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## A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand—  
A pebbly shell was in my hand;  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
My name—the year—the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast;  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me;  
A wave of dark oblivious sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to be no more  
Of me—my name—the name I bore,  
To leave no track, no trace.

And yet, with Him, who counts the sands  
And holds the water in his hands,  
I know the lasting record stands,  
Inscribed against my name.  
Of all this mortal part was wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting mementoes caught  
For glory or for shame.

## A Race with a Widow.

Merciful Jehosphat and big onions, what  
a time I've had with that widdler! We char-  
tered an omnibus for two on Christmas, and  
started. Widdler, said I, where shall we go  
to? She blushed, and said she didn't like to  
say.

Well, Jehuel, if you insist upon it, and I  
am to have my choice, I'd rather go to  
church.

What for, widdler! said I.

Oh Jehuel, how can you ask me!

Cause I want to know, said I.

Well, (blushing redder than a beet,) it is  
such cold weather now, and the nights are  
so awfully cold, and—oh, Jehuel, I can't  
stand it!

Oh, pshaw! widdler, spit out—what do you  
mean?

The widdler riled, she biled right over like  
a quart of milk on the fire, and burst out  
with—

If you can't understand me, you are a  
heartless brute, so you are!

Hold your horses! said I. 'What's all  
this about? I'm not a brute, nor never was,  
and if a man called me that I'd boot him  
sure.

And then I biled right over, and unbuto-  
ned my coat collar to keep me from busting  
off my buttons. The widdler saw I was  
going to explode, or else collapse my windpipe,  
and she flung her arms around my neck, put  
her lips to mine and cooled right down.

Jehuel dear, said she, in an insinuating  
way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ.  
Jehuel, honey, I wanted to go to church to  
get mar—no, I can't say it all; you finish  
the word, Jehuel sweet.

What word, marm?

Oh, you stupid! Jehuel dear, I mean the  
word married, love.

Look here, marm, my name isn't Jehuel  
Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet,  
I'd have you to know; and I won't get mar-  
ried to nobody but one, and you are not she.

Oh, pewter pennies, but didn't she rave!  
She made one dash at me; I dodged, and  
she went butt up against the upper end of  
the omnibus. Crack went her comb, and  
smash went that bran new bonnet that I  
didn't buy for her, and down went she with  
her face in the straw. But in a moment she  
rose again and made one dash more at me.  
I dropped—she over me and butted the door  
of the omnibus. The strap broke and out  
she went—her gaiter boots higher than her  
head as she struck the pavement.

Drive on! I yelled to the driver.

Woman overboard! cried a passing sailor.  
Stop that White Coat—breach of promise  
—reward—Herald—publish! shrieked the  
widdler in tones of mortal agony, while tears  
of blood streamed from her beautiful pug  
nose.

Drive on! Drive on! I shouted.

Where to? asked the driver.

To the Devil—to Harlem—to Macomb's  
—anywhere so that I escape matrimony and  
the widdler!

He started—so did the widdler, and then  
we had it up the avenue, the bus having the  
start of about a hundred yards. Foot by  
foot the widdler gained. Thinks I, Jehuel  
you are a goner. I thought it best to lighten  
ship; so I hove overboard the straw.

Still she gained on me. Then overboard  
went the cushions. But still she gained.  
More steam, driver! for mercy's sake! I  
yelled.

We are going faster than the law allows  
now, he answered. Thirteen miles an  
hour.

Jehosphat! how the widdler run; she hove  
off her bonnet and came up hand over hand.  
A thought struck me, and so I off with my  
white coat and flung it right down in her  
path. She sprang on it like a she panther,  
and tore it to pieces. Oh, how they flew!  
I went to see it go, but life is sweeter than  
a coat, and my tailor is making me a new  
one. Here we gained full two hundred yards,  
but on she came again. One more I could  
see the green in her eyes—merciful Moses!  
how I felt.

Driver! said I, kill them horses or get an-  
other mile out of them!

Will you pay for 'em! he asked.

Yes, yes, said I, only save me from the  
widdler.

By cracky! we did slide; the widdler no  
longer gained, but she held her own beauti-  
fully. Thus we had it—out past the Red  
House—through Harlem, where Capt. Gra-  
ham, with three mounted policemen, in vain  
attempted to catch us, he probably supposing  
that we were running away with some bank  
fund.

My only hope was in reaching Degroats  
ahead of her, for I knew they would hide  
me. We were on the bridge and, oh Mos-  
es! the draw was up and the sloop going  
through. Driver, said I, jump that bridge,  
and I'll make your fortune for life, sure as  
you're born.

I'll do it or die! he cried. And he did it.  
The widdler jumped after us, fell into the  
Harlem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

THE HOOPED SKIRT AND BAPTISM.—At  
Chicago, last week, a rather amusing scene  
took place during the baptism of a young  
lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The  
Union says:

"The minister requested her to assume  
the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but  
she declined to take off her hooped skirt.  
The minister told her of the inconvenience  
that must result from her obstinacy, but  
like a true female, she resisted. But when  
she came to descend into the bath, the in-  
flated skirt touched the water and rose up  
around her like a balloon. Her head was  
lost to the congregation—she was swallowed  
up in the swelling skirt. The minister tried  
to force her down into the bath, but she was  
kept above the surface by the floating prop-  
erties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up  
so successfully that it was not until after  
much difficulty, and many forcible attempts  
to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded  
in baptizing the fair one. Finally it was  
effected, to the relief of the minister and  
the seriously inclined audience.

THE SOUND OF SUNSET.—On the arrival  
of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when  
the North Carolina lay off the Battery, an  
Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset,  
inquired of one of the sailors what that  
was?

"What's that? Why, that's sunset!" was  
the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with disten-  
ded eyes "sunset! Holy Moses! and does  
the sun go down in this country with such a  
bang as that!"

"Knowledge may slumber in the  
memory, but it never dies; it is like the dor-  
mouse in the ivied tower, that sleep while  
winter lasts, but wakes with the warm  
breath of spring." Memory is a store house  
in which are garnered all the thoughts and  
feelings that we have ever entertained.—Re-  
collection is the faculty which enables us  
to bring forward our knowledge for use.

## Agriculture.

But few people are aware of the immense  
falling off in the staple agricultural products  
of the older States, as exhibited by the cen-  
sus reports. New England, for instance, in  
1845, raised over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat,  
but in 1850 she yielded but 1,000,000—a de-  
cline of fifty per cent. in ten years. The  
population, in the mean time, had consid-  
erably increased. There has been a consid-  
erable decline, undoubtedly, since 1850. In  
the four States of Tennessee, Kentucky,  
Georgia and Alabama, which raised 12,000,-  
000 bushels of wheat in 1849, raised but 5,-  
000,000 bushels in 1850. The number of  
sheep in the State of New York had de-  
creased so that there were nearly 300,000  
less than there were thirty years ago. Within  
a period of five years the decrease has  
been nearly fifty per cent, while the de-  
crease in the number of horses, cows and  
swine is above fifteen per cent. In 1845  
the product of wheat was 13,391,770 bushels.  
It has steadily declined since, until the pro-  
duct of the past year did not exceed 6,000,-  
000 bushels.

The older sections of our country are be-  
coming more dependent upon the granary  
of the North-west for their supplies of  
leading agricultural products. Their land  
is getting worn out and unproductive, and  
the people are turning their attention to  
manufactures and commerce. In time,  
scientific agriculture, directed by the re-  
source of wealth, will reclaim, in almost all  
its old fertility, those districts; but for the  
present they must look elsewhere, in a mea-  
sure, for the great supplies of the staff of life.  
The opening of new territories, soon to be-  
come States, in the West, is the greatest of  
blessings to the old Atlantic States, not only  
as relieving them of considerable population,  
they can well spare, but as assisting to keep  
down the price of agricultural products to a  
reasonable figure.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.—Queen  
Victoria has at present eight children, four  
sons and four daughters. Their names and  
titles are as follows:—Victoria Adelaide  
Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, now fifteen  
years of age; Albert Edward, Prince of  
Wales, fourteen years, future King of Eng-  
land; Alice M. and Mary, twelve years;  
Helena Augusta Victoria, nine years; Louisa  
Caroline Alberta, seven years; Arthur Wil-  
liam Patrick Albert, five years; and Leopold  
William Duncan Albert, two years old.

TRUE WOMEN.—The true woman—whether  
she be the modest virgin, the prudent  
wife, or the careful matron—is more service-  
able in this life than all the heroines of  
novels since the days of Cervantes. She  
who makes the fire of virtuous emulation  
spring in the heart of youth—she who rears  
a family in virtue and honesty, renders a  
nobler service to the world than was ever  
done by a Joan of Arc.

Nature is shockingly immodest. Un-  
til children are taught "what is what," they  
would as soon run around with nothing on  
their arms and legs as they would in breeches  
and petticoats. Blushing is an artificial  
commodity, and came into the market with  
knowledge and mantua-makers.

A young poet out West, in describing  
Heaven says: "It is a world of bliss fenced  
in with girls."

If that is true, and we are so fortunate as  
to get there, we intend to ask permission to  
sleep in the fence corners.

AN IMPRESSIVE IDEA.—Infants count by  
minutes; children by days; men by years;  
planets by revolutions of years; comets by  
revolutions of ages; nature by revolutions  
of systems; the Eternal meditates in a per-  
petual present.

"Dawater, dawtker," said an exquie-  
site, the other day, "I want you to tell me  
what I can put into my head to make it  
right."

"It wants nothing but brains," said the  
physician.

Kind words are among the brightest  
flowers of earth; they convert the humblest  
home into a paradise; therefore use them,  
especially around the fires de circle.

COMMENT ON ARISTOTLE.—A bad dog is  
like an illogical inference; because he  
doesn't follow.

A wag went into a turner's shop the  
other day, and asked him to turn out a joke.  
He refused, and turned the joker out instead.

## A Husband's Prayer.

Thou great and holy Father,  
That ruleth everywhere,  
Oh! harken to thy servant,  
Oh! listen to his prayer!  
He prayeth not for blessings  
To rest upon his life;  
But asks Thou bless in mercy,  
His pure and griefless wife.

Great God be always with her,  
When storms and sorrows come;  
Do Thou forever love her,  
Until Thou call her home;  
Make bright her earthly journey,  
Make pure her loving heart,  
And from all sin and sorrow  
E'en cause her to depart.

Bind on her brow a chaplet,  
Of Thy mercies and Thy love;  
And oh! teach her to remember  
The God who rules above!  
Teach her loving heart be constant,  
Teach her soul the starry way,  
Which is ever, ever leading  
To a bright and endless day.

Oh! listen, God of heaven,  
To my soul dictated prayer;  
Do Thou scatter gems of pleasure,  
Around her everywhere;  
Be Thou constantly beside her,  
'Till she rests within the tomb,  
And in mercy do Thou guide her  
To her fair eternal home!

Charles Lamb once, while riding in  
company with a lady, descried a party  
denuded for swimming, a little way off. He  
remarked, "Those girls ought to go to a more  
retired place." "They are boys," replied  
the lady. "You may be right," rejoined  
Charles, "I can't distinguish so accurately  
as you at such distance."

In the last thirty days, no less than  
nineteen wives, flying from their husbands,  
have passed over the Buffalo State Line rail-  
road! So says a Buffalo paper, under the  
caption of "Angels on the Wing."

You can't fill a man as you fill up a pitcher;  
He always will hold  
A little more gold,  
And never's so rich that he wouldn't be richer.

"I am afraid of the lightning," mur-  
mured a pretty young coquette, during a  
storm. "Well, you may be," sighed a despair-  
ing lover, "when your heart is steel."

"People," says a modern philosopher,  
"go according to their brains; if these lie in  
their head, they study; if in their belly, they  
eat; if in their feet, they dance."

"Pompey, de corn's up." "De corn  
up? Why I only planted it yesterday."  
"I know dat, but de hogs got in it last night,  
and gurr it a lift."

"John," said a gentleman to his but-  
ler, "either you or I must quit the house."  
"Very well, sir," said John; "where will  
your honor pe after going to?"

There is a man in New York who  
hasn't slept any since April, 1857. He must  
be a Black Republican whose conscience  
troubles him.

What is the best line to lead a man  
with? Crino-line.  
And the best line to lead a woman with  
is a mascu-line.

A hearty laugh is more desirable  
for mental health than any exercise of  
the reasoning faculties.—[Doctor Ray.

When did Absalom sleep five in a  
bed? When he slept with his forefath-  
ers.

Why is a kiss like some sermons? Be-  
cause there are two heads and one applica-  
tion.

The art of keeping still and saying  
nothing, is the true secret of success of  
scores of blockheads.

A drunkard's nose is said to be a  
light house, warning us of the little water  
that passes underneath.

To think too poorly of yourself is a  
weakness; to think too well of yourself is  
a folly.

What is that from which, when the  
whole is taken, some will still remain?  
The word wholesome.

Quere.—Can a man be said to be inflat-  
ed when his wife has just blown him up?

Who are the most disinterestedly  
good? Those who are good for nothing.

Why should B come before C? Be-  
cause any one must be before he can see.

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Ohio Farmer.  
Diseases and Management of Horses.

BY ONE WHO HAS LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.  
Having in the last twenty years  
owned and used a great many horses,  
both on the farm and road, I think I  
have learned some things in reference  
to them that may be of use to those of  
less experience. And as I have learned  
many of those things in that school of  
which it is said that, although dear,  
fools will learn in no other, I will now  
give them to the reader gratis, with  
the hope that they may profit thereby:

Colic—Its symptoms and Cure—I  
have found that by far the most com-  
mon disease to which the grown horse  
of this climate is subject, is colic—  
simple colic, brought on by a collec-  
tion of gas in the stomach and large  
intestines; and that an almost never  
failing cure for it is, one ounce of  
laudannum, and one ounce of sweet  
spirits of nitre, diluted with a gill of  
water. Attacks of colic are more or  
less sudden and violent, but generally  
before the animal begins to suffer from  
violent and continued pain, he will  
show symptoms of occasional uneasi-  
ness, by switching his sides with his  
tail, stamping with his hind legs,  
which he will often bring forward, and  
up against his belly; looks round at  
his sides, draws his legs under him  
and kneels as though he was going to  
lie down, but straightens up again and  
stands for a moment apparently easy,  
when the symptoms will again return,  
and he will lie down and attempt to  
roll, but will jump up, stamp, switch,  
and lie down again. It is now high  
time he should have the dose, which  
place in a long neck bottle, shake to-  
gether, and drench with, being careful  
to wash his mouth out with clear,  
warm warm water, which will prevent  
its being made sore by the nitre. Let  
him be just as quiet as possible; in fact  
you had better go away and leave him  
an hour, when you may return to find  
him, in ninety-nine cases out of a hun-  
dred, relieved. Shall I tell you how  
I learned my first lesson in horse colic  
experience? Well, some years since,  
one morning in November, after har-  
ing fed my horses on new corn, and  
harnessed them for the wagon, I dis-  
covered the above symptoms of un-  
easiness in a valuable brown gelding,  
which was my saddle horse when  
working four to one wagon, after the  
Pennsylvania fashion. I immediately  
sent for a neighbor, who was the horse  
doctor of our town. He said the horse  
had botts, drenched him with milk and  
molasses, weak lye, &c., &c., &c., &c.,  
and kept him in constant motion by  
having a boy ride him back and forth,  
until in about two hours he staggered  
and fell—death having kindly relieved  
him from such torture. Such a horse  
at that time was worth, which was  
relatively just as much then as one  
hundred and fifty dollars are now.—  
So, my friends, you see my lesson cost  
me forty dollars per hour then, and  
would cost you or I now seventy-five  
dollars per hour. And let me tell you  
there are just such horse doctors yet,  
and they will nearly always tell you  
when your horse has colic that he has  
the botts, and treat him accordingly,  
and if they do not kill him it is not  
their fault.

BUGS ON VINES.—In addition to the  
remedies mentioned in our last, we  
now add, from a responsible source,  
that the ashes of anthracite coal are a  
good protection against the striped  
and the black bug. Sift about half a  
pint on each hill and the bugs will  
disappear and not return.