

LAFAYETTE COURIER.

L. P. Fisher

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PRINCIPLES, NOT EXPEDIENCY--MEASURES, NOT MEN.

[In Advance.]

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THE COURIER,

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—BY—

J. H. UPTON.

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SENSIBLE ADVICE.

—We copy the following sensible hints to farmers from the Farmer's Department in the New York Day-Book. Read it and show it to your neighbor. The rising generation wants to be educated to regard the farmer, the farmer's son, and the farmer's daughter, as belonging pre-eminently to the class of our citizen-ship to whom honor, and homage, and respect are due. The thousands of "professional (?) characters who annually inflict themselves upon the community at large, instead of being esteemed fit patterns to shape their aspirations and mould the channel of their thoughts, three-fifths of them should be placed where they belong—on the list of bummers and exorcisements whose example should be shunned by farmer's sons and daughters as they would shun a leprosy. Because of the falsely supposed transcendent respectability of titles like "Hon.," "Prof.," "Rev.," "Dr.," etc., farmer's sons and daughters are but too apt to regard their positions inferior and less honorable than those attained, no matter how, by the leeches of the land—one horse professional cusses.—Let the farmer and his progeny place the proper estimate upon themselves; not 'til then will the growing evil be remedied.—[Ed. Cour.]

Professional Education of Farmers.

We remember a capital letter that was written a few years ago to the editor of the Country Gentleman, upon the peculiar position of that special member of society. It is said to be in all respects, a real gentleman, a man of education, good social and moral habits, and a man of business. The country gentleman is no idle gentleman, no man of lazy leisure, no dandy; he is, or ought to be, of the highest grade of the human family in private life; and as a general rule, is so. More genuine gentlemen are found in the country, on farms and plantations, than in cities and towns. Country gentlemen have one failing.—It is the absence of a proper esprit du corps, and in its place, a longing for other professions. The farmers, as a general rule, look down upon their own profession, and up to that of the lawyer, doctor, divine, merchant and tradesman. This is all wrong. Tilling the soil is the noblest of all the professions. An educated farmer has arrived at the highest position that human ambition can seek for. Farmers must aim to become great in their line, instead of quitting the profession to reach greatness in the line of the law, or physic. Farmers' sons and daughters should be proud of their fathers' calling, and recognize a station and standing high enough to satisfy their greatest ambition. But how can this be accomplished? By a proper system of education. At present, the end and aim of ninety-nine young men in a hundred, is the law, or medicine, or divinity. The last requires but little real talent, though much piety; the second, considerable talent, and much natural benevolence; but the first demands great mental ability; and none of the slightest touch of real honesty in a lawyer, spoils him for that line of business. The bigger his bump of rascality the better he is fitted for Coke and Blackstone. If he is born with a nice sense of right and wrong, he will make a dead failure in the law. If a farmer have two sons, and one exhibits a medium of intellectual smartness, that is, cheats his brother in a knife trade, and the other trounces him for it, the first is sent to Yale or Harvard for his smartness, the second to the barnyard for his.

Among all that has been written on the subject of education of farmers' sons, the proper idea has not yet been started. It is true, we are constantly furnished with essays recommending the establishing of agricultural schools and colleges, but they do not contain the germ from which the future tree must grow. Legislatures are not to be depended upon to establish schools. Farmers must do it themselves. Lawyers, doctors and divines establish their own schools; why not farmers? No; they first put their shoulders to the wheel, and then call on Hercules to help them. The great and overlooked idea is, the respectability of the profession; this they must fully appreciate, before they can be induced to take the proper measures to insure a thorough education for their sons. They must hold their own profession the equal of any other, considering no class of

men their superiors; and once establishing this, they will receive that respect and attention which they justly merit.

Let us sketch a plan of education, and as a model take the medical profession.—What does a man do who has a son that he wishes to become a doctor? He selects some good physician, and puts his son with him to study two or three years. This is to give him a theoretical knowledge of the rudiments. The physician will instruct him as to the books he must read, and make him acquainted with the minor practical duties of the profession, and give him opportunities for such practice as may be considered proper. This is apprenticeship. After a proper length of study in the office, he is sent to the medical college, where he completes his theoretical studies and has the advantage of the clinical practice in the infirmary or hospital, and at a proper time, after sufficient study, he receives his diploma. Now farmers, should do the same with those of their sons they intend for farmers. They should instruct them in the principles as well as the practice of their art, they should put books into their hands to be studied, they should, in fact, be carried through a regular apprenticeship. When they have gone through with this preliminary study of theoretical and practical farming, such as can be given them at home, or with some respectable farmer, they are prepared for the higher school studies. Every county should have, at least, one high agricultural school established and supported by the farmers, both in the science or the theory and practice of agriculture. Until the farmers adopt a system of this sort, it is impossible that they can ever attain to that high professional standing that is enjoyed by other professions. But what is the system now? The boy grows up on the farm and shirks as much of the farm work as he possibly can. If he is willing to work, (and the farmers' sons who are farm exceptions to the rule) no one explains to him the "why and wherefore" of any operation. If his parents are able, he is sent to some country school near his residence, where he learns "to read, write and cipher some," but he does not learn to enjoy the condition of the schoolmaster, the clerk in the store, the doctor's student and the lawyer's office boy, and more than all else, he hates the idea of returning to the work of a plain farmer. Here is the root of the evil, and it is only to be eradicated by a radical change in the school system, and in the minds of the farmers themselves, as to the standing and character of a farmer's profession. If the young men were induced to consider the profession of a farmer as dignified and "genteel," as much as any other calling, they would not so readily imbibe a dislike for it. This can be accomplished by a proper systematic course of instruction at home, and by schools properly managed.

The term "an ignorant farmer" has become stereotyped. It was a slur of reproach from some, or all of the so-called "learned professions." The farmers owe it to themselves to repel this insult by the proper attention to education. The time was when the workingman was looked down upon, and the farmer being one of the working class, came in for a portion of the sneers of the lazy, proud, non-producers, who were a disgrace to the age they lived in, and are doubly so to-day. Thank God, the time when to labor was to lose caste has passed away. This is the working age. Ignorance is a disgrace; the lack of a fair degree of book knowledge is a disgrace; but to work physically till the sweat rolls from one's brow is honorable; toil is enabling; but the physical toil of the educated farmer stamps him as with a true patent of nobility. Cincinnatus was a specimen of the agriculturist, which the American farmer should pattern after.—The Roman Senate found him with his plow in the field at work. The time will yet come when the American Senate will look for another Cincinnatus to save, by his wisdom, this poor country.

AREAS OF THE TERRITORIES.—The following are the Territories (and States made from late surveys reported to the Surveyor General:

	Sq. Acres.	Sq. Acres.
Indian	44,154,240	California 101,717,372
Kansas	52,048,320	Oregon 90,938,720
Nebraska	48,636,800	Nevada 71,737,741
Dakota	153,985,080	Arizona 72,906,304
Montana	92,016,480	Utah 56,556,634
Colorado	66,972,292	Idaho 58,196,480
N. Mexico	77,568,640	Washington 44,796,160

IMPORTANT TO SURGEONS.—Dr. V. Gelich, of San Francisco, announces in the Medical Journal of that city, that he has found a probe of white pine to be the best which can be used in searching for bullets. The mercurial ball shows on the stick, and will not on the silver probe.

WHAT think you of our new dress? says the COURIER this week.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

The following we clip from the Eugene Journal. It was written by a "school boy" in Eugene, and is full as intelligent a narrative respecting the "doings" of our "first parents" as may be. It is unique—read it.—[Ed. COURIER.]

Speaking of fruit naturally reminds us of the first human pair, (pair) and recalls the melancholy story of "man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose taste brought death into the world." The garden of Eden as it appeared to our first parents was no doubt a scene of surpassing loveliness. The Bible description of it, is unfortunately brief, but from it we infer that it was not a garden in the limited sense which we commonly apply to the word, viz: It was not three or four acres of ground, enclosed in a white paling fence, and set out with two or three rows of goose-berry bushes, and the balance in fern, but in it "grew every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food, the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge, of good and evil." This last tree by the way was the cause of all of our misfortunes.—It bore the forbidden fruit. Some authors have classed it as an apple tree, but whether an apple, plum or pear tree we do not know, we incline to the opinion, however, that it was the latter, and our opinion we think may be proven to be orthographically true, since Eve thought she might have been able to resist the temptation of eating a single apple could not resist a pear.

Into this garden was the man Adam placed with orders to "dress it and keep it." He was at this time a young man, not having attained his maturity. His antecedents were good so far as we are informed, though the record of his subsequent career is not so clear, when viewed in the light of history. If he had any volition in the matter he probably accepted his position in Eden because he thought it was a good opening for a young man, and the location was a retired one—this last qualification would not have commended it to the young men of our time. Adam's chances for political preferment in those days were rather slim. Eden though offering fine inducements to actual settlers, was not yet sufficiently populous to be admitted as a State. Adam therefore might have lived until he reached the age attained by one of his grand children and never have gone to Congress. It seems however that he found no fault with his new position though he was no doubt occasionally lonesome. But this is not strange when we take into consideration the fact that he was at this period the only human being in all the universe. He was alone with animate and inanimate nature. Unmolested he walked under the shade of magnificent trees, he gazed into the waters of the clear river and his soul drank in all their beauty. The deer fled not at his approach, birds sang a thousand songs of love and sang them all for him. And over all the scene the golden sun light threw a flood of glory. In this brief season of Adam's career he probably realized that God was good and that his tender mercies were over all his works. In after years he no doubt turned to this as the happiest portion of his life.

But about this time his troubles commenced and came thick and fast, he was to have a helpmate, inasmuch as it was pronounced "not good for man to be alone."

He now formed the acquaintance of Miss Eve and after the briefest courtship on record, (it was probably a case of love at first sight) the twain were made one flesh. This was the beginning of tribulation.—Eve influenced by the serpent and her own curiosity put forth her hand and as she did so reasoned thus, "That the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat and gave also unto her husband and he did eat." This was an eventful moment, on it hung the everlasting fate of fledged humanity.

The woman it she had any conception of the magnitude of the crime she was about to commit must have blushed until her fair cheek rivalled the ripest peach that grew in that primeval paradise.—Adam it seems entertained the idea that he was more "sinned against than sinning" for when closely questioned upon the matter by the Lord he replies in this wise, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Stolidly enough no doubt Adam heard his doom pronounced in the sentence.

Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten, etc., cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." After this we are told that the man

was driven out of Eden, and sent forth to till the ground from whence he was taken.

That was the last of the paradises from that day to this no more have bloomed upon earth worth mentioning. Sin strides over all the land, Death is abroad. And 'man hath here no continuing city,' he soon goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

A WISE CHILD WHO DID KNOW HIS OWN FATHER.—A considerable amusement was created among some of the railroad boys a few days ago, by a circumstance which occurred on one of the night trains into this city. The affair is supposed to have leaked out through the port of the sleeping car. A lady, with a little boy, aged, perhaps, three years, was on a journey eastward, and had taken a berth in a sleeping car. Toward morning the child awoke, and raising up, saw a man in the berth where he was sleeping, and becoming alarmed, called to his mother, who whispered to him, "Be still my child, its only pa." The child took another look at the stranger, and then, in an excited tone, exclaimed:

"You ain't my pa!"
Again the woman told the child to keep still. The man also called the child by name, and asked him if he did not know his pa. The boy replied:
"You ain't my pa: he bain't got whiskers. What are you here for?"
"Yes, I am your pa."
"No you ain't; my pa is in Joliet; ain't he, ma?"

The woman found matters approaching a crisis, and taking hold of the child, compelled it to lay down, and the man got up. The noise had awakened several passengers, who cast many a sidelong, contemptuous glance at the corner where the divided family were situated, but they could do nothing with the train moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. In due time the train arrived, and the passengers, with the exception of the "family" alluded to, changed cars, but the man and woman did not leave until the car had been emptied of its cargo, and then they sneaked off to town to await the departure of the day train, on which there were none of their late fellow-travelers.—Toledo Blade.

TAKING A DISLIKE.—An ill natured fellow quarrelled with his sweetheart on the day they were to be married. After the ceremony had begun, and he was asked, "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife," &c., he replied, "No!" "What's your reason?" asked the minister. "I've taken a dislike to her, and that's enough," was the surly reply.

The parties retired—the bride in tears—and, after much persuasion, the groom was induced to have the marriage proceed. It was now the lady's turn, and when the minister asked her the all-important question, "No!" replied she resolutely, "I've taken a dislike to him."

The groom, admiring her spunk, made the matter up with her as soon as possible, and a third time they presented themselves before the minister. He began the ceremony by asking the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered this time.—But to the astonishment of the party his reverence continued: "Well, I'm glad to hear that you are willing to take each other for husband and wife, for it's a good thing to be of forgiving tempers. You can now go and get married where you will—I'll not tie the knot, for I've taken a dislike to both of you!"

TELEGRAMS TO THE SUN.—The waves of sound go only 377 yards in the second, while the earth itself goes 13 1/2 miles, and light 10,000 times faster than that; while electricity (which again is probably another kind of vibration of the solid atoms of bodies, and certainly not a fluid,) runs along the wire about half as fast again as light. So, if the earth were a cannon ball shot at the sun from its present distance, with the velocity it now travels with, and the moment of explosion telegraphed to the sun, they would get the telegram there in about five minutes, and see the earth coming in about eight minutes, and would have nearly two months to prepare for the blow which they would receive about fifteen years before they heard the original explosion. This is merely taking the sun as a target to be shot at without regard to his power of attracting the earth at the finale of 296 miles a second.—Dennison's Astronomy Without Mathematics.

A Cincinnati gentleman, of large business connection, whose two daughters were married on the same day last winter to brothers, received a telegram the other day that one daughter had been delivered of a child on Saturday at four o'clock in the afternoon and the other of a ditto an hour later. Both are gentle nan babies.