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LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

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Attorneys at Law,
131 First Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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Attorney at Law,
Dallas, Oregon.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS of Yamhill, Polk and other counties in Oregon.

JAS. McCAIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL OF THE State Courts.

E. C. BRADSHAW,

Attorney at Law,
LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

Office in the Court House.

LAFAYETTE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FERGUSON & BIRD, corner of Jefferson and Main; dealers in produce and general merchandise.

KELTY & SIMPSON, north side Main street; dealers in drugs, confectioneries and family supplies.

JAS. McCAIN, attorney; office on south side Main street.

W. M. RAMSEY, County Judge and attorney at law; office in the Court House.

JOHN BIRD, west side Jefferson street, dealer in stoves and tinware.

E. C. BRADSHAW, attorney at law.

ST. JOSEPH BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

KELTY & SIMPSON, cor. 4th and Elm; dealers in groceries, glassware, Queens ware and patent medicines.

HOTEL, J. H. Olds, proprietor; cor. of 4th and Depot streets. New house good accommodations.

DAYTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. C. CALL, MANUFACTURER OF Saddles and Harness. All work warranted. Orders left with J. W. Cullen will receive prompt attention.

CHRIS. TAYLOR, dealer in general merchandise, Odd Fellows' building. The cheap cash store.

W. S. POWELL, Saw Mill. Dressed lumber of all kinds, doors and window frames.

HOWARD & STEWART, blacksmiths, Wagons, hacks and buggies ironed. Gunsmithing and general job work done.

SNELL & CO., Ferry street; dealers in general merchandise. The NEW cheap cash store.

J. BEST, livery stable Ferry street; buggies and horses to let at all times, at reasonable rates.

HARKER & CO., Ferry street; dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. Dayton flouring mills.

NOT DEAD.

The Radical papers and speakers have, for a number of years, been trying to make people believe that the Democratic party is dead. And now comes a new party claiming that it is commissioned to preach, not only the funeral of the Democratic party, but also the funeral of the Republican party. It seems that this Democratic corpse must be a very hard thing to forget, or it seems that it requires a great amount of preaching to reconcile the people to the sad dispensation with which its demise afflicts the country. There must be something sacred in the memory of it that is hard to forget.

The fact is, that Democracy is not dead, nor can't die while the spirit of liberty or free government lives. The present race of plunderers may talk about the Democratic party being dead, but observing minds can easily see that their greatest trouble is in the fact that it still lives. The strong hold the Democratic principles of constitutional liberty, justice, honesty and economy, have on the mind of the people, together with its oppositions to fraud, extravagance, corruption, monopolies, tariff robberies for the benefit of capitalists, and its defence of the agricultural and laboring interests of the country, are a few of the many reasons why it still lives. Those Republican reformers who are calling on the people to organize a new party, say that the Radical party has become so corrupt that they can stand it no longer. They also tell us that the Democratic party is corrupt and also dead, and they therefore, advise Democrats to abandon their party and join them in a party that is immaculately pure. But we ask, where is the proof that the Democratic party is corrupt? We admit that there has been some frauds perpetrated on it, but where is an instance where it has ever sustained such frauds? About the only instance that can be referred to is the "doings of the Tweed ring. Yet this, as bad as it was, was only an instance of local corruption, and was the result of a system in opposition to Democratic principles, for the infamous Tweed charter was passed by a corrupt Republican legislature. No sooner was the infamous doings known than the party repudiated its corruptors, and helped to unearth their crimes and bring them to justice. Would that all parties could say as much.

The record of the Democratic party is warrant against the assertion that it approaches the Radical party in corruption. In the South, where it has wrested States from the control of carpet-baggers, its administration has been marked by economy and uprightness. It has brought order out of confusion, and restored bankrupt States to solvency and safety. Its control of the States of Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware and Virginia, is the reason that they have not been overrun by the corrupt pestilence that has overspread the country under Radical rule, which has caused the cry of reform to be heard from nearly all parts of the country.

Our Independent friends have good reasons for establishing a new party, believing that the Rad-

ical party will be overthrown; but to assert that the Democratic party is dead, or likely to die, is contrary to a knowledge of passing events. For it is evident that the Radical party is losing everywhere, the Democratic party is gaining. A party that has lived through eighteen years of almost constant misfortune, is not likely to die while it is prospering as it is at the present. It is now wresting State after State from Radical misrule. The State of Ohio, whose Republican majority has exceeded one hundred thousand, now has a Democratic Governor. Indiana also, last fall, elected a Democratic Governor. New Hampshire and Connecticut have also dropped the Republican flag and wheeled into the Democratic column. The local elections in New York and other States show that the people are fast returning to the principles of the old Jeffersonian Democracy.

The Independents may go on preaching the death of Radicalism, for it is doomed, but its downfall will witness the return of the country to the principles of sound Democracy.

What new party will be built upon the ruins of the Republican party to take its place, we can not say; but it is the only field that the present outlook suggests as a proper place to begin the construction of a new party.

IS THIS A LEGAL PUNISHMENT?—On Wednesday Gustav Goethe was tried in the General Sessions for bigamy. He was convicted, and condemned by the Recorder to four years in the State Prison at hard labor. Having received his sentence, he was going through the court room and passed his wife who was present as a witness. As he went by her he sprang forward and struck her in the face. The Recorder then brought him back to the bar, and said, "Goethe, the sentence just imposed upon you is revoked on account of your brutality to your wife; and I now sentence you to the longest term allowed by law, five years at hard labor."

Nobody can have any sympathy with such a beast, or wish to relieve from the extremest severity of the law a wretch who thus assails the wife he has wronged; but in all our readings we have never yet found a statute conferring upon a Judge authority to revoke a sentence once pronounced. Besides, the additional year's imprisonment at hard labor was imposed upon the man on account of his brutality to his wife; and thus it was a punishment for that offence. But what authority has a Judge to punish a man without a trial? For this act of violence Goethe had neither been indicted nor arraigned; and yet to punish it the Recorder adds a year to his imprisonment. This may be practical justice if it is true, but is it legal justice? And who can say that if the case should be brought before a higher tribunal, he would not have to be discharged on the ground that his final sentence, on which he alone is held, is not in accordance with law?—N. Y. Sun.

Twenty-one freshmen were lately suspended from an English college because a professor couldn't find out who placed a ten-ounce tack in his chair. He, however, knew all about who sat down on it.

The "Old" Party.

The following from the St. Louis Times is fully endorsed by us. On every hand victory crowns the labors of the Democratic party where anything like a square fight is made. It says:

The Democratic party is held together by the strong cohesive power of principles that do not change. To this truth it owes its existence through the dark days of the rebellion, when it was reviled and spit upon because it bore the tattered banner of the constitution. This is the secret of its longevity. The spoils of office have kept a party together for a time, but no organization built on this foundation can long survive the internal strife that is sure to arise when the aggrandizement of office holder is the only force employed to keep it together. The worst enemies of Democracy—and these may be found among the renegades, or those who have left it in the hope of preferment in the ranks of the opposition—will not assert that the party has deserted its principles, or that these have changed at all with the mutations of passing events; but that the organization they say is old and is worn, and should be broken up and merged into a younger and a more vigorous party, that may claim and gather to its ranks all disaffected and disappointed adherents of parties that have lived their little lives and passed away. It has always been a difficult thing and doubtless always will be, for a true Democrat to see the logic of this argument. It is as though a floater on a raft at sea should say to the captain of a passing steamer: "You had better come aboard, there is going to be a storm." Mahomet is again commanding the mountain. If these floaters and blatant shouters for new parties want to make themselves useful, let them come into the Democratic party and go to work as Democrats, and their services will, at the proper time, command recognition; but, this trick of the bastinadoed element cannot be made to work on the Democracy. Whatever may have the status of the party in the Greeley campaign, no man or set of men can now claim to have a ring in its nose. Those nomadic tribes of political thimble-riggers who affected to be its "Moses" must look out for their employment or accept service in its ranks. "Inexplicable dumb show and nose" is played out. The few Democrats who reposed confidence in the dagger-of-lath leaders of 1872 are regaining confidence in themselves and the old party organization. They want, the party wants, a clean ticket. They all long to follow the old flag, with the old mottoes—old but ever new because always true—inscribed on its ample folds. They say: "Let the hermaphrodites stand aside; let those lead us whose attributes are unmistakable, and we have no fear as to the result."

These remarks apply mainly to the attitude of the party in a national sense. Its local strength has already been demonstrated as increasing wherever tests in the way of election have been had. All that is necessary is for Democrats to be true to principle, to

beware of bargain and sale, of false prophets and these jack-o-lanterns in the shape of new parties, howling of cheap-john demagogues—allurements whose paltry littleness will be acknowledged by their projectors when the election is over. Stand to your principles, and you shall be victorions.

The Governor of the District of Columbia not only shines as a patent-roofer, but he is also a plumber and gas-fitter. He has a plum'ing shop in Chicago, one in St. Louis, one in Cincinnati, one wherever a government building is in process of erection. Suppose, for instance, it is necessary to make some plumbing repairs on the post office at Portland, Mullet, without any advertising gives the job to Shepherd. The latter ships his men and materials from Washington, and opens a plumbing shop in that place, and the Government pays the fares of the workmen and the freight on the material. This arrangement for carrying on roofing, plumbing and gas-fitting for the Government is so complete, and must be so satisfactory to Shepherd, who has the contracts, and to Mullet who lets the contracts, that it seems almost a pity to break it up, to lift the cover, and to let the public look into this warm and snug little nest and see the golden eggs hatched in it.

The ruling passion strong in danger.—An alarm of fire was, the other day, given in a New York hotel. "Landlord," said a guest, "is the house on fire?" "Yes, sir." "Well, give us one more drink, if you please, and we will get."

The quickest way we know of to make a man believe that there's nothing in the world worth living for is to excite him into chasing a cat across a yard where two or three clotheslines are innocently swaying in the evening breeze.

Ohio has been counting up her literary jewels. She claims to be responsible for the Cary sisters, Thomas Buchanan Read, W. D. Howells, Gen. Lew. Wallace and a score of lesser lights that entitle her to be placed a long distance from the rear rank.

Type-setters should be careful to dip their fingers into the right boxes. Out West an editor has been sued for libel, in having published that a certain Mr. Harrison was a well-known house-breaker. The defence of the editor is that he wrote horse-breaker, which the plaintiff is by occupation.

"Nothing," said an impatient husband, "reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in church and obstructing the way to indulge in their everlasting talk." But you forget, dear," returned the wife meekly, "that it was the angel who stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

The average Burlington, Iowa, saloon keeper must be bad indeed. A learned divine in that city recently addressed one of them as follows: "Wretched man! If the bed of that river was bank high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety coming down from the mountains, there would not be enough to wash your feet."

The Schoolmaster in that Bed.

The following is one of the many incidents that befall a "bearding round" schoolmaster.

I had been teaching in M— county, and was boarding round. One evening after school one of my scholars stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, father said you would come home with me."
"Very well," I replied and forthwith set out for my patron's house which was some miles distant.— Now, be it known, James McHenry, for such was his name, had two daughters, the pride and envy of the whole community. I heard so much about them that I was anxious to see them. It seemed, however, that I was to be disappointed. When I arrived, I heard that the girls had gone to a party on the other side of the creek, so I went to bed execrating the luck which deprived me of seeing them that night. The night had well advanced when I heard one of the girls come in and passing into an adjoining room, she warmed herself before some coals which were alight on the hearth. It seemed that the old gentleman and lady slept in the same room, which I was not aware of then. Having warmed herself, she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke.

"Girls, the schoolmaster is in your bed."

"Very well," said Sarah, and passing through the room I slept in, went up stairs.

An hour elapsed when I heard Judy, the other one. She stood a long time at the door talking to her sweetheart, then entered softly.

Disrobing her feet she entered the room where I lay in her stocking feet, carefully undressing herself, she came to the other side of the bed prepared to get in. Now, it happened that I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes she gave me a shake, and said in a suppressed whisper:

"Lay over, Sarah."

I rolled over and whipped the corner of the pillow in my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it, and called out:

"Judy!"

"Sir," was responded faintly from the bed beside me.

"The schoolmaster is in that bed."

With one loud yell, and "Oh, heavens!" she landed on the floor and fled up stairs.—Ex.

A little boy carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of 'em."

Victor Hugo is deeply in love with the United States, and one minute out of every hour, when he is awake, is devoted to talking about this country, the other fifty-nine minutes being devoted to talk about himself.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.