

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL 11.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1869.

NO. 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER, DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY

CLEMENT DOANE.

OFFICE.—IN COURIER BUILDING ON WEST MAIN STREET.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1 50
For six months, : : : : : 1 00

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For square of 10 lines or less, 1 wk., 51 00
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.

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For Township officers, each \$1.00
For County " " 2.50
For District, Circuit, or State, 5.00

BRUNO BUETTNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

And Notary Public,

JASPER INDIANA.

Will practice in all the Courts of Dubois and Perry Counties, Indiana.

Clement Doane,

ATTORNEY AT LAW
JASPER, INDIANA.

Will attend promptly to any business entrusted to him in any of the Courts of Dubois County. Office in the Courier Building, on West Main street.

G. T. E. Carr,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JASPER, INDIANA.

Will practice in all the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties.

Office on the South side of the Public Square. Sept 20, '66.

L. Q. DEBRULER. W. A. TRAYLOR
DEBRULER & TRAYLOR,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW.

JASPER, INDIANA.

Will practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties. Particular attention given to collections. March 20, '69.

MALOTT, COBB, & SCHAFFER,

Attys at Law,
JASPER, INDIANA.

Will practice in Courts of Dubois County.

Special attention given to the Collection of Claims. April 17, '68.

F. HAHN & CO.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.

TROY, IND.

DEALERS IN

Produce, Barley, Oats and Lime.
Lower Wharf-Boat Proprietors.

TROY, INDIANA

Sept. 20, '67-6m*

Furniture! Furniture!

THE undersigned informs the public that he has now, and will constantly keep on hand, or manufacture to order, all the latest and most fashionable varieties of Furniture, such as

Wardrobes, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Lounges,

and a large assortment of chairs of the best styles. He respectfully invites those desiring anything in his line, to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can please them, at his new shop, on the corner of the Public Square, west of the court-house.

November 19, 1867. JACOB ALLES.

G. STEGE, H. REILING, JOS. HANSHAUSEN

STEGE, REILING & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions, Teas,
TOBACCO, CIGARS,

MARKET STREET,
North side between Second & Third Sts.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

P. S.—Prompt attention to orders from the country. Oct. 12, '68-1f.

VALENTINE MERCKER.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
CORNER OF WEST MAIN & PORTERSVILLE STS
JASPER, INDIANA.

KEEPS constantly on hand a good assortment of homemade Boots and Shoes, which he offers for sale at the most reasonable prices. He also makes and repairs work, with neatness and dispatch. Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on him, he solicits, and will endeavor to merit a further extension of the same. June 5, '68-1y*.

GLASS WARE.

In great variety, and of the best quality at low prices, at the Drug Store. IGNAZ ECKERT.

Oct. 9, '68

Essay on Man.

THE "GOLDEN AGE"—THE CAINIDE—THE SETHIDE—THE NOACHIDE.

True, I confess, this is the brighter roll Which the past histories of Man unfold, And, that alas! there is a multitude All o'er the earth, (not lone the Hottentot.)

With much the attribute of the wild brute: And this alas! Man owes to sin's damn'd stain,

That corroding canker, that foulsome bane,

That lower'd Man to such a base degree, Hard 'tis to tell which 's Man, which 's Chimpanzee.

And thus enslaved by Sin's corroding rust,

Man was debased to the low rank of beast.

Ha! my dear sir, that's just what I do claim,

That Man and beast of old, were but the same.

Permit, my friend, and I will try, explain,

What I design by Sin's dark damning stain.

Even far beyond the dim primeval Age Of Stone and Bronze, Man has an earlier Page

(The true pre-historic time,) that's more bright Than any since: The Page of his Birth-right.

But ah! too short was that illustrious page (And Man still claim it as the "Golden Age.")

By which Man lost thro' Pride his high birthright,

Became a prey to Sin's degrading plight, I will attempt by my imperfect song To explain the truth, and to combat the wrong.

But grand, sublime is the momentous theme,

And far beyond the talents I dare claim; If any merit then in my rhyme may be, Due 'tis to Heaven, to Heaven's Sapience.

And Thou O Light! Thou Wisdom's holy Fount!

O deign my thoughts to higher spheres to mount!

Give omniscient sight to my visual rays; Be Thou the Guide, dispel the night, let day's

Effulgent beams enlighten all the Earth. And show to Man his own high moral worth.

Which he inherited from his august birth. Then, first, I'll sing, how Man was born, and where;

And how he fell by Satan's devious snare:

How then debased became his attributes, How low he sank, e'en almost to the brute's;

How God incensed ordain'd a watery flood,

To cleanse the Earth of the vile prostitute;

How 'twas ordain'd by Heaven's eternal plan,

That Man should roam to every clime and land;

How custom, language, claim a Brotherhood,

Of one and all, above and antipode— How from a central point the Earth around,

We trace Man's cradle, how it may be found.

We'll search for Man on Asia's broad domain;

Beyond the deep to th' Andes' towering chain:

On the dear soil we hail our Father-land We'll trace Man; then to Africa's arid sand.

And in our trance we'll over land and sea,

And seek for Man in far Oceanica. We'll try to trace and solve the mystery, How White, Black, Red, of common ancestry,

And o'er the land of "Nod" we'll roam and trace

The Cainide,—the God adjured race,— The Nomad Tribes, the wild Turanian,— The advance-guard, that swarm'd from land to land,

And sought a home, and found it everywhere;

Yet, had no rest; no stay; now here, now there,

They would now camp, but 'gain would disappear, And melt away, and yield a wilderness On the advent of some new coming race. And like the waves of the deep rolling sea,

Were doom'd to rove to every clime and shore, Haunted by the cry of a brother's gore, We'll then attempt how from the youngest son

Of Adam then, far nobler races sprung: The Sethide, the God appointed race, And how to them the Noachides we trace. M. F.

"The Rebel Pirate Alabama."

One of the crew of this freebooter is now on board the steamer Virginia, lying at East Boston. He says that the Deerhound was in fact a paid tender to the Alabama, that she had on board the chronometers and other valuables which had been stolen from American ships, (for the thieves were not permitted to land them at Cherbourg,) that a few days before the fight with the Kearsage, she brought fifty men from Portsmouth, England, trained gunners, who had received their training on the British practice-ship Excellent, to work the guns, that these men when the Alabama left Cherbourg, were stationed at the guns, and had entire control of them; for the officers know very little, if anything, of gunnery, and that he thinks the Alabama fired three shots to one fired by the Kearsage.

The Alabama was somewhat quick in her rolling, and hence why the firing was so rapid. The gunners could not elevate or depress the guns with any degree of accuracy, therefore they trusted to luck to hull the Kearsage, for their line firing was uniformly correct; but the shot generally passed over the Kearsage or among her rigging, without doing much damage. On the other hand, he says, the firing of the Kearsage was very true; every time a shot struck the Alabama, it made her tremble fore and aft, and toward the close of the action, crash upon crash tore her almost in two midship, when she filled and went down. She lost forty-seven men out of two hundred and twelve with which she began the action. He thinks her powder was bad, her officers were fools, and the Englishmen who worked the guns too self-conceited to imitate the cool deliberation of aim that prevailed on board the Kearsage from first to last.—Boston Trav.

Mending Roads.

An old road supervisor, who has had years of practical experience in repairing roads, says it ought to be made a statutory offence to put a shovel full of dirt upon the highway after the first of June, except where the ground has been viewed by the County Commissioners, and the work ordered for the public safety. In general, all the repairing that is done should be finished three weeks earlier than that. The true theory of road making is that the new earth should be added in the spring, while the frost is coming out of the ground, so that new and old shall settle down together for the summer. When this is done, the addition is incorporated bodily, and never heard from afterwards. It is the only way in which hard, firm roads can be obtained. On the other hand, when, as generally at present, the repairing is put off till after harvesting, we have bad roads all the fall, execrable roads all winter, except where the ground is deeply covered with snow; and, come spring, the passage to and from even the nearest localities, becomes a matter to be seriously considered, well prepared for, if inevitable, or altogether avoided, if this can be done.

IMPORTANT TO SORGHO GROWERS.—A committee of three gentlemen of Bartholomew county, recently visited the farm of J. H. Seebolt, at Newburg, Ky., and publish a report, stating that Mr. Seebolt's process makes a syrup which is entirely void of the sorgho taste, so much and unpopular; that it thoroughly refines, taking out all impurities; that it makes sugar as sure as the world revolves, and that this sugar is so completely free from the taste of sorghum, and so dry, white, and flavored as to be taken for the very best brands of Muscovado or New Orleans, that sell in market at 14@15c per pound.

Sorgho raises inform us that a hog-head of this sugar can be raised to the acre, and in addition to this, several barrels of fine syrup and superior vinegar, making a much more profitable crop than either wheat or corn. Hence we make the suggestion that our farmers turn their attention in this direction, to the end that the right to manufacture may be secured.

FISHING FOR CATS.—For some time past, the butchers in the Preston-street market at Louisville, have been nightly depredated upon, and their stalls robbed of no inconsiderable amount of choice meats. As the house was always securely locked, they could only fix their suspicious upon the felines that pervade that section of the city in such innumerable droves. Friday night, in order to unravel the mystery, these knights of the cleaver set a long trout line through the market building, properly baited. Saturday morning they were rejoiced to discern dangling upon the hooks seven immense tom-cats, all in the highest state of bewilderment.

PITY POOR GRANT!

Radical Slanders—The President "Entirely Sober, and Only Tired."

Last Monday some of Mr. Washburne's friends reached this city from New York, where they had spent Sunday with him. They brought to the Capital the statement that on the previous Saturday Gen. Grant was grossly under the influence of liquor; they said that parties who left Washington on Saturday night came to Washburne in New York on Sunday and told him that the President (whom they had seen that Saturday) was maudlin and drunk, so much so that the White House was closed at two p. m., by order of the staff of Generals who surround the Executive, and also by order of door-keeper Dent, his poor relation.

Forthwith, Mr. Washburne's emissaries brought the news back to Washington, and told it to more than one Democratic correspondent here in hopes they would telegraph it. They all knew it a lie, because till 4 p. m. of that day the President received callers with perfect propriety, and then rode out with his wife and children in an open carriage, entirely sober and only tired. This incident shows the animus of the politicians of his own party toward the President. This report, too, was fortified with all the circumstances calculated to make it appear true. Men came and said that they had seen the facts which they fabricated.

This incident betokens—I have reason to believe it was invented by Washburne himself out of his knowledge of its possibility in the case of Grant—the intensity and unscrupulousness of the war to be waged on the President by his own party. The most trustworthy advices are to the effect that these attacks on the Executive are telling on the man. He is becoming crusty, suspicious, morose, and chronically unhappy. His body and mind are both suffering. He finds the Presidency too large for him. That is the whole matter. His health is not good. He has had to shut up shop six times already in as many weeks. He is losing flesh. Visitors complain of his brusqueness, and many of them of his temper.

Every day at four o'clock he runs off for a ride and a smoke, and he has wholly stopped receiving visitors nights.—These he spends with his household in the private family rooms of the Executive Mansion. The few admitted there speak of him as giving the appearance of being thoroughly fagged out by each day's round of work. He smokes incessantly, and sits for hours with his little girl's hand in his own, not saying a word, and never rallying except his wife makes it a point that he shall.

And now for four years the President is faced by the distrusts, the jealousies and the hates which his mingled policy of nepotism and neglect in regard to appointments has sown. Will he stand it? That is a question which every one asks here and nobody answers.

There is no question, however, that no one hearing the abuse and seeing the work which are heaped upon him can fail to pity and not envy his lot. He is credited with a gigantic policy of annexation and aggression, and, at least, a couple of foreign wars are laid to his intentions. I have reason to believe that there are people officiously "near" to him who entertain these designs, and that he is fond of them, too, and would at once consider them, if his entire lack of civil courage, and his daily crushing cross of civil labor allowed him time. But it is certain that he finds the toil and trouble of affairs, as they now stand, and as they hourly complicate, too much for him.

Congress gone and nominations over, he may be less hampered or at least less exposed to the literal war of remonstrance and solicitation which has been waged upon him. But this is mere conjecture, and is not borne out by the last President. Andrew Johnson found that a recess of Congress gave him just as much to do and to bear as its session, banded against him as it was. And, too, Gen. Grant is evidently not a man of affairs. For the ramified duties, the varied, diffuse, and often conflicting considerations of the Presidency, he betrays neither aptitude nor capacity. Indeed, he is known to be bored by every application or request which relates specifically to any one of the departments.

He refers such applicants curtly and instantly "to Mr. Fish," "Mr. Creswell," or any other Mr. Secretary, frequently naively adding: "I know nothing of these things; you must go to the Department." Far from finding the President a man of purpose the Cabinet know him to be one of the most plastic of men. He seems to have exercised his own unaided judgment exclusively in the selection of his Cabinet at first. That went to pieces so fast that he has always ever since leaned on others. "His Cabinet run him" is the common saying here, and they might hatch a conspiracy under his very nose and he would be none the wiser till he had read it in the newspapers. For everything of a startling kind which will occur during the coming four years, the men around him, not the President himself, will be most likely charge-

able for the origin and the prosecution. He has already been cowed down into a jelly of acquiescence. If he arouses and shakes off the trammels, he will do it only for a short time, and he will soon fall back again. A civil administration no more calls out those qualities of stolidity and self-dependence, which were said to have characterized him in uniform, than did the tannery business.

Some of the symptoms of old maidishness are thus described by a Scotch paper: "When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love-stories a-bed—that's a symptom. When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for all the world—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal time, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that a servant lass has no business to have a sweetheart—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel night-cap on—that's a symptom.

DEGENERACY.—A case exhibiting the arrest of development and growth in a child, arising from the intemperance of parents, has recently been reported by the London Pathological Society. The child, in this instance, was five years old, but had the intellect of an infant of nine months. One of the members of the Society stated that he had met with several examples of this degeneracy. These examples, it was asserted, all possessed the same physical and mental peculiarities, and formed, in fact, a natural family.—They had been known to live to twenty-two years, remaining permanent infants—symmetrical in form, just able to stand by the side of a chair, to utter a few monosyllabic sounds, and to be amused with childish toys.

AN OLD FASHIONED FAMILY.—The Indianapolis Sentinel says that the pension agency in that city on Tuesday, the certificate of Mrs. Arbuttle of Washington county and sixteen children who were entitled to pensions, was presented. As the law only grants relief to children under sixteen years of age, it will be seen that this is one of the healthiest old families in the country. How many children there are over sixteen years old the certificate didn't state, but there are probably a dozen or so. In our opinion Mrs. Arbuttle ought to be granted a good big pension on general principles. Such a family would make even one of the old patriarchs envious.

A gentleman of Brookville, Indiana, while on a visit to Knightstown, stepped into a marble shop, where he saw the following inscription on a tombstone, ordered by an old farmer in Rush county, and which was to be placed at the grave of his son. The old man said "the 'thing' was writ by the family, and we want it cut on there just that way." Here it is:

"He died at Nashville Tennessee he died of chronic diarrhoea it truly painful must have bin to die so far away from home."

DECORATION DAY.—An exchange, in referring to May 30th as decoration day, says: "On that day the graves of the soldiers will be strewn with flowers.—Why not make the day one for bedecking the graves of civilians, of both sexes, as well as of soldiers? Let it be a universal decoration. The custom is poetical and beautiful. It is extensively observed in Europe. Let, then, all who have any dead to honor, put flowers upon their graves on the 30th of May."

In pegging boots by steam, twenty cases, or 240 pairs of boots, are a usual day's work. One man in Hopkinton, Mass., has pegged eighty-three cases, 1,982 boots, in two days.

It is not uncommon among the Abyssinians, when on a journey, to cut steaks out of a cow, and then, covering the wound with the hide, to lay on a plaster of mud.

Coarsely ground gentian root, chewed instead of tobacco, the chewer swallowing the saliva, will destroy all desire for "plug" or "fine cut."

Since the slave trade has been abolished, the tribes in Africa eat their prisoners, as they can not sell them.

A man in New Hampshire, 84 years old, has never taken a bath in his life or owned a pocket handkerchief.

A Senator says he was called out of bed three times one night by office-seekers in Washington.