

# Lafayette Courier.

VOL. I.

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1866.

NO. 23.

## THE COURIER

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY,  
AT  
**LAFAYETTE,**  
YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON.  
BY  
**J. H. UPTON,**  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
One Copy One Year, \$2 50.  
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**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
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For each subsequent insertion, 1.00.  
A liberal deduction will be made on Quarterly, Yearly and half Yearly Advertisements.  
Hotel, Medical and Law Cards, \$10.00 per annum.

### COUNTY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Judge, J. W. Cowles; Commissioners, S. Bratcher, 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**  
**MEMORABLE**  
Tenders his Professional Services to the Citizens of Lafayette and Surrounding Country. no. 12 ff.

**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. no. 1.

**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.

U. S. I. B. S. HURLBURT, Plffs. Atty. 50c.  
Published by order of R. P. Boise District Judge 3d 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.

### Suicide of an Editor.

From the St Louis Democrat, May 14.  
About a week ago Dr. B. L. Seago, assistant editor of the Atlanta Era, arrived in this city and took a room in the fifth story of the Southern Hotel. He appeared quite melancholy and had but little to say to any one about the hotel. On Thursday bills were sent to the office from an apothecary for one ounce of morphine and three prescriptions composed of morphine and chloroform. The last seen of him was on Friday night. At two o'clock yesterday his room was entered through the transom, and his dead body found lying on the bed. Coroner O'Reilly was summoned, and an inquest was held. Several letters written by the deceased a short time before his death were found upon the table, showing that he had taken his own life. No money was found among his effects, nor had he deposited any at the office of the hotel. He was about thirty years of age. The following are copies of the letters, written in pencil, the last being almost illegible.

ST. LOUIS, May 10, 1866.

Dear Uncle: Sorrow too deep for utterance has overwhelmed my soul. God bless you, dear Aunt Melissa, and the children. Poverty has ever been my lot, but I have endeavored to alleviate its distresses as much as possible. May God in his mercy bless and protect you ever. I am not afraid to die. Hoping God bless you, good by.

B. L. SEAGO.

To A. R. Seago, Atlanta, Ga.

The next letter is addressed:

ST. LOUIS, May 10, 1866.

Col. J. S. Prather, Editor of the Era: I have tried to serve you faithfully and well, but misfortune has overtaken me, and I seek a rest from all my sorrow. Remember to speak not evil of the dead. I know you will do what is right to set my memory before the world as it deserves. To you I look as my guardian in this matter. Hard service and the many rebuffs which this cold world gives have ruined me. God bless you! The loss of all I had, with the gloomy prospect ahead could be endured, but the idea that men are mean enough to misrepresent me and rob me of that which I have honestly made is too much for my sensitive soul to survive.

If you write my history, let it be truth—but be kind. The Era has had my best wishes and services; I now can only offer progress. This resolution I have taken is necessary to prevent that mental distraction which is fast coming over me.

Again, God bless you and prosper you ever. The great hereafter has no terrors for me. I am not afraid to die. Shed no tears of sorrow for me, but plant a single rose on my grave, and when you, in the hour of gloom, feel that life is a burden, only let my memory be held in quiet sadness, as of one too sensitive to brook the asperities of this world.

May God in his mercy save my soul, and bless you all, is my final prayer.

B. L. SEAGO.

The next letter has no address, and is as follows:

ST. LOUIS, May 10, 1866.

Misfortune has ever been my lot in life, and the culmination in the loss of that which was not my own is unendurable. I love my friends still, and pray God will bless them. I have lived to see the uncertainty and deceit of all earthly things. No faithful friend is with me now, and I go to the Great Giver of all. My soul, O God, receive unto thyself. Good by to all.

LOUIS.

The fourth letter is:  
To the Proprietors of the Southern Hotel: The proprietors of the Southern Hotel will please send my body home to Atlanta, Georgia. Let the Masons bury me. God bless all my brethren. I have tried to fulfill my mission in life, and now that my mind

is exhausted and my heart is sick of life, I believe it well for me to go home. I am not afraid to die. God have mercy on my soul. LOUIS.

The fifth paper has no date and no superscription. It is as follows:

### THE SUICIDE'S LAST MOMENTS.

This is my fourth and last dose. I am getting quite sleepy, and will soon be gone. Welcome, O death! To live is to suffer unutterably; to die is to be at rest.

Much I could write, but brevity must be the style now. I only desire to be remembered kindly. Let those who love me love my memory. If I have wronged any man let him forgive, as he would wish to be forgiven. But one word for her who alone has won my love. She who had evidence of my love five years ago still reigns alone in my heart. Day before yesterday I sent her a few lines, which, when she receives, she will recognize, though there is no signature to them. May God bless her and deal with her tenderly. Let no wave of sorrow ever cross her breast—no misfortune ever cast its blighting shadow upon her soul! I am too sleepy to write well, and can only say good bye. Oh, shall we never meet! While our hope and bliss are young \* \* \* but no more. Alas! alas! Shall I meet her no more. God bless her. Her name is Delia, and I desire this to be sent to her through my uncle, A. R. Seago.

Good bye to all. May God in his mercy bless all who have ever loved me. I am getting very sleepy, but oh, sweet is the death that relieves the soul from anguish, the griefs of this life, which is but a few days and full of trouble.

The proprietor of the hotel will be kind enough to telegraph to my uncle, A. R. Seago, Atlanta, Georgia, immediately on the discovery of my suicide to-morrow.

Accept my thanks for your kindness while at your hotel. I desire to be buried by the Masons, and in the cemetery at Atlanta, Georgia. I have tried to live nobly and die nobly. To correct any impression that might be made, I state that this is no strong causing my grief, and I call again the proprietors to be ready. God bless all. Good bye. LOUIS.

**MASONIC.**—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Oregon held its annual session at Portland last week, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

A. W. Ferguson, Grand Master; C. H. Lewis, Deputy Grand Master; Gustaf Wilson, Senior Grand Warden; D. G. Clark, Junior Grand Warden; George A. Eades, Grand Treasurer; J. E. Hurford, Grand Secretary; Rev. B. C. Lippincott, Grand Chaplain; Rev. Dr. Wythe, Grand Orator; B. F. Brown, Grand Marshal; J. R. Prindle and A. G. Walling, Grand Stewards; Thomas B. Jackson, Senior Grand Deacon; J. H. Albert, Junior Grand Deacon, and Samuel Downs, Grand Tyler.

**A PRESIDENTIAL JOKE.**—The renown of Lincoln as a joker is world wide. He joked in place and out of place, and was never weary of telling or hearing jokes. His successor in office, though not worthy in this respect of so illustrious a predecessor, is not entirely without the faculty. It is said that a simple-minded Republican office seeker from Connecticut closed a recent application to the President with the inquiry whether the breach between the President and Congress could be repaired. The President, on the spur of the moment, replied by mail that "he was not repairing breaches as much as he was." This is considered a very fair thing by those who joked with "A. Johnson" twenty years ago.—Reporter.

MARION county this year gives about 2200 votes—an increase of about 400 over any former election.

### Your Home Paper.

J. M. Dixon, Esq., of the Iowa State Register, gets off the following "good thing" on the numb-skulls who are eternally carping against their local paper:

You don't like it, eh. Perhaps you don't! You say it isn't interesting, and all that. Well, sir, whatever your private opinion of the Register may be, it has helped to build up this city more than any other instrumentality of which you can make mention! Why, bless your dumb soul, and may the Lord look pitifully on the peculiarities of your narrow structure! Don't you know that many of the most solid and prosperous business men of the city of Des Moines, have been brought here by descriptions of the attractiveness of Central Iowa which they saw in the State Register. Don't you know, you poor cock-eyed son of a gun, that numbers of the daily and weekly State Register, containing truthful and comprehensive views of the situation out west, have gone into every Eastern State, and have induced many men of means, and of solid personal worth, as well as of political soundness, to pull up their Eastern residences by the roots, and transfer their entire interests to Des Moines? You don't know this, eh? Don't? Go thy way, old critic, and learn to appreciate the value of printer's ink! Thy head is unsound, and it swingeth crookedly on thy neck. Thy ways are perverse, and thy understanding, of which thou hast but a small share, can be sounded, and punched through by a half inch plummet. Men of business, and of intelligence, men whose souls have not been drawn out of them by the capillary attraction of ignorance and small-fisted meanness, comprehend the value of a journal which describes the advantages of their homes, and stirs up the populations of the East with the long pole of immigration! Let the Register drop out of existence as the exponent of local interests, and some very fat takes in business matters among our readers wouldn't be worth two cents on the hundred dollars! Get out, old stick-in-the-mud, and learn sense before it shall be everlastingly too late!

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.**—When you find a man doing more business than you are, look at the advertisements he has in the newspapers. The business man who puts his sign in the newspaper does a wiser thing than when he fastens it over his store—and who would think of neglecting that? He who advertises, informs the public that he desires to trade, and his card in the newspaper is an invitation to customers to come and do so. Where one person reads a sign in the street, five hundred read it in the newspaper. No matter how well a business man is known, he can always pick up new customers if he will take the pains to advertise.

A widow lady of Danville, Ky., took an orphan boy to raise, when he was quite small, and when he arrived at the age of 18 she married him, she then being in her 50th year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. Last fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 65 years old, and she 18.

It is reported that Capt. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the navy, will soon leave for Europe in the iron-clad Monitor Miantonomah, for the purpose of personally presenting to the Emperor of Russia the resolution of Congress congratulating him on his escape from the hand of an assassin. It is generally believed in Europe that one of our monitors cannot cross the Atlantic.

**THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.**—"War and rumors of war" are constantly pronounced in the Old World, and all the powers seem to be making ready. We append herewith the strength of the different nations: Austria is preparing with 624,982 men; Prussia claims nearly as many, 622,866; Saxony has only 32,711; Bavaria, 100,247; Hanover, 26,909. What they would all do for money it is impossible to say. Prussia is said to have nearly \$75,000,000 saved; if true, even that would fly like wildfire, and loans would be hard indeed to obtain, with such an incendiary war raging, the end of which no man could clearly calculate.

**THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.**—None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope, or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of bad men, as being naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and suspicion.

**A DRAG.**—The returns show that Woods, the radical candidate for Governor of Oregon, was a dead drag on the Union party. In Wasco county—where he lives and where he is known—he ran behind his ticket, and so throughout the State. A man of little ability and less character, his nomination was an insult to the people of the State, and right well has it been rebuked. It is possible that under the force of party drill he has been elected, but the narrow escape from defeat will teach conventions in future to be careful as to the character of the men they present for high public office.—W. W. Statesman.

**ONE-SIDED.**—As far as the returns have been received, the election in Washington Territory has gone altogether one sided. In our own county the democratic majority is overwhelming. Clark county elects the full democratic ticket by a large majority. In the counties of Stevens, Klickitat, Thurston, Lewis, Pierce, Sawamish, Jefferson, Clallam and Whatcom, the democrats are reported to have elected their tickets. This is a clean sweep, and shows a great change since the election of last year, when the republicans carried the Territory by a handsome majority. This revolution in public sentiment is mainly attributable to the course of the radical majority in Congress. The issue of negro suffrage and the continued exclusion of the Southern States from representation in Congress has been passed upon by our people. The verdict is too plain to be misunderstood, and carries with it an emphatic condemnation of the policy inaugurated by the destructives.—W. W. Statesman.

A negro living near Louisville, Ky., having committed a rape on a little girl, was seized last week by the citizens, and preparations made to hang him. While these were in progress the father of the child came running up, revolver in hand, and forcing his way through the crowd, attempted to shoot the negro, but in the confusion the latter turned and ran for his life. But the crowd started after him, opening a fire from a dozen revolvers on him, and he was soon shot dead.

It is estimated that the Umpqua Valley will produce nearly six hundred thousand pounds of wool, as the clip of the present year.

The authorities of Clackamas county are about to contract for the building of a bridge across the Molalla river near Gribble's prairie.

Clergymen and teachers will be furnished a copy of the New York Day-Book for \$1.60 per year.