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Diplomatic Blundering.

However deficient the diplomacy of these times may be when compared with the historical epochs in which it represented the highest culture and polish, and not unfrequently was distinguished by the greatest genius, it is presumed at least that the ministers of friendly Governments to this country and those sent by the United States to foreign courts take care among the first duties to inform themselves exactly by what titular form the chief of State to whom one or the other may be accredited should be addressed. In Europe diplomacy is a profession guided by certain strict rules and formalities which are supposed to give those who follow it advantages which are not possessed under our accidental system. This is true in some respects and false in others. The European training leads into the channels of mere routine, and hence the dearth of any shining ability in that vocation.

Something lower than mediocrity is the rule to-day with the diplomatic representation of every first class power. The few who are eminent, like Bernstorff recently, are passing off the stage of action. Lord Lyons may be considered in the very front rank of British Ambassadors, and yet he has little more to recommend him than devotion to duty and a practical mind to comprehend it. Odo Russell is the coming man. The Russian Ambassador at London, Baron Brunnow, belongs to the old school, and is perhaps the very ablest of living diplomatists in the art of drafting treaties or preparing State papers. He is the author of everything in that way which Russia has done during the present generation. France has sought to make up by the weight of family names what she has lacked in other respects. Except Von Arnim at Paris, who has shown large capacity, the German Empire is feebly represented abroad. Prince Metternich, who so long did the honors for Austria near Terhuel Napoleon, was only a shadow of a great name. Olzagaga was more of a statesman than a diplomatist while he figured as the Ambassador of Spain. Since the death of Azzoglio Italy has had only Nigra to do her best work.

The telegraph has transferred diplomacy from foreign capitals to the bureau of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at home. He literally pulls the wires, while his envoys are little more than embroidered messengers who obey orders, deliver letters, and make themselves acceptable at court and in society. Springs of nobility, children of morganatic marriages, and others with even less claims to royal relationship, are thus supported handsomely at the public expense, have the reserved seats of honor at every feast, and are envied by the world for a gilded existence.

The mission to the United States is rarely sought. On the contrary, it is much avoided. For that reason, perhaps, few men of distinction have come among us from England, France, Germany, Russia or Austria. The Duc de Noailles is the foremost title that has figured in our annals, and he unites a historic name with the representation of a young and experimental Republic.

Mr. Delfosse, a worthy and proper gentleman, who has long represented Belgium as Minister Resident at Washington, has just been promoted to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary. In presenting his credentials he twice addressed the President as "Your Excellency," meaning perhaps to convey a compliment by a form of expression which American snobbery and stupidity have much affected since the advent of Grantism. If Mr. Delfosse had read our elementary history he would have discovered that a proposi-

tion in the convention which framed the Constitution to confer the title of "His Excellency" upon the President was expressly refused, as were several others using different forms. The mode of address adopted and the only recognized one, is *the President*, which describes the office in the best and simplest terms. Any departure from it is a violation of propriety as much as it would be to call Mr. Delfosse's royal master Sublime Highness.

Such disregard of official discipline ought to be sternly rebuked at the outset. Any false usage which perverts the pure dignity of our Chief Magistrate by pretentious pomp is an offense to be resented. As all speeches of presentation are first submitted to the Secretary of State, he is chiefly responsible for a degrading innovation. Flunky by nature and training, Mr. Fish has constantly aided foreign practices, and he allowed Mr. Catacazy to caricature the President to his face by styling him "Excellency" in true Mexican fashion. That exception, which Mr. Marcy would have made an example of once for all, has now become adopted as a precedent, and foreign Ministers are encouraged to slight our early history and to insult the distinctive name of President by a vulgar substitution which only flunkeyism can tolerate.

DEATH OF A FEMALE MISER.
A woman named Catherine Jacobs, died recently at Albany, aged eighty years. She had occupied the rooms where she died for two years. She lived alone, not allowing any person to visit her after a specified time in the afternoon. Most of the furniture she possessed was given to her by sympathetic friends. She wandered through the streets daily begging and picking up rags. She occasionally received aid from one of the Episcopal churches. She was prostrated by paralysis one evening, and died the next morning. Some of her neighbors assisted in preparing the body for burial. On removing the bed on which she died, a large number of gold and silver coins, a bag of gold, and a quantity of greenbacks were found. A search was then instituted, and a large quantity of coin was found in pieces of crockery in the closets, estimated at from \$4,000 to \$5,000. The apartments she occupied were not in a very inviting condition at her death, from all accounts, as one of the neighbors remarked that the smell of them would be sufficient to breed pestilence when warm weather came. Her death was discovered by her son, who had come from Washington to see her, after a separation of 40 years.

Mr. Bonner challenged the world to produce a horse that would beat "Dexter," and then went to work and produced the animal himself. His mare "Pocahontas" made half a mile in one minute seven and a quarter seconds recently—it being the fastest half mile ever trotted.

Man proposes. Fifteen years ago, it is said, a Kentucky man bought a coffin for himself, considering it a handy thing to have in the house. Recently he was totally consumed in a lime-kiln, and the coffin is a dead loss, with the interest on the original cost included.

Canada has a 360,000 Credit Mobilier. Letters are at hand from Sir Hugh Allen telling his American friends how he had to disburse that amount to receive the charter of the Pacific road.

Several of the locomotives of the Erie Railroad are still dressed in mourning for Jim Fisk. The engineers say they are bound to keep them so until Stokes is hung, and hope that won't be long.

Don't Marry to Please Others.

(From the Working Farmer.)
"Jenny, dear, that is the fifth time you have sighed within the last ten minutes. Do tell me what the trouble is that is wearing upon you so. I can see by your very face that you are not happy, though you seem to have everything about you to make you so."

"How little the world knows of our inner life, Mabel. I suppose the world generally thinks I would be most ungrateful for my blessings if I was not perfectly happy in this beautiful home. But that is far from the truth, I assure you."

"What is it, Jenny. Surely you can trust such an old friend as I am. Your mother's friend too, before you were born. Perhaps I can advise and help you."
"Dear Mabel, I will tell you frankly. It is this match my step-mother is so bent upon. She gives me no peace about it, and has brought father over to her views. I am considered very ungrateful and unfaithful to my parents because I still withhold my consent. Say, Mabel, does my duty to them require me to wed a man I do not love?"

"No, Jenny, a thousand times no. While I would never advise a young girl to marry a man her parents disapprove of, I would just as earnestly urge her never to commit the sin of vowing to love an honor a man she does not love. It is perjury for her to thus promise; one of the highest crimes according to the laws of God and of man. Never let this sin lie on your soul. No, not if your parents send you from their roof because of your refusal. I am one of the old-fashioned folks who believe that children should obey their parents, but with the limitation that they shall disobey when commanded to sin. There is hardly a greater sin against our social life than such marriages. There is a great deal said nowadays about our young people declining to marry, and the cause is attributed mainly to the extravagance of women. For my part I think there are two sides to the question. How many of the young men in 'good society,' as the term is used, are worth having? This alliance is sought on your parents' part solely because the gentleman is rich. If his fortune could be swept away you would be released from further importunity. Beware, Jenny, as you value your dear mother's favor, how you yield. If Mr. Bruce can win your affections, very well, but unless he does never yield your hand. If he cannot win your heart before marriage, he never will after."

Mabel's advice was good for all daughters who are importuned to marry against their wishes, for wealth or position. Don't let yourself be sold into this worse than African slavery from which death or crime is your only escape. Your life-long bondage of tears and misery you must bear alone. Tell your suitor decidedly your sentiments towards him, kindly but clearly. If he has a spark of honor, he will desist from his suit. If not, then there is a double reason why you should avoid his presence.

When it is for life you may as well be wary about deciding. A promise made in some unguarded moment, may have to be redeemed through long weary years of wretchedness. Instead of complaining that our young people do not marry, I should rather beg them to give the subject still more serious and mature deliberation than is common. The old adage generally holds good, "Marry in haste and repent at your leisure."

A happy, joyous fireside is the fairest type of Eden that our dark earth holds, but an unloving heartstone has a blight upon it that gold cannot lighten or cheer. STELLA.

How to be Polite.

Do not try hard to be polite. Never overwhelm your friends by begging them to make themselves at home, or they will soon wish they were. Show by your actions rather than your words that you are glad to see them. Have enough regard for yourself to treat your greatest enemy with politeness. All petty slights are mere meanness, and hurt yourself more than any one else.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be what other folks will think so, whatever they ought to do. It may be interesting to you to talk over your ailments, but very tiresome for others to listen to. Make people think that you consider them pleasant agreeable, and they will be pretty apt to have a pleasant impression of yourself. Treat people just as you would like to have them treat you. It is much easier to lose the good opinion of people than to retain it; and when any one does not care for the good opinion of others, he or she is not worthy of respect. Do not excuse your house, furniture, or the table you set before your guests. It is fair to suppose their visits are to you, not to your surroundings. The whole machinery of social intercourse is very intricate, and it is our business to keep all places of possibility well supplied with the oil of politeness.

A Good Hint for Actors and Singers.

It is said that Joe Jefferson went into a New York Bank for the purpose of getting the money on a check drawn to his order, and was informed by the cashier that the check could not be cashed without identification of the person presenting it. At last Jefferson turned to the teller, and said in the tones of Rip Van Winkle, "If my little dog Schneider was here he would know me." The effect was electrical, and the check was immediately honored.

Appropos of this story, the suggestion has been made that if the following persons find themselves in a similar predicament, Nilsson in presenting her check in payment for corner lots need only to warble forth, "Way down on the Swanee River" in order to secure immediate attention; Brookhouse Bowler might give a line or so of "Meet me in th' gawdum Mawed," a few blasts of the "Whirlwind" from Levy's coronet would cause the cash to be produced at once; Mr. Owens need only say "Jes so, Jedge;" Lucille Western might cry "Me che-ild, me-che-ildren;" Pauline Markham might put her foot on the counter, and Edwin Forrest need only rush into the bank, seize the teller by the throat and yell "Liar and slave!" No doubt the money would be instantly forthcoming.—Folio.

There is a young lady in Milford who has been taking music lessons for some eight years. The other day she sent an order to a music store in New Haven, and fearing that her spelling might not be just right, added this postscript—"You must cewks this letter, as I pla bi noat butt spel bi ere."

A noted wag in a Western college one morning read a theme of unusual merit. The President being suspicious, asked pointedly if it was original, "Why, yes, Sir," was the reply, "it had original over it in the paper I took it from."

A Iowa compositor recently set his own leg, which was broken by a fall.

A Memphis lady owns seven steamboats and the line is under her direct management.

Strange Career.

Captain William Byrnes, once a noted pioneer character, whose final refuge in the lunatic asylum of California, at San Jose, is announced by the *Mercury* of that city. Born some fifty years ago in Maine, but removing with his parents in 1830 to a wild part of Missouri, he had a boyhood to which Indian fighting was the highest idealization of heroic life and unerring marksmanship the proudest ambition. Thus schooled, at twenty years of age he led a rough company into Mexico to profit by the bounty of \$50 which the Mexican Government offered at that time for every Apache scalp. Among his men was a brother of the noted Kit Carson and a former Lafitte pirate named Lansing, and with such comrades at his command he established an Indian slaughtering Bureau in Chihuahua, and made at least one very profitable raid upon the hapless red cattle. A dream, however, warned soul, and, after a fair division of the hirsut spoils thus far gained, the bravo returned to Missouri and enlisted with the national volunteers about to turn their arms against his late patrons across the Rio Grande.

As a soldier in Price's regiment he served honorably throughout the Mexican war, and upon the return of peace went gold hunting in California in company with another disbanded volunteer named Peleg Smith, who having been desperately wounded in the leg during an engagement when no surgeon was at hand, had coolly amputated the fractured limb with his own hands. They began mining together at Placerville, then significantly known as Hangtown; but Byrnes still preferred the rifle to implements of industry, and presently went out against the California Indians as a captain of a band of regulators.

In 1853 he joined Captain Harry Love's company, organized by the Legislature to hunt down the notorious Joaquin Murietta's band of outlaws, and, at the "corraling" of the Mexican brigands on Tulare Plains, had the distinction of slaying Joaquin himself, after an exchange of shots from saddle. Disdaining the special reward the Legislature would have conferred upon him for the deed, he carried the discovered head of his slain foe to San Francisco as a trophy, and exulted in the applause of the crowds beholding it. Subsequently, while fighting the Piute Indians under the last of their great chiefs, Winnemucca, he received wounds unfitting him for further warfare. Since then, according to all accounts, he has led but a shattered existence, ending now in the mad house.

A young girl left Lowell Massachusetts, two years ago with \$500 in her pocket, and went to Kansas and turned farmer. She could sell out her property this day for \$60,000.

A man writing poetically of the weather, says: "The backbone of winter is broken but the tail wags yet occasionally."

A printer remarks that he has never been able to give a proof of the pudding till it was locked up in his form.

The boy who took a seat in our paste-pot has been engaged at the post office to sit down on unsealed letters.

Louisiana cultivates less land, by nearly 1,000,000 acres, than she did in 1860.

Joaquin Miller announces that he is about to marry an English of fortune.

"Captain Jack cocktails" are prevalent in New York.