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Come and see Me.  
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Blank Books made to order, and ruled to any desired pattern. Newspapers, Magazines, Music, etc., bound in any style, with neatness and dispatch.  
-17-  
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES  
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## Hands Off.

Perhaps any period is a poor time in which to propose the annexation of new territory to the United States. Certainly the present is. With two or three States in a condition approaching anarchy, to talk of "enlarging the area of freedom" seems a fine sarcasm. But the lapse of a royal line in the little kingdom of Hawaii is sure to be seized on as a pretext for bringing under the American flag the Sandwich Islands, to which not a few of our statesmen and politicians have cast longing glances. We all know the staple arguments: a dying race, predominant American interests, a half-way port in our track to Asia, rich addition to our productive revenues; this is the sort of plea which the advocates of annexation are sure to make. Faint echoes of their opening campaign already reach us from Washington. Now, we do not need any more national territory; we do need to improve and govern better what we have. As a nation we are amply "spread out" already; and our latest acquisition is yet governed by military law—if it is governed at all. The scheme for the annexation of Santo Domingo never met with popular favor, and is regarded to-day with indifference or active alarm. The Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the Pacific, three weeks sail from the American coast, overwhelmed with debt and peopled by an effeminate race of men, would be a bigger elephant on our hands than even icy Alaska has proved.

Just as the *Tribune* always predicted, the Alaska purchase is now quoted as a good precedent to justify further annexations. We bought the Aleutian Islands with Alaska, say these champions of Manifest Destiny; why not therefore bag the Sandwich Islands? We might, on these grounds, go into the market as a bidder for the Hebrides or the Indian Archipelago.

We have difficulties enough already in our way in working out the great problem of self-government. Free institutions cannot endure without intelligence and religion. Have we such a surplus of these in the last four or five millions of addition to our citizenship that we must needs be hunting for new semi-tropical and semi-barbarous peoples to be added to our voting population? We are sufficiently exposed already, in case of foreign war. Must we needs be hunting for more exposed points on which to plant our flag, so that without a navy to defend it, it could be humiliated at pleasure by the first aggressor? We have a territory now vaster than any government in history has been able to hold together. Must we travel two thousand miles into the ocean for more.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## A "blacksmith" in the mysterious regions known as the composing room, has the following over his case:

"I'm the slow, the beautiful slow. Setting less type than the rest. I know; Setting it drier—shoemaker style— But setting it steady and saving a pile. Talking, Ditching, Crushing away. Picking up much fewer type every day. One of these days I'll be rich as a Jew. Then I'll have no more type setting to do; No more correcting, but live like a Turk. And laugh when I see you poor "comps" go to work.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom; but the waste of time never.

## A Woman's Stratagem.

A story comes from Athens about Greek brigandage, very refreshing to honest people and suggestive of the question whether woman might not govern Greece better than its men. One of the curses of modern Hellas, as everybody knows, is the unextirpated guild of brigands, who infest the land, defying the government, suppressing commerce, demoralizing peasantry, and murdering strangers or rich natives. One of these unchanging villains recently captured the youthful son of a widow woman of property, well known upon the border. The usual message was sent from the hills. The brigand chief must have one thousand drachmas by a certain day, or the life of the boy—he was only twelve years old—would pay the forfeit. As usual, too, the last hope which a mother could cherish in such a position was the chance of government help. The wretched, weak administrations, which play "in and out" in Athens, still allow these scoundrels to hold the roads and passes of the country, and this poor woman had to trust to her courage and wits. Neither were wanting; there were some true old Odyssean blood in her, and she hit upon a plan for saving both her child and her drachmas.

She had a brother, a young fellow of perfect pluck, though his cheeks were as smooth as the Delian Apollo's, and him she dressed up carefully as a Greek girl. Having appointed to meet the robber chief at a certain spot, she took up two hundred drachmas, and a present of cakes and fruit, the "Greek girl" going with her as a guide. On reaching the place they found the scoundrel waiting, with the captive bound hand and foot beside him.

The woman first ascertained by cunning questions that the man was really alone, and then offered with many supplications, her money and the presents of cakes and fruit. The villain took the latter and munched while he counted out the drachmas; then, with a fierce oath he said it was far too little—that she must go back and send up enough to make up a thousand, or the head of the lad would be sent down to her without delay.

While the woman clung suppliantly to his knees, the "Greek girl" suddenly flung a grip of iron around the robber's arms, and as the fellow was thus pinioned the outraged mother drew a pistol and shot him dead. The pair lost no time in liberating the lad, nor did they forget to cut off and wrap in a cloth the head of the "chief," and as a reward of three thousand drachmas had been set upon this precious article, they made quite an excellent day's business of it, on arriving safe and sound at their own village.—*London Telegraph.*

One day a lady in the country wrote for a piece of music "with sentimental words that almost silently flow from the depth of concealed sorrow revealing a sad heart's tenderest emotion in a tone that would almost melt an iceberg, and crumble adamant to dust," and in a postscript informed them that her "paugh" would be up next week and would pay for it.

Mark Twain followed "Innocents Abroad" with "Innocents at Home" and now proposes to supplement "Roughing It" with "Smooth ing It."

## Shocking Diabolism.

The *Pittsburg Commercial* gives a detailed account of the frightful atrocities attempted by a jealous woman at Fort Wayne, Indiana, upon a young girl who had kept house for the lady's husband before their marriage, and whom she suspected of too much intimacy with her leige lord. The story is then told as follows:

One day Ida received a message from Mrs. X, requesting her to call at her house as she, Mrs. X, had a letter from the country for her. In the afternoon Ida dressed herself in her best clothes, and went to Mrs. X's house, where she was met at the door by the woman, who kissed her, inquired particularly about the state of her health, and placed her in the most comfortable chair in the room, an armed rocking-chair. Mrs. X offered the girl refreshments, which she declined, with a request for a glass of water. This was at once brought by the amiable hostess, who herself took a drink. The woman then went into an adjoining room, from which she speedily returned with a strong cord or rope arranged in the form of a noose. Smiling and talking pleasantly all the time, she stepped behind her visitor, and dropping the noose over her head and arms, with a sudden jerk she soon bound the young girl helpless to the chair. "Now" said the woman, "you shall see how I will avenge myself;" whereupon from a table drawer she took a pair of shears, a large knife and a revolver, all of which implements she spread upon the table before her victim, by this time ready to faint with terror.

The tormentor's next step was to cut off the girl's hair as close as possible to the skin, leaving only a single handful on top of the head, for the purpose, as she explained, of facilitating the subsequent operation of scalping. The girl screamed and called for help as loudly as she could, but the house stands in a lonely place and no deliverer appeared. After cutting off the hair, Mrs. X brought a looking-glass that Ida might see the change produced in her appearance. As the girl begged for release saying, that she was freezing, she was told, with a plentiful application of mocking epithets, that she would be warm enough before she got away. Mrs. X then put the poker in the stove, and while calmly waiting for it to become red-hot, she told her victim what she intended to do with it. "First, I will burn your eyes out," etc., etc. And she really began to execute her threats, but when she was trying to blind the girl, the latter, by a super-human effort, succeeded in releasing one of her hands, with which she seized the glowing poker and for a while arrested the monster in the perpetration of her crime. This interruption made it necessary to reheat the poker, and in the meantime the unlooked-for return of the husband was all that saved the girl from prolonged torture and death at the hands of Mrs. X.

THE BOTTOM OF IT.—A young drug clerk committed suicide in Bristol, a few days ago. At the inquest, the Coroner asked a fellow clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide. "No," was the reply; "he was getting along very nicely, and was going to be married next month." "Going to be married next month, was he?" exclaimed the Coroner. "That will do. We've got at the bottom of this business."

## Will Congress Act, or will it Shew the White Neather.

The local organ of the conspiracy for overthrowing the State Government of Louisiana is the *New Orleans Republican*. It gloated over the predetermined failure of the committee of citizens to make any impression upon the President by their visit to Washington, though it is compelled to admit that the committee was made up of some of the oldest and most respectable citizens of the State. The *Republican* sneers at their efforts to change the opinion of the President by any array of facts, and assures the conspirators that the persuasive efforts of any number of delegates will not avail to shake his purposes, for, says the *Republican*, "he has made up his mind."

That kind of talk may do for the meridian of New Orleans, but it is not adapted to the whole country. However it may be with the President himself, it is plain, from a glance over the journals of the Republican party, that a large body of the very men who voted for Grant at the recent election condemn his course in this Louisiana business, and regard it as the greatest blunder of the administration.

Warmouth's term as Governor expires with the present year. As an individual, he was of no consequence in this contest, while Pinchback, who, at the point of Emory's bayonets, was temporarily forced into his place, is beneath contempt. But the great principles sacrificed in this quarrel are of momentous importance. Congress soon reassembles. Merely because Warmouth and Pinchback will have disappeared are the two Houses meet again, will they pass over without notice one of the most flagrant and dangerous stretches of power exercised by any President of the United States? Is there manhood and courage enough left in the old Capitol to meet this supreme emergency?

We shall see!—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Detroit man wants to sell a patent pistol-cane or a promising Newfoundland pup, he don't care which. He went home the other night and set his cane, heavily charged, behind the door, and started in for a little romp with his three bright little ones. They got along well, enough until the pup spied the cane, and, going for it, started upon a promiscuous run around the chairs and table-legs with it between his teeth. The doting father remembered the effect of a slight pressure upon a spring, and with rare presence of mind succeeded in throwing the children down the cellar stairs and placing himself on the top of a side-board before the thing went off. The ball only broke a hundred-dollar mirror, and the pup only got a few scratches in jumping through a plate-glass window. The doctor says the children will all recover. No insurance.

ORDAINED AS A PRIEST.—The *New York Herald* of December 25th contains a long account of the ordination to the Catholic Priesthood, Archbishop McCloskey, Dr. James Stone, formerly a distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and President of the Episcopal Colleges of Hobart and Kenyon successively. The reverend gentleman was received into the Catholic faith about three years ago.