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## The Death of the Flowers.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and bare,  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove  
The withered leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust  
And to the rabbit's tread;  
The robin and the wren have flown,  
And from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow  
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young  
flowers,  
That lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer air,  
A beauteous sisterhood,  
As if they all are in their graves,  
The gentle race of flowers,  
And lying in their lowly bed,  
With the fair and good of ours,  
The rain is falling where they lie,  
But the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gem my earth  
The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet,  
They perished long ago,  
And the earlier rose and the orchid died  
And the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod,  
And the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook  
In autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from clear, cold heaven,  
As if the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smiles was gone  
From glad, glad, and glad.

And now when comes the calm, mild day,  
As still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee  
From out their winter home,  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
Though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light  
The waters of the rill;  
The south wind searches for the flowers  
Whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood  
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in  
Her youthful days was fair,  
Tall, fair, meek, bright, and sweet grew up  
And faded by my side,  
In the cold, moist earth, we felt her,  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we went that day so lowly  
Should have a life so true,  
Yet not named it was the same,  
Like that young friend of mine,  
Should have a life so true,  
Should have a life so true.

A chap in the National Theatre, Cin-  
cinnati, got off the following diabolical con-  
un-rum: "Why would the ladies make the  
best firemen?" Draw a long breath and an-  
swer modestly, "Because they use the long-  
est hose." How does he know? Another:  
"Why is an old maid like a bad lemon?"  
"Because either aint worth a squeeze."  
Fact.

A very fat man, for purpose of quizzing  
the late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, asked  
him to prescribe for his complaint, which  
he declared was sleeping with his mouth  
open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease  
is incurable. Your skin is too short; so  
that, when you shut your eyes, your mouth  
opens!"

PRESTICE WIL.—The Washington Union  
boasts that the affairs of the Government  
are going on like clock-work. Oh, yes, it is  
going on—tick, tick, tick. The editor of  
the Southern Sun says that he "smells a  
rat." If he does and the rat smells him,  
the poor rat has the worst of it.—Louisville  
Journal.

## Eating and Sleeping.

A medical authority, Hall's Journal of  
Health, says:—"For persons who eat three  
times a day, it is amply sufficient to make  
the last meal of cold bread and butter and  
a cup of warm drink. No one can starve  
on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon  
begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast no  
promising of a day of comfort."

Yes, yes; and by omitting the third meal,  
the individual, besides securing a night of  
sound sleep, will not find on awaking in the  
morning a bad taste in his mouth so indica-  
tive of general foulness. If one would al-  
ways have a sweet mouth and a clean  
tongue, he can secure them both by simply  
ceasing to overtax the stomach. This fre-  
quent eating is an idle, mischievous habit,  
ruinous of both health and comfort; and it  
prevents the individual from receiving the  
great amount of enjoyment which it was in-  
tended he should receive from eating, and  
which is necessary to perfect nutrition.  
Nothing should be eaten between the regu-  
lar meals, whether these meals are taken  
either two or three times a day; nor should  
one eat so that the quantity ingested will  
induce heaviness or uncomfortable feelings.  
The cook tastes the food she prepares; and  
by this frequent tasting she destroys both  
the relish for her meals, and her health.  
There are many housekeepers who have  
the same pernicious habit.

We know farmers who, at the close of a  
long summer day, during which they have  
eaten heartily five times, and worked hard  
from four o'clock in the morning to nine at  
night, eat freely just before going to bed.  
The stomach, already enfeebled by constant  
working under disadvantageous circum-  
stances, has now imposed on it an imprac-  
ticable task, and the man lies down to sleep.  
Next morning they are nerveless—have  
scarcely slept all night—feel more wearied  
than they did when they lay down—and, on  
the whole, think the farmer lives a dog's life.  
So he does, so far as he sinks to mere ani-  
malism—living to eat—taxing his digestive  
apparatus at the expense of health, life, and  
life's enjoyments. So on from day to day  
till nature makes a desperate effort to rid  
the body of superfluous food introduced into  
it, burning it up by fever, or expelling it by  
some different remedial effort.

Farmers, being so much in the open air,  
with abundant exercise, should be the heat-  
thiest people; but, like others who are cured  
with "abundance of bread," they are rheu-  
matic, bilious, dyspeptic. This is a shame  
and a sin. Farmers! It is sin. Your liver  
complaints, chill fevers, etc., are as unne-  
cessary as is the plague. Health and sweet  
sleep will come to you when you need, un-  
less by bad habits you drive them away.—  
Life Illustrated.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A Western cor-  
respondent of Harper's Magazine gets off in  
the following good one:—

"I was traveling in Virginia, by stage,  
and spending the night at a country tavern,  
and was greatly entertained by the talk of  
the stage drivers and others sitting around  
the bedroom fire in the evening. One of  
codger worked off a good thing:—

"When I was down to the fair, a good  
many years ago, there was a prize offered to  
the one who would come the nearest to  
making perpetual motion. Well, all sorts  
of machines, of all shapes and materials,  
were fetched there and shown, and the makers  
of them told how long they would run.  
As I was walking about among them, I  
saw a sign over a tent—"All who want to  
see perpetual motion and no mistake, meet  
here." So I paid the admission fee and  
went in. Very soon a very queer little  
man got on a box that served for a platform,  
and addressed the audience: "Ladies and  
gentlemen I'm going to exhibit to you the  
most wonderfullest invention you have ever  
seen; it's been runnin' for full three years  
and if nobody stops it, it'll for ever. 'This  
here he unrolled a strip of paper. This  
is a Printer's Bill!" and as he held it up to  
the gaze of the people, they admitted wheth-  
er the bill was paid or not, they all had been  
sold."

A NEW WEAPON FOR DEFENCE OR AS-  
SAULT.—In New York, Tuesday night, a  
blackman grossly insulted a young orphan,  
whereupon she immediately raised her skirts,  
broke a piece of steel from the "skeleton,"  
and with this weapon lacerated his face in  
three bloody lines down his left cheek.

## A Word for the Ladies.

The English women are healthy in body,  
and of course, in mind. Sickly sentiment-  
alism, and a "rose-water philanthropy,"  
which expends itself over French romances  
and artificial flowers, has no lot or portion  
in their characters. They are women. And  
their children are worthy of them, for they  
are red checked, of stout muscle and nimble  
gait, of fine health and appetite. The rea-  
son of all this is, that the English women  
exercise more in the open air than ours  
do. An English woman of refinement  
thinks nothing of walking a half dozen  
miles, nothing of riding on horseback twen-  
ty, nothing of leaping on the back of a trusty  
animal, and jumping hedges and ditches  
in pursuit of game.

I remember once being at William and  
Mary Rowitt's, when some one proposed  
that we should make a little family visit  
to Epping Forest, distant some four or five  
miles. The thought never entered my  
head that they proposed going on foot. As  
we crossed the threshold of the door, I was  
expecting the next moment to help the two  
ladies making our party into the carriage,  
and when I asked where was the carriage,  
I got for a reply, "We are going on foot, of  
course!" and so we walked all the way  
there, and rambled all the day long over the  
beautiful forest, and at night walked back  
to "The Elms." I kept looking at the la-  
dies while we were returning expecting to  
see them faint away; and finally when we  
all sat down on the green sward for a mo-  
ment, I ventured very quietly to ask one of  
them, "Are you not very tired?" I got for  
a reply a merry, ringing laugh, and a "To  
be sure not; I could walk half a dozen miles  
farther yet." When I got home, I was so  
fatigued as to be unable to stand without  
great pain and trouble, and was obliged to  
acknowledge that the English ladies were  
my superiors in physical powers of endurance.  
I saw at once the secret of their glorious  
health, the buoyancy and flow of spirits.  
It was their habits of exercise out of doors.

I was once conversing with an English  
lady, who was near eighty years old—the  
mother of a distinguished writer—upon this  
capital habit of walking, which the ladies of  
England have, when she broke forth with,  
"When I was a young woman, and in the  
country, I used to walk ten miles to church  
on a Sunday morning, and back again after  
service!" Another cause of brilliant health  
of English women, is their national love for  
horticulture. An English lady is at home in  
her garden among the flowers, and I know  
of no more beautiful sight in the world than  
that of a fair, open-browed, rosy-cheeked  
woman among a garden full of choice plants  
and gorgeous flowers. Talk of your merry  
creatures in hot drawing-rooms, "by the  
light of the chandelier" to the marines!  
Here is beauty fresh from God's hand and  
Nature's—here are flowers and those of  
Nature blooming together.—Mrs. Stowe.

"POPPING THE QUESTION," which has here-  
fore proved such a "teaser" to bashful  
young men in the pursuit of matrimony under  
difficulties, is likely, after a while, to be re-  
garded as easy as "rolling off a log." All  
sorts of methods have from time to time  
been resorted to, to get around this difficult  
point of courtship—advertising in the news-  
papers, corresponding by letter, negotiating  
through an agent, etc., etc., but an improve-  
ment has been made upon these plans lately,  
as witness the following:—

A few nights back, a small party of ladies  
and gentlemen were laughing over the sup-  
posed awkwardness attending a declaration  
of love, when a gentleman remarked that if  
he offered himself, he would do it in a busi-  
ness-like manner. "For instance," he con-  
tinued, addressing himself to a lady present,  
"I would say, Miss S——, I have been  
two years looking for a wife. I am in the  
receipt of about a thousand dollars a year  
from my business, which is daily on the in-  
crease. Of all the ladies of my acquain-  
tance, I admire you the most; indeed I love  
you, and would gladly make you my wife."  
"You flatter me by your preference," good  
humoredly replied Miss S——, to the as-  
tonishment of all present; "I refer you to  
father." " Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen:  
"Well, I declare!" said the ladies in chorus.  
The lady and gentleman, good reader, were  
married soon after.

Wasn't that a modest way of "coming to  
the point," and a lady-like method of taking  
a man at his word.

## Constant Employment.

The man who is obliged to be constantly  
employed to earn the necessities of life,  
knows not the unhappiness he prays for,  
when he desires wealth and idleness. To  
be constantly busy is to be always happy.  
Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth,  
broken up their active pursuits, and begun  
to live at their ease, waste away and die  
in a very short time. Thousands would  
have been blessings to the world, added to  
the common stock of happiness, if they had  
been content to remain in an humble sphere,  
and earned every mouthful of food that  
nourished their bodies. But no, fashion  
and wealth took possession of them, and  
they were completely ruined. They ran  
away from peace and pleasure, and em-  
braced a lingering death. Ye who are sigh-  
ing for the pomp and splendor of life be-  
ware! Ye know not what ye wish. How  
is it possible for you to be happy while you  
possess a deceitful heart? No situation,  
however exalted; no wealth, however mag-  
nificent; no honors, however glorious, can  
yield you solid enjoyment, while discontent  
lurks in your bosom. The secret of happi-  
ness lies in this—to be always contented  
with your lot, and not sigh for the splendor  
of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and  
power. Persons who are always busy, and  
go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the  
least disturbed by the fluctuations of busi-  
ness, and at night sleep with perfect con-  
science. The idle and the rich are seldom  
contented. They are peevish, fretful, irra-  
cible. Bid them good morning, and they  
scowl. Nature and art have few attractions  
for them. They are entirely out of their  
view. While in this state, the springs of  
life are rushing out, and the decay of death  
has commenced undermining their constitu-  
tions.

## Pleasant Homes.

The homes of America will not become  
what they should be, until a true idea of  
life shall become more widely implanted.  
The worship of the dollar does more to de-  
grade American homes, and the life of these  
homes, than anything—than all things—  
else. Utility is the God of almost univer-  
sal worship. The chief end of life is to  
gather gold, and that gold is counted lost  
which hangs a picture upon the wall, which  
perchance flowers for the yard, which  
buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of  
childhood. Is this the whole of human-  
happiness? Is it indeed a mean, meager, and  
most undesirable thing? A child will go  
forth from such a home as a horse will from  
a stall—glad to find free air, and a wide  
pasture. The influence of such a home  
upon his after life is surely not good. Thou-  
sands are rushing from homes like these  
every year. They crowd into cities. They  
crowd into villages. They swear into all  
places where life is clothed with a higher  
significance; and the old shell of home is  
deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly.  
Ancestral homesteads and patriarchal acres  
have no sacredness; and when the father  
and mother die, the stranger's hand oblit-  
erates associations that should be among the  
most sacred of all things.

I would have you build up for yourselves  
and your children a home which will never  
be lightly parted with—a home which shall  
be to all whose lives have been associated  
with it, the most interesting and precious  
spot upon earth. I would have that home  
the abode of dignity, property, beauty,  
grace, love, genial friendships, and happy  
associations. Out from such a home I would  
have good influences flow into neighbor-  
hoods and communities. In such a home I  
would see noble ambition taking root, and  
receiving all generous culture. And then  
I would see you young husband and young  
wife happy. Do not deprive yourselves of  
such influences as will come to you through  
an institution like this. No money can pay  
you for such a deprivation. No circum-  
stances but those of utter poverty can justify  
you in denying these influences to your  
children.—TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

STRETCHING THINGS.—An impatient  
Welchman called to his wife, "Come, come,  
isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing  
since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the  
third day!" This is equal to the call of the  
stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at  
four o'clock, with "Come, Bridget, get up!  
Here 's Monday morning. To-morrow's  
Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the  
week gone, and nothing done yet!"

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Have you good Colts.

Winter is coming, and I may have  
many things to say concerning it be-  
fore it has come and gone, but just  
now I want to say a word about the  
colts.

There is no animal you raise pays  
you as well as your colts, provided  
you take proper care of them. It was  
once the custom, and the farmer's  
theory justified the practice, to keep  
colts half starved and unsheltered  
during the winter, in order that they  
might be hardy. That old theory is  
all exploded, and never regarded by  
any one who wishes a horse good  
either for use at home, or for the mar-  
ket. Instead therefore, of wintering  
your colts in the stock field, or with  
the cows around the straw stack,  
make immediate arrangement to have  
them sheltered and comfortably fed.  
They do not want exceedingly warm  
stabling, only give them protection  
from the storms, always keeping them  
dry. They do not want surfeiting  
food, only give them good hay with  
a little chopped feed, and they will  
come out of the winter in good condi-  
tion, still growing; and should you  
have occasion to sell them, the differ-  
ence in their price will more than  
pay you the cost of sheltering them  
from the storms of winter. Also, if  
you will consult your own advantage  
in future, you will handle your colts  
during the winter. Let them feel the  
kind rub of the hand every day, and  
let them learn that you are good na-  
tured, though your neighbors have  
never found it out; let your colts  
know it, and they will return all your  
kindness when their time comes.

JOHN SMITH, Sr.

### MILK SICKNESS.—Its cause and cure.

—As this disease is oftentimes fatal  
and wide-spread in some sections of  
our country, any effectual remedy for  
it must be a great boon to suffering  
humanity. A correspondent of the  
Prairie Farmer asserts that its cause is  
the presence of cobalt in the soil of  
the pastures on which the cattle feed  
whose milk is said to produce the  
sickness. The remedy which he  
states has been successfully employed  
for it is sulphuric acid, but he gives  
no directions for its use. We believe  
he is mistaken regarding cobalt in  
the soil, but he may be right as to the  
remedy.

About five drops of sulphuric acid  
in a pint of water, sweetened with a  
little white sugar, makes a pleasant  
and tart drink, which has been found  
very effective in curing dysentery, and  
it may be equally good for milk sick-  
ness. Sulphuric acid, very much dilu-  
ted, is no more dangerous than lem-  
on juice in a beverage, therefore it  
may be safely tried for the above dis-  
ease. If there is cobalt in the soil of  
the meadows where the above sickness  
prevails, it can be easily detected by  
stirring some of the soil in clear, hot,  
soft water, allowing the sediment to  
settle, pouring off the clear solution  
and using a reagent such as ammo-  
nia, which will form a blue precipitate  
(if not used in excess) with the cobalt.

POLL EVIL.—A correspondent of  
the Genesee Farmer, says that a cure  
for the poll evil is, to try green May  
apple roots in tallow until the tallow is  
completely saturated with its juice.  
The strength of a peck of roots may  
be got out with two pounds of tallow.  
When wanted for use melt it, and ap-  
ply it with a swab made round a stick  
with cotton rags. Apply it about eve-  
ry third day. If no matter has col-  
lected, there will be no scar; but if it  
is broken apply it to the opening or  
tube from which the matter issues.  
Where a seal forms so as to prevent  
free egress of matter, it must be re-  
moved.