

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. I.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1858.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER, DUBUIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY MEHRINGER, DOANE & SMITH.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE: Single Subscription, for City Nos., \$1 50

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Women.

Next to the Amazonian on woman's rights we revere the habit of many public speakers in patronizing and complimenting women; telling how much we owe to "dear woman," &c. We have a distaste for this especially because it is degrading in its tenacity. It always reveals an under current of feeling that woman, as woman, is inferior; and that she will receive such assertions of her almost equality, as a compliment. When we hear such efforts at rhetoric in public assemblies, our sense of right is always offended; and we have a feeling that all the women of discernment hearing such remarks, will be disgusted. Suppose some oratrix of the Fanny Wright or Abbey Kelly school, should return the compliment to an assembly of the lords of creation, and tell them how much the world is indebted to man, and argue that in some things man is almost equal to woman. Ridiculous as the effort might seem, it would be no more so than what we often hear in Christian assemblies, uttered in attempted praise, but in most actual disparagement of women. If we were a woman, nothing would sooner provoke us to become a woman's rights man than this fulsome and misplaced flattery.

In fact there is, on the whole, no equality and no equality of inferiority between the sexes. The subject as well set up an argument between the members of the body, and attempt to prove that one is equal to the other, when in fact their maker intended them to be very different; and there is no equality of comparison. Such is the best for which the end of another. So it is to separate the two halves of the one humanity. Man is the best for the end for which man was made; and woman is best for the end for which woman was made; and as to the question of the inferiority of either, it is as absurd as the same question would be between the feet and hands, each of which are best for their own respective purposes. [Puritan Recorder.]

THE BOOMERANG.—This curious weapon, peculiar to the natives of Australia, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is made of carved wood, nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corners quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to fall at his feet, and away it goes, full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air forty or sixty feet, describing a curve, and finally drops down at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity, as on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful as a barbarous people should have invented so singular a weapon, which sets the laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a person not used to it to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen; like the Irishman's gun, shooting round a corner equally as well as straight forward. It was invented to strike the kangaroo, which animal is killed by it with certainty, and though a cope intervene between the hunter and the animal, the boomerang comes round the corner and breaks his legs.

Newspapers were first used medicinally in Paris—that center of all strange and cute ideas. Dr. St. Foix, who was a great collector of news, got leave to print sheets to distribute among his patients. The reading of them took their attention from themselves, and was favorable to a cure.

The Emperor and his Daughter.

A few years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl, so beautiful and so lovely that the greatest Prince of Europe, had he met her even in a peasant hut, might well have turned his back upon Princesses to offer her his hand and throne. But far from having seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on earth. It was Marie Nicolowna, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia. As her father saw her blooming like the May flower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, and with the smile of a father and a king, said to her: "My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy!" stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh—which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father!" she said as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the Czar; "speak, and your Majesty shall be obeyed!" "Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life; "is it, then, only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?" The young girl was silent and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already pledged?" "The young girl was still silent." "Explain yourself, Marie! I command you!" At this word, which aways sixty millions of human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the Czar.

"Yes, father—if I must tell you—my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish! He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other if your majesty forbids it!" The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He who would have braved for a caprice, the monarchs of the world at the head of their armies—he, from his omnipotence, feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the possession of his dearest treasure.

"Is it a king?" he demanded hastily. "No, father." "The heir of a king, at least!" "No, father." "A grand duke!" "No, father." "A son of a reigning family?" "No, father." At each step in the descending scale the Czar stopped to recover breath.

"A stranger?" "Yes, father." The Emperor fell back into an arm chair and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he in Russia?" he resumed, with an effort. "Yes, father." "At St. Petersburg?" "Yes, father."

And the voice of the young girl grew faint. "Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, rising with a threatening aspect. "To-morrow at the review."

"How shall I recognise him?" demanded the Czar, with a stamp of his foot. "By his green plume and his black steed." "Tis well! Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity upon that man!" The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the Emperor was soon lost in thought.

"A childish caprice!" he said at length; "I am foolish to be disturbed at it! She will forget it! She shall forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added. "It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

On the following day at the review, the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his battalions nought else than a green plume and black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other a simple colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse—Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnois, the duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine—who was for a brief time Empress of France—and of Auguste

Amelia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria—an admirable cavalier, in truth; but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolowna as a common soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible!" said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the colonel, with the design of dismissing him to Munich. But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her caleche. "There is no longer a doubt! 'tis indeed he!" thought the Czar.

And turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned; at the end of the second she wept; at the end of the third she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth she was dying. Meanwhile the colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aide de camp of the Czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself. "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash save yourself from the thunderbolt!"

He was ushered into the Cabinet, where kings only are allowed to enter. The Czar was pale, and his eye was moist, but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, "you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said, also—and I believe it is true—that you possess an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character. What think you of the Grand Duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolowna?"

This point blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored the princess, without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal address an angel of Paradise, as an artist adores the ideal of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sire!" exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar; "your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it!"

"You love her—'tis well!" resumed the Czar, with a benignant smile; and the royal hand, from which the duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the colonel the brevet of General Aide de Camp of the Emperor—the brevets of Commandant of the Cavalry of the Guards, and of the Corps of Cadets and of the Mining Engineers—of President of the Academy of Arts, and Member of the Academy of Sciences of the Universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Kessan, of the Council, of the Military Schools, &c. All this, with the title of Imperial Highness and several millions of revenue.

"Now," said the Czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, "will you quit the service of Bavaria, and become the husband of the Princess Marie?"

The young officer could only fall on his knees and bathe with his tears the hands of the Emperor.

"You see that I also love my daughter!" said the father, pressing his son-in-law in his arms.

The 14th of July following, the Grand Duchess was restored to health—to life; and the Duke Beauharnois de Leuchtenberg espoused her in the presence of the representatives of the royal families of Europe.

Such an act of paternal love merited for the Czar and for his daughter a century of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had ordained otherwise. On Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1852, the Duke of Leuchtenberg died, at the age of thirty-five—worthy to the last of his brilliant destiny, and leaving to Marie Nicolowna eternal regrets. All the young princes of the world will again dispute the prize of her hand; but she has been too happy as a wife to consent to become a queen.

"Billy, why don't you go to sleep! What do you want? I've got the belle-ache; that's what I want!"

Below we publish a fine piece from a young and gifted author, who bids fair, at no distant day, to occupy a front rank among the poetesses of our land. We hope our columns may be often graced by touches of her fancy.

A Scene in Life.

BY CECILIA A. HUSTON.

I saw a child with a sun-beam play— A child with golden hair— His baby-brow was undimmed by thought, His sparkling eye by care; One gentle strain was all he sang, From morn till dewy eve— 'Twas, "Sigh not, weep not, earth is bright, Then wherefore should we grieve."

I saw that child ere many shades Of seasons fled by— His brow was cold, his lips were pale, And dim his once bright eye: No more he sang that joyous strain— No more those tuneful lays, That dyed life's morning's happy hours With Iris tinted rays.

"Oh! once the earth was beautiful! Oh! once 'twas bright!" he cried, "But Time has altered my young heart— My hopes, my joys have died. Alas! I have no Mother now, To wipe my scorching tear— For Mother sleeps beneath the turf, While I am mourning here."

"I have no sister, kind and true, A brother ne'er I've known, My father sleeps beneath the sea— Oh! I am all alone! I sometimes see their angel smiles When sleep steals o'er my brain; My heart then thrills with rapture wild, Aye, rapture near to pain!

I've wept, aye, wept till every tear Has seemed a liquid pain,— Although I try to calm my heart Yet tears will fall like rain! They tell me that the dead will live, And bid me cease to mourn; Ah! think they by their kind cares To soothe this heart forlorn?

"I feel my life is ebbing fast, Cold sweat-drops wet my brow— The happy thought steals o'er my mind, I'll see my mother now. Death comes—my latest, truest friend— To calm, yet not to destroy; When earthly friends refuse their aid, Death soothes the orphan boy." PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

[From the London Leader.]

The Size of Heads.

With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally accounted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a working man who died in Charity College, Hospital, London, and whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed, out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all they could learn about the man was, that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkably good memory. The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed, (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom;) and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average.— On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that his hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds.— Keats and Shelley had very small heads, Mr. Leigh Hunt's hat going over them too. Raffaele had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Noeuder, the church historian; so also, if we recollect aright what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murdereress, was a pound lighter than her husband's. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of twenty-four inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a large head; so had Mahomet; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine de-

scribes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife; it measured twenty two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty two and three quarter inches—a largish head but not extraordinary. Goethe's head we believe was not remarkable for size. About Shakespeare's head our only information must be from the Stratford bust which Chantrey pronounced from certain signs, to be almost certainly modelled from an original cast taken after death. It is a curious example of a fore-gone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust in his admirable work entitled "First Impressions of England and its People," describes the head from personal inspection as a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmers' brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare that the head in the bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We believe it is a smallish head.

In short, from all the statistics we have at command, respecting large and small heads, including our own private observations among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers and the like, and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers and literary men generally connoted a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down if applied in practice. We know very energetic, presidential and weighty men with smallish heads; and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental activity. More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of size, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the form of heads. Length of head from front to back we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting, and in this case if properly considered the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign, although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us it appears that if to the two dimensions of length or depth, and height, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of breadth, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings, when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view, we shall have as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant, not very different either from that propounded by the ordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us much farther. Here, also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgment. We have seen "foreheads villainously low" on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignorances.

SLANG TERMS.—It is astonishing how foreigners are imposed upon by some of our wags. The other day we saw a little Frenchman, just arrived, who had been taking English lessons, as he informed us, on the voyage, from a fellow-passenger. He complained much of the difficulty of our grammar, especially the irregular verbs.—"For instance," says he, "Ze verb to go. Did one ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper:—I go; T us depart; He clears out; We cut stick; Ye or you make tracks; They abquattulate. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what irregular verbs you have in your language!"