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Beautiful Extract.

You cannot go into the meadow and pluck
up a single daisy by the roots without break-
ing up a society of nice relations, and de-
tecting a principle more extensive and re-
fined than mere gravitation. The hand of
earth that follows the finny roots of the
little flower is replete with social elements.
A little social circle had been formed around
that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and
the dewdrop met there, and the soft summer
breeze came whispering through the tall
grass to join the silent concert. The earth
took them to the daisy gem; and all went to
work to show that flower to the sun. Each
mingled in the honey of its influence, and
they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an
affection that made it grow. And when it
lifted its eyes toward the sky, they wove a
soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the
sun saw it through the green leaves and
smiled as he passed on; and then, by star-
light and moonlight, they worked on; and
the daisy lifted up its head, and one morn-
ing while the sun was looking, it put on its
silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow
petals to the stars. And it nodded to the
little birds that were swimming in the sky,
and all of them that had silver lined wings,
and birds in black, gray, and quaker brown
came; and the querulous blue bird and the
courtly yellow bird came, and sang a
coronation of that daisy.—Boston Banner.

Cure for Shying.

If a lady's horse be addicted to shying, I
will give her a sure and simple cure for the
same; one which I have never known to
fail. Let us, for instance, suppose the exis-
tence of a large heap of stones on the
near side of the road. The horse sees an
indistinct grey object and prepares to shy at
it. The moment he shows such symptom,
let his fair rider turn both her eyes on ex-
actly the opposite side of the road, (i. e. the
off side,) and look steadily away from the
offending heap, and I'll engage that the
horse will walk quietly by.

For many years I have ridden horses of all
tempers and dispositions, some of them much
given to shying, and have never yet found
this simple remedy to fail in its effect. Let
those who scoff at me try it. The reason is
this: the human eye has, doubtless, a great
influence on all animals, and there is a
strong and secret sympathy between the
horse and his rider; the horse sees an in-
distinct object and looks doubtfully at it; his
rider becomes alarmed, imagining that the
animal is going to commit some eccentricity,
and he starts in terror from the object which
has frightened him; whereas, if he finds that
his rider sits unmoved and unconcerned,
he regains his confidence and goes on in
the wonted manner of his way. I believe that
all half-bred horses are ruined for life by
being ridden by head by grooms to cure
them.

NEWSPAPERS.—There are three thousand
three hundred and sixty-four newspapers
published in the United States and Territo-
ries, of which six hundred and thirteen are
in New York, four hundred and nineteen in
Pennsylvania, three hundred and eighty-
two in Ohio, two hundred and twenty-one in
Illinois, two hundred and nineteen in Mas-
sachusetts. There are fifty in Canada, five
in the Sandwich Islands, and two in New
Brunswick. In England and Wales there
are two hundred and seventy-two, in Scot-
land sixty-six, in Ireland one hundred and
thirteen, and in the British Isles and Jersey
seventeen. There are about fifteen hundred
in Germany, about six hundred in France,
thirty or forty in Spain, very few in Italy,
thirteen in Constantinople, and about one
hundred in Russia.

A wealthy Jew residing near Selma
Arkansas, has in possession a shekle which
was struck in the mint of Judah 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.

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

Layard's Confirmation of Scripture.

After all the attention which has been
given to Layard's discoveries among the
ruins of Nineveh, we doubt whether the
public mind in general is fully aware of the
nature and extent of the confirmation which
they bring to the truth of scripture history.
It may be useful here to set out in the brief-
est form, a specimen of some of the general
results of these discoveries.

They show, in conformity with the tenor
of scripture, that the earliest ages were not,
as many think, barbarous ages; but that the
race of men, originally enlightened from a
divine source, had, at first, a high degree of
general knowledge, which they gradually
lost through their defection to idolatry. It
has been demonstrated by these excavations
not only that a high state of the arts existed
in Nineveh a thousand years before Christ;
but also, that in the earliest ages of that
city, dating but a few centuries from the
flood, their sculptures were the best. In this
remarkable result the Egyptian and Assyrian
antiquities also agree.

It is also proved, contrary to the general
impression, that idolatry was introduced
when men had a better knowledge of the
true God than afterwards prevailed; that it
did not grow up as a religion of nature, by
the ineffectual attempts of men to find the
true God; but it was introduced as an expedi-
ent of men in order to obscure what knowl-
edge of God they possessed, because they
did not like to retain God in their knowledge.
This is shown in the fact that the earliest
representations of God found in these sculp-
tures are the best, and immeasurably exceed
anything of the kind existing in after ages;
especially in their approach to the true idea
of God. So that idolatry came in not for
want of light, but by an abuse of light.—
Men, knowing God, and yet not willing to
glorify him as God, became vain in their
imaginings, and their foolish hearts were
darkened.

The scripture accounts of the great anti-
quity of Nineveh and the Assyrian Empire
agree with these records dug out of the ruins
of Nineveh. The scriptures date the build-
ing of the city not long after the flood; and
the fact that the same marble materials have
been used in successive structures, and that
ancient buildings have been placed on the
ruins of those still more ancient, and other
unmistakable indications, the conclusion is
made clear, that the city had all the antiquity
which the scriptures ascribe to it.

These monuments also bear upon them
the record of the fulfillment of prophecy—
Nahum prophesied that the city would be
plundered of all its treasures, so that none
would be left. Layard has found in all his
excavations nothing in the form of gold or
silver; a fact which is remarkable, if the
city had not been thoroughly plundered be-
fore it was burned. The prophet foretold
that the invaders would obtain easy access
to some portions of the city; and that wher-
ever the inhabitants should resort to the
strong holds, these would be burnt. Now
the ruins show just this result; that some
parts of the city were destroyed by fire and
others escaped.

But a more striking confirmation is found
in the fact that inscriptions, on the ruins of
one of the palaces, gives the records of the
military career of Sennacherib, with just
such a series of conquests, and just such
boasting of them, as the scriptures ascribe
to him. For instance, the Bible tells us that
Hezekiah rebelled against the King of Assy-
ria; that in the fourteenth year of Hezeki-
ah's reign, Sennacherib came up against all
the fenced cities of Judah, and took from
Hezekiah three hundred talents of silver
and thirty of gold. Now compare this with
the historical inscription on Sennacherib's
palace: "Because Hezekiah, King of Judah,
did not submit to my yoke, I took, and plun-
dered, forty-six of his strong fenced cities
and innumerable smaller towns, but I left
him Jerusalem his capital city; and because
Hezekiah still refused to pay homage, I at-
tacked and carried off the whole population
which dwell around Jerusalem, with thirty
talents of gold and eight hundred talents of
silver." This agrees with the Bible account
except in respect to the quantity of silver;
as to this, the one account may describe
what was delivered by Hezekiah, and the
other the whole product of his plunder.

The chamber of Sennacherib's palace
presents, in sculptures and inscriptions, the
siege of the Jewish city Lachish. The king
is sculptured in royal pomp, on his throne,

and over his head is this inscription, "Sen-
nacherib, the mighty king—king of the coun-
try of Assyria—sitting on the throne of
judgment before the city of Lachish; I give
permission for its slaughter." In the sculp-
tures the destruction of the city of Lachish
is represented to have been his most difficult
work; and, of course, it was a victory on
which he would most plume himself, as these
sculptures show that he did.

Another coincidence appears in this, that
in the historical sculptures there are marks
of a sudden and final interruption of the
work, such as would naturally follow from
the violent death of the king as described in
the Bible.

In the ruins of Babylon there is no sculp-
tured marble. The city was built all of
brick. The bricks often have characters
stamped upon them. In one instance a huge
palace is formed of brick thus stamped; and
the same characters exhibit the name of
"Nebuchadnezzar." The prominent charac-
teristic of Nebuchadnezzar was his pride—
such as was revealed in that speech: "Is not
this great Babylon that I have built, by the
might of my power, and for the honor of my
majesty?" Now these ruins of the palace,
in every brick of them, give just the echo of
that boasted speech. Thus, after so many
centuries, God has brought forth, from the
ruins of these cities, voices in response to
what the inspired penman had recorded so
many centuries before.

A Fact with a Moral.

A celebrated artist, in one of his rambles,
met with a beautiful and interesting child.
It was the finest and most perfect child he
thought, he had ever seen. 'I will paint
the portrait of this child,' said he, 'and keep
it for my own, for I may never look upon its
like again.' He painted it; and when trou-
ble came, and evil passions moved his spirit
to rebel, he gazed upon the likeness of the
boy, and passion fled, and holier thoughts
entranced his soul. He said, 'If I can find a
being that will form a perfect contrast to the
child—one in whom is concentrated every-
thing vile and ugly of which I can conceive
—I will paint his portrait also.'

Years passed away, and he saw no one
sufficiently hideous to answer his design; at
length, while traveling in a distant land, he
went within a prison's walls, and there he
saw, stretched upon the floor of stone, the
object which his fancy had portrayed—a man
whose soul was stained with blood, with
glaring eyes and haggard face, and with de-
moniac rage, cursing himself, his fellow be-
ings, and blaspheming God, chained within
that miserable abode, and waiting for the
moment of his execution.

The artist transferred his likeness to the
canvas, and placed it opposite the child's;
how striking, how complete the contrast!—
The angel boy—the fiend man! What
must have been the feelings of the artist,
when upon inquiry, he ascertained that the
portraits he had made were of the same in-
dividual being! The beautiful, innocent
child had grown into the hideous, the sinful
man!

We remember to have read many
years ago an amusing story of a young Amer-
ican officer in the Revolutionary war, who,
flying for life from half a dozen Tory pursu-
ers, rushed into the house of a young widow
who was known to be true to the American
cause, and whom the said officer afterwards
married. The house afforded no possible
place of concealment, the life of the young
officer was at stake, and not a moment was
to be lost. In such an exigency the young
widow, who was robed somewhat in the style
of our modern belles, invited him to crouch
under the ample protection of her dress.—
Without a moment's hesitation (as how
could he be expected to hesitate?) he sought
the friendly shelter just as his enemies were
entering the door, and she stood guard over
him till they searched the house and went
away disappointed.

Probably the only moral of this story is,
that each of the fashionably dressed women
of the present day might, in such a case of
life and death, hide a couple of patriots in-
stead of one.—Lou. Jour.

Fernando Wood, late mayor of New
York, has brought seven hundred libel suits
against the New York Tribune, which paper
during his term of office, charged him with
swindling, forgery and thieving.

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

The following sweet poem and rare
literary gem has been handed us for inser-
tion. The author is evidently a "poet" of
no ordinary calibre. We commend it to
the careful consideration of our numerous
bachelor friends, hoping that they may gath-
er from it lessons of wisdom and discretion:

For the Jasper Courier.

Mr. Editor:—One of your correspon-
dents, writing over the signature of "Pro-
Bono Publico," sweepingly asserts that none
"are bachelors from choice." That your
readers may see how utterly unfounded such
statements are, you will please give a place
in your interesting paper to

My Love Experience.

One evening, I think, if I rightly remember,
As I sat by my fire in the month of Decem-
ber,
With pussy, half sleeping, I thought of my
state,
And sighed then to think I had never a
mate.
As the storm beat without, I thought it all
over,
Of the honey moon tour, and living in clover,
Of the cries of cross babies, of wrangle and
strife—
All these are, thought I, for a man with a
wife.

But my wardrobe, I found, was much out of
repair,
And everything else, for want of good care,
So I thought it was best to have a good wife,
And not live a comfortless bachelor's life.
So early next morning I set out for town,
Determined to court a certain Miss Brown,
Who once on a time I intended to marry.
But afterward thought it was better to tarry.
With sweetest of smiles, as she opened the
door
And led me across the rich carpeted floor,
She shook my hard hand, with a "How do
you do!"
Who under the sun ever thought this was
you!"

But as I'd not come to laugh and make fun
In the lessons of love I soon had begun;
For days and for weeks we were always to-
gether,
Through sunshine and shower and all sorts
of weather.

But one night I endeavored the question to
pop,
When my head, on a sudden, spun round
like a top.
Miss Brown looking on in amazement and
fright,
She asked me, quite coolly, if my senses
were right.

But my tremor passed off, and I asked her
to be
The wife of the man who then plead on his
knee;
She drew herself up, with the haughtiest
look,
And said, "Sir, forever you're scratched
from my book!"

Determined, I thought I'd not give it up so;
To Miss Susan, the second, I thought I
would go.
I told her I loved her for herself alone;
Got down on my knees with a mighty deep
groan.

She turned from my side with a look of dis-
dain,
And told me to never insult her again!
She said that my helpmate she never could
be,
For she'd wed with the d—l before she would
me.

"Do it so," I replied, "but I must have a
kiss—
For the present fine chance I never can
miss!"
I started toward her, when she raised her
left "psw"
And struck me a whopper, which fractured
my jaw!

That gentle love-tap cooled my ardor you
know,
And straightway for home I determined to
go.

"That woman," said I, "squared off in good
style,
When she my fine features endeavored to
'spile.'"

But now that I'm home you have no need
to fret,
For I'll never get married, you safely can
bet;
I'll stay home by myself, and always be free,
For a bachelor's life is the best life for me.

Swiss Courting.

The Swiss custom is when a girl has ar-
rived at a marriageable age, the young men
of the village assemble by consent on a given
night at the gallery of the chalet in which
the fair one resides. This creates no man-
ner of surprise in the mind of her parents,
who not only wink at the practice, but are
never better pleased than when the charms
of their daughter attract the greatest num-
ber of admirers.

Their arrival is soon announced by sundry
taps at the different windows. The family
in the house having been roused and dressed,
(for the scene usually takes place at mid-
night, when they have all retired to rest,)
the window of the room prepared for the
occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is
opened. Then parley commences, of rather
a boisterous description; each man in turn
urges his suit with all the eloquence and art
of which he is possessed. The fair one hesi-
tates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to
no decision.

She then invites the party to partake of a
repast of cakes and kirsch wasser, which is
prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed,
this entertainment, with the strong water of
the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the
proceedings of the night. Having regaled
themselves for some time, during which, and
through the window, she has made use of
all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns
a desire to get rid of them, and will some-
times call her parents to accomplish this ob-
ject. The youths, however, are not to be
put off, for, according to the custom of the
country, they have come here for the ex-
press purpose of compelling her, on that
night, there and then, to make up her mind,
and to declare the object of her choice.

At length, after a further parley, her heart
is touched, or at least she pretends it is, by
the favorite waltz; after certain prelimina-
ries between the girl and her parents, her
lover is admitted through the window, where
the affianced is signed and sealed, but not de-
livered, in the presence of both father and
mother.

By consent of all parties, the ceremony is
not to extend beyond a couple of hours,
when, after a second jollification with kirsch
wasser, they all retire—the happy man to
bless his stars, but the rejected to console
themselves with the hope that at the next
tournament of love making they may suc-
ceed better. In general, the girl's decision
is taken in good part by all, and is regarded
as decisive.—Heathland's Switzerland.

Where the Plaster Was.

A certain doctor (rather a modest young
man by the way) was recently called in to
see a lady who had been taken suddenly ill.
The doctor found the application of a mus-
tard plaster to be necessary, and accordingly
went to work and made one, and laid it care-
fully by, to prepare the lady for its applica-
tion. Every thing was ready and the doctor
sought the plaster, but strange to say, it had
disappeared. The doctor and the negro
nurse searched high and low, in every pro-
bable place, for the missing plaster, but in
vain; it was gone, no one could tell where.
The nurse had not seen it since the doctor
laid it on the chair. There was no other al-
ternative but to go to work and make another,
which was accordingly done. But still
the question would present itself to all, what
had become of that plaster? The circum-
stance of its having been spirited away be-
gan to tell unfavorably on the sick lady's
nervous sensibility; but the doctor could not
help it, he could not explain the mystery.—
The doctor in a deep brown study prepared
to leave, and stood up before the fire to warm
himself before encountering the cold with-
out. Through the force of a vulgar habit,
he parted his coat tails behind, when nurse,
displaying about four inches of ivory, said:
'I found plaster, massa doctor.'

'Where?' eagerly asked the doctor, 'where
is it?'

'You got it ahind,' said the nurse, still
grinning.
The doctor clasped his hand behind and
there it was sticking fast to the seat of his
breeches, where he sat down on it when it
was lying on the chair. This was too much
for the modest doctor. He seized his hat
and bolted, nor could he be prevailed on to
visit that lady again during her sickness.

The last official act of Lord Palmer-
ston, was to send a donation of £100 to Mrs.
Mogridge, the widow of the writer so long
known as "Old Humphrey."