

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. I.

JASPER, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1858.

NO. 32

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT JASPER, DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY MEHRINGER, DOANE & SMITH.

OFFICE—CORNER OF MAIN CROSS AND MACDONALD STREETS.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE: Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1 50 For six months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING. For square of 10 lines or less, 1 week, \$1 00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.

Longer advertisements, at same rate. A fraction over even square or squares, counted as a square. These are the terms for transient advertisements; a reasonable deduction will be made to regular advertisers.

Notices of appointment of administrators and legal notices of like character to be paid for in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES. For Township offices, each, \$1 00 For County " " 2 00 For District, Circuit, or State, 5 00

From the State Sentinel. A Song.

The stars their watch are keeping In the blue and brilliant sky, And other gems are flashing From the sea to those on high; But there burns in sea or heaven No star to me so bright, As the eyes that on me fondly Are beaming love to-night.

The breeze is softly wooing, Amid the rose bowers And love-words he is breathing, The gentle, listening flowers; But a sweeter voice than his, love, Enchains my ear to-night, And the words that voice is murmuring Thrill me with strange delight.

There's music all about us, Zephyr singing mid the leaves, And melody is floating From the mysticaters in the trees; But the music of our hearts, love, As soft they beat in time, Is sweeter far than zephyr's voice— 'Tis like the angel's chime.

KITTY LEE.

THE RIGHT TALE.—A straight-out writer gives the following advice to those young men who "depend on father" for their support, and take no interest whatever in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is earned by others.

Come, off with your coats, clinch the saw, the plow handle, the axe, the pick-axe, spade, anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your jacket, rather than be passive recipients of the old man's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potatoe patch, let yourself to stop hog holes, or watch the bars; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning, and turn round at least twice before breakfast; help the old gentleman, give him now and then a generous lift in business; learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led; and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny, and you may then begin to aspire to man-hood. Take off that ring from your little finger, break that cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and by all means never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father.

It was Bishop Horne's opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. Of it he said: "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel! What caution more likely to be effective against gambling and profligacy than the moral relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide! What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than the auctions of estates, house and furniture! Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it, and it will instruct thee."

Blessed is he who bloweth his own horn; for whosoever bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blown.

## Betsy Smith's Difficulty.

"Squire Wheat told me to come and see you 'bout my case," said a rather pretty girl to me as she took a seat in the office one day during Court.

"Ah! your case; well, what sort of a case is it?"

"My name's Betsy Smith," she replied, evasively.

"Well, Miss Betsy, if your case is a State case, tell me what sort of a one it is; I haven't the docket here, and we'll talk about it."

Betsy dodged behind the wild turkey tail, which she carried by way of a fan, and then dodged out for a moment, to exhibit a pair of pouting lips and angry glaucing eyes. "I think you ought to know," she said; "it's your business—I suppose it's some badness they've sworn agin me," and then she again retreated behind the fan for a second, but immediately emerged and commenced biting the tips of the feathers.

"You say Sam Wheat sent you to me. Is he your lawyer?"

"Yes, he's my lawyer, and I wanted him to come himself, but he said I must come, for you would be certain to do as I wanted you to; but I don't know how it'll be. I wish people could tend to their own business."

"But, Miss Betsy, what's your case? Have you been beating anybody a little? Or perhaps?"

"No, isn't that! It's about me and John Buce. Squire Wheat said you'd be sure to throw it out Court, for he never knowen a 'listor that wouldn't take a gal's part if she come to him herself. So, you see, that's the reason I come."

"Well, Miss Betsy," I replied, "that is a weakness most solicitors have; but, unless you tell me what you have been doing, or are charged with doing, I can't tell you what I can do for you." The truth is I had some faint misgivings of the character of Betsy's offense, but there is nothing like bringing one's female friends to the confessional.

"Squire, can't you guess?" queried Betsy, as she nibbled the turkey feathers.

"No, I can't—for I can't imagine that a pretty girl like yourself should have committed any sin worthy of a grand jury's attention."

"Pshaw, now!—pretty girl's ain't no more than other people. But, if you must know"—here the young lady crammed half the turkey tail in her mouth and blushed very deeply—"if you must know, me and John Buce ain't married! That's it out now!"

"You and John Buce ain't married! Why, Miss Betsy, there's no law that I know of requiring you and John Buce to marry; and the fact is, that unless John is a devilish clever, good-looking fellow, he don't deserve such luck!"

"Lord-a-massy, Squire, how you talk! Looks like you must understand me, if you would. I tell you me and John Buce ain't married—and we oughter been long ago!"

As Betsy hurriedly uttered these last emphatic words, she hid her face in her apron, and commenced sobbing very energetically. The upshot of it was that I told Miss Betsy, in words of Scripture, to go "an' I ain no more."

MEX AND DOG.—"You've no wife, I believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbor. "No, sir," was the reply, "I never was married."

"Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy dog!" A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said, "You have a wife, sir?" "Yes, sir—a wife and three children."

"Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man!"

"Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to the unmarried and to the married seem to conflict somewhat."

"Not at all—not at all, sir. There is a difference in my statements. Please to be more observing, sir. I said the man who had no wife was a 'happy dog,' and the man who had a wife was a 'happy man.' Nothing conflicting, sir—nothing at all. I know what I say, sir!"

SANGUINE PAT.—A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an aversicious hunk, who told him he employed no Irishmen:

"For the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him as my own charge." "Ah, yer honor," said Pat brightly, "and is that all! Then you'll give me the place, for shure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I ever served."

## The Political Tournament in Illinois—Douglas and Lincoln at Freeport.

No political discussion in any State in this Union has excited greater interest than that now going on in Illinois. Douglas and Lincoln are concededly the two ablest champions of their respective parties in the State. They first met in joint debate at Ottawa, and then again on the 26th ult. at Freeport. Lincoln opened. We have already given extracts from these speeches. We now make another extract from Douglas' speech on "Negro Equality."

NEGRO EQUALITY.—I have reason to recollect that some people in this country think that Fred. Douglas is a very good man. The last time I came here to make a speech, white talking from the stand to you, people of Freeport, as I am doing today, I saw a carriage, and a magnificent one it was, drive up and take a position on the outside of the crowd; a beautiful young lady was sitting on the box seat, whilst Fred Douglas and her mother reclined inside, and the owner of the carriage acted as driver.

[Laughter, cheers, cries of right, what have you to say against it, &c.]—I saw this in your own town. [What of it?] All I have to say of it is this, that if you, Black Republicans, think that the negro ought to be on a social equality with your wives and daughters, and ride in a carriage with your wife, whilst you drive the team, you have a perfect right to do so. [Good good, and cheers, mingled with hooting and cries of white, white.] I am told that one of Fred Douglas' kinsman, another rich, black negro is now traveling in this part of the State making speeches for his friend Lincoln as the champion of black men. [White men, white men, and what have you got to say against it. That's right, &c.] All I have to say on this subject is, that those of you who believe that the negro is your equal and ought to be on an equality with you socially, politically and legally, have a right to entertain those opinions, and of course vote for Mr. Lincoln. [Down with the negro, no, no.]

Here Douglas took turn on the various Republican platforms, very adroitly knocking Lincoln's head against them. When ever he said "Black Republicans," the crowd shrieked "white, white," at him. At last this scene took place.

Now, there are a great many Black Republicans of you who do not know how this thing was done. [White, white, and clamor.] I wish to remind you that while Mr. Lincoln was speaking there was not a Democrat vulgar and blackguard enough to interrupt him. [Great applause and cries of hurrah for you.] I am clinching Lincoln now, and you are scared to death for the result. [Cheers.] I have seen this thing before. I have seen men make appointments for joint discussions, and the moment their man has been heard, try to interrupt and prevent a fair hearing of the other side. I have seen your mobs before and defy your wrath. [Tremendous applause.] My friends, do not cheer, I need my whole time.

Douglas defended himself and the Supreme Court from the charge of "conspiracy," reiterated his charges of corruption against the Washington Union, and wished to know why Lincoln had become the peculiar champion of that paper.

THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.—That it is the mother that moulds the man is a sentiment illustrated by the following recorded observations of a shrewd writer.

When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a conversation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life, and among other things he informed me that at their start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was that the children were all like their mothers. Thus the father soon lost all interest in both wife and children. And now, said he, if we educate but one class of children, we would choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they educate their sons. This is the true point, and is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when the mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.

Be civil to the woman who bites the ends of her gloves.

## Building upon the Sand.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed, For so the world has done Since myrtles grew and roses blew, And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair, Be sure ye pledge with truth: Be certain that your love will wear Beyond the days of youth.

For if you give not heart for heart, As well as hand for hand, You'll find you've played the unwise part, And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have, A goodly store of gold, And hold enough of shining stuff, For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust In what the deep mine brings; We cannot live on yellow dust Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone, Will often have to stand Beside his coffers' chest and own 'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise, And soothe whatever we can; For speech should bind the human mind, And love link man and man.

But stay not at the gentle words, Let deeds with language dwell; The one who pities starving birds, Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true, Must lend a helping hand, For those who talk yet fail to do But "build upon the sand."

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.—Just two hundred and fifty years ago—that is, in the year 1608—Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, ascended the Potomac river in boats as far as the falls, a few miles above the Georgetown of to day. In descending the river, he was hospitably entertained at the Indian village of Tong, or Tawaque, on the banks of a small tributary stream, which, from all the points described, must have been our Tiber creek. The white guests had their scene of festivity about where the White House now stands.

In 1858, it is the wandering and country-less red man who comes to ask kindness and protection from his white dispenser, where once he was the sole lord. How few and far between are the friends the poor Indian finds at the seat of the mighty empire which now covers his old hunting grounds. The negro usurps all minds: for the negro has a political significance to which the vanishing red race can make no pretensions.

Of our many sins of omission, no one is more inexcusable than the neglect to provide a regular plan of action for settling the Indians in fixed homes, under adequate supervision, instead of pressing them back on barren or limited wastes, where they must live by plunder, until they are overtaken by the exterminating fire of civilization.

DRESS AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACE.—A lady writes from Newport, Rhode Island, that they have to dress about nine times a day there. She says:—"First, we put on a dress to dress in. Then we are ready for breakfast. After that we dress for the beach, then for the bath, then for dinner, then for the drive, then for the ball, and then for the bed. If that isn't being put through a regular course of dainty and diamonds, then I am no judge of such performance."

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to day?"

"Oh, dear doctor, I enjoy very poor health entirely. This rumatics is very distressing; when I get to sleep, I lay awake all night, and my toes is swelled as big as a goose's hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly."

IRISH EVIDENCE.—"Pray, my good man," said the judge, "what passed between you and the prisoner?" "Oh, thin, please your worship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim on the top of a wall. 'Paddy' says he; 'What' says I; 'Here,' says he; 'Where?' says I; 'What?' says he; 'Hush!' says I; and be my soul, that's all I know about it, yer worship."

"Pompey, what am det goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops; I am no use to de wagon, yet de wagon can't go without it!" "I gubs dat up, Clem." "Why de noise, ob course."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Rules for Selecting Trees.

There is nothing more easily understood than the proper rules by which fruit and ornamental trees should be selected from the nursery rows; but the error most generally committed is in choosing large specimens, which cost much more than they are worth. Were we about to plant an orchard of choice fruit, the ages of the trees purchased by us would be: Apples two years, pears two years, peaches one year, cherries one to two years, plums two years; all from the graft or bud. Rather than have trees older than two years, we would prefer them one year, and for the following reasons:

1. Such small plants are easily taken up with nearly all their small fibrous roots. They have no large woody roots that are sure to be cut through in the act of digging, and from the ends of which no small rootlets will generally spring, unavoidably leaving a large amount of dead root-wood, which is a positive injury.

2. Small trees receive less check in being transplanted; and in three or four years equal if they do not exceed in size older ones. They also bear in about the same period, while they are almost always far more thrifty.

3. Trees that have been transplanted while small are not so liable to disease. When a large tree is transplanted the growth for that season is always very small, and the bark presents a dry, unhealthy appearance. The tree is liable to become bark bound, especially with cherries, and the hard pruning necessarily leaves a great amount of dead matter in the tree, that may be concealed by new layers of wood, but still remains dead matter.

If we could plant seeds of the trees we desired in the places where we wanted them to form an orchard, such trees would be more healthy and much longer lived than transplanted trees can be; but this is a condition of things not easily attained. We should, therefore, adopt the nearest approach to it, and put out young, thrifty plants with all their fibrous roots untruncated, that will adapt themselves to the conditions in which they are placed, and that will, in course of time, form a valuable orchard. Could we take up large trees with all their roots, and a ball of earth with each tree, then such a tree would not meet with a check, and a gain of time would be the result; but this is seldom the case, and the better course is to plant out small specimens.

These rules apply also to ornamental trees and shrubs. We have a good example of this before us. About 12 years ago a large evergreen tree was transplanted by a friend into his garden. It was about twelve feet high and great care was taken of it. At the same time we set out a small one, about eighteen inches in height. Now what do you think is the difference between the two trees at the present time? The large tree has grown about four feet. The small one is twenty feet high. The large one has become the small and the small the large. But this is an extreme case, and the like does not always occur. Still it is a good illustration of the imprudence of planting large trees.—O. Farmer.

The late State Fair, in a pecuniary view, was very successful—the receipts averaging \$1,500 and \$2,000 a day. The exhibition of field crops—particularly corn—was very fine. One field of twenty acres, entered by D. G. Rabb, of Ohio county, averaged one hundred and thirty-six bushels of corn per acre. The largest yield of any one acre of the twenty was one hundred and sixty bushels, and the lowest yield was one hundred and two and three-fifths bushels. The land upon which this corn grew is Ohio river bottom land, situated immediately above Rising Sun.

CURE FOR HEAVES IN HORSES.—Take three quarts of sweet milk and mix in two spoonfuls of oil vitriol, then stir in shorts to thicken and let the horse eat. Give this dose three times a week, keep the horse from dusty hay, and you will soon have a sound horse.