

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. I.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1858.

NO. 18

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, 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 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

#### Not so Bad.

The Albany Transcript, which has a  
schoolmaster among its editors, is responsi-  
ble for the following:

The principal of one of our select schools  
has been sending circulars to the parents of  
his pupils, which, signed and returned, will  
authorize him to inflict such punishment,  
corporally or otherwise, as may in his  
judgment be proper. The following an-  
swer proves that some of the parents are  
pleased with the idea:

"DEAR MR. RATTEN.—Your little cir-  
cular is duly received. I hope as to my John,  
you will flag him just as often as you kin.  
He's a bad boy—John. Hitho I've bin  
in habit of teachin him myself, it seems to  
me he never will learn smithin—his spellin  
outrageously deficient. Welpin him well,  
ser, and you will receive my thanks.

"P. S.—What accooms for John bein sick  
a skollar's that he is my son by my wife's  
fust husband."

**THE BACHELOR AND THE LITTLE GIRL.**—  
The following pleasant anecdote was relat-  
ed some time since by the Boston Post:—

A bachelor friend of ours was riding a day  
or two ago through Athol, in this State,  
when he overtook a little girl and boy appar-  
ently on their way to school. The little  
girl appeared to be five or six years old, and  
was as beautiful as a fairy. Her eyes were  
lit up with a gleam of intense happiness,  
and her cheeks glowed with the hues of  
health. Our bachelor looked at her for a  
moment admiringly. She met his glance  
with a smile, and with an eager voice salu-  
ted him with, "Have you got a baby?" He  
was struck by the question, and something  
like a regret stole over his mind as he looked  
upon the animated and beautiful little face  
before him. "No," he answered. "Well,"  
she replied, drawing her tiny form proudly  
up, "we have," and passed on, still smiling  
to tell the joyous news to the next one she  
might meet. What a world of happiness to  
her was concentrated in that one idea—the  
baby! And in her joy she felt as if all must  
have the same delight as herself; and it was  
a matter of affectionate pride to her that  
lifted her little heart above the reach of ordi-  
nary envy, for in the baby was her word,  
and what else had she to envy? Such was  
the reflection of our friend, and he remem-  
bered it long enough to tell it to us yester-  
day, in State street.

**ONE LOVE STORY.**—Sir Walter Scott  
once stated that he kept a Lowland laird  
waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford,  
and that when he came in he found him deep  
in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be  
Johnson's Dictionary. "Well Mr. —,"  
said Sir Walter, "how do you like your  
book?" "They're very pretty stories, Sir  
Walter," replied the laird, "but they're un-  
commonly short."

Gold has been discovered between  
Terre Haute and Lafayette, Ind. The edi-  
tor of the Terre Haute Express has been  
shown specimens. Garnets are said to  
exist in the same region.

Henry M. Rice, U. S. Senator from  
Minnesota, is a native of Morrisville, Mac-  
don county, N. Y., and learned the print-  
ing business in the office of the Madison  
Observer.

Why should a sailor always know  
what o'clock it is? Because he is always  
going to sea.

#### The Education of Women.

The education of women at the present  
day is meanly wretched, we had almost said  
contemptibly so. Nature has been bountiful  
in her gifts to the female sex; she has given  
woman beauty, modesty, and, generally  
speaking, virtue, gentleness and kindness.  
Education for men does little toward mak-  
ing them useful citizens—that is, the educa-  
tion they acquire at school and the college.  
Those who really become educated, become  
so by their own exertions after they leave  
college. All really great men are self-made  
men; the college never made a great man,  
but has hindered multitudes from becoming  
so. Great men are not made by the aid of  
our colleges, but in spite of them.

What does our present miscel'd system  
of education do for women? They are con-  
fined to a knowledge of a few English books,  
a little smattering of French and Latin,  
(with, perhaps, an occasional sprinkling of  
German or Italian,) a still less smattering of  
music; the best and most valuable of their  
days are devoted to such manual labors as  
administer solely to vanity; little feminine  
works, which call forth no real talent, devel-  
op no genius, require no thought, reflection,  
or the exercise of a sound judgment; a total  
waste of most precious time, which ought  
to be spent in the cultivation of the mind,  
or the exercise of the muscles.

It is a vice, it is wicked to spend valuable  
time in useless employments. We heartily  
wish that women could know the contempt  
which all men of sense feel for mere painted  
emptiness and fashionable folly. Sensible  
men have an utter disgust for the way in  
which would-be-fashionable ladies mispend  
their time while at school and after they  
leave it. They are mere parlor ornaments,  
a gilded bubble, made up of perishable gew-  
gaws. Devoting themselves to the most  
trivial occupations, the time not wasted in  
dissipation is spent in preparing paltry  
ornaments for the person or the chimney-  
piece. Is it any wonder that so many think  
that they are fit only for a toy or a slave, in-  
stead of being the equal, the partner, the  
friend, the helpmate of man?

But there is a far greater loss to deplore,  
in all this fashionable foolery, than the mere  
loss of time, and that is the loss of mind—  
the loss of a human being in the right place  
in human society.

Girls at our fashionable boarding schools  
are deprived of the inestimable privilege of  
roaming the fields and exercising in the open  
air. They have no time to contemplate the  
wonders and beauties of nature, the wisdom,  
power and goodness of the Creator—they  
have no time for the acquisition of health,  
because they must embroider a misshapen  
flower upon a footstool, or paint a caricature  
ornament upon a scrap of silk velvet. All  
this folly, which is the cursing mother of  
vanity, consumes that precious time which  
ought to be divided between the acquisition  
of real knowledge and sound health, and  
they become pale, melancholy victims of  
fashionable life, and learn formality and tom-  
foolery.

Is it not a marvel that maternal affection,  
in its strong, imperishable, overflowing  
devotion to the welfare and happiness of the  
child, can consent to sacrifice the elastic  
step, the sparkling eye, the glowing cheek,  
the healthy frame, for the purpose of ac-  
quiring a few artificial accomplishments, as  
useless as they are expensive and destruc-  
tive of all real grace and maidenly dignity,  
as well as health and happiness? It is a dis-  
mal sight to look upon, to see a crowd of  
poor sickly victims of fashionable shams,  
imured for six or seven hours in a close  
room, with no object before them worthy of  
a rational being—that of accomplishing in a  
given time a certain quantity of labor, one-  
half of which is as utterly useless as would  
be two suns to our planet. All this to make  
a show and catch a husband.

In this latter a grand mistake is made.—  
Men of sense do not choose wives from a  
brevy of painted butterflies. They do not  
select partners for life on the same principle  
that they do partners for a ball, by the ex-  
tent of crinoline or the capacity of astin.—  
Men of sense do not choose wives merely  
because they are able to make a sensation;  
there are few men who do not prefer for a  
wife a woman of good health and sound con-  
stitution, to a weakly, nervous, timid victim  
of our hot-house system of education, ready  
to faint at her own shadow, and to go into  
hysterics at the rustling of a straw. Who  
would not prefer a woman for a wife, who is

able to assist in the proper management of  
her household, the education of her children,  
one whose mind is stored with useful knowl-  
edge, to a pale faced doll who has spent the  
most valuable portion of her youth in ac-  
quiring—nonsense! Who does not prefer a  
cultivated mind to idle frivolity? What hus-  
band would not like to know that during the  
time he is necessarily absent from his house,  
that his children were imbibing lessons of  
truth and knowledge from the lips of their  
mother at home; that under her pure eye  
they were growing up ornaments to society  
and blessings to the race? Do our fashion-  
able female seminaries prepare their pupils  
for these high and holy responsibilities? Do  
they fit them for the paramount duties that  
will devolve upon them? That very many  
women do become all that the most exacting  
of our sex could wish, is readily admitted,  
but not while at school—nor by the aid of  
the school, but after they leave, and in spite  
of it. We know of no other reason why  
people persevere in perpetuating such a sys-  
tem of folly and useless expenses, only that  
it is—the fashion.—Philadelphia Argus.

#### The Families of Poets.

It is impossible to contemplate the early  
death of Byron's first child, without reflect-  
ing sadly on the fates of the families of our  
greatest poets.

Shakspeare and Milton each died without  
a son, but both left daughters, and both  
names are not extinct.

Addison had only one child—a daughter—  
a girl of some five or six years at her father's  
death. She died unmarried, at the age of  
eighty years or more.

Parquhar left two girls dependent on the  
friendship of his friend—Wilkes the actor  
—who stood nobly by them while he lived.  
They had a small pension from the Govern-  
ment—and having outlived their father, and  
seen his reputation unalterably established,  
both died unmarried.

The son and daughter of Coleridge both  
died childless.

The two sons of Walter Scott without  
children—one of the two daughters died un-  
married, and the Scotts are now represented  
without a daughter. How little could Scott  
foresee the failure of male issue.

The poet of the "Fairie Queene" lost a  
child when very young, by fire, when the  
rebels burned his house in Ireland.

Some of the poets had sons and no daugh-  
ters.

Thus we read of Chaucer's son—Dry-  
den's son—of the sons of Burns—of Allen  
Ramsay's son—of Dr. Young's son—of  
Campbell's son—of Moore's son—and of  
Shelley's son.

Ben Johnson survived all his children.

Some—and those among the greatest—  
died unmarried: Butler, Cowley, Congreve,  
Otway, Prior, Gray, Thompson, Cowper,  
Akenaide, Collins, Gay, Goldsmith; Mr.  
Rogers still live—single. Some were un-  
fortunate in their sons, in a sadder way  
than death could make them.—Athenaeum.

#### Marriage for Show.

To the question often asked of young men  
as to why they do not marry, we sometimes  
hear the reply: "I am not able to support  
a wife." "In one case in three, perhaps,  
this may be so; but, as a general thing, the  
true reply would be, "I am not able to sup-  
port the style in which I think my wife  
ought to live." In this, again, we see a  
false view of marriage; a looking to an ap-  
pearance in the world, instead of a union  
with a loving woman for her own sake.  
There are very few men, of industrious hab-  
its, who cannot maintain a wife, if they are  
willing to live economically, and without  
reference to the opinion of the world. The  
great evil is, they are not content to begin  
life humbly, to retire together into an ob-  
scure position, and together work their way  
in the world—he by industry in his calling,  
and she by dispensing with prudence the  
money that he earns. But they must stand  
out and attract the attention of others by  
fine houses and fine clothes.

Mr. Joseph Stratton and Mrs. Ken-  
dall were married recently, in Athol, Mas-  
sachusetts; this was the second marriage  
of the bridegroom, who is 73 years of  
age—the third marriage of the bride,  
whose age is 74 years, and the age of  
the minister, Rev. Mr. Burt, is 93 years.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard?  
Because he takes the pledge, but cannot  
always keep it.

#### Firmness of a Loving Girl in a Pet.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—  
I do not mean to die.  
I guess he'll find that I can live  
Without him, if I try.  
He thought to frighten me with frowns,  
So terrible and black—  
He'll stay away a thousand years  
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,  
And foolishly he cried;  
I won't forget him after that—  
I wouldn't if I died.  
If I was wrong, what right had he  
To be so cross with me?  
I know I'm not an angel quite—  
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once,  
And now when we fall out,  
He always she was not cross,  
And that she didn't part,  
It is enough to vex a saint—  
It's more than I can bear—  
I wish that girl of his was—  
Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—  
Was beautiful as gold;  
I wonder if she'd get him back  
Again, now, if she could!  
I know she would, and there she is—  
She lives almost in sight;  
And now it's after nine o'clock—  
Perhaps he's there to night.

I'd almost write to him to come—  
But then I've said I won't;  
I do not care so much, but she  
Shan't have him, if I don't.  
Beside, I know that I was wrong,  
And he was in the right;  
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—  
I wish he'd come to-night!

PAY THAT DEBT.—It is a small one, to be  
sure, and apparently not worth a single  
thought. Why not then pay it! Why be  
compelled to suffer the mortification of a  
dun? Why not take that little thorn out  
of your finger at once! It will foster it  
allowed to remain, and cause ten times the  
trouble. Why not relieve the conscience  
of that little load! You will feel the bet-  
ter of it by so doing. You contracted the  
debt knowingly and willingly. Did you  
not mean to pay it! Certainly you did!  
Then why not do it at once! Every day's  
delay increases morally the amount of the  
obligation. Remember, too, that your little  
debts, and a thousand other men's little  
debts, make a little fortune for your creditor;  
or they enable him to pay his larger debts,  
or feed his workmen and keep his machin-  
ery going in times like these. Don't you  
see how it is? You do. Well, then remit  
the amount at once, and to-night the ghost  
of that debt will not trouble your dreams.

**THE MEDICINE OF LAUGHTER.**—"It is  
recorded of Dr. Griffin," says a writer in the  
Atlantic, "that, when President of the An-  
dover Theological Seminary, he convened  
the students at his room one evening, and  
told them he had observed that they were  
all growing thin and dyspeptical from a ne-  
glect of the exercises of Christian laughter,  
and he insisted upon it that they should go  
through a company drill then and there. The  
doctor was an immense man, over six feet  
in height, with great amplitude of chest, and  
most magisterial manners. "Here," said he  
to the first, "you must practice; now hear  
me!" and bursting out into a sonorous laugh,  
he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to  
join, till the whole were almost convulsed.—  
"That will do for once," said the doctor, "and  
now mind you keep in practice!"

**SODA WATER.**—This name is generally  
applied to a common effervescing beverage,  
but it is incorrect. The effervescent quali-  
ty is not due to soda, and that substance is  
not present at all in the water publicly sold  
by that name. The effervescence is pro-  
duced by carbonic acid gas, which is forced  
into the water by an apparatus. The gas  
is produced by pouring sulphuric acid upon  
marble dust, or upon the super-carbonate of  
soda.

It is said that Napoleon, when he was  
asked by Dr. O'Mears if he really thought  
he could have invaded England at the time he  
threatened to do so, answered in the fol-  
lowing anagram—"Able was I ere I saw  
Elba." Whether this is true or not, we  
should like to see a more ingenious and ex-  
tended anagram, which, the reader will ob-  
serve reads the same backward or forward.

**EXCLUSIVELY MODEST YOUNG LADY.**—  
"Isn't this a pretty baby, Mr. Brown?"  
Brown—Yes, my dear. Boy or girl?  
Young lady—"He a—belongs to the female  
persuasion, sir."

#### AGRICULTURAL.

**Preserving Fruit for Winter Use.**  
Since the method of preserving fruit  
in its natural state was first intro-  
duced, a great variety of cans and  
jars have been invented and patented,  
each claiming some special merit.—  
Experience has proven that tin is not  
so good as glass, stone or earthen-  
ware, as it is liable to corrosion, owing  
to the acid contained in the fruit, and  
often imparts an unpleasant flavor and  
dark color to the fruit.

The Louisville Glass Works have  
lately commenced manufacturing a  
new style of fruit jar, said to possess  
advantages over any others for easy  
and perfect sealing. The jar is simi-  
lar in form to those formerly used, ex-  
cept the mouth or neck, which is made  
of the usual size of the common flat  
cork. This neck is formed with a  
shoulder, upon which the cork rests,  
which will prevent its ever being  
forced in by the pressure of the at-  
mosphere, in consequence of the cool-  
ing and shrinkage of the contents, but  
the pressure only renders the cork  
more tight, as it is forced down on the  
shoulder or ledge, and with the ordi-  
nary sealing renders them perfectly  
tight and easily uncorked, while the  
bottles and corks may be preserved  
and used for years, as good as new.

As some of our readers may not be  
familiar with the details of preserving  
fruit, we give the process for their  
benefit.

The fruit to be preserved should be  
scalded, or boiled in a kettle for a few  
minutes, and kept covered while cook-  
ing. If the fruit is not of a very juicy  
character, a little water should be put  
in, to prevent burning. Sugar may  
be added now to suit the taste, or it  
may be omitted until the jar is opened  
for use. The jars to be filled should  
be set in a pan of water and kept boil-  
ing, to prevent their breaking when  
the fruit is put in, as well as to render  
the vacuum more perfect under the  
cork when cooled. With a small dip-  
per, and a wide mouth tunnel, fill the  
jars with the scalded fruit, first select-  
ing a cork neatly fitted to each jar,  
press the cork firmly down to the  
shoulder in the neck, then, with an  
iron spoon, apply a quantity of wax,  
and rub it so as to fill all the cavities  
in and around the cork; the space  
above the cork may then be filled with  
wax, with the spoon, or the jar may  
be dipped and covered in the usual  
manner.

If care is taken to have the fruit  
thoroughly scalded, and the corks of the  
right size and well sealed, it will keep  
for years as good as when first put up.

Wax may be prepared by melting  
some rosin, adding one ounce of tal-  
low to every pound of rosin, mixing  
it well.

If the precaution is taken, when  
putting in the corks, to place a small  
strong twine across the mouth of the  
jar, under the cork, leaving the ends  
out, the cork may be drawn with ease,  
and be fit for use again.—Lou. Cour.

The prospects for corn and  
wheat on the uplands in Southern In-  
diana, Ohio, and Kentucky is fair.—  
The main difficulty with the wheat is  
that the storms have beaten it down.  
In the river bottoms the floods had  
drowned out most of the corn, but  
with a long and late summer there is  
yet a chance of a satisfactory yield.

New wheat has been sold at  
Athens, Tenn., for sixty-five cents per  
bushel. Old wheat will hardly com-  
mand any price.