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The Husband's Song.

Rainy and rough sets the day—
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away—
Somebody's anxious for somebody,
Thrice has she been to the gate—
Thrice has she listened for somebody;
Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire—
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
O'er in her nestest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody,
Though the stars shed from the west,
There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the room he lives best—
Warding the beam of somebody.

There'll be a coat 'er the chair,
Then'll be slippers for somebody—
There'll be a wife's tender care—
Love's embraces for somebody;
There'll be the little one's charms—
Somebody'll be wakened for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
O! but how blest will be somebody!

A WINTER SCENE.

The wind it blew,
The snow it flew,
And raised particular thunder,
With skirts and hoops,
And chicken coops,
And all such kind of plunder.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial gives the following scene, not in the programme, at the Ohio State Fair, Sandusky.

AN EXHIBITION BUT NO PREMIUM.

A large number of ladies were amused and many gentlemen profoundly shocked by a little incident upon the Fair Ground yesterday. A very good looking damsel, evidently a rustic, but sporting the whalebone chevaux-de-frize which protects the delicate portions of the bodies of females from external assaults, and imparts to their forms an interesting rotundity, was seized with a queer desire to inspect the prospect from the roof of the old log cabin—of which I had somewhat to say in a previous letter. She got up somehow or other and her appearance very naturally commended a very large share of public attention. The wind was blowing pretty sharply at the time, and began to play the deuce with her petiskirts. Being compelled to exercise herself in suppressing the rebellious apparel, she was careless of her footing, and in an unlucky moment slipped down upon the roof flat upon her back. The grade being pretty sharp, and the clapboards as slick as an egg shell, it was impossible to apply the brakes, and she consequently slid downwards with more rapidity than elegance. The track, however, appeared clear and, saving the exposure of a pair of very long stockings, and the revelation of her—garters, she seemed in a fair way of making a landing over the eaves of the shanty, upon terra firma. Unluckily, however, her nether garments spread themselves like sails, and one of them hooked itself upon a projecting nail, and saved the lady a serious concussion. The consequences were distressing to the large audience of gentlemen who were regarding the thrilling adventure, at a distance. The poor woman laid there a few moments, in an interesting but helpless position, when a benevolent gentleman with weak eyes procured a plank, and clambering upon the roof, cut away the offending garment and released the unfortunate victim of curiosity. No premium was awarded for this exhibition.

A barking dog never bites.

Romance in Teal Life.

The "DUTCH" GIRL.—The Washington (O.) Register has cooked up the following bit of romance, and affirms that it is genuine:

"We have lately got into the possession of some facts relative to a thrilling incident, which conclusively demonstrates that beauty and worth, unadorned, are far more valuable than all the tinsel drapery of earth. Not over ten miles from Washington, on one of those gently undulating farms that look so pleasant when covered with the verdure of June, is a pretty country residence, where a retired trader and his wife live, with their only son, in the enjoyment of wealth and ease. As we are not permitted, of course, to name the parties, we will call the gentleman Mr. Landen. Among the 'helps' in the house was a German Girl who possessed remarkable beauty. There was an air of superiority in her manner and address; but the Landen's were somewhat a proud people, and always treated her, like many folks do hired girls, with distant hauteur.

One pleasant day last summer, the old lady and gentleman had gone to visit a friend, some miles distant, but Frank, being busy at something, did not accompany them. Soon after the carriage was gone, Frank heard the sound of music. Somewhat astonished, he stole into the house, and peeped silently into the sitting room. There sat Mary (as we will call her) with the guitar, which she played with a skill almost artistic. After executing a brilliant piece, she glided into a sweet French air, and then, with a rich voice, full of pathos, sang one of the chansonsettes of Beranger. The youth was entranced, and, when she concluded, he could not forbear an exclamation of surprise and admiration. The girl turned hastily, when she saw the young man at the door, whom she thought was cut with his parents; she turned pale with dismay, tottered a few steps, and fell fainting on the sofa. Frank ran to her aid, but was in a condition not much more rational; he had something of the family pride, and was of a shy, retiring disposition. Imagine the blushing, confused young man, supporting with his arm the form of a lovely girl in a fainting fit! Frank had never before felt the power of beauty, but he was not overwhelmed, and before sprinkling some drops of water on her face, he took a hasty, thrilling, hesitating kiss. That kiss was fatal. Mary recovered from the swoon, but Frank could not escape the effects of the kiss; study, amusement, everything, was at a stand; he seemed to be walking in a dream, and buried in restless thought. He would have treated the girl with some attention, but not a word, not a look could he win from her; she pursued her occupations with her usual diligence, and acted as if she had forgotten the guitar scene. Seeing no other means, Frank one day took advantage of the absence of parents and candidly avowed his affection, making honorable and frank proposals.

We have not space to describe the girl's confusion, nor the avowal the eager lover won from her of the existence of some very tender sentiments in her own bosom; also her own narration of how she came with such acquirements, in such a situation. Her father had been driven from Austria for liberalism, and died poor and broken-hearted in New York. Mary went to Cincinnati, and then came into the country to live out.

When all had been explained, she insisted on the whole thing being openly declared to Mr. and Mrs. Landen, she would be a party to no clandestine measures. The disclosure was made; the parents became indignant, and Mary was sent away.

Months of despair ensued. Mary would consent to no hidden correspondence. Frank's health began to fail and the doctor to shake his head. The crisis was irremediable; Mary was sent for, Frank got well, and they are now a happy pair, and Mary is the affectionate daughter-in-law of a couple who think her the greatest blessing heaven ever sent them. Truly "lowliness is young Ambition's ladder."

HOOPS.—The Louisville Journal says: We are informed that there were contracts entered into a few weeks ago for the delivery of hogs on the Upper Mississippi at the following rates: 10,000 head at 4½ cents net, and 3,000 head at another point at 3½ to 4½ net—the difference in price depending on the difference in weight.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NEW YORK.

Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide of June has on page 27, a "Time Indicator," which shows the difference of time between various cities in the United States. When it is twelve o'clock in New York, it is,
At Boston, Mass. - - - 12 min. past 12
At Portland, Maine. - - 16 min. past 12
At Philadelphia, Pa. - - 55 min. past 11
At Baltimore, Md. - - 50 min. past 11
At Richmond, Va. - - 46 min. past 11
At Charleston, S. C. - - 36 min. past 11
At Pittsburgh, Pa. - - 55 min. past 11
At Wheeling, Va. - - 34 min. past 11
At Cleveland, Ohio, - - 30 min. past 11
At Augusta, Ga. - - 30 min. past 11
At Detroit, Mich. - - 24 min. past 11
At Columbus Ohio. - - 51 min. past 11
At Cincinnati Ohio. - - 30 min. past 11
At Indianapolis, Ind. - - 14 min. past 11
At Louisville, Ky. - - 14 min. past 11
At Chicago, Ill. - - 10 min. past 11
At New Orleans, La. - - 55 min. past 10
At St. Louis, Mo. - - 55 min. past 11
At St. Paul, Minnesota. - 44 min. past 10

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.—It is stated by Burdock that the wife of a countryman in the Moscow district had given birth to 69 children at 27 confinements—four times, four at one birth, seven times three, and sixteen times twins. In the year 1800, the Vienna newspapers contained the following announcement:

Maria Ann Helen, the wife of a poor linen weaver in Newfoundland, 30 years married, bore at 11 confinements 32 children—28 living and 4 dead; 26 were males and 6 females; all were begotten by one man and nursed by herself. She had at her last confinement three children, one living and two dead. Her husband was a twin, she herself one of four. Her mother had produced 29 children, and died during a confinement with twins. The greatest number of children ever produced at one birth appears to have been six, all of whom were boys, and all dead. The woman who gave birth to them had been twice married, and had already given birth to 44 children; during her first marriage, which lasted 22 years, she bore 27 boys and 3 girls; in her second marriage, which lasted but three years, she bore 14 children—three at first, five at the second, and six the third confinement.

A Young clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote of one of his Dutch brethren. The old fellow was about commencing one of his spiritual exercises, when, to his being a little near sighted, was added the dim light of a country church. After clearing his throat, he gave out the hymn, prefacing it with the spology:—

The light ish bad mayne eyes ish dim,
I scarce can see to read dish hymn.
The clerk, supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up to the tune of common metre.

The old fellow, taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:—

I didn't mean to sing dish hymn;
I only meant mine eyes ish dim.
The clerk, still thinking it a combination of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.
The old man, at this, waxed wroth, and exclaimed, at the top of his voice:—
I dink ter tuyvel's in you all—
Dut vash no hymn to sing at all!

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud out in the far west, he discovered a young maiden standing in door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house and asked the maiden for a drink of water; she drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the dime and kiss. The traveler was about to resume his journey, but the maiden never before having seen a dime, asked:

"What sin I do with the dime?"
"You may use it in any way you wish," he replied; "It is yours."
"That being the case," said she, "I'll give back the dime and take another kiss!"
The traveler "wilted."

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages, to explain the path-ology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in 140 syllables—zig zag!

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whatever your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back;
But, upon the darkest wave,
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the heaviest gale;
Brave of heart, and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lusty state, and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will no suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to reach the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate!
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great!
Would you bless your fellow-men!
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free fight!
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
Aid to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won;
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

DEAN HUGGINS.—An editor in Iowa has been fined \$200 for hugging a young lady in church.—Daily Argus.

Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since.—Chicago American.

A CONNECTICUT schoolmaster asked a lad from Newport, "how many Gods are there?" The boy, after scratching his head some time, replied: "I don't know how many you have in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island."

Two Irishmen happened to get into an affray in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him and exclaimed: "Arrah, Dennis, if ye be dead can't ye speak?" "I'm not dead, but spacheless," replied the other.

We can tell the ladies where they can get the best baby-jumpers.—Owen County Journal.
The best baby jumper we had knowledge of, when we did this jumping, was the flat of our mother's hand applied a tergo.—Evansville Enquirer.

A lady was taken by surprise in Mississippi, the other day. At least we judge so from the fact that John B. Surprise was married to Sallie A. Stock—"lancy stocks," we presume. They will probably have little "surprises" occasionally.

HOOPS.—The fashionables of Philadelphia no longer wear hoops to any extent. They are worn so as to be scarcely perceptible, to give the ladies a neat and graceful form. It is said that large hoops still continue to be worn there by the undercrust.

A lady at her marriage, requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir the hymn commencing:
"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

LARGE TAX-PAYER.—On Tuesday, says the N. Y. Tribune, Wm. B. Astor called on the Receiver, and after paying about \$25,000 on personal estate, tendered his check for \$60,000, the amount of tax on his real estate.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? My dear, I love thee with all my heart.

AGRICULTURAL.

Items of Interest.

Corn fodder is a valuable substitute for grass; and, if drilled in, yields three or four times the quantity per acre that grass does.

Lime soils are injurious to sheep, as by absorbing the oil in the wool they render the fibre harsh and brittle.

A handful of bran meal, mixed occasionally in the mess of a cow, will pay ten fold its cost in the richness of the milk.

Give hogs, occasionally, a table spoonful of a compound of three parts ashes and one of salt, for each hog, mixed with their food, and it will kill kidney worms.

Cut swale grass before it blossoms, red top when in blossom, red clover when about half the heads are in blossom, and timothy when most of the blossoms have fallen.

The first stage of decomposition of manure is a dry mould. This, if applied to plants, will draw moisture from them and be a positive injury.

Swamps want lime to decompose the vegetable matter in them; dry knolls want leached ashes or clay, to hold water, and plaster to furnish sulphuric acid to dissolve the sand, and render it soluble.

Cattle, for fresh beef, should never exceed three years of age. They should, by a course of feeding, be brought to maturity at that age.—O. Farmer.

CARE OF HORSES.—Some people never or very seldom clean their horses, and pay for it at a dear rate. Some men will keep a team all winter, and drive them about one-quarter of the time, but never clean them unless to get off the thickest of the dirt. They never rub down the legs of their horses, as they ought, to keep them from swelling by standing in the stable.—Folks talk about their horses being stiff and fundered; if they would feed them more, and drive them slower, and clean them neatly, they would not complain of stiffness. Let a man use a curry comb, card and brushes, as he ought to, and he will not envy other people's slick horses. Some persons never comb out a horse's mane or tail; they complain that it pulls out the hair; but keep them combed out all the while and you won't lose much hair; this will make it grow out thick. I don't pretend to say that this, without feed, will do much towards keeping a horse decent. There has been and is a great deal of cut feed fed to horses, and it is very good if used right, but a horse will not keep fat on a bushel of straw and four quarts of shorts a day, with a little hay. The way we feed our horses, is a bushel of oat straw with a peck of shorts and corn meal twice a day; and when we work them, we feed them grain at noon, besides hay. This, with a good cleaning daily, makes them look like mahogany pigs. Don't ever expect to keep a horse fat at a straw stack all winter.—Wool Grower

One Hundred Tons of Grass to an Acre. A statement was copied from an English paper some time since, setting forth that one hundred tons of grass had grown in one season from a single acre, on land belonging to the estate of Lord Derby. Many supposed that there must be a mistake in these figures, but a gentleman who recently visited this estate says: "Four or five crops of the heavy, stout, Indian ryd grass is not unusual; and Mr. Mechi, of the celebrated Triptree Farm, informs me that he once had seven crops during the summer. This grass grows with great rapidity and luxuriance under the system of irrigation adopted on many of the large estates in England, of employing liquid manures through pipes embedded in the soil." In publishing this fact the Valley Farmer says: "The American farmer can hardly form a remote idea of the benefits that are yet to result from science applied to farming. Land-drains, trench-plowing, irrigation, liquid manuring, are yet to be employed to swell the products of our leading crops to an extent now almost exceeding belief."