

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 2.

JASPER, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1859.

NO. 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT JASPER  
DESBORO COUNTY, INDIANA, BY  
**MERRINGER & DOANE.**

OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND  
WEST 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 trans-  
ient advertisements; a reasonable deduc-  
tion 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

**Be Content.**  
Mistaken mortal, ever fretting,  
Grasping, grasping, grasping, getting,  
Be content!

If thou hast enough, be thankful,  
Just as if thou hadst a bankful,  
Be content!

If fortune cast thy lot but humble,  
Earn thy bread and do not grumble,  
Be content!

Have the rich, think thou no trouble!  
Twice thy wealth, thy sorrows double,  
Be content!

Let the lore of learned sages,  
Teach wise men of the Grecian ages,  
Be content!

Their reckoning up of all earthly riches,  
Was compassed in one short phrase which is  
Be content!

The rich man gets with all his heaping,  
But dress and drink, and food and sleeping,  
Be content!

Though in sleep the rich men gain not,  
Poor men sleep when rich men may not,  
Be content!

Remember, thou for wealth who raket  
"Nought thou brought'st, nought thou takest  
Be content!

**Canine Sagacity.**

During the summer of 18—, a gentleman known by the name of "Old Moss," who was considerably of a wag, was traveling on a steambot on the Mississippi river. He had with him an ugly looking cur, that he called "Major." Old Moss was seated with a number of gentlemen in the cabin, and as usual with him, was boasting of what he could do. The captain, who was standing near, remarked that what he had said might be true, but did not believe it. Moss replied that he would bet him "treats" for all the gentlemen present that he would make his dog do three things by telling him to do them. The captain took the bet. Old Moss then opened the door and went out on the deck, followed by the captain and gentlemen present, who were quite anxious to see the sport. Moss seized his dog by the nape of the neck and tossed him overboard. As soon as the dog touched the water, Moss yelled out:

"Swim, Major, swim!"

The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As soon as he perceived that the animal could touch the ground, he yelled out:

"Wade, Major, wade!"

Major waded until he landed on dry ground, when Moss shouted out:

"Shake yourself, Major—shake yourself."

Major shook himself. Moss turned to the captain—who, with the gentlemen present, were convulsed with laughter—and exclaimed:

"There! by the eternal living boots, I have won the bet."

It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treats.

It is related of Thomas F. Marshall, that a judge had fined him thirty dollars for contempt of court; he rose and asked the judge to lend him the money, as he hadn't it, and there was no friend to whom he could apply but to his honor. The judge looked at Tom, and then at the clerk, and finally said: "Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fine; the State is better able to lose thirty dollars than I am."

## Archbishop Purcell.

As previously announced, Archbishop Purcell, on Sunday last, officiated at the dedication of the new church of St. Francis de Sales on Bunker Hill, Charlestown, Mass. From the report of his address in the Boston Courier, we make the following extracts:

### THE BIBLE AND CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The foundation of the Catholic church said the Archbishop, gives me a fit occasion to speak before this enlightened and honored auditory, of the religious and the moral and the social foundation upon which the Catholic church is built. The religious foundation of our church is contained in the holy word of God, either written in the Bible or transmitted to us by tradition. The Bible is the charter of the hopes of the Catholic. The Bible is a book which we cherish as the choicest boon of heaven to man. It is a book which we would die to vindicate from all dishonor. And hence the Catholic church has ever cherished and honored that divine deposit of revelation. I know that the contrary has been asserted but I know the contrary is not true. The Catholic priest always preserved the Bible. When the footstep of the barbarian was on the soil of Europe, when the sword was at the throat of its people, the priest was the guardian of knowledge. His lips and his soul preserved it, and he placed it with himself in the Catacombs, and gave it there the refuge of an altar until more propitious times came round and it was reproduced as a sun to illumine the world. It is true that in all ages and all times the Catholic church and Catholic priests were the guardians of the Bible.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF OBSERVING THE SABBATH.

As they were there assembled on the Sabbath, he wished to say that there was nothing more than another for which he believed that God blessed England and now blesses these United States with temporal prosperity, it was that the Sabbath was observed. He believed that if the anger of God came down in visits of wrath upon nations, it was because they desecrated the Sabbath. He knew that there were men who contended that the Sabbath must not be a day of prayer and rest; but that it must be a day of dissipation, a day of riot, a day of drunkenness and debauchery. He trusted to God that those who had the legislation of the land in their hands would never tolerate the desecration of the Sabbath. He knew that men had carried it to excess, and had observed it sometimes in a Pharisaic spirit; but he preferred the Puritan spirit rather than the spirit of the Red Republican and the Infidel.

### CATHOLICS THE WARMEST FRIENDS OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.

Our social foundation, said he speaker, is a love of all those rights for every man that are compatible with the rights of the rest of men. We look for the largest liberty that can with safety be allowed to men. We Catholics love above all other nations the confederacy of the United States for its atmosphere of liberty, and he hoped that some of the blood which baptized Bunker Hill was Catholic blood. He knew that much Catholic blood flowed in the revolutionary war, in the French armies, as well as among the soldiers of Washington. The services of Catholics in the Mexican war were here spoken of as an instance of the readiness of Catholics to testify their devotion to the American Republic; and Father McEry and Father Rae were particularly alluded to.

An Englishman of recent immigration dropped into a restaurant in New York a few days since, and made a hearty meal, intending to top off with a piece of pie. Upon tasting the pie he found it to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter he said to him: "Take this piece to the fire and heat it." His consternation was great when Samba walked to the fire and quietly devoured the pie.

**LAGER BEER ADULTERATION.**—Hunt's Magazine's Magazine enumerates no less than thirty-eight substances which are employed to give potency, flavor, consistency and other desirable qualities to this form of grog. Among them are chalk, marble dust, opium, tobacco, henbane, oil of vitriol, copper sulphate, strychnine, and other deadly drugs.

## The True Lady.

No girl can become a true lady without the knowledge of household duties. Whatever may be her literary proficiency and her social qualities, without the ability to do housework if necessity demand, her education is defective.

Mrs. Washington, the mother of the General, always attended to her domestic affairs, even in the presence of the most distinguished guests. Lafayette paid her a visit before his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1774. He was conducted to her mansion by one of her grandsons. "There, sir, is my grandmother," said he as they approached the house. Lafayette looked up and saw at work in the garden, clad in domestic clothes, and her grey head covered with a plain straw hat, the mother of his hero. She gave Lafayette a cordial welcome, observing: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

Mrs. Martha Washington, the wife of the General, was no less distinguished for her management of household affairs. She was a good seamstress, a good cook and a good mother. She understood every department of domestic labor, and was ever ready to do what circumstances required. Mrs. Tronpe, the accomplished wife of the captain of the British navy, once visited her; and she gave the following account of Mrs. Washington's appearance:

"Well, I honestly tell you, I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see Madam — and Madam — and myself — thought we would visit Lady Washington; and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought that we must put on our best ruffs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting, and with a check upon us! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but General Washington's lady with her own hands knitting stockings for her own husband."

### Closed for Repairs.

In Judge L.'s office was always kept for private entertainment and sojourn, a demijohn of good old Jamaica. His honor noticed that every Monday morning it was lighter; and a more abstracted "John" than he left it on Saturday night. Sam was also missing from his usual seat in the orthodox paternal pew.

On Sunday afternoon Sam came in about 5 o'clock, and (rather heavily) went up stairs. The Judge called after him:

"Sam, where have you been?"

"To church, sir."

"What church, Sam?"

"The Second Meth dist. sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?"

"Very powerful, sir—it quite staggered me."

"Ah, I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful, eh, Sam?"

The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with:

"Well, Sam been to Second Meth'odist again to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fret was, father, that I couldn't get in; church shut up and ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam. Keep going you may get deamed by it."

Sam says on going to the office for his usual spiritual refreshments he found the "John" empty, and bearing the label:

"No service to-day; church closed for repairs."

Sam departed a sadder but a wiser, it not, with his bilious proclivities, a better man.

### TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUIT.

It is said that a small quantity of assafetida bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the nuisance.

"My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying an empty mail bag, "are you a mail boy?" "You don't think I'm a female boy, does ye, ma'am!"

## From the Sunday Delta.

### If I Meet You.

If I meet you, and I know you,  
In the bright, immortal Land,  
Shall I bend my spirit to you  
And extend my eager hand?  
Shall the vision now denied us  
Show me passion—O, how deep?  
And the walls that here divide us  
Shall my spirit overleap!

Shall you know how here I met you,  
And was coldly kept asunder,  
But how yet my life beset you  
With its aching passions under?  
And O, will your eyes discover  
How my heart o'erleapt control,  
And like mountain boiling over,  
Paired its lava in my soul!

I will wait if you will tell me  
I may touch your glowing hand,  
That your look will not repel me  
In the brighter, better Land,  
I will school my heart to shun you  
All my life long here below,  
And will only dream I've won you  
Till the moment comes to go.

If my soul comes out the whiter  
From its fiery despair,  
If you find me all the brighter  
From the load of sin I bear;  
If my love hath purified me,  
And hath made my spirit sweet,  
Will you spurn me and deride me  
When you find me at your feet!

Ah! my soul's love cannot perish  
With its famine in the Night;  
In the Mornings you will cherish  
The endearments which you slight:  
And when I shall be immortal,  
I will watch you and will wait,  
And will meet you at the portal  
Ere I enter at the gate.

### Electioneering.

Governor P—— of Kentucky, tells a couple of good ones on himself. When on a canvassing tour preceding his election he stopped at a cabin on the wayside, in the eastern mountains of the State for a bit of dinner. The good housewife served him with a better repast than he expected, tender and juicy fresh venison being one of the courses, followed by a tempting display of pastry. Cutting into one of the pies and tasting the same, his palate was entirely propitiated, and he paid his compliments to the lady by way of making an inquiry:

"Madam," said he, "this is very delicious; but upon my word, I don't know what is the fruit in it—pray tell me, if you please."

"Why, stranger where did you come from?" demanded the dame in turn.  
"Well, I am from the lower part of the State, but a such fruit as this grows there. Indeed, madam, I am ignorant of this fruit, and beg you will inform me what it is."

"Up for governor!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "and don't know huckleberries! Well, I mistrust you ain't fitten for the office!"

The governor would have relinquished the track, but his party wouldn't let him off; and he was elected in spite of his ignorance of huckleberries.

On another occasion he stopped for supper at a cabin not so well provided as the former. The poor woman had neither sugar, tea, nor coffee, and spread before him a dish of clabber, uttering a profusion of apologies and regrets that her house was so ill provided.  
"Why, madam," said he, with perfect truth, "I prefer this to tea and coffee or even strawberries and cream; and often take it in preference, on hot evenings like this, when at home. It requires no apology, for I could not be better suited."  
"Now, stranger," responded the doubting lady, "are you lying just because you are a candidate; for I've heard tell them candidates is the lyinest critters on the yerth!"  
The governor could only vindicate his truth by bolting a second dish of clabber.

## Great Trial of Speed Between English and American Locomotives.

There has been a great trial of power between English and American Locomotives owned by the government of Chili. The contest lasted four days. Below we furnish the result of the third and fourth days.

The third day, July 21st, the English passenger engine, the Mount, named after the President was trotted out, and hooked on a train of fifteen platform cars, loaded with bar iron—total weight 288 tons. At the signal away she went, took her train to the summit—twelve miles—in thirty-nine minutes, and to the seventh mile post in forty-nine minutes; she returned, came in contact with gradients of fifty-six feet per mile, and reached the twelfth mile post in twenty-four minutes, thence running down grade to her home. Her performance was looked upon as something very bueno, (not to be beat), "extraordinary," &c., &c., her backers were confident, spirits rose, not from the vast deep, but in the heart of venerable John's children, and from the counters of various saloons and grog shops that night; but how often is man doomed to disappointment.

The morning of the fourth day dawned like all the preceding clear, bright and beautiful. The god of the winds had lulled them to sleep. The American passenger engine, Santiago, was walked on the course, with all her splendid fittings and bright work, as neat and in as good order as the first day she ran two years ago. She was hooked to the train of the day before, and at the signal walked off at a speed which soon showed no hope for her rival of the day before. In twenty seven minutes she gained the summit, and left the twelfth mile post behind her, and in thirty four and a half minutes she pulled up at the seventeenth mile, running part of the distance beyond the summit at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Returning she gained the summit in twenty one and half minutes, and then quietly slid down the grade to her own home, winding up the four day's races without hurting any one, and without doing any discredit to her country or countrymen.

### Timely Warning.

A Yankee editor thus confesses to have had dealings with Satan for the good of his readers, of course:

"I was sitting in my study, when I heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," said I; when the door opened, and who should walk in but—Satan!

"How d'ye do?" said he.

"Pretty well," said I.

"What are you about, preparing your ledger, I suppose?"

"Yes," said I.

"Ah, I dare say you think you are doing a great deal of good!"

"We I, not so much as I could wish, but a little good I hope."

"You have a large lot of readers, and I dare say you are proud of them," remarked Satan.

"No, I am not, for one half of 'em don't pay for their papers," said I.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that I do; not one half of them pay for their papers."

"Well, said he, then they are an immortal lot; but let me have the list. I think I can do a trifle myself with such people."

WELL SAID.—The Murfreeboro (Tenn.) News speaks thus with reference to the next Presidential contest:

The leaders of the Opposition are very active in trying to obtain pledges from Democrats not to vote for Douglas, even if nominated by the party. Democrats, like other sensible men, will avoid making such vows. They will not permit their enemies to put bridges on them, and to lead them at pleasure. They will not put rings in their own noses by which their enemies will lead them where they do not wish to go. There is no necessity for urging any Democrat to say he will not vote for Douglas. Each one should reserve to himself the liberty to do heretofore as he pleases with regard to any future contingency.

We believe Douglas a better man by far than any one of a half dozen that we could name who have been mentioned in reference to the Presidency. He is not our first choice, but should he be nominated by the Charleston Convention, that Convention will have good, sufficient and patriotic reasons for its choice, and we will support him.