

NOBLE COUNTY REGISTER.

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NO. 2

THE Noble County Register

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Imported, Refinements of all kinds always
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Respectfully offers his professional
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His House is the stage office.
Passengers conveyed and from the
Cars free.

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OFFICE in the Courthouse, Albion, In-
diana. Prompt given to all
Legal business entrusted to his care.

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Will ATTEND PROMPTLY TO
all kinds of business and all other
business pertaining to that office.
OFFICE over Fish Hostetter's store,
Ligonier, Noble Co.,
Ind.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

CARE DOWER
HAVING associated themselves together
in the practice of MEDICINE AND
SURGERY, would inform to the citizens of
Ligonier that they will give prompt attention
to all calls either day or night.
OFFICE two doors north of the drug
store. Ligonier, Feb. 4, 1858.

HEIRY HOSTETTER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
OFFICE on Main Street, Ligonier, Indi-
ana.

LAND AGENCY.

THE undersigned has established an Agency
for the purchase and sale of Real es-
tate in Noble and adjoining counties, and has
effected arrangements which offer superior
advantages for those wishing to buy or sell
the same in this section of the State.
Particular attention will be paid to Renting
Houses, leasing farms, and other business
which may be necessary for non-residents
to leave in the hands of an agent.

LAND WARRANTS

Bought, sold, and obtained for those entitled
to the same under the late act of Congress.
JAMES McCONNELL.

ALDERMAN HOTEL.

H. S. ALDERMAN, PROPRIETOR,
Ligonier, Indiana.

THE well-known stand, formerly called
the Franklin House, by R. Stone, and which
it distinctly understood that he keeps as good
house as can be found in the west. All trav-
elers wishing a pleasant sojourn in this city,
will please give him a call. Bills reasonable.
Old Hank is always at home; call and see
him. Free omnibus to and from the cars, on
arrival of each train.

I've Got a Little Bible.

I've got a little Bible,
Which my father gave to me;
And O, it is the prettiest thing
That ever I did see.
Its cover, O, how red it is,
Its leaves are edged with gold,
And right together this bright clasp
Of silver doth it hold.

Here is the outside, but within
The richest pearls do lie,
Which may be found by even such
A little girl as I.
And I will learn a verse each day,
And when to school I go,
I'll say them to my teacher, and
My pretty present show.

I wish that every little girl,
And little boy I see,
Had just such a nice Bible as
My father gave to me;
And every one would get a verse
And say it every day;
'T would be a string of pearls, to keep
The wicked sin away.

THE UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage
load of us gathered about the warm fire
of a tavern bar room in a New England
village. Shortly after we arrived a
peddler drove up, and ordered that his
horse should be fastened for the night.
After we had eaten supper we repaired
to the bar room, and as soon as the ice
was broken the conversation flowed
freely. Several anecdotes had been re-
lated and finally the peddler was asked
to give us a story, as men of his profession
were generally full of adventures and
anecdotes. He was a short, thick set
man, somewhere about forty years of
age, and gave evidence of great physical
strength. He gave his name as Lemuel
Vincy, and his home was in Dover, New
Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced,
knocking the ashes from his pipe and
putting it in his pocket; "suppose I
tell you about the last thing of any
consequence that happened to me?—
You see I am now right from the far
west, and on my way home for winter
quarters. It was about two months ago,
one pleasant evening, that I pulled up
at the door of a small village tavern in
Hancock county, Indiana. I said 'twas
pleasant—I meant twas warm, but it was
cloudy and likely to be very dark. I
went in and called for supper and had my
horse taken care of, and after I had eaten
I sat down in the bar room. It be-
gan to rain about eight o'clock, and for
a while it poured down good, and it was
awful dark out doors.

Now I wanted to be in Jackson early
the next morning, for I expected a load
of goods there for me, which I intended
to dispose of on my way home. The
moon would rise about midnight, and I
knew if it did not rain I could get
along very comfortably through the
mud after that. So I asked the landlord
if he would not see that my horse was
fed about midnight, as I wished to be
off before two. He expressed some
surprise at this, and asked me why I did
not stop for breakfast. I told him that
I had sold my last load about all out,
and that a new lot of goods was waiting
for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be
there for them before the express agent
left in the morning. There was a num-
ber of people sitting around while I told
this, but I took but little notice of them,
one man only arresting my attention.
I had in my possession a small package
of placards, which I was to deliver to
the sheriff at Jackson, and they were
notices for the detection of a notorious
robber named Dick Hardhead. The
bills gave a description of his person,
and the man before me answered very
well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He
was a tall, well formed man, rather
slight in frame, and had the appearance
of a gentleman, save that his face bore
those hard, cruel marks which an ob-
serving man can not mistake for any-
thing but the index to a villainous dis-
position.

When I went up to my chamber I
asked the landlord who that man was,
describing the suspicious individual.
He said he did not know him. He had
come there that afternoon, and intend-
ed to leave sometime during the next
day. The host asked me why I wished
to know, and I simply told him that the
man's countenance was familiar and I
merely wished to know if I was ever
acquainted with him. I resolved not
to let the landlord into the secret, but
to hurry on to Jackson, and there give
information to the sheriff, and per-
haps he might reach the inn before the
villain left, for I had no doubt with re-
gard to his identity.

I had an alarm watch, and having set
it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I
went to sleep. I was aroused at the
proper time, and immediately got up
and dressed myself. When I reached
the yard I found the clouds all passed
away, and the moon was shining bright-
ly. The hostler was easily aroused and
by two o'clock I was on the road. The
mud was deep and my horse could not
travel very fast, yet it struck me that the
horse made more work than there was
any need of, for the cart was entirely
empty. However, on we went, and in the
course of half an hour I was clear of
the village. At a short distance ahead
lay a large tract of forest, mostly of
great pines. The road led directly
through this wood, and as near as I
could remember the distance was about
twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the
east, and the road ran nearly west, I
should have light enough. I had en-
tered the wood, and had gone about
half a mile when my wagon wheels set-

ted, with a bump and jerk, into a deep
hole. I uttered an exclamation of as-
tonishment, but that was not all. I
heard another exclamation from another
source.

What could it be? I looked quickly
around, but could see nothing. Yet I
knew the sound I had heard was close
to me. As the hind wheels came up, I
heard something besides the jerk of
the hole. I heard something tumble
from one side to the other of my wagon,
and I could also feel the jar occasioned
by the movement. It was simply a
man in my cart! I knew this on the
instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At
first I imagined some poor fellow had
taken this method to obtain a ride; but
I soon gave this up, for I knew that
any decent man would have asked me
for a ride. My next idea was that some-
body had got in there to sleep; but this
passed away as quickly as it came, for
no man would have broken into my
cart for that purpose. And that thought
gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever
was in there, had broken in.

My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick
Hardhead. He had heard me say that
my load was all sold out, and of course
he supposed I had some money with me.
In this he was right, for I had over
two thousand dollars. I also thought
that he meant to leave the cart when
he supposed I had reached a safe place,
and then either reach over and shoot me,
or knock me down. All this passed
through my mind by the time I got a
rod from the hole.

Now I never make it a point to brag
of myself, yet I have seen a great deal
of the world, and I am pretty cool and
clear headed under difficulty. In a very
few moments my resolution was formed.
My horse was now knee deep in mud,
and I knew I could slip off without
noise. So I drew my revolver. I never
travel in that country without one.
I drew this, and having twined the reins
about the whip stock, I carefully slip-
ped down into the mud, and as the cart
passed on I went behind it and exam-
ined the hump.

The door of the cart lets down, and
is fastened by a hasp, which slips over
a staple, and is then secured by a pad-
lock. The padlock was gone, and the
hasp was secured by a bit of pine stick;
so that a slight force from within could
break it. My wheel wrench hung in a
leather bucket on the side of the cart,
and I quickly took it out and slipped it
into the staple, the iron handle just
sliding down.

Now I had him. My cart was almost
new, with a stout frame of white oak,
and made on purpose for hard usage.
I did not believe that any ordinary
man could break out. I got to my cart
as noiselessly as I could and urged my
horse on, still keeping my pistol handy.
I knew that at the distance of half a
mile further I should come to a good
hard road; so I allowed my horse to
pick his way through the mud. About
ten minutes after this I heard a motion
in the cart, followed by a grinding noise,
as though some heavy force were being
applied to the door. I said nothing,
but the idea struck me that the villain
might judge where I sat and shoot up
through the top of the cart at me, so I
sat down on the foot board.

Of course I knew now that my unex-
pected passenger was a villain, for he
must have been awake ever since I
started, and nothing in the world but
absolute villainy would have caused him
to remain quiet so long, and then start
up in this peculiar place. The thump-
ing and pushing grew louder and louder,
and pretty soon I heard a human
voice: "Let me out of this," he cried
and he yelled pretty loud.

I lifted my head up so as to make
him think I was sitting in my usual
place, and then asked him what he was
doing in there?

"Let me out and I will tell you," he
yelled.

"Tell me what you are in there for,"
said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags,"
he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through
the head," he yelled.

"Just at this moment my horse's feet
struck the hard road, and I knew that
the rest of the route to Jackson would
be good going. The distance was twelve
miles. I slipped back upon the foot board
and took the whip. I had the same
horse then I've got now—a tall, stout,
powerful bay mare, and you may believe
there's some go in her. At any rate she
struck a gait that even astonished me.
She had received a good mess of oats,
the night air was cool, and she felt like
going. In fifteen minutes we cleared
the woods, and away we went at a keen
jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be
let out, and threatening to shoot if I
didn't let him out. Finally he stopped,
and in a few minutes came the report of
a pistol—one—two—three—four—one
right after the other, and I heard the
balls whiz over my head. If I had been
on my seat one, if not two, of the balls
must have passed through me. I popped
up my head again and gave a yell
and then a deep groan, and then I said:
"O God, save me! I'm a dead man!"
Then I made a shuffling off, and finally
settled down upon the foot-board again.
I now urged up the old mare by giving

her an occasional poke with the end of
my whip stock, and she peeled it faster
than ever.

The man called out to me twice more,
pretty soon after this, as he got no re-
ply, he made some tremendous endea-
vors to break the door open, and as this
failed him, he made several attempts
upon the top. But I had no fears of his
doing anything there, for the top of my
cart is framed in with dovetails, and
each sleeper bolted to the posts with
iron bolts. I had it made so I could
carry heavy loads there. By-and-by,
after all else had failed, the scamp, com-
menced to holler when to the horse, and
kept it up until he was hoarse. All this
time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the
reins firmly, and kept poking the beast
with the whip stock.

We wasn't an hour in going that do-
zen miles. I didn't tell the truth and
say I had none, for I had a good pistol,
and more than that, my passenger was
safe—yet I did feel glad when I came to
the old flour barrel factory that stands
at the edge of Jackson village, and in
ten minutes more I hauled up in front
of the tavern, and found a couple of
men in the barn cleaning down some
stage horses.

"Well, old feller," says I, as I got
down and went round back of the wag-
on, "you have had a good ride havn't
ye?"

"Who are you?" he cried, and he
kind o' swore a little, as he asked the
question.

"I'm the man that you tried to shoot,"
I told him.

"Where a—? Let me out?" he
yelled.

"Look here," said I, "we've come
to a safe stopping place, and mind ye
I've got a revolver ready for ye the mo-
ment you show yourself. Now lay quiet."

By this time the two hostlers came
up to see what was the matter, and I
explained it all to them. After this I
got one of them to run and route the
sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd
got for him. The first streaks of day-
light were just now coming up, and in
half an hour it would be broad daylight.
In less than that time the sheriff came,
and two other men with him. I told
him the whole story in a few words—
exhibited the handbills I had for him,
and then he made for the cart. He
scrambled inside where he was, and if
he made the least resistance he'd be a
dead man. Then I slipped the iron
wrench out, and as I let the door down
the fellow made a spring. I caught
him by the ankle and he came down on
his face, and in a moment more the of-
ficers had him. It was now daylight
and the moment I saw the chap I re-
cognized him. He was the very man I
had suspected. He was marched off to
the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I
should remain in the town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came
down to the tavern and told me that I
had caught the very bird, and that if I
would remain until the next morning, I
should have the reward of two hundred
dollars which had been offered. I found
out that the express agent for bringing
them from Indianapolis, and then went
to stowing them away in my cart. I
found the bullet holes in the top of my
vehicle just as I had ex-
pected. They were in a line about five
inches apart, and had I been where I
usually sat, two of them would have hit
me somewhere about the small of the
back and passed upward, for they were
sent with a heavy charge of powder, and
his pistol was a heavy one.

On the next morning the sheriff
called upon me and paid me two hun-
dred dollars in gold, for he had made
himself sure that he had got the villain.
I afterwards found a letter in the post-
office at Portsmouth for me, from the
sheriff of Hancock county, and he in-
formed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is
in prison at New York.

So ended the peddler's story. In the
morning I rode the cart to look at
the cart, and I found the four bullet
holes just as he had told us, though
they were now plugged up with vial
corks.

Senator Hale's Speech.

AMUSING BUT INSTRUCTIVE—THE WAY
OUR LEGISLATION IS CONDUCTED, &c.

The following passages are taken from
the eloquent speech delivered in the
United States Senate by John P. Hale,
of New Hampshire, on the 18th inst.:

*The Semi-official meeting in Douglas's
Parlor.*

This omission to submit the constitu-
tion to the people of Kansas is not ac-
cidental. I am sorry to find, and have
found out this session, that the omis-
sion to put it in the original bill was
not accidental. We have a little light
on the subject from a gentleman who
always sheds light when he speaks to
the Senate—I mean the honorable Sen-
ator from Pennsylvania. [Mr. Bigler.]
He says that this was not accidental by
any means. He has spoken once or
twice about a meeting that was held in
the private parlor of a private gentle-
man. There was a good deal of in-
quiry and anxiety to know what sort of
a meeting that was. The gentleman who

owns the house said he did not know
anything about it. That is not strange.
The hospitable man lets his guests have
the use of any room they please. The
honorable Senator from Pennsylvania
said this meeting was "semi-official."
I do not know what kind of a meeting
that was. I have heard of a semi-bar-
barous, a semi-civilized, and a semi-sav-
age people; I have heard of semi-annu-
al and semi-weekly; but when you
come to a semi-official, I declare it both-
ers me. [Laughter.] What sort of a
meeting was it? Was it an official
meeting? No. Was it an unofficial
meeting? No. What was it? Semi-
official. [Laughter.]

I have never met anything analogous
to it but once in my life, and that I will
mention by way of illustration. A trader
in my town, before the day of rail-
roads, had taken a large bank bill, and
he was a little doubtful whether it was
genuine or not. He concluded to give
it to the stage driver and send it down
to the bank to inquire of the cashier
whether it was a genuine bill. The
driver took it and promised to attend to
it. He went down the first day, but he
had so many other errands that he for-
got it, and he said he would certainly
attend to it the next day. The next
day he forgot it, and the third day he
forgot it; but he said to himself I will
do it if I do nothing else. I will as-
certain if the bill is genuine or not.—
He went the fourth day with a like re-
sult—he forgot it, and when he came
home he saw the nervous, anxious tra-
der, wanting to know whether it was
genuine or not; and he was ashamed to
tell him he had forgotten it, and he
thought he would lie it through. "Said
the trader to him, 'Did you call at the
bank?' "Yes." "Did the cashier
say it was a genuine bill?" "No, he
did not." "Did he say it was a bad
one?" "No." "Well, what did he
say?" "He said it was about middling
—semi-genuine." [Laughter.] I have
never learned to this day, whether that
was a good or bad bill. [Laughter.]—
They used to say in General Jackson's
time, that he had a kitchen cabinet as
well as a regular one. This could not
have been a meeting of the kitchen cab-
inet, because it sat in the parlor.—
[Laughter.] It was semi-official in its
character also.

Again, sir, there is another thing re-
markable about this meeting. The
Senator says: "It was semi-official and
called"—it was a called meeting; it
was not a mere accidental gathering of
a few gentlemen, coming in to pay their
respects to the distinguished Senator in
his hospitable mansion; it was "semi-
official and called." For what? "Call-
ed to promote the public good." Yes,
sir, a semi-official meeting, called to pro-
mote the public good; and what did it
do? The honorable Senator from Penn-
sylvania says:

"My recollection was clear that I left
the conference under the impression that
it had been deemed best to adopt
measures to admit Kansas as a state
through the agency of one popular elec-
tion, and that for delegates to the con-
vention. This impression was the
stronger, because I thought the spirit
of the bill infringed upon the doctrine
of non-intervention, to which I had
great aversion, but with the hope of ac-
complishing a great good"—the meet-
ing was called for the "public good"
—and as no movement had been made
in that direction, in the Territory, I
waived this objection, and concluded to
support the measure. I have a few
items of testimony as to the correctness
of these impressions, and with their
submission I shall be content."

Then he goes on to say:

"I have before me the bill reported
by the Senator from Illinois, on the 7th
of March, 1856, providing for the ad-
mission of Kansas as a state; the third
section of which reads as follows:

"That the following propositions be,
and the same are hereby, offered to the
said convention of the people of Kan-
sas, when formed, for their free accept-
ance or rejection, which, if accepted by
the convention, and ratified by the peo-
ple at the election for the adoption of
the constitution, shall be obligatory on
the people of the United States, and
the said state of Kansas.

The bill, read in his place by the
Senator from Georgia, on the 25th of
June, and referred to the Committee on
Territories, contained the same section,
word for word. Both these bills were
under consideration at the conference
referred to—two bills under consid-
eration at this semi-official meeting!—
"but, sir, when the Senator from Illi-
nois reported the Toombs bill to the Sen-
ate, with amendments, the next morn-
ing, it did not contain that portion of
the third section which indicated to the
convention that the constitution should
be approved by the people."

The result of the semi-official meet-
ing, called for the public good, was that
the bills came into the Senate the next
morning minus the clause submitting
the constitution to the people. It was
stricken out; but the honorable Sen-
ator does not impugn anybody nor his
motives, because he says:

"Who struck the words out, or for
what purpose they were omitted, is not
for me to answer."
If it is not for him, it is not for me;

but I thought he had given a clue to
the reason why they were struck out
when he said the meeting was called
for the public good. Undoubtedly they
were struck out for the public good.—
Who struck them out seen's to be a
mooted question as uncertain of an an-
swer as the old question, "Who killed
cock-robin?" [Laughter.] It has got
out somehow or other. I did not see
the Senator when he delivered his speech.
If I had I should have watched him
closely; and it is possible that by some
gesture or some shake of the head, he
would have determined who that "who"
was; but we are left in the dark—we
do not know who it was.

You see, then that this was not ac-
cidental. A semi-official set of patriots,
friends of popular sovereignty, and dis-
ciples of perfect freedom, called for the
public good, in a private room, met to-
gether and for peculiar reasons—that is
what the Senator said—they determin-
ed to strike out of their bill the only re-
deeming clause in it, and that was the
submission to the people of the question
whether they would have slavery in the
constitution or not. In that secret en-
clave, that semi-official meeting for the
public good, these patriots put their heads
together to strangle at the birth the only
thing there was in their bill which ought
to recommend it to the real, genuine
friends of perfect freedom and popular
sovereignty. Well, sir, I am learning
something every day; but I did not
know, till that speech was made, that
when we met here in official meeting
and matured bills and put them in shape,
they were to be committed to the tender
mercies of a semi-official meeting to
strangle and choke out of them every-
thing that was worth keeping the breath
of life in. They struck down, then, that
great principle of popular sovereignty—a
principle inestimable to freemen, for-
midable only to semi-official patriots.
[Laughter.] So then this was not ac-
cidental; it was purposely done; and
this, too, was done in the name of pop-
ular sovereignty.

Douglas read out of his Party.

This brings me to another part of my
subject, in answer to the question which
the honorable Senator from Illinois,
[Mr. Douglas,] propounded when he
asked if he was to be read out of the
party for a difference on this point. I
have great regard for the sagacity of that
honorable Senator, but I confess it was
a little shaken when he asked that ques-
tion; is a man to be read out of the
party for departing from the President on
this great cardinal point? Why,
sir, he asks, is a man who differs from
the President on the Pacific railroad to
go out of the party? Oh, no, he may
stay. If he differs on Central America,
very good; take the first seat, if you
please. You may differ with the Pres-
ident on anything and everything but
one, and that is this sentiment, which I
shall read; Mr. Buchanan shall speak
his own creed. On the 19th day of
August, 1842, in the Senate, Mr. Bu-
chanan used this language:

"I might here repeat what I have
said on a former occasion—you see it
was so important he must repeat it—
"that all Christendom"—mark the
words—"is leagued against the South
upon this question of domestic slavery."

All Christendom includes a great
many people. If that be true, and you
have got any allies, it is manifest they
must be outside of Christendom.—[Lau-
gher.]—because Mr. Buchanan says all
Christendom is against you; but still
he leaves you some allies, and you will
see—it is as plain as demonstration can
make it—that your allies are not in-
cluded in Christendom. Where are the
allies? I will read the next sentence:

"They have no other allies to sus-
tain their constitutional rights except
the Democracy of the North."

There is a fight for you; all Christ-
endom on one side and the Democracy
of the north on the other. [Laughter.]
That is not my version—it is Mr. Bu-
chanan's. That is the way he backs
his friends; for he went on, after hav-
ing made this avowal, to claim peculiar
consideration from southern gentlemen,
and intimated that he might speak a
little more freely, having previously en-
dorsed them so high as this. Well, sir,
when all Christendom was on one side,
and the Democracy of the north on the
other, and the Democracy of the north
growing less and less every day—a small
minority in the New England States—
how could the Senator from Illinois be
so unkind, or how could he doubt, if, on
this vital question, he deserted the Dem-
ocracy and went over to Christendom,
[Laughter,] as to how the question would
be answered, whether he was to be read
out of the party. Read out, sir! That
question was settled long ago. On
this great vital question he is out of the
party.

I would not say anything unkind to
that Senator, nor would I say anything
uncourteous in the world; but my ex-
perience in the country life of New
England does present to my mind an
illustration which I know he will ex-
cuse me if I give it. A neighbor of
mine had a very valuable horse. The
horse was taken sick, and he tried all
the ways in the world to cure him, but
it was of no avail. The horse grew
worse daily. At last one of the neigh-