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[From the Philadelphia Journal]
Congressional "Mother Goose."

BY HARLEY QUINN,
I.
There were Congressmen in Washington,
And they were wondrous wise,
They sat there until they found
They could not organize,
And when they found this would not do,
With all their might and main,
They got "advances" on their pay,
And—balded again!

II.
Hey diddle diddle,
The "chill" in the middle!
The "Congress" will organize soon!
The Lobby men laugh to see the sport,
And all feed from the National spoon!

III.
Had the following from the Hon. Morris Morris, formerly Auditor of the State of Indiana:

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 2, 1857.
Dear C. W. Racker—Dear Sir: Having been troubled for several years with extreme debility and weakness, so much so that I was unable to attend to my ordinary business at times, and having heard of the wonderful cures that your Scandinavian Blood Purifier and Pills were effecting, I was induced by a friend to try them. I have been using the Purifier for the last twelve months, and find the medicine fully equal to its recommendations. So valuable is its use to me, that I can not now dispense with the use of it at my advanced age of 185—seventy-seven years.
I cheerfully give this information for the benefit of those similarly affected.
Yours, truly,
MORRIS MORRIS.

The Eloquence of Sorrow.
Mr. Backus, the editor of the *Cataraque*, Rhode, is a deal more, but how eloquently he gives voice to the language of grief in the following passage from his last paper:

"We cannot this week fill our usual columns; every time hitherto, before this, that we have sat in the old place, to the now regular recurring duty, we have had dear little fingers rambling along our knees, or making stray snatches at the paper. A little face all lit with happy eyes, by peeping into ours. A little head nodding it's curls, a neck 'by-by, pop,' and turning back again to the sweet childish teasing. But now, alas! the little fingers are no longer lit; the little eyes are dim with a dimness that shall never know the old luster again, and the little curls are yonder beneath that sad that gleams so greenly beneath the trees and the glimmering white tomb-stones.

Somebody says that a young lady should always ask the four following questions before accepting the hand of any young gentleman:
Is he honorable?
Is he kind of heart?
Can he support me comfortably?
Does he take a paper and pay for it in advance?

LITTLE EVILS.—Great crimes ruin comparatively few. It is the little meannesses, selfishnesses and impurities that do the work of death on most men; and these things march not to the sound of life or drum.—They steal with muffled tread, as the foe steals on the sleeping sentinel.

Why is a Lady in cincture like a Hoghead?

Mr. Bifkins's Baby.

The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this 'breathing world,' as the late W. Shakespeare has it, he took command of our home. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance-wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of his precocious existence he had me up, on an average, six times a night. "Mr. Bifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks a trifle; I'm so afraid it will have a fit!" Of course the lamp was brought, and of course, the baby by sucking his fist like a little white bear, as he was. "Mr. Bifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew well. "Mr. Bifkins," says my wife, "just as I was going to sleep again, that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes; strange that you have no more consideration." I arranged the light and went to bed again. "Mr. Bifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that bromo-today for the baby?" "My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?" She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the excuse, and I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her, I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Bifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must no more go to sleep so, Mr. Bifkins!" "Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was *Sidon Sangle*. "Mr. Bifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby? The dear child! if it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do—How can you sleep so, Mr. Bifkins?" I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired." "O, it is very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you'd say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to smother her, by telling her that she had no patience at all, and got up for the present. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping. "Mr. Bifkins," said my wife, I made no answer. "Mr. Bifkins," said she, in a louder key, "I said nothing." "Oh, dear," said that estimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?" I remained silent, and after awhile deeming that Mrs. Bifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept, I don't know, but was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Bifkins was sitting up in bed adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for a pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pillow. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling things for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as parent to that young immortal required the surrender of my forehead for a pin-station. This was one of many nights passed in this way.—The truth was that baby was, what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat—absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Bifkins, as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.—[*Boston Evening Gazette*.]

A SECOND VICE PRESIDENT.—The protracted and unsuccessful effort of the House of Representatives to organize, at a time, too, when there is danger of one department of the Government absolutely coming to a dead lock for want of the necessary appropriations to support it, has suggested the question to the minds of many, whether some radical change in the mode of appointing the Speaker is not required. It has been suggested, as a proper remedy for the growing abuse of a failure to organize, that the Constitution be amended as to create the office of a second Vice President, elective by the people, and whose duty it shall be to preside over the popular branch of Congress.

Tennessee State Democratic State Convention.

The Democracy of Tennessee met in convention, in Nashville, on Wednesday.—They unanimously presented Hon. Andrew Johnson, of that State, as their first choice for the Presidency. The following are a portion of the resolutions, which passed without a dissenting voice:
Resolved, That we hereby re-affirm the principles announced in the platform of the Democratic party adopted in convention at Cincinnati, in June, 1856, and that we hold them to be a true exposition of our doctrines on the subjects embraced.

Resolved, That the views expressed by the Supreme Court of the U. States in the decision of the case of "Dred Scott," are, in our opinion, a true and clear exposition of the powers reposed in Congress upon the subject of the Territories of the United States, and the rights guaranteed to the residents in the Territories.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the patriotism and wisdom of the representatives of our party at Charleston, and we will give our hearty support to the nomination of that Convention.

Resolved, That the late treasonable invasion of Virginia, by an organized band of Republicans, was the necessary result of the doctrines, teachings and principles of that party; was the beginning of the "irrepressible conflict" of Mr. Seward; was a blow aimed at the institution of slavery by an effort to excite a servile insurrection; war upon the South, and as such, it is the duty of the South to prepare to maintain its rights under the Constitution.

Resolved, That if this war upon the constitutional rights of the South is persisted in, it must soon cease to be a war of words. If the Republican party would prevent a conflict of arms, let them stand by the Constitution and fulfill its obligations—we ask nothing more, we will submit to nothing less.

Our own Faculties.

One of the great but secret causes of human failure and perversion, is the reluctance of men to abide by their instincts. The pride of intellect will not suffer itself to refer to any other authority than reason, and we begin the work of self-sophistication on the very threshold of existence. Of the simplest pursuits we continue to fashion mysteries—of the simplest arts and sciences—and the very things of which nature would seem to require of us the immediate performance, we strangely enough defer to an special and foreign faculty. What more completely our own province than our own food, our own rights, our own health and our religion! Yet all these concerns, which can be attended to by nobody half so properly or profitably as ourselves, we studiously put out of our own control. Hence, our lawyer can give us the most complicated and admirable laws, but no justice—our doctor, the most variously compounded medicines, but no cure; our priest, the utmost variety of doctrines, but no religion—certainly no safety. Even the farmer sophisticating like the rest, in his ambition to make a science of his art, seldom succeeds in making a crop. Yet it is very certain that nothing in this world is so easy of attainment if we will only try for ourselves with honesty and diligence—as food, health, justice and religion. The things most essential of all, not only to the health and happiness, but to the absolute safety of man, were never meant by the Deity to be withdrawn from his immediate individual control; and man will never know one from the other, till he resumes all the privileges he has so blindly parted with. It seems to be clear, that among his personal duties are these; he must earn his own bread; learn his own bodily condition—what is its meed and what is its poison—farm his own lands, and carry on his own intercourse with heaven, to the employment of as few agents as possible. Individuality, and hence, individual responsibility, is the grand feature which distinguishes man from every other animal.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore tells a story of his having attended church to hear an eminent divine, and the subject of the morning discourse was, "Ye are the children of the devil." He attended the same church in the afternoon, when the text was, "Children obey your parents!"

From the Oregon. Waiting in the Rain.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

A light flashed up in her clear blue eye,
Like a ray through a break in the cloudy sky,
As she leaned at the showered pane,
"Thank Heaven, he's come!"—but the
train shrieked "Nay!"
And crushed o'er her dying hopes away,
Waiting alone in the rain.

Ever, now and again, the cloud rack thro',
There peeped a bud of the heavenly blue—
Blue, without speck of stain,
Then the young corn shook its jewelled
mist,
And the violets twinkled like amethyst,
And her eye grew bright with a dewy light,
Waiting alone in the rain.

But the soft blue flower of the sky shut up
Behind the tempest its hollow cup,
The meadows were dim again,
And the warm light faded out of her eyes,
While she paced and gazed on the restless
skies,
While she tried to keep her wild heart asleep,
Waiting alone in the rain.

It streamed and poured from the shelving
bank;
It sprinkled mire on the ledges rank;
It beat on the springing grain,
"Come home!" called the horn from behind
the hill,
She heard, but she waited and listened still,
Still gazing back down the iron track,
Waiting alone in the rain.

The hours dragged by: it was dark and late
The cars rushed on with their throbbing
freight,
Screaming a laugh at her pain
But the west uncurtained a wide, clear space,
And the sunset lighted a laggard face,
And the wild day stole in sailow away,
While two hurried home in the rain.

The Newspaper.

In no other way can so much, so varied so useful information be imparted, under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind as through a judicious, well-conducted newspaper.
To live in a village was once to be shut up, contracted. But now a man may be a hermit, walking miles to a post-office, having a mail but once a week, and yet he shall be as familiar with the world as the busiest actor in it. For the newspaper is a spy-glass by which he brings near the distant things—a microscope by which he examines the most minute, an air trumpet by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth—a museum full of living pictures of real life, drawn, not on canvass, but with printer's ink on paper.

The effect in liberalizing and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any one who will ponder on it. Once, a liberal education could only be completed by foreign travel. The sons only of the wealthy could indulge in this costly benefit. But now the poor man's son can learn as much at home as a gentleman could learn by journeying the world over. For, while there are some advantages in going into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him. The newspaper is a great collector, a great traveller, a great lecturer. It is the common people's Encyclopedia—the lyceum, the college.

Imagine the thrilling effect of a verse like the following, upon the nerves of any hard drinker, who might chance to read it on the headstone of a victim of *HELMUTH TERNERS*:
Beware of liquor! Fifty deaths I died—
Losing in turn hope, energy and pride,
The sense of shame, strength, will, all human feeling,
The mind and body wounded past all healing.
I reached that goal of agony and sin,
A drunkard's grave—and blindly staggered in.

The Washington Constitution announces that a large number of contractors notified the Government recently that they would throw up their contracts unless some provision for payment is made by the first of March.

The following carpenter's bill was recently sent to a farmer in Essex:
"To, hanging two barn doors and myself seven hours, one dollar and a half."

Illinois has 2,850 miles of railroad, being an increase of 808 miles since 1856.—This is more than any State in the United States. Ohio ranks next, with 2,061 miles of road in operation.

What Makes Hard Times.

The following from the "Illinois State Journal" is well worthy a careful perusal by all our readers, and we hope they will profit by it. At this particular time such remarks are in place:

Among the most powerful influences at work in producing the "hard times" is the refusal of parties that are in debt to make the necessary sacrifice in order to free themselves. The more generally this determination prevails the greater the distress, and the wider the scope of pernicious influence exerted upon trade. We do not advocate the indiscriminate rushing of the entire produce of the country upon the market, but we do hold that it is the plain duty of every man who has debts due or over due, to make payment if he can. It is no excuse to say that prices of produce are too low; and if everybody would sell, values would be further depreciated. All are not in debt, and there is, therefore, no danger of a general rush upon the market. Besides, every man has a duty to perform, and his own course must be determined by a sense of personal obligations. If a man owes one hundred, two hundred, or five hundred dollars, and by sacrificing a reasonable per centage on the debt he can discharge the obligation and relieve the merchant, it is his duty to make the sacrifice. Such a course will pay in the end. The effect that the example of a man of strict integrity and high moral principle, exercised upon the community in which he lives cannot be measured by dollars and cents. We would rather have one such character in a neighborhood, as an elevator of society, says the Cincinnati Gazette, than a score of statute books, filled with stringent enactments, and an army to enforce them. No reformatory measure can equal, in its influence upon society, the example of the man who exhibits in his life a keen sense and prompt discharge of his obligations.—Such men are always respected, always influential, and their memory will live after them.

It is not to be supposed—we have no reason to believe, that the farmers are the only parties referred to. Much trouble, we think, is traceable to the country merchants, and the looseness on the side of the latter is attributable to the abuse of the credit system on the part of jobbers, in forcing their goods upon customers, and carrying lame dicks, with the expectation of transferring the burden from themselves to the shoulders of somebody else; but, however this may be, it is the duty of those whose accounts are over-due to exert themselves to discharge their obligations. Our advice to farmers is to try to get out of debt and keep their names as far as possible off the store books, if they would be independent and happy.—We are firmly of the opinion that consumers should never go in debt; certainly they should not buy on a credit anything they can do without. Credit begets extravagance and extravagance is responsible for much of the distress that prevails in the world.—[*Exchange*.]

The Moon and the Weather.

The late Marshal Bugaud, says the *Emancipation*, when only a captain during the Spanish campaign under Napoleon I, once read in a manuscript which by chance fell into his hands, that from observations made in England and Florence during a period of 50 years, the following law respecting the weather had been proved to hold true:—Eleven times out of twelve the weather remains the same during the whole moon as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day; and nine times out of twelve like the fourth, if the sixth day resembles the fourth. From 1815 to 1830 M. Bugaud devoted his attention to agriculture; and guided by the law just mentioned, avoided the losses in hay time and vintage which many of his neighbors experienced. When Governor of Algiers he never entered a campaign till after the 5th day of the moon. His neighbors at Ecinehill and his lieutenants in Algeria would often exclaim, "how lucky he is in the weather." What they regarded as mere chance was the result of observation. In counting the fourth and sixth days, he was particular in beginning from the exact time of the new moon, and adding three quarters of an hour for each day, for the greater length of the lunar as compared with the solar day.

Be above the world, and set from your own sense of right and wrong.