, S. will, in the month of April, lead Miss L., who has so faithfully loved him, to the altar, and may we be there to witness the happy union of two devoted and loving hearts. S. is curiously tattooed upon his hands and arms, and has a necklace of blue pricked upon his neck. His adventures among the South Sea Islanders, we may, with permission, some day publish. He intends to find the owners of the ship, which was his floating prison house, and prosecute them to the full extent of the law. The firm is now doing business in Boston, we believe.

The terrible tornado which recently visited Indiana also extended into southern Illinois. It is estimated that not less than a thousand persons were killed and injured by it. As the tornado advanced, apparently with the moderate speed of a locomotive, the most extraordinary spectacle of trees, crushed houses, wood rails and subjects that seemed to be horses and cattle, borne on by the storm in dense volumes of dirt and dust, all in the most inextricable confusion. The very heavens were filled with the contents of farms. Every object seemed torn from the earth and folded upward. Houses were taken up bodily and dashed over head, and perfect desolation spread over the valley. As the tornado advanced the indications of its course were very deceptive, appearing to point in all directions. This effect probably came from the revolution going on in the volumes of dust and sulphuric smoke that enveloped everything in the valley, and which at times seemed to roll and spread in all directions. The whole country was inundated, and the soil in many places washed down to the substratum of clay, as though the clouds had burst and flooded the earth with oceans of water at once.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.—Dr. Randolph, a man of some note in Boston "spiritual circles," some time since openly recanted, and in a lecture which he recently delivered, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded on an experience of five years as a medium, that spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Dr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums.

A Public Debt & Public Blessing.

Jay Cooke's motto had a beautiful illustration the other day. It is thus described by a western paper.

"A deed of trust was recorded at Fort Wayne, Ind., on Saturday last, which required \$10,000 worth of stamps. It was a mortgage from the Indiana Southern Railway, to Wm. H. Swift and Samuel J. Tipen, for the sum of \$10,000,000. This road is to be built from Fort Wayne to Jeffersonville, and to be in running order by November 1st, 1866. Ten thousand dollars added to the cost of making a single deed is something! It pays does, it not, to disregard the constitution, provoke civil war, so as to make the Union worth a rush, and then pay taxes and board the niggers in a government boarding house. It strikes us it pays! certainly, it pays somebody."

Yes, it does certainly pay somebody. Mr. Jay Cooke, for instance, for we see going the rounds of the papers an account of the gorgeous house he has been building, together with its superb and costly decorations &c., &c. But how do all these things affect the farmer and the workman? Where does Mr. Jay Cooke get all the money with which he purchases such fine houses, such sumptuous furniture, and splendid works of art? He is engaged in no productive employment. He does not make it as profits on manufacturing, or in commission upon the exchange of merchandise. He simply deals in government securities. He buys and sells Uncle Sam's promises to pay, and draws a per centage on these transactions, which per centage is a direct tax upon the labor of the country.

While Mr. Cooke is thus living so sumptuously, the farmer is gradually growing poorer and poorer. Mr. Cooke sitches so little from each person, and it comes on so imperceptible, that it is not discovered for some time, but finally the farmer finds himself worse off, and he hardly knows how. In some districts of Illinois, corn, it is said, is now as low as 20 cents per bushel, and yet before the war its average price was 25 cents. Then a bushel of corn would buy 2 1/2 yards of muslin. Now it requires at least three bushels! In other words, the farmer must expend just three times the amount of labor to buy a shirt that he did before the era of the public debt. And yet all this has been brought upon the country under the pretence of conferring a benefit upon the world, and of advancing the cause of human progress. The Great West already begins to feel the incubus of the debt and the want of a southern market. Wait a little longer, for we have not yet seen the beginning of the end. —N. Y. Day-Book.

WOMEN AND MEN.—Very intelligent women, we find by observation, are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, and particularly their forehead, is more or less masculine. Miss Lander was rather pretty and feminine in the face; but Miss Sedgewick, Miss Parque, Miss Leslie and the late Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the contrary. One of the Misses Porter had a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man.—We never knew of any very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was awful ugly; Dr. Johnson was no better; Mirabeau was the ugliest man in France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with the ladies. Women more frequently prize men for their sterling qualities of the mind, than men do women. Dr. Johnson chose a woman who had scarcely an idea above an oyster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existence, if we may judge by the inscription he left on her tomb.

JUDGE not of matters by their size. There is oftentimes more wit in three lines like these than in a column article.

Watt's Nervous Antidote will cure fainting Fits.

AS HE EXPECTED.—At a recent John son ratification meeting in Nashville Tenn, says an exchange, while Judge Swayne was reading Washington's Farewell Address to the convention, a well known radical entered the gallery of the House of Representatives (in which the convention sat.) After listening a while to the sublime passages in that immortal document, he exclaimed: "A d—d rebel document. Just as I expected!"

THE LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

—It appears that Tennessee can boast of having produced the largest man in the world. The Jackson Whig of the 3th says:

Miles Darden was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world, at least since the days when there were giants in the land. His height was seven feet six inches, two inches more than Porter, the Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over 1,000 pounds. He measured around the waist six feet four inches, and it took one hundred feet of plank to make his coffin. He was fifty-five years old when he died, full of honor, and possessed of fine sense, though very sensitive on the subject of compulency. We know Darden fifteen years before his death. He then weighed four hundred pounds, but continued to increase as he became older.

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO DEAD.

—William Hutchings, the last surviving revolutionary soldier in the State of Maine, died at Penobscot, on Thursday, May 3d, 1866, aged 102 years. Special honors were accorded to the memory of the deceased, at his funeral. There are only two more revolutionary soldiers surviving in the United States.

A steamer going from Boston to Portland was found to be running astray, owing to deviations of her compass. The deviation, it was afterwards found, was caused by the steel hoop skirt of a young lady who was in the pilot house, and on her retiring the compass resumed its proper position.

MURDER.

—Charles P. Duane, a notorious rowdy, recently shot Col. Ross, at San Francisco, by coming up behind him, with his brother John Duane as aid. The difficulty is said to have originated from a dispute about a land title. The Duanes were immediately arrested, and are in jail. Col. Ross died the next day.

GEN. CASS is dying of softening of the brain,

and his family are in daily expectation of his decease. He is at times rational, and able to converse with friends; but this is an exceptional state of mind. He passes most of his time in sleep undisturbed. He is 84 years old.

IN Mercer county, Pa., a woman

dressed herself in cotton garments thoroughly saturated in oil, and set fire to them. She was seen by her children in a few moments, and the fire was extinguished with buckets of water, but not until she had been fatally burned.

ON the 30th ult., in San Francisco,

a man named Smith shot his wife, and then committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. It is believed the woman will recover. They were both low characters, and once lived in Portland.

A NEW invention, paper socks is announced.

The socks are made of paper and muslin combined. The inventors say they will last as long as an ordinary pair would keep clean, and their cost will not equal the price of washing.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts

has decided that a revenue stamp on a note is no part of it, and need not be copied, nor does the want of a stamp on the note affect the validity of it unless fraudulently omitted.