

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. I.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1858.

NO. 7

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER,
DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY

MEHRINGER, DOANE & SMITH.

OFFICE—CORNER OF MAIN CROSS AND
MACDONALD STREETS.

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"THEY SAY" there is a good deal of
scandal always going on in small towns—
that everybody (he or she) doesn't mind his
or her business. This may not be so; for
"They Say" himself is a great scandal-mo-
ger, and has done a deal of mischief in his
time, by insinuating what he dared not dis-
tinctly charge or assert. But as we have no
reason to consider Jasper an exception to a
general rule, we commend to the careful at-
tention of these impertinent persons, male
or female, married or single, the following
lines, from Harper:

Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it any body's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?

Is it any body's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another consort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the side walk,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling any where,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it any body's business
What another's business is?
Whether 'tis, or whether 'tisn't,
We should really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the nob's part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mast:
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better, in the future,
To mind his own concerns!

A wealthy Jew residing near Selma
Arkansas, has in possession a shekel which
was struck in the mint of Judea seventeen
hundred and fifty years ago. It is about the
size of a half-dollar, but the silver is so im-
pure that its intrinsic value is but fifteen
cents. The owner would hardly part with
the relic for as many hundred dollars. It has
been in his family five hundred and sixty
years.

A sweet country house, with roses
and honeysuckles trained to climb over it
with good taste, beauty and intelligence
within; toil enough to insure health, and
leisure to court acquaintance with books
and flowers and the loveliness of nature,
with peace, plenty and love, is surely one
of the paradises which Heaven has left for
the attainment of man.

Death of Colonel Benton.

It is with great sorrow and regret that we
chronicle the death of Colonel Thomas H.
Benton. He was one of the last survivors
of that generation of statesmen, who, born
before the Constitution of the United States
was adopted, was personally conversant
with the memorable scenes and incidents of
our early history, and its most distinguished
characters, and whose name at once serves
to revive the most glorious reminiscences.—
The year 1782, which witnessed the conclu-
sion of the Revolutionary War, was indeed
fruitful in the production of men of great
intellect and power, who afterward attained
the highest honors of the Republic, then
about commencing existence. It saw Mar-
tin Van Buren, Thomas H. Benton, John C.
Calhoun, Lewis' Cass and Daniel Webster
born into the living and breathing world.—
Of this constellation of talent and genius,
three have now descended into the shade of
the dark valley of death. The venerable
ex-President Van Buren, and the no less
distinguished Secretary of State, Lewis
Cass, both at the great age of seventy-six,
yet survive, in the full possession—like their
late compeer, Mr. Benton—of their vigor-
ous intellect, and with their mental faculties
unimpaired.

Thomas H. Benton was indeed a most re-
markable and extraordinary man, and pos-
sessed peculiar elements of greatness. We
hardly know of any person in whom the
type of individuality was more strongly
marked than in him. His character bore
the impress of great originality, and on that
account will stand out in broad relief upon
the historical canvass. One of his most
prominent traits was the strength of his will,
with his indomitable resolution and fixed
tendency of purpose. It was this that gave
him such immense power, and made him
such a formidable antagonist in the political
arena. Nothing could overcome him, and
danger and difficulty made only the more
conspicuous his daring courage, and brought
into full exercise his strong and vigorous in-
tellect. He had some of the highest quali-
ties of a great military leader, and we doubt
not that had he been appointed, as President
Polk desired, Lieutenant General of the
American armies in the Mexican war, he
would have won a bright chaplet of martial
glory.

In the United States Senate he stood up
the equal of the greatest men who were ever
in that body. His speeches upon great na-
tional questions were not as subtle and met-
aphysical as Mr. Calhoun's; nor so eloquent
and ornate in their diction, or so learned in
their exposition of constitutional law as Mr.
Webster's; nor did they glow with the fire
and brilliancy of Henry Clay's; nor per-
haps were they so entirely and calmly logi-
cal as those of Siles Wright; but they were
distinguished by an emphatic energy of ex-
pression, a strength and solidity of argu-
ment, a profundity of historical illustration
and scholar-like research, that renders them
scarcely inferior to the best productions of
his able compeers; and from them could be
taken many extracts worthy of being pre-
sented as fine specimens of manly and sena-
torial eloquence. He always discussed
questions elaborately and fully, after a thor-
ough examination of authorities, and when
he had finished but little more could be said
by anybody upon that side of the subject
which he chose to advocate.

His industry was a distinguishing trait of
his character. Through life he was a close
student; and before his death he had secu-
rated a greater store house of learning
and facts than any statesman we remember
of, with perhaps the exception of John
Quincy Adams.

Colonel Benton was born, as we have be-
fore said, in 1782, in the state of North Car-
olina. He emigrated early to the state of
Tennessee, and by his vote in 1812, was
General Jackson elected a Major General
of the Tennessee militia, and placed in that
position which enabled him subsequently to
render such brilliant service to his country.
Soon after the war he went to Missouri, and
in 1820 he was elected one of the first sena-
tors from the new state; he continued in
the senate until 1850, a period of thirty
years, being a longer term than any other
man ever served in that body. In 1853 he
was elected to the House of Representa-
tives, and served one term. Since that time
he has adapted himself to the most laborious
literary pursuits. During this long political
career Mr. Benton made many bitter politi-

cal and personal enemies, but time has soft-
ened and obliterated animosities; and when
the great statesman is placed in his grave,
the mantle of oblivion will be thrown over
those events that recall them to memory.—
All parties will mourn his decease, the chap-
let of a nation's sorrow will be placed upon
his tomb, and it will be universally admitted
that there lies one of the greatest of our
statesmen.

To show the heroic manner in which he
faced the 'king of terrors,' and the strength
of his determined will, we publish the fol-
lowing from the Washington correspondent
of the New York Times, who says, under
date of the 6th inst:

"Colonel Benton is dying. His disease,
cancer of the bowels, has made such pro-
gress that he cannot survive much longer.
He suffers extreme pain, and is exhausted
to almost the last degree of physical pros-
tration. But his mind is as clear and power-
ful as ever, and the high, resolute, Roman
spirit of the old statesman struggles with
indomitable energy and fortitude against
sickness and weakness, and the awful pres-
ence of the king of terrors. He dies in har-
ness, working for his country and mankind.

An old and intimate friend from Missouri
called upon him this morning. Benton was
in bed, scarcely able to move hand or foot,
and not able to speak much above a whis-
per; but he was hard at work, closing up his
Abridgement of the Debates of Congress,
which he had brought down to 1850, to the
passage of the Compromise measure; he
was dictating the closing chapter of the
work, while his daughter, Mrs. Jones, sitting
beside the bed received it sentence by sen-
tence, whispered in her ear, and repeated it
aloud to her husband, who wrote it down. It
was then read to Colonel Benton, and re-
ceived his corrections, made with as much
anxious particularity as if it were the maiden
work of a young author.

Resting a few minutes from his task, Col.
Benton entered into conversation with his
Missouri friend; he told him that in review-
ing the events of 1850 he was glad to find
that the animosities of the past had died out
in his heart, and he was not only ready but
eager to do justice to his former rivals and
opponents: he spoke with much feeling of
Mr. Clay, to whose merits and services he
had awarded the highest praise in what he
was writing about the Compromise period of
1850: He dwelt particularly on the service,
the great service, Mr. Clay had rendered to
the Republic at that time by baffling and
putting down the traitorous secessionists of
the South, who were seeking to destroy the
Union and plunge the country into civil war
for their own selfish and ambitious purposes.

The inspiration of this theme fired the
languid blood and reanimated for a moment
the failing frame of the dying patriot. In
energetic whispers he told his visitor that
the same men who had sought to destroy the
Republic in 1850, were at the bottom of this
accursed Lecompton business. Among the
greatest of his consolations in dying was the
consciousness that the House of Representa-
tives had baffled these treasonable schemers,
and put the heels of the people on the
necks of the traitors. Few events in his-
tory had given him so much satisfaction as
the defeat of Lecompton; he warmly praised
the intrepid and incorruptible Douglas De-
mocrats, who had resisted the power and the
wiles of a deluded Administration.

In taking leave of his friend, Col. Benton
said that although there was much in his
life that he regretted, he could honestly feel
proud, on his death bed, of his devotion to
his country, in whose service he had never
been faithless or negligent.

Gov. WRIGHT.—We copy the following
from the Evansville Journal. We have been
at a loss to account for the failure of the
President to send Gov. W.'s appointment to
the Senate for confirmation, but hope the
surmises of the Journal may prove correct:
Gov. Wright's name has not yet been pre-
sented to the Senate, and it is supposed he
will be recalled, or his nomination withheld
till Congress adjourns, when the appoint-
ment will expire by law. To preserve his
dignity Governor Wright will resign and
come home. On his return, we are led to
believe he will take up his residence in the
Pocket, and probably in the city of Evans-
ville.

How quietly might any one live if he
could care as little for the affairs of others as
he does for his own.

We publish below an excellent piece
of poetry from a new correspondent. We
cordially welcome Mrs. C. to our list, and
hope her chaste and beautiful imaginings
may frequently find their way to the public
through our columns.

The Soul's Vision of Beauty.

BY MRS. C—

Oh lovely image of eternal beauty,
There is a soul in thee that meets my own,
And holds me willing captive, rapt, en-
chanted,
In blest connection with thyself alone.

Those beaming eyes of soft and smiling
sweetness
Bend on me with pure, unearthly love;
A holy light beams from thy radiant features—
Serene, ineffable, like that above.

I feel thy mighty influence o'er my spirit,
Hushing my passions and my cares to
rest,

Lifting my soul above all things terrestrial,
To holy union with the pure and blest.

And now methinks I hear thee speaking
softly,

In spirit whispers like the breath of even,
In burning words, no mortal tongue can ut-
ter,

Of love and purity, bliss and heaven.

Thou art to me the chief among ten thou-
sand,

The peerless beauty—only perfect one;
My soul doth cleave to thee in rapt devotion,
And finds with thee for joy her heav'n be-
gun.

JASPER, APRIL, 1858.

A Wonderful Story.

The following wonderful story appeared
several years ago, from the pen of an un-
known author:

The other morning, at the breakfast table,
our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seem-
ed very much troubled and out of spirits.—
You know he is altogether a venerable man,
with a hard, stern, Scotch Irish face, soft-
ened in its expression around the mouth by
a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of
all who converse with him. His hair is snow
white; he is tall and angular; he reminds
you very much of Old Hickory. That he
is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed
to his fatalism his brightest hopes of politi-
cal advancement—has offered up on the
shrine of that necessity which he worship-
ed all that can excite ambition, even the Presi-
dency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at
the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved
spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun
was observed to gaze frequently at his right
hand, and brush it with his left in a hurried
and nervous manner. He did this so often
that it excited attention. At length one of
the persons composing the breakfast party—
his name, I think, is Toombs, and he is a
member of Congress from Georgia—took
upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr.
Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked of
Mr. C.

To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in rather a
flurried manner:

"Pshaw! It is nothing. Only a dream I
had last night, and which makes me see per-
petually a large black spot, like an ink blotch,
upon the back of my right hand. An optical
illusion, I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosi-
ty of the company, but no one ventured to
beg the details of this singular dream, until
Toombs asked quietly:

"What was your dream like? I'm not
very superstitious about dreams: but some-
times they have a great deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd
dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing
the back of his right hand; "however, if it
does not intrude too much on the time of
our friends, I will relate it to you."

Of course the company were profuse in
their professions of anxiety to know all about
the dream. In his singular, sweet voice, Mr.
Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting
in my room engaged in writing, I was aston-
ished by the entrance of a visitor, who en-
tered and without a word took a seat opposite
me at my table. This surprised me, as I had
given particular orders to the servant that I
should on no account be disturbed. The man-
ner in which the intruder entered, so per-
fectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite

me, without a word, as though my room and
all within it belonged to him, excited in me
as much surprise as indignation. I raised
my head to look into his features, over the
top of my shaded lamp, and discovered that
he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effec-
tually concealed his face and features from
my view, and as I raised my head he spoke:
'What are you writing, senator from South
Carolina?'

I did not think of his impertinence at first
but answered him voluntarily—

'I am writing a plan of the dissolution of
the American Union;' (you know, gentle-
men, that I am expected to produce a plan
of dissolution, in the event of certain con-
tingencies.)

To my reply, in the coolest
manner, he replied, in the coolest

Carolina, will you
hand—your right

He replied, and I beheld his
face. Gentlemanly, but that face
struck me like a thunder clap. It was the
face of a dead man, whom extraordinary
events had called back to life. The features
were those of General George Washington
—yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none
other than George Washington. He was
dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such
as you see in the Patent Office.'

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently agi-
tated. His agitation, I need not tell you,
was shared by the company. Toombs at
length broke the embarrassing pause:

'Well, w-e-e-l, what was the issue of this
scene?'

Mr. Calhoun resumed:

'The intruder, as I have said, rose and
asked me to look at my right hand; and as
though I had not the power to refuse, I ex-
tended it. The truth is, I felt a strange
thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped
it and held it near the light, thus affording
me full time to examine every feature. It
was the face of Washington. Gentlemen,
I shuddered as I beheld the horribly dead-
alive of that visage. After holding my hand
for a moment he looked at me steadily, and
said in a quiet way:

'And with this right hand, senator from
South Carolina, you would sign your name
to a paper declaring the Union dissolved!'

I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes, I
will. If a certain contingency arises, I will
sign my name to a Declaration of Dissolu-
tion.'

But at that moment a black blotch ap-
peared on the back of my hand, an ink
blotch, which I seem to see even now.

'What is that?' said I, alarmed, I knew
not why, at the blotch on my hand.

'That,' said he, dropping my hand, 'is the
mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in
the next world.'

He said no more, gentlemen, but drew
from beneath the table an object which he
laid upon the table, and it upon the very
paper I had signed. That object
gentlemen, was—

'There are the bones of
Isaac Hayne,' he was hung at Charleston
by the British; he gave his life in order
to establish the Union. When you put your
name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why
you may as well have the bones of Isaac
Hayne before you; he was a South Caroli-
nian, and so are you. But there was no
blotch on his right hand.'

With these words the intruder left the
room. I started back from the contact with
the dead man's bones, and—awoke. Over-
worn by labor, I had fallen asleep, and had
been dreaming. Was it not a singular
dream!'

All the company answered in the affirma-
tive, and Toombs muttered, 'Singular, very
singular,' at the same time looking curiously
at the back of his right hand, while Mr.
Calhoun placed his head between his hands
and seemed buried in thought.

A few evenings ago in Albany, New
York, (the Argus vouches for it,) a widow
who was known to the entire congregation
to be greatly in want of a husband, was
praying with great fervency:

'Oh, thou knowest the desire of my heart
she exclaimed.

'Amen!' responded a brother in broad ac-
cent.

The Mormons claim to have 480,000
members of their church scattered over the
world.

If you want to know whether a tree
is hollow or not ax it.